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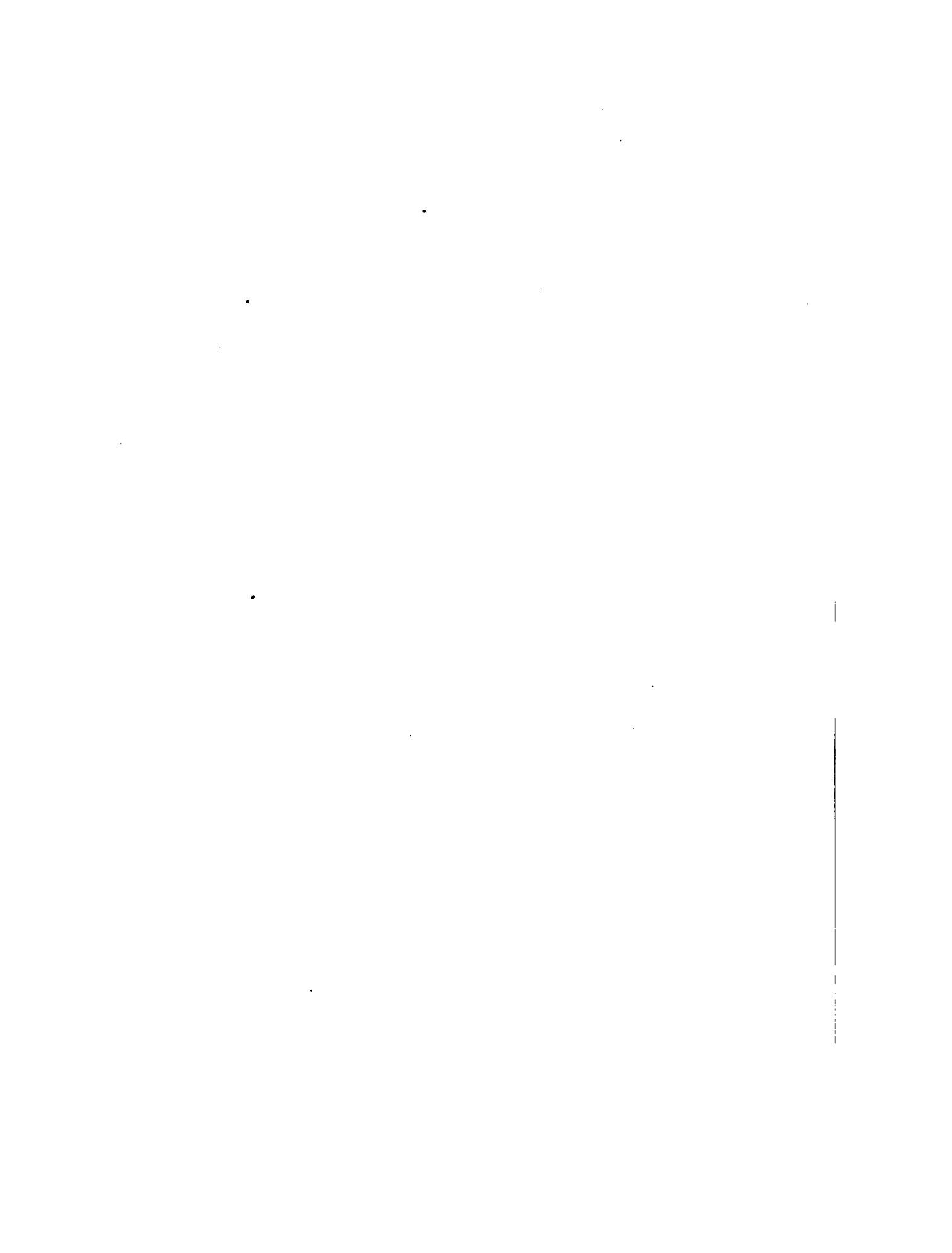
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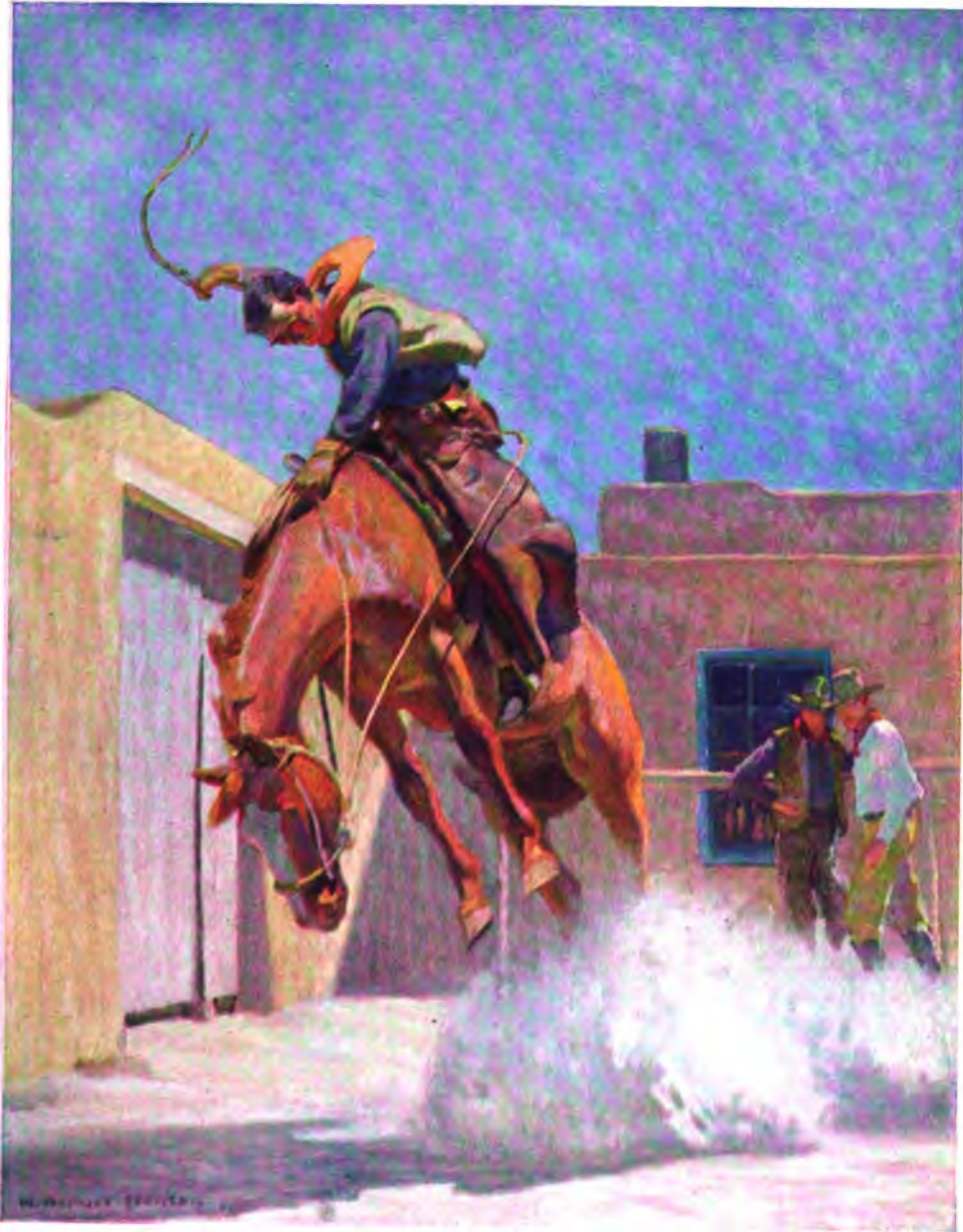
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"THE BRONC-TWISTER"
From a painting by W. Herbert Dunton

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In the Land of the Basques

By FRANCIS AUGUSTUS RUGG

Photographs by the author

AFTER many months of photographing scenes of desolation and picturing the doughboy at play, I longed for the opportunity to travel with my camera through a peaceful country, remote from ravages of war. My chief desire was to wander at will through the domain of the Basques, those "warders of the Pyrenees," whose remarkable history makes them one of the most fascinating races of Europe.

Descended from the original Iberians, they still cling to the mountain country whence their ancestors were driven by the Aryans, and where, in later years, their forefathers preserved the faith of the cross when Mohammedanism had virtually conquered Spain. To-day they are found on both sides of the Pyrenees, but those now known as French Basques share in common with their brethren across the Spanish border the glorious heritage of their very ancient race.

Therefore it was with keenest anticipation that I caught my first glimpse of the twin spires of the cathedral at Bayonne on a Sunday afternoon in August, knowing I had arrived at the very threshold of the Basque country.

A holiday crowd was thronging the spacious bridges and passing under the triumphal arch, draped with the tricolor and bearing the inscription "*Gloire à nos Poilus.*" I looked in vain for some trace of a national costume, and I listened without immediate reward for a word of this strangest of all the languages of Europe, for Bayonne to-day differs little from any other modern French town, and has lost much of its former distinctive character. Later, in a little *pâtisserie*, I caught a bit of conversation between two women which differed from anything I had ever heard in France. During my two years overseas I had become familiar with French in all its purity, with the patois of the Ardèche and of Allier, with Italian and Niçois along the Riviera, and the language of Mistral in Nîmes and Arles; but this smoothly flowing speech, with its many final vowels, its multitude of g's and k's, was like none of these, and lacked the harsher, guttural sounds that somewhat mar the musical quality of Spanish.

Whenever later in my travels I made inquiries for some books in the native tongue, there was always an instant endeavor to dissuade me from any attempt to learn Basque, as it was the most



The quartet

difficult study in all the world. Did I not know that the devil himself, after seven long weary years spent in the effort to master its intricacies, gave up in despair, admitting that he was completely baffled, without having learned a single word.

"Oh," I replied, "I was told that he succeeded in adding three words to his vocabulary."

"And what were the three?" was the eager demand. That was a question I could not answer, but, anyway, so the story goes, Satan, because of his ignorance of the language, has never been able to interfere with the Basque people in the exercise of their simple religious faith.

As I boarded the evening train, I realized it would carry me through the gateway into the very midst of the hills that have proved to be the citadel of the Pays Basque for generations past. I knew that nearly fifty years had elapsed since this liberty-loving people, who had long maintained their civil and religious integrity, had lost the special privileges jealously guarded by their fathers, and I was anxious to see if the famous Basque provinces still retained the characteristics which had impressed travelers of an earlier period. Obeying a cardinal principle of a foreign traveler seeking local color, I turned my back on the first-class carriages and climbed into a second-class compartment, where I soon had an



On the way to market at St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port

opportunity to study my fellow-passengers at close range.

There were sittings for ten, and all were taken; but at the next station, where the platform was crowded with young women, one youth called out that there was plenty of room, so our numbers were suddenly increased to fifteen. One man held two damsels on his knees, exacting a kiss in payment when they left the train several stations farther on. Another held his arm very protectingly about the waist of the girl who had taken refuge on my upturned suitcase. Meanwhile, I was wondering if an affectionate nature was a strong national characteristic of the Basque people.

Darkness had fallen when I reached the end of the line at St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port, and was driven rapidly up the hill to the Hôtel de France, accompanied by the merry tinkle of bells, a sound to which I became accustomed in the days which followed, for hotel buses, donkey-carts, cow-teams, and the goats on the hillside, all herald their coming by cheery, jingling bells. The first object which attracted my attention as I entered the inn was an old-fashioned, gleaming brass water-jug hanging against the wall, now doing duty as a reservoir. An instant later, passing the kitchen door, I caught a glimpse of the enormous fireplace, with its dazzling array of copper utensils hanging over



In the heart of Ondarroa

the mantel, in strong contrast with the smoke-begrimed walls and the heavy oak beams above. Beside the chimney, and close to the ceiling, was a shelf containing the row of family shoes, in accordance with a custom that has come down through the ages. So I fell asleep with the impression that I had left the modern world behind me, and had entered into the life of another era.

In the morning I was suddenly aroused by the most fearful creaking. I lay wondering what could possibly be the origin of such an unearthly din, till a flash of inspiration told me that this must be one of those carts with the solid wooden wheels, guaranteed to make such a racket that no evil spirits ever venture near. Hurrying to my window, I beheld the very cart of which I had read, a two-wheeled vehicle laden with sacks of wool from the mountains, and drawn by a yoke not of oxen, but of cream-white cows! So elaborately caparisoned was this odd pair that their identity was almost lost. Their bodies were covered with white canvas to keep off the flies, their faces protected by a

fine netting, and over their yoke was stretched a sheepskin resembling a great fur rug, while a festive row of red tassels dangled between their horns.

Well in advance of this quaint load of merchandise walked the driver, for all the world like a band-master. He solemnly marched forward for a few paces, then, finding he had outdistanced his team, made curious brandishing motions with his long stick, returning to give them a gentle prod on their flanks, and then with a word of admonition turned to lead the way again.

I discovered later that even milch cows are used as draft animals, for the farms are small, and the labor not heavy enough to require oxen. Mules, hitched three abreast, are everywhere employed for moving the heavier loads. The strangest combination of all I saw was attached to a coal team at Fuenterrabia, where the wheel horses were three mules, led by a tandem arrangement of a horse and a huge cow.

Enticed by this scene, I hastily dressed in order to lose none of the sights of market-day at St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port.



On the Spanish slope of the Pyrenees there are corn-fields everywhere

It would be more exact to call it "meeting-day," for there was no great evidence of merchandise save a few fruits, vegetables, and small wares displayed in the improvised booths that lined both sides of the main street of the new town, just below the old city walls. Here were eggs and cheese, chickens, with their feet tied together, sprawling helplessly on the ground, and ducks, stowed away carefully in a big basket, calmly surveying their unaccustomed surroundings. Now and then a prospective customer arrived, inquired the price, and with a judicial air lifted the struggling purchase in order to estimate its weight and worth. There were pigs, too, of all sizes, very much alive, loudly objecting to the indignity of being tethered by one hind leg. Small flocks of sheep were resting in the shade beneath the massive, towering walls of the medieval fortifications. Donkeys, the patient beasts of burden of all hill countries, were quietly waiting, ready to take the rude mountain trails when evening came.

Half a dozen men were chatting, with only a passing interest in the animated

scene about them. One was tall and spare, while the others were rather below medium height. All were smooth shaven. They had well-rounded heads, straight brows, regular noses, and square, determined chins. There was an intellectual, even distinguished, look upon their faces. Over and over again, as I roamed the streets on festive occasions, I was startled by the strong family resemblance, especially among the men.

Both men and boys wear the characteristic cap of the Basque country, of dark blue, round in shape, with a slight overhang from a fullness above, much like a diminutive tam-o'-shanter. All but the younger men still cling to the short blouse of fine black cloth, hanging free from the shoulders, pleated before and behind, with a double row of buttons and fastenings of braid, the whole resembling an abbreviated college gown. They wear dark trousers and the shoes that are part of the costume of the Basques of all ages and sexes. These shoes are made of canvas, usually white, with soles of braided hemp, often fastened by strings about the ankles. The



The solid wooden wheels that keep the evil spirits away. A typical farmhouse of the Basque provinces of Spain

costume of the women is quite as somber as that of the men, for it usually consists of a black gown and black bonnet, a tiny cap sometimes being substituted for the latter.

As I mingled with the market-day throng, I wondered where all these visitors hailed from, for the population of St.-Jean is not very large, and the surrounding country is sparsely settled. There was an air of good humor and good fellowship everywhere. Evidently these lineal descendants of the sturdy mountaineers of several centuries ago, who fought stubbornly for their rights, are to-day well satisfied with their lot in life, full of real content, and unruffled by the weighty problems of state. This

predominant characteristic of good nature extends even to the children, as I found many times, to my sorrow, while trying to pose a special photograph. On such occasions it seemed as if all the mischievous instincts of child nature everywhere were focused in my youthful Basque spectators. They were ready to open the shutter or press the bulb the moment my attention was diverted from my camera.

All through the day and into the night the hotels and cafés were filled to overflowing. Certainly, a national dry law would meet with little favor in this region, where there is a greater variety of liquors now than in the old days when cider was the national beverage. It was



Within the walls of the old town of St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port

well on toward midnight before the young proprietor of the Hôtel de France succeeded in inducing the last of the revelers to start homeward, and the echoes of their uncertain voices, raised in song, were heard for some time before peace and quiet once more descended on the streets of St.-Jean.

One day I spoke to a young man of thirty whose dress proclaimed that he came from the outside world. In response to a comment of mine in French, he answered in English. Ten years or more ago he left home for our Western States to act as shepherd. Finally, he succeeded in acquiring a flock of his own, and now with his savings of fifty thousand francs had returned to the land of

his youth. He was anxious to visit his old home, but confessed, that thus far, he has found himself a stranger in a strange land.

During his absence French has become the every-day language of business and social intercourse, while he knew only the speech of his childhood. To be sure, all his old friends can converse with him in Basque; still, he was bewildered by the foreign invasion he finds all about him, the prosperous resorts filled with summer visitors, and the varied interests which have followed in their train. One girl friend of his boyhood days had married an American officer; another, and this seems almost as epoch-making in his eyes, was the wife of a Frenchman.

In his own neighborhood nearly every home had a representative in California. The young men go away at the age of seventeen, and return some dozen years or so later with a comfortable little fortune acquired in sheep-raising. Whenever one returns, another leaves for America in his place. The *nouveau riche* pays off the family debts and sets up a well-furnished home of his own, with many of the comforts of modern times.

The Basque emigrant drifts naturally into the sheep industry of our Western ranges, for the mountainous district of his own country is truly a land of green pastures. The sheep are driven to the hills in March, to remain until October. Twice during the season they are brought back for the shearing. Some owners have as many as a thousand head. Young cattle are also taken to the summer feeding-grounds, the surplus stock being sold in the autumn because of the shortage of winter-forage crops. Pasturage is free for members of the commune, but even to outsiders the price is only five or six sous per head for the season. Rural occupations have a dignity of their own in this pastoral country. The lines of the national song of the Basques ring as true to-day as when they were written centuries ago, proclaiming:

For noble on our mountains is he who yokes
the ox,
And equal to a monarch, the shepherd of the
flocks.

Aside from the sheep industry, with its valuable products of wool and cheese, the Pays Basque is a country of small farms, raising just sufficient crops for home consumption. There are apples, —sometimes shipped to Normandy for cider-making,—pears, peaches, apricots, cherries, chestnuts, walnuts, grapes, hay, corn, and wheat in abundance. Along the sea-coast, fishing is still a favorite occupation.

On the French side of the Pyrenees I found the typical Basque house to be two stories and a half high, with widely projecting eaves and gently sloping roof lines. The main doorway is surmounted by a round arch, leading sometimes into the living quarters of the donkey, the

cow, the pig, and the chickens, with a staircase at the rear of the gloomy interior mounting to the rooms of the family above. Brass knockers are common, usually in the shape of a hand holding a round ball. The following inscription, carved on the stones above the doorway of a house in St.-Jean, gives an interesting side-light on the property rights of women in this region more than a century ago:

“Jean de Ste. Marie et Marie Doxarain
Conjoints¹ Mes. de la Présente Maison
1767”

In the kitchen the great chimney, with its spacious fireplace, is the center of attraction. It projects well into the room, with the hearthstone raised a few inches from the floor, giving an opportunity for people to sit around three sides of the fire. The room is filled with strange contrasts, for electricity now furnishes light for even the humblest homes, although the stately row of brass candlesticks still ornaments the mantel, and the enormous copper caldrons and shining stew-pans contribute a note of brilliant, dazzling color.

It would be unfair to give the impression that the Basque of to-day is at all provincial, since he is very up-to-date in many particulars, although he still clings fondly to some of the customs of his ancestors. The annual “*jour férié*” of one of the smaller villages gave me an excellent opportunity to study the inroads of modern ideas, and was quite a different experience from the weekly market-day.

This celebration at Uhart-Cize always takes place in the latter part of August and lasts for three days. It is held on the *pelota*-grounds, by the side of the churchyard. Upon my arrival I found several hundred spectators, men as well as women, seated on the walls, or standing around three sides of the field, all holding huge black umbrellas as a protection from the blazing sun. There had been no rain for weeks, and the *pelota*-court was so dry that the flying feet of the forty couples who danced continually raised a cloud of dust which almost hid them from view, but did not interfere with the interest of the multi-

¹ *Mattres.*



Weighing the load

tude. The orchestra, consisting of seven pieces, two flutes, three horns, and two drums, with cymbals, was mounted on an improvised platform, resting on huge wine-barrels. It furnished music for the waltz, polka, schottische, mazurka, and quadrille. No fox-trot, one-step, or kindred modern dances were tolerated, and the absence of jazz music was refreshing.

All the musicians wore Basque shoes and caps, and had discarded superfluous collars. But among the spectators were several young women whose dress, from modish hat to dainty shoes, followed the latest dictates of fashion. One said she was a student in medicine at Paris, another at the Ecole des Beaux Arts. A typical young Basque told me he had one year more to complete his studies at the Ecole Normale at Pau, while a stalwart youth with red hair answered my inquiries in my own tongue, declaring that his father was an Englishman, his mother a Basque, and that he himself had been, for several years previous to the war, a chef in one of New York's famous restaurants.

The strong family resemblance which I noted among the Basques is doubtless the result of long years of intermarriage. Marriage outside the race is becoming more common, but even the younger members of this generation consider such a step seriously and regard it as a transgression of the traditions of their people. The remark of a young bride who observed to me, "I never thought I should marry a Frenchman," hints at the self-sufficiency which is characteristic of the Basques. A wealthy textile manufacturer told me that his own mother was English, but his earnest advice to his eldest son, educated in the exclusive schools of England, was not to fall in love with an English girl, but to reserve his affections for some one in his native land. Slowly, but surely, however, the Basque blood is losing its purity, but who can say that the rest of the world will not be enriched thereby?

The great pervading principles of this liberty-loving people, trained by centuries of self-government to be freemen in spirit and not in name alone, have always been a love of justice and rever-



Toilers of the sea bearing a single net, hundreds of yards in length, which they unwind, man after man, spreading it out to dry on the railing of the bridge

ence for law. "They were the Tyrolese of Spain, lambs in the hour of peace, yet lions in the field. With them the household charities and patriotism went hand in hand. In them the bravest yet the kindest spirit, the mildest yet the proudest virtues, were combined." So wrote an enthusiastic English traveler half a century ago. The Basques of to-day, although shorn of their ancient rights and privileges, still manifest the characteristic virtues of their forefathers. The spirit and traditions of his fatherland cling to the Basque wherever he wanders, causing him to contribute a wholesome element to our modern civilization.

With genuine regret I bade farewell to the narrow streets and arched gateways of St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port, with its beautiful encircling hills. As I paid my hotel bill, I was surprised to find not a *taxe de luxe*, but a discount of one franc per day. This unusual entry, my landlady naively explained, was because I was such a small eater.

The railway down the winding valley follows the twists and turns of the dashing river, past the *Pas de Roland*, where

the nephew of Charlemagne is said to have tested his faithful sword by cleaving the mighty rock, and out into the meadows near Cambo, one of the most popular of all the resorts of the Pays Basque. Here the landscape reminded me of the English country-side, like one huge garden, tended by many hands.

My entry into Spain was marked by one of those inexplicable errors on the part of the Spanish officials, that make one agree with the traveler who once said decisively, "Hereafter I shall travel in a country where there are no frontiers." After visiting numerous offices, seeking various stamps of approval on my passport, I was finally informed that the passport issued to me, an American gentleman, had been delivered to a Swedish lady only a few minutes before. After hours of vexatious waiting, while those who had been responsible for the loss lifted not a hand, the united efforts of the French police and the American consul recovered the missing document and I resumed my journey.

At Irun, the Spanish frontier town, the porter deposited my luggage near



A cantinera, with her guard of honor

the tram-line, and I entered into conversation with a traffic officer. Despite all my precautions in the way of inquiries, I nearly lost my car, for I gave only the slightest attention to the approaching vehicle, which looked very much like an old-fashioned carry-all drawn by horses. As it suddenly stopped just over the bridge from where I stood, I realized that I must hurry if I wished to take advantage of the principal means of rapid transit between Irun and Fuenterrabia, for this strange conveyance proved to be a bob-tailed affair, like one of our earliest types of horse-cars, drawn by two raw-boned mules, tandem fashion.

Past little groups of houses, three and four stories high, loaded with balconies where clusters of vegetables were drying in the sun and the week's wash was flapping in the wind, around curves where little patches of vegetables and vast corn-fields covered the flats even to the gleaming waters of the Bidassoa, we rumbled along till we reached the terminus. Near by stands the quaint old gateway that marks the entrance to Calle Mayor, leading straight up the hill to the historic church whose Renaissance tower looks proudly down upon the surrounding country. The view from the top of the castle of Charles

Quint, close by the church, is surpassingly beautiful. The river stretches from the distant ranges of hills down to the sea at one's very feet. Perhaps two miles away lies Irun, while on the other side of the Bidassoa are the red roofs, the bright-colored walls, and the gleaming sands of Hendaye and Hendaye-Plage. Dazzling white houses, nestled in the green slopes of both banks, dot the hillsides, while the chapel of the patron saint of the town, *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, stands at the very summit, with its steeple piercing the sky.

Of all the towns I visited in the Basque provinces of Spain, Fuenterrabia held for me the greatest charm. The old streets, with their vari-colored houses, white and pink and orange and brown, are always enchanting. Many of the upper stories overhang the sidewalk, while the roofs project away out into the street until they almost touch one another in neighborly fashion. Every house has its quaint old balcony, sometimes of wood, with slender spindles, often of curiously wrought iron, the masterpieces of medieval craftsmen. The ancient origin of the older houses is proclaimed by huge shields carved in the stones of the front walls, the coats of arms of the former owners.

The Spanish Basques are darker, on the whole, than those of the Pays Basque of France. Even here, however, it is hardly safe to deal in generalities, there are so many different types. In some respects they are more backward than their neighbors on the other slopes of the Pyrenees. Not only the children, but big girls, and even men and women, go barefoot. Many wear sandals without stockings.

The ideal way of touring the Basque provinces is by automobile, for the country is so irregular that the frequent tunnels spoil the pleasure of a ride by rail or electric lines. There are corn-fields everywhere, apple orchards, with the branches overburdened with fruit, little groups of farm buildings surrounded by haystacks, all reminiscent of the hill country of northern Switzerland or our own New England.

This part of Spain is a hive of industry. At Tolosa are paper mills and cotton factories. Cement mills are common in the region near the sea, while at Bilbao the iron works which supplied rapiers to the cronies of Shakspeare are still busy. For centuries the Basques have been a sturdy fishing people. Their seafaring men are famous. Along the coast of Newfoundland, and in even more distant centers of this industry, many of the fishermen are of Basque origin. To-day the old-time fishing-villages have become popular resorts for summer visitors. The motor-ride from Deva, along the shore, is a glorious one. As far as Motrico the road follows the indentations of the coast. There are many prominent headlands jutting boldly out to sea, wild, jagged cliffs, alternating with peaceful grassy slopes that lead down to the very water's-edge. From Motrico to Ondarroa the road turns inland, then out again, to mount high above the waves. Thence, on to Lequeitio, it is a superb highway, similar to *La Grande Corniche* between Nice and Monte Carlo. Orange-trees are replaced by apple-trees; olive-trees by locusts; vineyards by corn-fields; villas, with their gorgeous display of bougainvillea, by unpretentious peasant homes of stone, their garden walls overgrown with a tangle of wild blackberry-bushes.

San Sebastian, in the very center of

the Basque country, is to Spain what Biarritz is to France. There is a magnificent beach, with a wonderful outlook over the harbor to the precipitous slopes of the island of Santa Clara. Imposing hotels, spacious parks, well-shaded avenues, attract many a visitor, including even the royal family. Bull-fights are here seen at their best, or their worst, depending on the point of view of the observer.

Less spectacular than a bull-fight, but still tremendously interesting, is the national game of *pelota*, a daily event during the summer season. This game interested me especially because it originated centuries ago in the Basque provinces, and is the favorite pastime of the Basques of to-day, although its popularity has overspread Spain. The *fronton* is an inclosure with walls perhaps twenty feet in height on three sides, and galleries for the spectators completing the quadrangle. The game is played on a cement floor nearly sixty meters in length and ten in breadth, with cross lines at varying intervals. The players are two against two, dressed all in white, except for the distinguishing sashes of red and blue. The game is best described by saying that it is similar to our gymnasium hand-ball. The ball is somewhat larger than a tennis-ball, and not unlike our base-ball in composition. On the right arm the players wear a heavy basket-like glove, weighing three kilos, with which they deliver the ball smashing blows at distances from the front varying from fifty to a hundred and fifty feet or more.

Marvelous as is the skill of the players, the interest of a San Sebastian audience seems to be centered far more on the score-board and the book-makers. These latter gentlemen, fifteen or twenty in number, picturesque in their scarlet caps, with leather bags slung over their shoulders, stand in a long line between the court and the spectators. In their ability to register the bets in the midst of the bedlam which lasts all through the game they show quite as much skill as the players themselves, displaying a cleverness in their profession equaled only by the famous book-makers of an English Derby. To my mind the *pelota* game of to-day, no

longer existing for its own sake, but serving merely as an opportunity to gratify the gambler's instinct, has lost the charm it must have possessed in the old days, when champions of the home teams went forth to Mexico and South America to show their skill. Even now the game, as it is played on fête-days at St.-Jean-Pied-de-Port, is far more interesting than the professional affair of San Sebastian. For there in the hills of the Pays Basque the court lies in a beautiful grove of trees, and the spectators are seated on the terraces down both sides of the field. The wicker glove is much lighter than the heavy basket of the Spanish players, weighing perhaps three hundred grams. The game varies somewhat in consequence. The players are three on a side and catch the ball as it rebounds from the front wall, then hurl it back again with tremendous force.

A visit to the Basque country would be incomplete without a chance to view some one of the numerous local celebrations. It was my good fortune to spend the seventh and eighth of September at Fuenterrabia the most important days of the annual festival in honor of the deliverance of the town from the French many centuries ago.

In 1638, so runs the story, *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* listened to the prayers of the frantic inhabitants of the town, and accorded its defenders a victory over the French, who had besieged them without mercy. The triumph of arms came during the feast of the nativity, and in accordance with their vow, taken in time of dire distress, the people of Fuenterrabia have made an annual pilgrimage since 1639 to the shrine of their patron saint. At noon on the seventh of September the bells of the parochial church of Santa Maria and of the ancient chapel of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe* rang long and loudly in unison. During the afternoon bursts of artillery and rifle-shots alternated with the bells, and at night, when I attended the festival mass in Santa Maria, the beautiful music was constantly drowned by the sounds of cannon just outside the church. Thus I was told did custom seek to reproduce in the minds of the modern worshipers the spirit of apprehension which filled the

souls of their ancestors in the dread days three hundred years before.

All through the festival the semi-military character prevails, for from early morning of September 8, the great day of the fête, until the wee small hours, the uniforms of the companies from different quarters of the commune and of artillerymen from the neighboring fortress of Guadalupe are everywhere to be seen. The troops play an important part in the long procession which forms in the *plaza de armas* early in the day, and marches to the ancient chapel on the hill.

As I have already indicated, the dress of the modern Basque is simple in the extreme, and aside from cap, shoes, and the curious blouses of the men, has no marked peculiarities. On this occasion, however, the cherished fête-day costumes of days gone by are brought to light, and all who own the picturesque garments of their forefathers don them to do honor to the sacred day. Most interesting of all to me was the gaily colored raiment of the *cantinera*, the smiling damsel who marched proudly at the head of each company, representing the ancient prototype of the modern canteen girl, who proved indispensable in our own days of recent warfare.

Equal in interest to my wanderings in the hill country of the French Pays Basque were my tours along the Spanish sea-coast, so beautiful in prospect, so rich in historic lore. Every nook and corner has its own story, but none appealed to me more than the tiny hamlet of San Juan Pasajes, where I found myself one afternoon looking out on the glorious harbor which should ever be sacred to Americans. For through its narrow channel, out to the open sea, sailed the noble Lafayette, in all the glory of his adventurous youth, to cast the weight of his sword and the weightier influence of his liberty-loving soul on the side of our country in the War for Independence.

Perhaps as he saw the shores of Spain recede from view, as he set sail on his perilous adventure, he was cheered and strengthened by the thoughts of the hardy Basques from whom he had just parted, whose spirits were so in tune with his own.

The Awful Miss Brown

By WILLIAM CAIRNS

Illustrations by Arthur G. Dove



ESTER BROWN was the most striking personality in Dredgefield. This was indicated in her being invariably spoken of as "Miss Brown," though the parish contained no fewer than four other single ladies of the same name.

Born in Dredgefield, she had lived there all her life, and at forty-three was a tall, slim woman, decidedly handsome in a rather forcible style. Dredgefield was proud of Miss Brown as of a woman whose equal none of the adjacent parishes could show; at the same time it occasionally remarked, behind her back, that she was "a bit of a Tartar." This had served to protect her from the importunities of certain bucolic admirers who were anxious to settle in life, but who, shunning the ordeal of a proposal, remained single or married elsewhere. In recent years only one had been hardy enough to approach her with matrimonial intentions, and he had done so to the astonishment of all concerned—that is to say, of the entire population.

Worldly-minded people would have considered Mr. Giles Jobson, the person referred to, as eligible a suitor as ever dined at a farmers' ordinary or took an extra glass on market-day; for he was a substantial freeholder, who paid his way and cared for no man. On the other hand, they would have thought no one less likely to make his appearance in the character of a wooer or to plant the myrtle of Venus in soil which could be turned to better account. Stout and ruddy, with a prosperous, broadcloth air, he was too solid a man to give undue attention to the trivialities of mere outward display, and when he was suddenly transformed into a middle-aged rustic buck of the first head, with a nosegay in his buttonhole, Dredgefield could scarcely believe its eyes.

"Why, Giles lad, be it you!" old farmer Dobbs exclaimed, surveying him one evening when he entered the parlor of The Load of Hay. "Vine veathers make vine birds. What be *you* arter?"

"Well, if you *must* know," he replied, overcoming a slight tendency to sheepishness, "I be going to court Miss Brown."

Mr. Jobson had expected the effect of this announcement with a certain degree of pride; its reception fully justified his expectations. His hearers, taking their clay-pipes from their mouths, stared at him and at one another for several minutes in amazement before they recovered themselves sufficiently to repeat: "Going to court Miss Brown! He be going to court Miss Brown!" What was to be made of it? Had Giles Jobson suddenly gone crazy, or was there that in him which they had never supposed to be there? Was he a fool or a hero? His reputation trembled in the balance; and then farmer Dobbs settled the point.

"Well, Giles lad," he cried, bringing his fist down upon the table, "thou 'rt the only man as I knows on who 'd venter it. Going to court Miss Brown? Dang! Ye 'll never beat that!"

"No, no," chorused the rest, "ye 'll never beat that!" The balance had turned in his favor: he was a hero.

THIS inspired Mr. Jobson with a dangerous confidence, so that Miss Brown was "woo'd and married and a'" before he had spoken a word to her on the subject. He pictured himself saying, in reply to the congratulations of his friends, "I just said to her, 'Miss Brown, maybe you 're not the popularist woman i' the parish, but you 're the one I think most on'; and i' less nor half an hour it was settled quite comfortable."

When he called on Miss Brown the affair was settled in considerably less

than half an hour, but by no means comfortably. Within ten minutes after entering her door he emerged again with an agitated air, and as he hurried along the garden path he glanced over his shoulder as if apprehensive that she might be following him, like a classical Fury, with a firebrand in one hand and a whip in the other. Crestfallen as he was, he bore the sallies of his friends with Christian meekness. Only once did he turn upon his persecutors at The Load of Hay when old farmer Dobbs jocosely inquired what Miss Brown had said to him.

"That ain't nobody's business," he retorted. "But," he added impressively, and looking round him almost with an air of triumph, "I 'll tell ye *one* thing. It wor n't only o' *me* she said it. She said it o' *the whole lot on us.*"

In that last sentence you had Miss Brown; there she was in a nutshell. Her salient characteristic was a contempt for the male sex as represented in the human biped.

But none of us is invariably consistent. More than once Miss Brown had been known to depart from the inexorable tenor of her way, though her manner of doing so was all her own. When one of her pigs disappeared, and was traced to Simon Grubb, Mrs. Grubb came to her with tearful protestations that she was the mother of six, and though Miss Brown told her it was a greater crime to have six children than to steal pigs, Simon escaped punishment for the sake of his wife and family. Again, when Martha Gibbs, who had served her faithfully for seven years, was going to be married at Easter, Miss Brown drew for her benefit a painful picture of married life among the peasantry, of wretched women slaving early and late to keep things together while the husbands sat in the public house over their beer and tobacco; but she did the handsome thing by Martha when the affair came off. Therefore many people asserted that Miss Brown "had a heart somewheres, though it did n't seem to be where most folk's were, and took a deal o' getting at."

For this reason Dredgefield commiserated the person whose fate was most directly under her influence—the orphan child of the late Mrs. Brown's youngest

brother, about whom, like the majority of his sex, the least said the better. When Miss Brown heard of her being left, a mere waif, in a distant county, she sent instructions for her to be forwarded without delay to Hollybush Farm; and since it seemed absurd in a woman of thirty-odd to call a child of six her cousin, she decided to be her aunt instead.

In the mere fact of being a girl and not a boy, the forlorn little creature had the good fortune to gratify her aunt from the first; but things did not turn out so well afterward, for at nineteen Bella Croft was an attractive damsel, disinclined to a belief that the world would be a better place if man was known only as an antediluvian animal. Nevertheless, she was devoted to her aunt, and everybody agreed that Miss Brown had done her duty by her. Despite this she was commonly spoken of as "poor Bella Croft," for, though it was quite understood she would inherit Hollybush Farm and all her aunt's savings, it was predicted that "Miss Brown 'u'd never let a man come nigh her, unless it was Parson Doubleday or some un like him." Certainly no great harm could have resulted from this, seeing that the vicar was a meek little old bachelor who read his Bible very literally, and gave away among his poorer neighbors things he wanted very badly for himself.

The Rev. Theophilus Doubleday was indeed a worthy man and, moreover, a good scholar. Dredgefield, taking his erudition for granted, esteemed him for his worthiness, and none of his parishioners had a greater regard for him than a youthful connection of his own, Richard Merryweather. Richard was a nephew, by marriage, of the vicar's sister, who had given up housekeeping for her brother to marry Farmer Merryweather, who was a person of such consequence in the neighborhood that he might almost have been a justice of the peace in days when a J. P. had to be somebody. His red-brick house was one of the best in the parish, and, standing a good distance apart from the farm-buildings, had an air of being above its business. Dying childless, he left the house and land to his wife in trust for his nephew Richard. So when Richard's aunt died also and he

came to reside on his property, he was rich according to Dredgefield standards—that is, for one of good old yeoman stock. In his way he was a remarkable young man, and though Dredgefield began by resenting the cut of his coat and thinking him a little too cosmopolitan, he was so cheery and good-humored that it soon agreed to overlook his defects.

"Love laughs at locksmiths," but even if he regarded them seriously, Miss Brown could not have kept her niece under lock and key whenever her eyes were off her. To immature single young women for fear of the consequences was not the custom of the age and country in which she lived. It was not often, however, that Bella went anywhere without her aunt; but this occurred sometimes, and upon one of these rare occasions she met Richard Merryweather, with the result that after a few more meetings they fell in love with each other. When he told Bella that he loved her, despite all her aunt's teaching she believed him. This was probably due to the fact that, in discoursing of such matters, Miss Brown had dealt with man in the abstract, and to Bella, Richard Merryweather did not represent an abstract idea. A stipulation on her part that, so far as her aunt was concerned, there should be nothing clandestine in their proceedings was alarming; for that Miss Brown's consent could be obtained off-hand was incredible and not to be expected. Richard would have preferred to get it over, and inform her of the event when the mischief was done; but when he found Bella's scruples insurmountable, a happy thought occurred to him, and he suggested that they should request the vicar to open the ball for them.

"We are related you know," he explained. "He 's a sort of an uncle of mine and one of the best old fellows in the world. Besides, he 's her pastor; so perhaps she 'll listen to him when she would n't listen to you or me."

THE vicar sat by the open window of his little parlor, the bowl of his churchwarden pipe glowing within while the shadows gathered without. A placid serenity pervaded him. The stars were begin-

ning to twinkle in the liquid depths of the clear summer sky, a nightingale preluded from an orchard close at hand, the soft breeze at once soothed and refreshed. How at such a moment could he dream there was trouble in the air and that a plot had just been hatched against his peace of mind?

Suddenly a step was heard on the garden walk, and a voice exclaimed:

"There you are, Uncle! I thought I should find you at your evening pipe."

"Is it you, my dear Richard?" he responded. "Come in. You know your way."

"Rather," answered Merryweather, who, indeed, seemed very much at home, for when he entered the room he walked straight to a cupboard, and, returning with another churchwarden, seated himself near the vicar.

"Now, my dear Uncle," he said, "I hope you are at leisure for a little conversation, as I want to consult you about a rather serious matter."

The phrase "serious matter" sounded rather alarming.

"I hope, Richard," said the vicar, "that you have not been getting into any kind of trouble."

"Not a bit of it," answered Richard, cheerfully. "I am only thinking of getting married."

"Of getting married!" exclaimed the vicar, gazing at him in amazement. "Only thinking of getting married!"

Richard struck a match, lighted his pipe, then, leaning back in his chair, went on:

"You see, Uncle, my view is this. If a young fellow has the means of supporting a wife, he cannot do better than settle down into a quiet, respectable married man."

"You are perfectly right; that is, if a suitable partner can be found for him."

"Or if he can find a suitable partner for himself."

"Certainly, certainly. And now, my dear Richard," he added, his curiosity overcoming his surprise, "who is she?"

"Suppose you make a guess before I tell you."

The vicar's mind roamed for a moment among the rustic maidens of his parish and came back unsatisfied.

"Really, I am quite at a loss; and, to

“speak the truth, I am not sure but that a young man with your advantages might—might—”

“Might not do better elsewhere?”

“I confess, without intending to depreciate any of the young women I can think of, that such was my meaning.”

“Well, I have no wish to go farther and fare worse, which I might easily do. Bella Croft is a charming girl and capable of making an excellent wife for any man as fond of her as I am.”

“Bella Croft!” cried the vicar. “I never thought of her.”

“Well, now the murder 's out, what do you say?”

“Really, I hardly know *what* to say, you have taken me so completely by surprise. She is a very good girl, quite a superior young woman for her class. If you are satisfied, and have no wish to look higher, I see no reason—no,” reflected Mr. Double-day, “I do *not* see *any* reason why you should not be very happy with her.”

“My dear Uncle,” said Richard, smiling, “her class is my class, I have no wish to look higher, and I *mean* to be very happy with her. So all that is settled.” Leaning back, he looked upward to the stars, which were now becoming more and more numerous every moment. The song of the nightingale came from the farther side of the tall hedge which separated the little orchard from the garden. Richard could not help pausing awhile to contemplate the happiness of which he felt so confident, and the vicar, interested though he was in

the subject they were discussing, was relapsing into silent enjoyment of his peaceful surroundings, when his nephew, returning from the stars, suddenly exclaimed, “And now comes another question. Bella's aunt is a dragon.”

“Miss Brown is certainly a person of decided character,” admitted the vicar; “but she is an excellent woman in her way and has a good heart.”

“You see,” Richard went on, “Miss Brown is a deadly enemy to marriage. She thinks we should remain as we are until we all die off, and leave the world fit to live in because there is n't anybody left alive in it.”

“I think even Miss Brown would scarcely go so far as that,” replied the vicar, with a smile.

“Anyhow,” said Richard, “she 's always crying down matrimony and crying up single blessedness—bless her! I wished Bella to marry me first and tell her afterward, but she would n't hear of it.”

“She was right, perfectly right,” said the vicar, emphatically.

“Then I wanted to go straight off to Miss Brown and have it out with her, but Bella thought that too risky. So we hit on a third plan, an excellent plan; and what do you think it was?”

“I am sure I cannot tell.”

“Well, it was about the best way out of the difficulty any one could have imagined. We fell back on *you!*”

“Fell back on *me!*” cried the vicar.

“That 's it. We want you to tackle Miss Brown.”



“ ‘I be going to court Miss Brown’ ”



“ ‘You want me to tackle Miss Brown!’ ”

The vicar dropped his pipe and broke it, but was too much agitated to heed the mishap.

“You want me to tackle Miss Brown!” he gasped. “But, my dear boy—upon my word, I—Miss Brown is an awful woman. I have lived in this parish five and thirty years,” he protested, “and never met her equal. A good woman, a thoroughly good woman, but of so unyielding a temper she would not hesitate to put down the bishop himself.”

“Well, you must not let yourself be put down. You must march boldly up at the head of your invincible arguments, as a soldier marches up to a battery.”

“But, my dear boy,” replied the old gentleman, with a nervous chuckle, “I am a man of peace, not a man of war; I cannot help thinking that a little patience on your part, a little judicious tarrying for some favorable opportunity—”

“Come, Uncle, you are not going to desert me in my difficulty? Don’t say that.”

“Well, my dear Richard,” the vicar said, “I have little hope I can be of use, but I’ll do my best. I fear it is a task beyond my powers—a perfect labor of Hercules; but you have appealed to my friendship, and I will not be weighed in the balance and found wanting. As one of our old divines says, ‘friendship is the allay of our sorrows, the discharge of our oppressions, and the sanctuary of our calamities.’”

“Well put! He must have been a capital fellow. Who was he?”

“The pious and learned Bishop Taylor, commonly known as Jeremy, his Christian name being Jeremiah, which in the original Hebrew signifies ‘Exalted of the Lord,’” explained Mr. Doubleday, with gentle superiority.

THEOPHILUS DOUBLEDAY slept badly that night. The pledge his nephew had extracted from him haunted him throughout the dark hours. Before departing,

Richard had induced him to believe that the happiness of his, Richard Merryweather's, life depended on him, and responsibility for the young man's future weighed upon him like a nightmare. He fell asleep just as the gray dawn came creeping in, and when he woke again, rose quite unrefreshed, with a very poor appetite for breakfast.

When he started to accomplish his mission, the clear morning air freshened him up and partly dispelled the terrors of the night. He stepped out briskly enough until he came within sight of Miss Brown's house, when he was assailed by a treacherous hope that she might not be at home, and paused to exorcise it and induce a better frame of mind.

The first person he saw as he drew near was Bella Croft, who was standing by the door of the house tending a rose-tree that grew up one side of the porch. Hearing the click of the garden gate, she turned; as she did so, the vicar, even in his agitated condition, thought Richard might, as he himself had said, have gone farther and fared worse. Indeed, however far one traveled, it would have been difficult to find a more attractive specimen of a young English country-woman.

"Good morning," the vicar said, almost cheerfully. "Is your aunt within?"

"Yes, sir; she is," answered Bella. "Will you please to step this way?"

The vicar stepped that way, and followed her into the parlor. Left alone, he listened nervously for Miss Brown's footsteps, which were soon heard. The door opened, and she appeared.

"Good morning, good morning, Miss Brown," he cried, with the effusiveness of extreme agitation. "What delightful weather we are having! We are really looking—I mean the country is looking—quite charming."

Miss Brown saw he was excited and by no means master of himself. As she returned his greeting she awaited developments.

"You will hardly guess, Miss Brown," said Mr. Doubleday, "now I am *sure* you will hardly guess why I have called on you this morning."

"Perhaps, sir," replied Miss Brown, with civil austerity, "it would be better

to explain without waiting for me to guess."

This was not a snub; it was only manner: but Miss Brown's manner often made timid people feel that a snub was intended.

The vicar fidgeted for a moment, then rallied, and came to the point.

"I am here, Miss Brown," he began—"eh, eh, eh—you will think it very odd—it *is* very odd—for really, you know, I am the last person in the world any one would suspect of such an errand—but I am here as a messenger of love."

"As a what!" exclaimed Miss Brown.

"As a messenger of love," repeated the vicar, meekly. "Though," he added with another feeble giggle, "I do not look much like Cupid."

"No, you do not," said Miss Brown, curtly.

It was evident that Miss Brown construed his remark as meaning he was not lightly attired in a pair of wings and a quiver, and that she considered such a jest unbecoming between a clergyman and a single spinster.

"I mean," he endeavored to explain, "that as a man in the decline of life, and being unfortunately a bachelor—"

"Why unfortunately" interposed Miss Brown.

"Well, really, Miss Brown," said the vicar, who might or might not have had his own little romance in his own little springtide, "that is, if you will allow me to say so, neither here nor there."

"Oh, very good," she answered, as if, in that case, he need not have said anything about it.

"I mean," he resumed, "that the heart—the heart, my dear Miss Brown—need not grow old. No, no; it can still sympathize and feel."

Here the vicar paused, thinking he had made a good point; though what he had really done was to create an impression that he had suddenly become insane, and that his madness was taking the form of making proposals. His next words, however, dispelled this idea.

"My nephew, Richard Merryweather, is, I assure you, a most excellent young man."

"I know very little about him," Miss Brown said shortly.

"I am aware of that, Miss Brown,

though he has met you more than once. But, upon better acquaintance, you will find what I have said of him fully justified. I know of no young man better qualified to make a most suitable husband."

At this Miss Brown looked slightly bewildered. "Your niece is a most charming girl, Miss Brown. I know of no young woman better qualified for making the most admirable of wives."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Miss Brown, grimly.

"That is it, Miss Brown. To put the matter *quite* plainly, he has—ahem!—he has fallen in love with her."

"Nonsense!" cried Miss Brown.

The vicar winced like a little boy who has had his ears boxed for saying something he ought not to have said on a forbidden subject. Still, he could not allow this contemptuous exclamation to pass altogether unchallenged. "For shame, Miss Brown! Love all nonsense? Oh, fie! fie!"

"I mean when men talk of marrying women because they love them *that* is nonsense. When they are young and foolish, they may think they do, and when girls are young and foolish, they may believe them. For my part, Mr. Doubleday, I am an elderly woman—"

"No, no!" protested the vicar. "Oh, dear, no!"

"I am a woman advanced in life"—she was forty-three, and looked remarkably well for her age, as slim, well-featured women are apt to do,—"*and,*" continued Miss Brown, who had passed the whole of her womanhood in the management of her little farm, "I know the world."

"And I, Miss Brown," replied Mr. Doubleday, who for over thirty years had never been more than a few miles outside his own parish, "I also know the world. In fact," he added pleasantly, "I am an old stager—*quite* an old stager."

"I love my niece. *That* kind of love is not all nonsense."

"I am sure it is not," responded the vicar, heartily. "I am indeed sure of that."

"I have striven to do my duty by her."

"And you have done it, Miss Brown, you have done it."

"I have always regarded it as a most

important *part* of my duty to warn her against the evils of married life."

"The *evils* of married life!" exclaimed the vicar. "Come, come, Miss Brown, you don't mean that. You *can't* mean it."

Miss Brown waved the protest aside.

"The single woman is the mistress of her own fate. The married woman is the mere plaything of a man."

"Nay! nay! Really, such a view of married life is a sadly perverted one. It really is, you know. And, after all," the vicar continued, warming to the discussion in spite of himself, "the single woman's existence is a poor, incomplete affair. She herself is an isolated, melancholy object; a—" Remembering where he was, Mr. Doubleday stopped in confusion. Miss Brown, standing in front of him, suddenly appeared to be growing remarkably tall, while her eyes flashed down upon him with a dangerous light.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered. "Of course, in exceptional cases—ahem!—when we find a woman endowed with great force of character, of an unusually self-reliant nature—but in most instances, I think, Miss Brown—I *really* think,"—after his crude blunder, he made this statement apologetically,—"*the married woman's lot is the happier one.*"

Miss Brown shook her head, with a contemptuous smile.

"And then, from a worldly point of view," said the most unworldly vicar, "my nephew would be an excellent match. He would be able to maintain a wife in every comfort."

"My niece will be provided with every comfort suitable to her station without being beholden to any man."

"Still, within reasonable limits, and if well employed, my dear Miss Brown, the good things of this world are not to be despised. No, no; they are not to be despised."

"What do you mean by the good things of this world?" demanded Miss Brown. "The flesh-pots of Egypt?"

The vicar turned red and felt quite angry. He was not one to hanker after flesh-pots of any nationality whatsoever, and a woman who had been a parishioner of his for many years ought to know better than to address such a remark to him.

"Besides," Miss Brown resumed, after



“—but I am here as a messenger of love”

a silence, “there is no need to discuss this any further, for even if Mr. Merryweather cares for my niece, she does not care for *him*; so that makes an end of the matter.”

“But she *does* care for him,” cried the vicar. “She is as much in love with him as he is with her.”

“What!”

Miss Brown uttered this monosyllable in a way that made the vicar almost jump out of his chair; but the flesh-pots of Egypt still rankling in his mind, he found courage to reply.

“Miss Brown, I have said it,” he declared.

Miss Brown went to the door. Her clear, strong voice rang through the

place, startling the pigeons on the roof, and causing the lazy old house-dog to prick up his ears in the yard.

“Bella! Bella! Come here!”

BELLA was prepared for this summons, but she came very slowly, and presented a very shamefaced appearance.

“Bella, do you know why Mr. Double-day has called here this morning?”

Bella *was* in possession of this guilty knowledge, being an accessory before the fact; but she remained silent, and did not commit herself.

“He has come to tell me that his nephew is in—in—in”—something stuck in Miss Brown’s throat, but she got it out—“is in love with you.”

"Mr. Richard Merryweather?" faltered Bella.

"Of course I mean Mr. Richard Merryweather. Whom else *could* I mean? Have you ever suspected anything of this kind? Speak, child!" She referred to it as to a foul plot come to light.

"Yes, Aunt dear," said Bella, meekly; "he—he—"

"Don't say he has dared to tell you!"

"Yes, Aunt; he has told me."

Miss Brown glanced at the vicar in bitter triumph, as if to say, "You see the kind of person you have been commending—the viper you have cherished at your hearth! What is your opinion of him *now*?" Then she turned to her niece again.

"And you have been accused, wrongfully, I trust, of being in love with him."

"I think I am, Aunt."

"You *think* you are! Good heavens, girl, don't you know your own mind?"

"Yes, Aunt; I am. We are in love with each other."

Mr. Doubleday was a true Christian, but, nevertheless, he said:

"I told you so, Miss Brown."

Miss Brown turned upon him. A terrible outburst seemed imminent, and he began to wish himself at the farther end of his parish or even in the next one. However, after a strong effort of self-control, she spoke with calmness, with a fearful calmness.

"Mr. Doubleday," she said, "your nephew is a wolf in sheep's clothing, and would be a disgrace to any sex but his own; but all men are wolves in sheep's clothing and a disgrace to their sex."

"My dear madam," interposed the vicar, "think better of us. Let me entreat you to think better of us."

"I make *no* exceptions," she proceeded, giving the Reverend Theophilus one for himself. "As vicar of this parish you have sought to sow discord where it has never existed since men ceased to live beneath this roof. I compliment you on your morning's work."

The vicar took this remark as meaning that, having perpetrated the villainy referred to, he might withdraw to gloat over it.

"My child," he said, not without a touch of dignity, as he took Bella's hand, "I am glad to hear you avow your senti-

ments without shame or disguise. You owe all duty to her who has been as a mother to you, but you have done nothing to be ashamed of or to regret. I know Richard well, and you may take my word for that. Miss Brown, I wish you a good morning and a grain or two more of charity. I have no doubt my nephew will call on you himself."

"Mr. Doubleday, I forbid your nephew this house. If he attempts to force his way in, I will not be answerable for the consequences."

Miss Brown looked very terrible at the thought of her premises being invaded.

"You will not insult him, I trust," remonstrated the vicar.

"I will protect my niece," she retorted, and with this assurance the vicar departed.

The very next day it happened that Miss Brown and Richard Merryweather met on the road just outside the village.

"Miss Brown," began Richard, with his usual directness, "I understand you are strongly opposed to me as a suitor to your niece. May I ask what is your objection to me?"

"I have *no personal* objection to you, simply because I know nothing much about you."

"Then," said Richard, "may I beg you will do me the honor to know more of me in the hope that I shall improve upon better acquaintance? May I ask this as a great favor, Miss Brown?"

"I don't wish to know more of you," replied that plain-spoken lady. "You would probably *not* improve on acquaintance. Men don't."

"Will you give me a chance of doing so? Really, I am not a bad sort of fellow, though I say it who should not. And as for yourself, I assure you, you would find me a most affectionate nephew."

Richard must have lost his head when he made *this* remark. It filled Miss Brown's cup of bitterness to overflowing.

"Mr. Merryweather," she flashed out, "I forbid you to speak to my niece. I shall forbid my niece to speak to you; and—and—good morning."

Having thrown this valediction at him like a stone from a sling, she strode past him, completely disregarding a final effort he made to detain her.

ON her part, Miss Brown recognized it was war to the knife, and she was not long in deciding on her plan of campaign. Her first idea was suggested, a day or two after her encounter with Merryweather, by a drowsy yawn from her dog, which was blinking in the sunshine of the garden. He was an easy-going, portly old fellow of no particular breed, and was called Rover because he disliked too much exercise and seldom went far from home. When Miss Brown walked over to where he lay, he rapped his tail once or twice on the ground and closed his eyes.

She left him to repose, and went straight off to the village carpenter, who on the following day sent a man to fix a notice-board beside her gate with "Beware of the Dog" in bold black letters on a white ground. When the man had gone, Miss Brown stepped into the lane and surveyed his handiwork with so much satisfaction that Rover trotted out and had a look also. If he felt dubious as to whether he could act up to it, he was not the only person who entertained doubts on the point, for at that moment Richard Merryweather came down the lane.

"Good day, Miss Brown," he said, raising his hat and bowing with great respect. "I hope you are well this morning."

"Thank you," she replied coldly. "I have nothing to complain of so far as my health is concerned."

Meanwhile Richard was flattering himself by thinking it was a good omen she did not leave him standing there alone, as she had done a few days before.

Bending down to pat Rover, he asked: "Is this the dog I am to beware of, Miss Brown?"

"You?" she answered, looking down upon him as he looked up at her. "Who said anything about you?"

Instead of replying to this question, he patted Rover once more and called him a "fine old fellow."

Then he added: "But, Miss Brown, if you really want a dog to protect the premises, I know of a splendid bulldog which the owner would be willing to part with. He is a capital watch-dog. You might leave your doors unbolted

all night with him about the place."

"I have no intention of leaving my doors unbolted at night."

"At the same time, if you want a good house-dog, I can strongly recommend the one I speak of."

"I have no doubt you know the dog."

"Oh, yes, I know him very well."

"And the dog knows you?"

"Yes, he knows me."

"Quite so. Thank you. I prefer my own dog," retorted Miss Brown.

She reëntered the garden, walked into the house, and shut the door. She was not very indignant at this sample of masculine treachery, for she felt that she had had the best of the engagement, and had shown how readily she could unmask the machinations of a villain.

Nevertheless, it had not escaped her notice that Rover wagged his tail when Richard Merryweather patted him, whereas he ought to have bitten a piece out of him. Possibly it might be as well to get an additional guardian of less amiable disposition, except that there were drawbacks to the presence about the place of a strange dog of uncertain temper. She thought the matter over, and when Miss Brown thought anything over, something usually came of it.

What came of it in the present instance was another notice-board, the erection of which cost her a slight twinge of conscience. In regard to the first board there had been nothing she could not reconcile with her homely, straightforward code of ethics; for she did really possess a dog who years before had pursued a boy who came to rob the orchard, and had not abandoned the chase until the culprit turned in desperation and picked up a stone. Still, this second notice merely said, "Man-Traps and Spring-Guns," which in itself was vague and meant nothing, when you came to think of it, unless people chose to infer that any person prowling about at unlawful hours ran the risk of being caught by the leg in a powerful gin, or complimented with a few slugs of a kind more injurious to human beings than to cabbages. What a convenient thing it would be, she thought, if her house were an old-fashioned grange with a moat and drawbridge!

One morning as she was giving an eye

to her flowers she saw Richard pause by her fence.

"Miss Brown," he cried, "I *must* speak to you. I must appeal to your humanity. Suppose, through my fault, or what you are pleased to consider my fault, some perfectly innocent person should be caught in these things which you have placed about your house?"

"Innocent persons don't come where they have no right," replied Miss Brown.

"But by some accident, even you or your niece might—"

"They are *man-traps*," interposed Miss Brown.

"But the spring-guns, Miss Brown! The spring-guns!"

"They are never loaded until night."

In for a penny, in for a pound; but Miss Brown was a bad hand at mendacity. Even when a child, she never told fibs, and she was more angry than ever with Richard for making her feel how easily she *could* tell them when once she began. Nevertheless, it was very distasteful; so she determined to put an end to the conversation, especially as she detected a twinkle, a most impudent twinkle, in Richard's eye. She regarded him severely across the fence.

"Young man," she said, addressing him in a way she considered at once hurtful to his dignity and consistent with her own, "I believe you think there are not any guns about the place at all."

"How *can* I think so, Miss Brown, when I have your assurance to the contrary?" he said, motioning with his hand toward the notice-board.

"If you *did* suppose so, you would be greatly mistaken. Robin Redyeard, come here."

These last words were addressed to a youth of strikingly bucolic appearance

who just then emerged from an outhouse, and who was armed with an antiquated fowling-piece. He was on his way to the corn-field, his present duty being to scare birds by pretending to be a sportsman.

"Yes, missus," he replied, as he came slowly towards her.

"Do you know this person?"

"Aye, I knows un. He be Measter Merryweather, *he* be."

"Well, if you see Mr. Merryweather on any part of *my* premises, you have my orders to shoot at him."

"But if so be as I was to hit un bad, what 'un'd they do to I?"

"Whatever you do will be done by *my* orders, and I will answer for it."

"If so be as that be so, missus," said Robin, pulling his forelock to Richard, as if promising to do him a service for which he hoped to be remembered, "I 'll shoot at un if I sees un anywheres hereabouts."

So saying, he departed slowly, with heavy tread, an ordinary country clod. But as the townsman frequently looks less stupid than he is, the countryman is often not so stupid as he looks. While Robin was passing a bush near a corner of the house, a fair eavesdropper stopped him, and said, "O Robin, you won't really do it! Will you?"

After glancing cautiously round, he whispered:

"There be an't no shot in it, Miss Bella. It won't hurt nobody, if so be as they don't come close up agen it."

Nor was this the sole proof given by this unlettered swain that he grasped the situation. Soon after, when Richard was passing a hedge-corner where one might crouch concealed from observation, a voice called to him:

"Measter Merryweather! I zay, zur!"



"O Robin, you won't really do it! Will you?"

"Well, Robin my lad, what is it?" said Richard, approaching him.

"Miss Brown, zur. She do give it them as don't do what she tells un. Ah, that she do. I don't know as I would n't sooner be had up at 'Sizes rayther nor not do what Miss Brown telled me."

"Well, Robin?"

Robin tapped his gun.

"There ain't no shot in it, but I *could* put in some old nails just to oblige."

"Yes, Robin, if you happened to think of it."

"Aye," responded Robin, with a grin; "that 's just how it be. If I happened 'to think on it."

"Well, here 's a five shillings *not* to think of it."

"Thank 'ee, zur," said Robin.

"And I have no doubt, Robin," continued Richard in persuasive tones, "that if I gave you *another* five shillings one of these fine days, you could deliver a letter to Miss Croft for me?"

"To the young missus!" said Robin. "Well, I bean't no schollard; but if I *known* it was for she, I won't zay but what I might. You see, zur, I be just the sort o' chap as nobody 'u'd think it on."

Having thus hinted at superior opportunities resulting from his well-known stupidity, the honest fellow went his way.

BEFORE the week had gone, a thing happened which absolutely astounded Dredgefield so that it could hardly find words to express its feelings. One morning Miss Brown missed Bella, but was too much occupied to notice the fact particularly, and supposed her to be somewhere about. Moreover, the precautions she had used seemed to be effective, Richard Merryweather not having been seen near the place for some time. It was not until dinner-time, when there was still no sign of Bella, that Miss Brown began to wonder where she could be.

Just then Robin Redyeard came up to her, saying:

"Missus, I seed Measter Merryweather awhile since; but he wor n't on *our* land, and I had n't got no gun wi' me."

"Oh, very well, Robin," said Miss

Brown, "that does n't matter. I only meant if he came trespassing."

"Yes, missus. It wor down by Beech Lane I seed him this time. I were coming back from Joe Sledge's wi' the mare as I 'd took to be shod. He were standing there, Measter Merryweather were, by a coach and pair o' hosses, and he says to I, Measter Merryweather du, 'Robin Redyeard,' says he, 'be you going back to Hollybush Varm?' 'Aye, sure,' says I. 'Where else 'u'd I be going?' 'Then,' says he, 'you give that there letter to Miss Brown.'"

"What letter? Where is it?" cried Miss Brown.

"It be here," answered Robin, producing it with great deliberation.

"Why did n't you bring it to me at once?"

"Well, missus, as I were putting the mare back i' the stable, the colt got out, and it took I a rare while to catch un. And I 'd to look arter that there mook as was i' the yard, and had to be teaken down to the fower-acre. And I says to myself, 'Who be Measter Merryweather?' says I. 'He bean't nobody to speak on. His business ain't got to come afore missus's wi' Robin Redyeard. Hern 's got to come afore his'n.'"

Miss Brown tore the letter open, and, after reading the first few words, turned the full torrent of her wrath upon the innocent bearer.

"Robin Redyeard," she exclaimed, "you 're a fool!"

"Yes, missus," replied Robin, "I knows I be."

"You ought to have brought this letter to me *at once—instantly!*"

"Ought I to ha' done *that?*" said Robin, in amazement. "Well I *du* be sorry as I did n't."

"There, get away with you!" cried Miss Brown. "Go back to your work!"

Was Robin really as innocent as he appeared? Was he entirely ignorant of the fact that he had done wrong in retaining the letter for a good four hours after he had received it? On his way to work, after leaving his mistress, he took a golden sovereign from his pocket and, regarding it with an expression of genuine perplexity, said:

"Now I 's got it, danged if I know what to do wi' it! I never can't spend it."

Miss Brown went to her own room and re-read the letter.

MY DEAR MISS BROWN: I fear I shall offend you more than I have already done by the step I am taking, but you have left me no alternative. I will really and truly do my best to make Bella happy, so I cannot understand why you object to her marrying me. We hope you will forgive us both when we return.

Your affectionate nephew,
RICHARD MERRYWEATHER.

P.S. I have ventured to call myself your nephew because, when you read this, we shall be man and wife.

In this hurried postscript Richard completely gave Robin Redyeard away, but Miss Brown was too enraged to notice this; and as she tore the letter into fragments, upon which she deliberately trampled, she had no opportunity of referring to it afterward. For an hour she sat alone, with firmly set lips, knitted brows, and a face paler than usual. Then she descended to her household duties the woman she had been, only rather more so.

AFTER an absence of three weeks Richard reappeared in Dredgefield with his bride. The first thing Bella did was to send a letter of humble entreaty, begging for her aunt's forgiveness. Miss Brown replied that of all human faults ingratitude and deceit were the basest and the most hateful, and that, after Bella's conduct, she threw her off forever. She refused to speak to Bella in the public street. The poor girl returned to her new home in tears, and her husband had great difficulty in comforting her with the assurance that Miss Brown would come round in her own good time if she were left alone.

During the months which followed these momentous events the expression of Miss Brown's features became grimmer and the outlines of her person looked more rigid and uncompromising than ever. Nobody at Hollybush Farm was absolutely forbidden to speak of Bella, but every one knew her name was not to be mentioned.

When the anniversary of Bella's elopement came round, however, an extraordinary thing happened. Miss Brown

fell ill. Dredgefield was utterly dumfounded, and knew not what to make of it. Dredgefield was naturally anxious to know what was the matter with her, but the doctor himself seemed unable to give it a local habitation or a name; and, when questioned, said something vague about nervous debility. At this Dredgefield opened its eyes incredulously and shrugged its shoulders. Anyhow, she sent for Dr. Rowley, much to his, and to everybody's astonishment. He ordered Miss Brown to go to bed. She complied, and stayed there for several days, thinking she was getting to be a feeble old woman, not long for *this* world; which was quite a mistake, for in less than a fortnight she was almost herself again.

Dr. Rowley had a kind heart, and was eager to do a little office of peace and good-will outside his profession. He told Miss Brown that Bella had been constant in making inquiries about her. Miss Brown said, "Oh, indeed; had she?" in tones not wholly ungracious; so he was encouraged to add that she had been anxious to come to Hollybush Farm and nurse her aunt, but that he had absolutely forbidden it. Miss Brown stared at this, and he hastened to explain that the present state of Mrs. Merryweather's own health—

"What!" cried Miss Brown, who had never dreamed of Bella's being ill.

"Oh, nothing to be alarmed about, Miss Brown," Dr. Rowley assured her. "Only at such times a little care and— and circumspection is advisable. As much freedom as possible from all kinds of worry; that is all. The mind should constantly be diverted from—from— However, Miss Brown, these are details in which you, as a single lady, cannot be supposed to take much interest."

So he took his departure, leaving her a good deal puzzled at first, but with the truth gradually dawning upon her.

WHEN the doctor paid his next visit he was surprised to find how Miss Brown who, as a rule, was remarkable for straightforward, not to say blunt, speech, contrived to get news of her niece from him without putting direct questions. It chanced he was rather busier than usual, and as by this time she was almost completely recovered from her indispo-



"'Ought I to ha' done *that*?" said Robin, in amazement. "'Well I *du* be sorry as I did n't'"

sition, he felt himself justified in neglecting to call at Hollybush Farm for two or three days.

Toward the close of the second day Miss Brown was observed to grow exceedingly fidgety; next morning her nervousness had increased. About mid-day she heard some one raise the latch of the garden-gate, and, glancing through the window, saw Richard Merryweather hurrying toward the front door. His step was buoyant and elastic, his face as bright as the day, which was a very fine one.

Miss Brown experienced a sudden sense of relief, and, simultaneously, a hardening of the heart toward him, as she went to the door to inquire his business.

"Well," she asked, "what do *you* want?"

If Miss Brown had regained her self-possession, it was quite evident that Richard was flurried and excited to the

verge of incoherence. "Bella could n't rest, positively could n't rest," he exclaimed, "until I promised to come and tell you it was all right."

"Tell me *what* was all right?" demanded Miss Brown.

"We both made sure you'd be glad to hear it. I say, Miss Brown," pleaded Richard, "*do* say you're glad to hear it! Let me tell her you are. Dear girl! It will make her *so* happy!"

"Richard Merryweather," she said, glancing at him contemptuously, "what do you mean? Are you mad?"

"I think I am—just a little. I can't help it. I've been so anxious, and it's such a relief to have it over, and both of them doing famously. Dr. Rowley says he never saw a finer child."

Hester was a woman after all, and could not help being subject to a few human weaknesses, however hard she had striven to be rid of the whole cata-

log. Despite herself, her eyes and her voice softened, though, unfortunately, she took too much for granted.

"I have no objection to your saying that I hope the little girl—"

"But it is n't a girl," interrupted Richard.

"What!" cried Miss Brown.

"It 's a boy," he explained.

"A boy!"

"Yes, as fine a little fellow as ever you—"

Miss Brown fell back across her threshold and shut the door in his face.

"It 's just like him," she muttered to herself, bitterly. "I might have known it!"

To have the door banged in his face did Richard good in a way. It pulled him up and steadied his nerves, as a bucket of cold water might have done. He laughed gently to himself as he thought, "She was going to give me a message of some kind, and I won't go back without it if I can help it."

He heard Miss Brown's voice, and guessing it came through some open window near at hand, followed the sound round a corner of the house. It was the kitchen window, and the lower sash being raised, he thrust in his head.

"Miss Brown," he said, "do, please! Just a few kind words! It won't cost you much to say them, and they 'll be worth a lot to her."

Miss Brown was quite angry, first, at the sex of her new relative; next, at being attacked a second time, before a staring country wench with round eyes and an open mouth, who stopped in her work to listen. The first thing she did was to close the window with such violence that Richard had to withdraw his head rapidly to avoid being guillotined. Then she left the kitchen and ascended to her own chamber, whither he could not follow her without a ladder. She heard his lingering step below, and, standing a little back within the room, she watched to see him fairly off the premises.

At last, slowly and with bowed head, he went down the path toward the gate. As he passed it he turned with a longing glance and a face so sad she would hardly have known it. When he went on again she saw how different from the brisk, eager tread of a few minutes before was

the heavy step with which he was returning to his young wife and newly born child.

She started as she felt something tickling her cheek. She brushed it away, like a fly, and said, "Hester Brown, don't be a fool!" But the thought of Bella awaiting her husband's return with a longing which was doomed to disappointment *would* intrude itself; and, willy-nilly, Hester Brown was destined to make a fool of herself.

WHEN Merryweather came within sight of his own house his heart sank as he thought of the task before him. How could he tell Bella the result of his errand to Miss Brown? How could he comfort her when she knew? Should he hasten back to Hollybush Farm, and once more entreat Miss Brown or upbraid her with her hardness, and try to move her in that way? Move her! Could anything move her?

Suddenly, as he looked back along the road, he gave a gasp of astonishment. Round a far-off bend a tall, vigorous woman was coming rapidly toward him with swift strides. There was no mistaking Miss Brown, though he could scarcely credit his eyes, even when she stood in front of them.

"Have you seen her yet?" she asked.

"No, not yet," he answered, still regarding her with amazement.

He thought she looked greatly relieved as they walked on together without another word.

When they came to the house she stopped and said:

"Don't you think she ought to know I am here before we meet?"

"Miss Brown," broke out Richard, in unbounded gratitude for the turn things had taken so unexpectedly, "she will be overjoyed. It will do her more good than all the—this really *is* kind of you—I am deeply—"

"Answer my question," commanded Miss Brown.

"Yes," said Richard, "it will be such a surprise that I think—I really *do* think it would be better for her to know you are here before she sees you."

"Then," replied Miss Brown, pointing sternly to the door, "go and tell her!"

"It 's wonnerful," said Farmer Dobbs, a day or so after, when he and his cronies

were assembled at The Load of Hay. "It's downright wonnerful. Who 'd ha' thought as he 'd ha' worked a reg'lar miracle wi' that there baby and wi' a woman like Miss Brown?"

"Worked a miracle wi' a baby?" sneered Giles Jobson. "It wor n't him nor it wor n't the baby. Him and his baby! It was Miss Brown as thought she 'd do it, and did it; just as she thought, for the last twelve months, as she would n't do it, and did n't."

"Well, she 's been there pretty reg'lar ever since," said Dobbs.

What would Dredgefield have thought if it had witnessed a little incident that happened when Bella's baby was a few months old? One day when Miss Brown was present, Richard held the infant in his arms, and, uttering certain parental inanities, swung it gently to and fro in front of her. She looked on in grim silence until, during one of these oscilla-

tions, its head seemed to go dangerously near the edge of a good solid table that stood in the middle of the room. Then she started up.

"Tut, tut!" she cried in angry alarm. "Give it to me!"

And she took it! *Miss Brown actually took the baby*; and, what is more, she did not give it up again until she rose to go, when she restored it to its mother with a caution against masculine incompetence.

Bella laid it asleep in its little cot and accompanied her aunt into the garden to take leave of her.

"I 'll be very careful, Aunt," she said. "Perhaps Dick is a little clumsy with baby. But, Aunt dear," she added coaxingly, "is n't he a good fellow?"

Miss Brown hesitated. She had yielded so much already that she found the words difficult to say; but they came at last.

"*He might be worse.*"



"*Miss Brown actually took the baby*"

The Enchantment of Distance

By ERNEST BOYD



URING the last five years the linking together for common ends of the Allied nations has heightened a process which could not fail to be a source of innocent merriment to the impartial observer. The illusions of one country about another are always diverting, but a numerous alliance provided an endless field for such exercises of the popular fancy, and drew attention to the incomparable absurdities of reciprocal myth-making. An idea, or a reputation, when exploded in Washington, could linger peacefully in more distant regions, until the circuit of disillusionment had been completed. By that time another myth would have started in London or Paris, and would in due course arrive in America with renewed vigor, after having exhausted the indigenous credulity of its birthplace. For the purposes of the war, the process might be described by saying that you could pass for a statesman of genius with all of the Allies some of the time, if not with some of them all of the time. As the war and its problems are still with us, the method in question continues to bemuse and console the plain people, as they confidently await the temporarily postponed millennium.

Recent investigations in the undeveloped and un-Bolshevized regions of Europe showed that there are happy neutral countries where the superhuman attributes of Mr. Lloyd George are still believed in, to a degree undreamed of in Great Britain, except in the not wholly disinterested philosophy of his press-agents and political supporters in the House of Commons. Even in this rugged republic there is a perceptible tendency to bewail the paucity of such far-sighted nation-builders as are now occupied in adding chapters to the story of the island race. Disaffected persons

who profess to be unable to envisage with enthusiasm either the Republican or the Democratic candidates for President, seem to discover in the British equivalents of those two gentlemen virtues which more expert analysis has failed to trace. That is the peculiar quality of the enchantment which distance lends to the current views mutually held by nations concerning their affairs. During the war its effect was to convince each ally that the other would work the desired miracle. For many months the Liberal press in England raged furiously at the shortcomings and chicaneries of the Coalition government, while they assured their readers that America was fortunately innocent of such weaknesses. Dr. Woodrow Wilson was held up before the eyes of the faithful as an example of all that a great Anglo-Saxon idealist ought to be, and tearful humanitarians beat their breasts and rent their garments for shame at England's unworthiness to be associated with so noble a soul.

To attempt to hint that all was not well, that the suave phrase-making of liberalism is no more effective here than in Europe, was merely to incur the charge of cynicism. Then no sooner had the Wilsonian mirage faded than his erstwhile champions sought and found a substitute, for they could not bear the thought of a world peopled by Coalition prophets. They rediscovered Mr. Asquith, whom they at once endowed with all the necessary virtues. Thus it became possible for English Liberals to reproach Mr. Lloyd George with responsibility for all the ills which harass the victorious democracies. He is denounced as the instrument whereby Ireland is scourged to the greater glory of Carson, although it is evident to the merest child that the Asquithian method in 1914 directly provoked all the events that have since become Irish history.

If militaristic folly possesses Europe, the guilt is laid at the door of the Churchills and others of that sort, whom the unregenerate Welsh leader has grouped about him. Yet these same people are aware that the whole foreign policy of Europe is determined by the obligations incurred by the Liberal imperialists, of whom Asquith and Grey were the most powerful. But the enchantment of distance works to the advantage of the remoter persons and policies, so it is easier to blame Lloyd George for deporting Irishmen than to realize Asquith's responsibility in failing to do so when "Ulster" rebelled in 1914.

As the new idol of Liberalism resolutely failed to give any tangible material for legend-making, displaying an ineffectiveness which passed even the understanding of the Nonconformists, there has been as yet no echo of the Asquith boom on this side of the Atlantic. Instead, there is much play with the blessed word "labor," with which Liberals have been trying to frighten naughty Coalitionists evidently unimpressed by the resuscitation of the corpse of what is sardonically termed free Liberalism. The legendary prowess of British labor has come to be the favorite illusion of the moment for that and other reasons. Chief among the latter is the general Bolshiephobia, which terrorizes right-thinking citizens and enchants the hearts of enlightened radicals. Lloyd George made his own flesh creep by the dread specter of a Bolshevized English labor movement, and this curious fiction has preoccupied both opponents and sympathizers in this country. The former shudder at the alleged Leninolatry of the working classes, as if the sound hearts of those incorrigible bourgeois could ever be poisoned with the cult of class consciousness. On the other hand, the devotees of the new faith are busy at the familiar occupation of bedecking the labor icons with votive offerings of all the qualities which they imagine the new saviors of mankind must possess.

America is suffering from house-shortage. Alas! cry the admirers of English labor, why have we not got constructive thinkers like those who are settling this problem in England? There are affect-

ing references to the Manchester Building Guild, as if, in the first place, the gild idea can be credited to British labor, and as if, in the second, the housing question can thereby be settled. The master minds of British labor have consistently ignored and boycotted the national gild propaganda, just as if they were the ordinary American Federation of Labor bosses, to whose disadvantage they are flatteringly compared by American critics. The Clyneses and the Hendersons and the Smillies and the Hodges are not the intellectual giants who bestride the narrow world of those who do not hesitate to jeer irreverently at their American equals. The measure of their statesmanship is given in their helpless wail for nationalization precisely at a time when the whole trend of public opinion is in revolt against state capitalism, and about twenty years after the abandonment of the theory by the intelligent economists of the left wing in Great Britain. The discourses of English labor leaders have all the faded charm of that happy era in the eighties, when the Fabian essays were the revolutionist's handbook, and Bernard Shaw passed for an advanced thinker and a dangerous fellow. As for the gild experiment in Manchester, it has been made despite the conspiracy of silence maintained by the labor leaders against the doctrines out of which this gild has come. Moreover, neither the Manchester Building Guild nor any other labor group can explain by what magic the housing difficulty can be solved so long as the currently accepted laws of supply and demand are allowed to operate. For it is evident that luxury building can outbid all other forms. Consequently, cinemas on a giant scale are produced with amazing ease, garages and expensive hotels, houses and office buildings can be had for the asking—and the price. There is no shortage here. It is only the houses "fit for heroes" which have failed to materialize either at the touch of the Welsh wizard's wand or under the incantations of labor statesmen.

Such is the enchantment of distance, which in war-time enabled every prominent soothsayer to prolong the interval before the inevitable disillusion, and

now enables every nation to envy the priceless possessions of its neighbor. It is the supreme manifestation of the will to believe, and thanks to modern progress (to which we owe the annihilation of distance!), it gives a new lease of life to every panacea. It is said that the intellectuals live by taking in one another's washing. International opinion lives by the mutual exchange of worn-out fallacies and synthetic supermen. With their inimitable and invaluable faculty for changing the form without altering the substance, the English nation has manipulated its political parties, so that Coalition and Labor are the current terms for what was once known as Tories and Whigs, and Conservatives and Liberals. Liberalism was one of the fortunate casualties of the Great War, but its soul, if the word can be applied so incongruously, breathes in the body of English labor. All the pallid hopes, the prevarications, and the compromises so dear to the mind of the average victim of intellectual anemia are enshrined upon the altar of British labor. They have neither the honesty to acquiesce nor the constructive power for successful revolt, and can engender only restlessness, until they are thrust aside by the relentless pressure of realities. Then, while the supporters of such charlatanry are still mocking their former idols, a new avatar appears, and the blessed enchantment once more envelops the people.

IN the field of literature the enchantment of distance does not produce those reciprocal illusions which are noticeable in politics. Europe does from time to time discover some great-souled American idealist whose glory dims for a moment that of the autochthonous idols, but there is no disposition to return the compliments so generously bestowed in this country on European authors. The literary stars all rise in the east, and it is only the eyes turned in that direction which are glamoured by the sight of prodigies. The enchantment, moreover, is all the more absolute and remarkable because of the self-determination of the victims, who are undeterred by the fact that the object of their attentions may have no reputation whatever in

the country of origin. The new comets of literature swim into the ken of America with a tail composed of nothing more substantial than a series of carefully selected press-cuttings, or perhaps with a tale that is told by some ingenious press-agent. Frequently the genius of the latter is so much more positive than that of the candidate for fame that the ingenuous stranger is himself deceived by the manifestations of the power of publicity, whose arts are not so employed in Europe.

That is not to say that the Old World of letters has forsworn the gentle art of log-rolling. As with most of the phenomena denounced as American corruption and vulgarity, the creation of artificial publicity is familiar to Europe. But, as in politics, favoritism and corrupt practices do not show themselves in that almost naïve fashion which permits the typical European to feel virtuous. Good form and discretion, those secrets of England's greatness, save London from the opprobrium which the franker methods of American cities have brought upon them. When X— is appointed editor of a literary periodical, he at once proclaims his old college friend Y— the greatest living English poet. Whereupon Y—, who hopes to become a contributor to the aforesaid periodical, or has already been placed among the strenuously select list of contributors, announces that X— is the finest critic in England since the death of Arnold. As most of these pæans are published in unsigned articles, they provoke smiles only among the initiated, and are seriously quoted by the publishers concerned. These in turn transmit the joyful tidings to their American colleagues, and in most cases the press here takes the hint. To make assurance doubly sure, X— and Y— are probably the London correspondents of different American reviews, and they seize the opportunity of sharing with a distant public their undisguised pleasure in each other's work.

By that time conditions are ripe for a lecture tour by these great men, and in due course they appear before a defenseless, or apparently defenseless, public. They display a lordly condescension toward American literature, of which

they know absolutely nothing later than Emerson except a few of the more obvious best sellers. They are therefore in a position to dogmatize, which they do, to the intense delight of certain magazine editors, who throw open their pages gladly to receive the inspired comments of such transcendent judges. But American literature does not detain them long, and they are soon engaged in the congenial task of explaining how great they and their particular friends are, and of consolidating their American popularity and revenue. For, whatever else they do not know about America, there is one thing of which they are certain, that the American public never tires of hearing tenth-rate Europeans rated higher than first-class Americans. Thus, with the help of a little scissors and paste the average compiler of literary notes for a London weekly can impose himself as the Sainte-Beuve of to-day, while innumerable verse-makers with a good public-school education rejoice in the fame of a Keats or a Shelley.

So far as the translations of Continental writers is concerned, the procedure is more difficult to understand, because it is not brazen, but is rather mysterious. The result is virtually the same; namely, the exaltation of the imported mediocrity above the native genius. Who will define the erratic law which governs the selection of translations? It is not the local fame of the authors, for the greatest successes are often works of little note, commercially or otherwise, in Europe. It is not genuine merit, for the most significant modern European writers are mostly untranslated, and almost all unknown to the vast majority of English-speaking readers. Why is the Robert W. Chambers of Spain an American best seller, while the French equivalent of Harold Bell Wright is ignored? What has caused the translators of Scandinavian literature to pass over Johannes V. Jensen, the local Jack London, while they have made a popular success of Bojer, who just hovers between the two

extremes? No attempt has been made to discover for English readers the younger Italian writers who have done much remarkable work, but the pot-boilers of D'Annunzio are solemnly discussed. Only the enchantment of distance can explain the haphazard manner in which the literature of continental Europe has been translated into English. It is amazing to witness the deference with which the tradesmen of fiction are treated by critics who are impressed by the fact of translation. If Dr. Frank Crane only had a Russian or Belgian name, his philosophic dissertations would be made the subject of appropriately profound academic comment.

The guardians of the sacred literary traditions in America look coldly upon all criticism of the cult of the foreigner. They suspect an attack on the glorious common heritage of Anglo-Saxon culture, since the chief beneficiaries of this idolatry are the Britishers, whose wares enliven the department stores and women's clubs, and whose doings are reverently chronicled by the reviewers. It is clear that their consciences are just a little uneasy, for there is no intention to belittle the solid literary achievements of the English, any more than those of the Germans or the French or the Scandinavians. The sad truth is that the excessive zeal of the colonial mind is largely to blame for the too eager receptivity of the American public where the reputation of unimportant English writers is involved. The whole trend of the literary mandarins is toward an unquestioning belief in the superiority of the foreign product as compared with the native. Distance, heightened by a prolonged vista of tradition, lends an irresistible enchantment to their view of contemporary English literature. Until they can appreciate the significance of an original American writer as against an utterly conventional and imitative, but perhaps technically more skillful Englishman, literature will remain the one department of American life where hyphenation is encouraged.





"He ceased to work, and set himself to attract her attention"

Calf Love

By C. S. EVANS

Illustrations by L. P. Bird



HE great change in his life came when Mr. Bevan was transferred for a few months from the Lowston Road Boys' School to the Upton Street "Mixed." Nash missed Mr. Bevan. He was the plague of Mr. Bevan's life, but it is only fair to say that Mr. Bevan missed him. Nash met a friend who went to the Upton Street "Mixed."

"What do you think of old Bevan?" Nash asked.

The friend opined he wore spectacles, and paused.

"Of course," said Nash.

"His 'air 's ginger," said the youth, frowning in concentrated thought.

"'T ain't," said Nash, fiercely.

They argued the point with some heat. Nash said that a boy who could n't tell what color of hair a man had was blind, deaf, and dumb.

Pressed as to his own conception of its hue, he hesitated, and finally said it was golden. Whereat the other boy laughed, and Nash hit him suddenly. Then they withdrew to a quiet place and fought for ten minutes, until Nash had conscientiously thrashed, as he thought, the offending Adam out of him.

"Best or worst?" said Nash, with truculence.

The other blubbered, his arm over his eyes, as he lay in the mud; but gave a reluctant "Best."

"Lem me see," pursued Nash, "what color did you say that old Bevan's 'air was?"

"Gin—golden," cried the prostrate warrior.

"Right," said Nash, pleasantly. "Get up."

The youth got up, wiping his eyes with a muddy sleeve. He retreated honorably, with his face to the foe until he

reached a safe distance; there he halted to sing derisively:

"Cowardy, cowardy, custard!" he chanted; "eat yer mother's—" Then, stopping suddenly, added: "Old Bevan 's a four-eyed, ginger-'aired swanker. 'E can't 'urt yer. We puts pins on 'is chair."

Nash felt hurt. A slur cast upon Mr. Bevan's capability reflected upon himself. An afternoon's careful thought made him certain of three things: he felt sure that the Upton Street boys were a poor lot; the lump must be leavened: Mr. Bevan should not be deserted in his hour of need.

So it came about that the next Monday morning Mr. Bevan found Nash at his desk, smiling cheerfully.

"Well?" said Mr. Bevan.

"Please, sir, I 've 'jined," answered Nash.

"Who sent you in here? Do you know this is Class Four?" Nash was in Class Five at the old school.

"Yes, sir. 'E"—with a jerk of the thumb toward the hall—" 'e sent me in there,"—with a jerk of the thumb over his shoulder to the next room,—"but I ain't a-goin'."

Mr. Bevan was touched.

"You wish to come to me, do you, my lad?" he asked, with beaming face. He felt flattered and moved by such a show of affection.

Now, Nash had been guilty of a weakness he would have died rather than own to. He flatly denied ever having entertained such a thought. He explained that his mate was in this class. He wanted to sit with his mate—"Bill Porter 's 'is name," he explained, with a wealth of detail; "him with the boss-eyes."

Bill Porter was the youth he had thrashed, and Bill was now watching

Nash with great uneasiness. He could not hear what was being said, and feared that Nash had turned traitor and was reporting insults. When he saw Nash's finger stretched in his direction his fear grew to a certainty. He wriggled uncomfortably.

"Please, sir, I *never!*" he piped.

But Mr. Bevan did not hear. He was surveying Nash's furiously blushing face with curiosity. No mean student of boy nature, he understood what was passing under that perspiring brow.

"Well, find a seat," he said. "I'll see Mr. Carr and explain."

Nash looked round for a vacant place, and found one at the end of the back line. He proceeded toward it. Bill Porter stuck out a foot to trip him up. Without pausing an instant, Nash lifted a hobnailed boot and brought it down with force on the obstacle. Porter uttered a smothered yell, and Nash passed on in triumph.

When he reached his place he found that he was seated at the end of the boys' division and therefore next a girl. He did not like it. He wiped his nose on his sleeve, and looked up, to find her laughing at him. She had brown eyes. He made a blot on his copy-book, a full, round blot. He looked toward her. She was busily engaged at her work. He hissed to draw her attention, bent down, licked up the blot, rubbed the part of his anatomy in which he fondly imagined his stomach was situated, and put on an expression of ecstatic, voluptuous enjoyment. She gave a gesture of disgust and turned from him. (What a clean face she had!)

The parentheses mark Nash's subconscious thoughts. Gradually the subconscious came into the full light of the mind. He ceased to work, and set himself to attract her attention.

He took the reading-book and dropped it on the floor. Bending to pick it up, he murmured hoarsely:

"Watch me 'ave a bit of sport."

He stuck a pin through the cover, noticing with a side glance her look of awed surprise. He placed the book on the seat, so that the pin pointed upward. Skilfully, with cunning heart, he inveigled the next boy into rising, and sitting again on the pin.

Nash took his "hander" with his nose in the air. He blew on the injured place, smiled a watery smile, and purred inwardly.

By this time the girl had begun to promise herself some amount of recreation in watching the exploits performed for her benefit. Little woman as she was, she could not but feel flattered and pleased. He had suffered (how nobly!) for her sake. So she smiled at him.

(My! How white her teeth were!)

Nash registered a mental vow to use a tooth-brush on his own when he got home. He felt ashamed to smile back, and kept his lips firmly closed, frowning in the effort. Misreading the expression, with a gesture of indifference, the girl turned away.

Searching his pockets, Nash produced a grimy piece of paper and the stump of a pencil, at the latter end of which he sucked for a time in silent thought. Finally he wrote, and, with a dexterous flick, shot the note across.

The girl giggled as she opened the note.

"You needent think yourself every-boddy," she read.

Without a moment's pause she wrote underneath, and passed the note back.

Nash received it with renewed hope, which was dashed to the ground as he read the message.

"I do not want to speak to *dirty* little boys," said the upright writing.

"Dirty little boys!" Had she been a boy herself, Nash would have had her blood for that. As it was, he only fumed, desperate, eager for daring deeds. He would show her that a brave and manly heart beat even under a dirty face. His thoughts ran just like that, and he saw no humor. He was a regular reader of the "Halfpenny Marvel."

His chance came when Mr. Bevan sat down in the seat below him to write in a copy-book. Nash squared his elbows, stimulated to sudden activity by the proximity of the teacher. His nose low over his book, his tongue protruding at the side of his mouth, he wrote laboriously. Once he looked up to find his face within three inches of Mr. Bevan's "golden" hair, which waggled in front of him. Abstractedly, almost without thought, Nash put out a hand to touch the lock curiously.

The girl giggled, and the suppressed sound brought him to a knowledge of what he had done. He proceeded to improve the occasion, aware of approving eyes. Cautiously he advanced his finger to the wagging lock, till it touched again. Then he drew it away sharply. He rubbed his hands and simulated intense cold. He spread them over Mr. Bevan's hair, and expressed by violent facial distortions the exaggerated ecstasy which the grateful warmth produced in his mind. He simulated abstraction, let his hands carelessly fall too near the glowing mass, and, with a start of pain, sat back, writhing in agony. Then he went through all the action of fashioning an imaginary horseshoe, beating the white-hot metal into shape, pausing now and again to drink beer out of the ink-pot, a natural touch, limited in accuracy by the means at his command, and due to a careful observation of the blacksmith. Finally, he displayed the finished shoe, a miracle of workmanship, and wiped the honest sweat from his brow with an imaginary apron, for which his copy-book stood as symbol.

By this time the whole class were aware that something untoward was happening. Bill Porter looked round to see what Nash was doing, and, finding out, spread the glad news abroad, so that soon one hundred eyes were watching Nash with the greatest attention.

Nash's heart sang. He had showed 'em! Dirty little boys, indeed! His knowledge of an audience stirred him to greater lengths.

He leaned forward and dared to touch Mr. Bevan on the shoulder.

"Please, sir, yer 'air 's in me eye," he said calmly.

Mr. Bevan turned to look at him gravely. Nash's face wore an expression of injury that was good to see. He kept it there, gazing back artlessly.

Mr. Bevan said nothing, but passed on quietly, after a long look that seemed to last for ages. Nash breathed a sigh of relief.

After school he hung about in the street until he saw the girl with the brown eyes and the clean face and the white teeth leave the school. He hurried after her, his hands in his pockets, whistling loudly. As he came up to her

he gave a lug at her long hair, and with a loud whoop, which made her jump a yard, ran past.

"Oh, you *beast!*" she ejaculated.

Nash felt that he was getting on. He stopped a boy who was carrying a milk-jug, relieved him of his burden, and feigned to drink, to the boy's evident and freely expressed alarm.

He climbed a lamp-post, swung on the cross-bar by one hand like a gibbon, dropped, crouching in a huddled heap, as if by accident, and noticed with joy the girl's hardly suppressed cry of fear. He threw a stone over a house. He knocked down a poster-board outside a news-agent's shop. He hung behind a cart. He cried "Whip behind!" to the driver of a cab, who swore at him. When he saw the girl enter her house, he feigned to go to sleep on the step, making himself a pillow of his hat, and snoring with unction.

When the door opened and shut again behind the object of his attentions, he got up and became a normal boy again.

On his way home he was moody and abstracted. He met the boy whose milk he had taken, accompanied by his big brother. The big brother thrashed Nash with thoroughness and some amount of skill, while the small boy danced the dance of derision.

"That 'll learn yer to lem me be," he said.

"Go on! 'It one yer own size!" was all Nash could say.

The big boy went on, but ignored the latter and qualifying part of the advice, and ten minutes afterward Nash got up out of a puddle and reeled on. (O brown eyes and shining face!) *Dirty little boys, indeed!*

Outside the news-agent's shop the proprietor was standing. He recognized the boy who had flung down his board.

"Well, of all the cheek!" he ejaculated as he realized that Nash actually dared to walk past him. More from convention than for any other reason, he caught the boy a cuff on the ear as he passed.

"That 'll learn yer to lem me boards alone," he said.

Nash looked at him. (O smiling lips and shining, pearly teeth!)

"Garn!" said Nash. "Garn, and fry yer face!"

He retreated a little before he turned again to make the artistic repetition.

"Garn, and fry yer ugly face! And eat it for yer dinner!"

Then he went on. Was it his thrashing or the thump on the ear that made his head so dizzy? He felt soft and strangely near tears, and the tears were not tears of pain, either. He wandered about for a while until he found himself once more at the gate of the girl's house. He sat on the railings and brooded.

Nash was in love!

THE following Sunday dawned wet and cold, and a dreary drizzle that set in in the early morning bade fair to continue for the rest of the day.

Archibald John Nash was in poor spirits. He rose late and busied himself about the house in order to have an excuse for not going to church.

At dinner-time he brightened somewhat; but the meal ended, and the old gloom settled upon him. At half-past two he washed himself with despairing thoroughness, brushed his hair, put on his best jacket, and presented himself before his father.

That gentleman was stretched at length on the parlor sofa, clay pipe in his mouth, reading the police news in the Sunday paper. He looked up as his son halted before him and surveyed him with a grunt. Nash answered with astute meekness the questions of his sire.

Yes, he had washed his neck. Yes, and under the collar, too, which was a lie. Yes, he had a handkerchief, and would use it if need be. No, he would n't tie it round his cap or lose it or use it to polish his boots. Yes, he quite understood what would happen if he did.

No, he would n't put his hands in his pocket and look like a young slouch who had been brought up in a pigsty. No, he would n't fight or play marbles or walk in the puddles, and it was his strict intention to come straight home. Yes, he quite understood what would happen if he did n't.

"Well, get along with you," said his father, and relieved at having safely survived the ordeal of inquisition, Nash proffered a diffident request for a "ha'-penny for the mission'ry," and immediately wished he had n't, for his father, as

he felt in his pocket for the coin, opened up a further course of questioning.

No, he did not really believe his parent to be made of money. Yes, he would actually put it in the bag. No, he would n't spend it; *course not*. (With a look like a martyred saint.) He always did put his mission'ry in the bag, which was another lie. Oh, yes (despairingly), he quite understood what would happen if he did n't.

"Anybody 'd fink," said Nash to himself as he bent his steps dejectedly toward the mission house he frequented sometimes on very wet Sundays—"anybody 'd fink a ha'penny 'd *break* 'im!"

Half-way down the street he met Arthur Wiltshire, whose jaws were tightly bound together with toffee. Wiltshire hailed him with a grin, but Nash gazed at him gloomily.

"I b'lieve you 've bin and spent yer mission'ry!" he said at last.

Wiltshire grinned again, and, taking a paper from his pocket, held it out to Nash, who sadly selected the largest piece. In another moment his jaws were as tightly bound as his companion's, and the two walked on in happy silence. Suddenly Nash gave evident signs of choking. Wiltshire stopped in alarm and patted him solicitously on the back.

"What 's up?" said Wiltshire.

Nash hooked his forefinger round the obstruction and cleared his throat for utterance.

"See that gel!" he asked, pointing.

Wiltshire looked across. A maiden of about twelve years, splendid in Sunday finery, her gloved hand holding a large gilt-edged Bible, passed by on the other side. She elevated her nose as she saw Nash and ostentatiously turned her head away.

Wiltshire gaped, mouth open.

"*My gel!*" said Nash, briefly. "Go on across with you and ask her to come for a walk with me."

He watched Wiltshire as he ran across, and then, as he saw the girl stop and look back doubtfully, affected the utmost unconcern, though his heart was full of a strange trepidation.

Wiltshire came running back, grinning from ear to ear.

"She says to tell you you 'll get a jolly good hiding when you get home for play-



"Strange emotions were surging within him. 'If that boss-eyed Bill Porter comes 'anging round you any more,' he said, 'I 'll paralyze 'im!'"

ing the hop, and her mother says she ain't to 'sociate with ragamuffins, and she did n't know it was you when she see you, because you had such a clean face, and she says did it hurt to wash it, and how long did it take, and she can't come a walk with you, anyhow, because she 's going a walk with Bill Porter after school, and you 'd better look out, because Bill Porter says he can fight you with one hand tied behind his back, and—"

Wiltshire ceased for lack of breath. Nash's face was a study. Amazement, wrath, and bitter contempt reflected themselves in turn on his visage. He caught Wiltshire a cuff across the ear which nearly sent that youth into the gutter.

"That 'll learn yer to grin," he said. "An' when I see Bill Porter I 'll *corpse* him. Now sling yer hook!"

Wiltshire went, and after a pause Nash followed his divinity at a safe distance. He saw her enter the iron-roofed mission house, and he himself remained outside, dejectedly leaning against the wall.

He saw the boys and girls come trooping into Sunday-school, the good boys and girls with their little Bibles and hymn-books in their hands. Nash would have scorned to have been seen with a hymn-book; he would have died rather than be seen with a Bible. He felt that a youth who could, in the open street, carry both was utterly unregenerate, unworthy of the name of boy, an

outcast, an outlaw, against whom the hand of all honest persons should be turned.

He relieved his feelings by stopping an exceedingly virtuous-looking boy who wore a mortar-board, another thing to be scorned. He removed the offending head-gear, filled it with the muddiest stones he could find, and handed it back.

"Take it home to yer mother," said Nash, "an' ask her to buy yer a 'at."

When the procession of Sunday-school-goers ceased, Nash was at a loss for recreation. He picked up a stone and threw it on the roof of the mission with a sure aim, so calculated that the missile rebounded on the resounding metal, rolling down with a fearsome rumble and roar, ricocheting again and again before it finally fell, its good work done, to the pavement. A bald-headed little man in a long-tailed coat came out suddenly and seized at Nash, who artfully eluded him, dodging round him, prancing and dancing. He made remarks upon the uncovered nature of his pursuer's head until the latter longed for she bears to come and devour him as they had devoured the tormentors of Elisha. The bald-headed little man, his coat-tails flying, returned crestfallen, and Nash took up his former position. Somehow the inclination for further amusement failed. Floating before his mind's eye was the vision of a face, a delicate face framed in brown hair, with ruddy lips and sparkling eyes. Nash groaned in spirit as he realized how far she was from him, a dirty little boy, as she had called him, with no particular advantages except—and he was bound to own it with pride—a talent for "scrapping." How to break down her reserve? Nash longed for her with a longing he could not quite understand. Already he felt strangely softened as he thought of her. He wished he had not touched the boy's mortar-board. He wished he had not thrown the stone on the roof! A half-idea of going boldly up-stairs, facing the bald-headed little man, begging his pardon frankly, and holding out a hand in symbol that all was forgotten, came to him. He had visions of the girl's look of awed surprise and half-unwilling admiration. Yes, that was it, the manly course. He would go and—

Just then the children began to come out in chattering troops. Nash came to himself, felt in his pocket with a guilty start at the sudden remembrance of his ha'penny, made up his mind on the instant, darted across the road to a shop at the corner, purchased a halfpennyworth of chocolate-drops, "the *best*, mind yer, miss," and came back elate. He had found a way.

The girl came out without Bill Porter. Nash followed a yard or two behind until they reached a quieter street; then taking his courage, so to speak, in both hands, he hurried up to the girl, looking her boldly in the face.

Why, she was actually blushing!

"I say," said Nash, "'ere 's some chocklits I bought yer. I 've got a plane at home I 'll give yer. It came out of a real carpenter's chest."

The girl hesitated, and finally, oh, fickle heart of woman! took the sweets.

"You must n't walk with me," she said. "Somebody might see you. Besides, I 'm going to meet Bill Porter at the end of the road."

"If I see 'is boss-eyed mug," cried Nash, fiercely, "I 'll smash it in! I 'll pulverize 'im. I 'll—"

The girl seemed touched; she smiled.

"Oh, you must n't!" she said. "I don't like boys to fight. But would you *reely*, though?"

"I *done* it," said Nash, "many a time."

The girl offered him a chocolate from the paper and giggled delightedly. Nash declined. He never ate sweets, he explained loftily; they spoil a fellow's wind. He searched his pocket, produced the end of a cigarette and a wax match, struck the latter artistically on the seat of his trousers, lighted the former with a practised hand, and puffed the smoke in a volume through his nose.

"You 'll get it," said the girl. "Your mother will smell you."

"Pooh!" said Nash, indifferently. "I know a good thing for that. Chew grass."

The girl asked him if he smoked much. He explained that he liked his "fag" after meals. He said he meant to smoke *in the house* when he was fourteen and had left school and gone to work. "An' if the old man don't like it," he said, "'e can jolly well lump it, so that 's all about

it!" They were now very near the girl's home. The early evening dusk had fallen. The street was silent, echoing to the sound of their footfalls. The two stopped as moved by one impulse.

"You must n't come any farther," said the girl, "or mother will see you."

Nash looked at her in silence. Something, he could not tell what, stirred within him. The girl's face shone in the half-light; the touch of her gloved hand as she laid it gently on his arm thrilled him.

"Well, so long!" said Nash.

"Good-by," said the girl.

Then they looked at each other in silence.

"Say," said Nash, suddenly, "lem me meet yer to-night as you go to church. And I 'll tell yer what, I 'll carry yer Bible for yer."

It must not be thought that the girl did not appreciate this evidence of devotion. She did not laugh or even smile. Her breath came sweet against Nash's cheek as she leaned across to him.

"Good-by," she said, and then added, not so softly but what Nash caught the whisper, "*dear.*"

Nash caught her hand fiercely. Strange emotions were surging within him.

"If that boss-eyed Bill Porter comes 'anging round you any more," he said, "I 'll paralyze 'im!" and then, turning with a last "So long" he ran to the end of the street.

Of the further course of Nash's calf love this chronicler may not in detail tell. How he survived the agonies of chaff from all his boon companions, who, when his superiority in other directions was too plainly manifest, brought against him the damaging fact that he "went out with a gel"; how he fought three of

them, one after the other, and beat them all, and then, taking his gory countenance with him as security for his valor, sought his divinity, only to find her turn from him in disgust; how he gained thereby his first experience of the subtleties of feminine nature, and summed up the philosophy of woman with a muttered, "You don't *never* know what 'll please 'em"; how he quarreled with Mary, and bought her a pearl-handled penknife, on a card proudly labeled *Paris nouveauté*, as a peace-offering, with a sixpence given him for a birthday present, or, at least, with fourpence halfpenny of it, spending the other three halfpence on chocolates; how she refused the gifts, and how he dashed them scornfully to the ground, where she left them, and whence, as soon as she turned the corner, he retrieved them, meeting her come upon a like errand; how they "made it up," kissed, and were friends; how he wrote her letters on pink notepaper, and addressed them to "Duchess Mary"; how she retaliated in kind with a sweet little note addressed to "Sir Archibald," which note he long wore next his heart, or next the place where he imagined that organ to be situated; how she cut him off a lock of her hair, which, feeling that ordinary wrapping was too profane for such a sacred treasure, and, casting about for a suitable covering, he finally encased in an envelop made from a text; how he bore ridicule bravely for her sake, and by means of her influence his nature was sweetened and refined—all this may not be told in this place, yet it is worth the telling. For this calf love, which comes to most of us, this boy-and-girl devotion that comes before the heart is saddened with a fuller knowledge of the complexities of life, is it not beautiful and worthy of remembrance?



An Empress in Exile

II.—Farnborough Hill and its Inmates

By AGNES CAREY



"MEET the Empress at Wilton Crescent to-morrow (Wednesday) at four."

ARCOS.

This telegram from Mme. de Arcos, an old friend of my aunt's, was the prelude to some of the pleasantest and most interesting months of my life. Needless to say, the message was speedily obeyed, and a few hours after its receipt I was already whirling away in an express-train toward London.

The following day, Wednesday, February 10, 1886, I started at 3:30 for Mme. de Arcos's house in Belgravia, where, after waiting a few moments in the drawing-room with Mrs. Edmund V—, I was taken up-stairs by her and her sister to see the empress, who had come to London expressly for this interview.

Mme. Arcos had already told me that I should find her imperial Majesty most gracious and I need not be in the least intimidated by her; but despite this reassuring assertion, my heart-beats quickened a little as I entered her presence and made my first low, court courtesy. The empress half rose from her seat, at the same time motioning me to one, and in the conversation which ensued praised my French unstintingly, put me so completely at my ease, and interested me so much, as she sat there in her widow's weeds, in the dim light of a foggy winter's afternoon,—she, once the most beautiful woman of Europe,—that I quite forgot to lose my self-possession.

In less than half an hour I had made another deep courtesy, and had taken leave of the empress under Mme. de Arcos's wing, was complimented by her down-stairs in the drawing-room on my *tenue*, and had a few friendly hints given me on court ways and the little difficulties I should be ready to encounter.

All was satisfactorily settled, and the details of my life at Farnborough were arranged, even to the hour of the train which was to carry me thither on the fifteenth.

It was quite dark when I reached Farnborough station about six P.M., February 15, and I was glad to find a carriage waiting for me. On the platform stood a smart, but most good-natured-looking, French footman, cockaded hat in hand, and five minutes later I had driven through the lodge-gates and had arrived at Farnborough Hill, where through many circuitous passages, and passed along by various polite men-servants, I was finally shown up to my room.

While I was waiting there, not knowing quite what to do next, there was a knock at my door. A maid came to offer her services, which I declined, and then Mme. Le Breton walked in, accompanied by the empress's two Spanish nieces, M— and A— de V—, whom she introduced, as well as herself, and welcomed me most warmly to my new home, apologizing for not having been at the entrance when I arrived. The coachman had brought me to a side entrance instead of the principal one, where Mme. Le Breton and the girls had long been vainly waiting for the carriage to drive up. At last they discovered the error, found that I was already in the house, and came up to me at once. Mme. Le Breton then rang for some tea, which was brought up by my amiable footman on a dainty little silver tray. We talked a good deal about Chislehurst, and Mme. Le Breton was much astonished when I told her I knew her and the other inmates of the ex-imperial household perfectly by sight, having seen them all constantly on Sundays, in the little church of St. Mary's, at Chislehurst, in 1879 and 1880. The

nieces were rather shy and quiet, but very courteous and affectionate, and they appeared to my English eyes absolutely "grown up," though only about sixteen and eighteen years old.

At seven-thirty my visitors left me to unpack and dress hastily for dinner, M—— and A—— promising to return and fetch me, which they did at a few minutes to eight. They led me first through intricate passages, and then down a handsomely carved staircase, into a splendid gallery, beautifully furnished and filled with *objets d'art* and *jardinières* of sweet-smelling flowers. Mme. Le Breton, carefully *gantée*, was already there, waiting with M. le Duc de Bassano and M. Pietri, both of whom she introduced to me. Almost immediately afterward the empress made her appearance, we ladies courtesying and the gentlemen bowing low.

Her imperial Majesty welcomed me most kindly, hoped I had had a pleasant journey and had left my grandmother well, and then, after a ceremonious bow from the *maître d'hôtel*, who announced "Le diner de sa Majesté est servi," the Duc de Bassano offered the empress his arm, M. Pietri took in Mme. Le Breton, and we three girls followed, passing into the dining-room at the end of the gallery.

After dinner the two girls and I walked up and down the gallery for about half an hour with the empress, who told us all sorts of interesting things about her past life; then we went into the drawing-room, and I was asked to play the piano. My pieces were apparently much liked, and the empress seemed pleased and anxious for more. After a little while, thinking I might perhaps be giving them a dose, I left off; but the empress said with so much insistence: "Another piece, please, *mademoiselle*, if you are not tired. You give us so much pleasure!" that I acceded to her wish. At ten o'clock the gentlemen came in from the billiard-room, and then, on a sign from the empress, M—— and A—— got up, kissed their aunt's hand, as it is the custom to do in Spain, shook hands with Mme. Le Breton, the Duc de Bassano, and M. Pietri, courtesied to the empress, and retired.

This was the order of the day usually:

At eight M——, A——, and I breakfasted in the dining-room at a little table laid for us in the bow-window. From eight-thirty to twelve we devoted ourselves to English and music. Then usually came a tap at our door and a little visit from the empress, with whom we nearly always went for our morning's walk. At one we all had luncheon together, then another walk or drive in common, after which, at four forty-five came rosary for the whole household in the chapel, the empress herself saying all the prayers before and after. At five came afternoon tea all together in the *salon du matin*, and after a more or less prolonged conversation the girls studied again till dressing-time, at seven-thirty. At eight came dinner, after which we had our usual little walk up and down the gallery with the empress, followed by needlework and conversation in the drawing-room, and bed at ten.

Farnborough Hill is a beautiful dwelling, much finer than Camden Place, the empress's Chislehurst home for a good many years. Had it been possible for her to remain at Camden Place, though, she would never have made a move into Hampshire. Mr. Stroud would willingly have sold her his property, but the empress could not succeed in getting possession of the adjoining land necessary for building the mausoleum she had set her heart on for her husband and son. In telling us about her efforts one evening she spoke with much sadness and not a little bitterness, saying how hard it had been for her to beg permission to buy a little land wherein to bury her husband and son, and to be refused it by a man who owned such broad acres as did Mr. E——, a rich German toy-manufacturer, who declared that "nothing could ever induce him to sell an inch of land for the erection of a church, and that the French might therefore seek elsewhere."

The reception-rooms all opened out on to the central gallery, which is about one hundred and twenty feet long, and twenty broad, and filled with the most artistic and lovely things. Grouped about, and principally near the entrance of the grand salon, are two lovely Louis XVI arm-chairs, two sofas, some smaller

Louis XVI chairs, footstools to match, and four beautiful cabinets with splendid Sèvres plaques let in as doors. These cabinets, even years ago, were each valued at one hundred thousand francs, according to Mme. Le Breton. They belonged formerly to Napoleon III's mother, Queen Hortense, daughter of Josephine Beauharnais, the beautiful Creole empress. At the lower extremity of the gallery was the Empress Eugénie's private sitting-room; a room called the prince imperial's room; beyond which, following along to the left, was a little boudoir called *petit salon de l'imperatrice*; then came, beyond the handsome old carved staircase, *le salon des dames*, used as a study; and the large *salon du matin*. Farther on, were three enormous oriel windows, in front of which were tiled jardinières, whose fragrant flowers perfumed the whole of the gallery; beyond was the dining-room door, at the end of the gallery. On the wall opposite each Gothic window hung magnificent gobelins, three of a series of six completed in the dining-room. They represented different episodes in the life of the illustrious *Don Quixote*, and were always much admired by connoisseurs.

Next in sequence came, to the left, the billiard-room; then the grand salon and the entrance to the handsome vestibule. Scattered about among Queen Hortense's *meubles* (and other beautiful pieces I have not mentioned) were palm-trees, a few good pieces of modern statuary by the best sculptors of the day, and a great number of busts. Napoleon I's immediate family had certainly not been neglected: they were all there. There, too, was a bust of the great man himself.

The walls of the gallery could boast some very fine paintings, among them a life-size portrait of the empress and baby prince, by Winterhalter; one of the Duchesse de Mouchy, then Princess Anna Murat, her imperial Majesty's niece; and another of the Duchess of Alba, the empress's own sister, also by Winterhalter.

In the outer vestibule, which was up a few steps and passed through glass doors opening into the gallery opposite the old staircase, were also some fine canvases, one particularly striking, "The Empress

and Her Ladies," painted by Winterhalter in 1855. When the empress showed me this picture one day she gazed at it in a wistful way, while naming the different ladies and expatiating on the beauty of nearly all of them.

In a letter of mine, of February 20, is the following detailed description of some of the salons.

After luncheon on Sunday, on returning from a little walk in the Park with the Empress, H. I. M. very kindly herself showed me over the reception rooms, telling me the histories of the beautiful things in the *vitrines*, and pointing out the best paintings, etc., and I certainly could not have had a more interesting cicerone. First we went into the Grand Salon, which is a large room about 30 feet square, with a deep bay window, and the ceiling, like the dining-room, painted to imitate sky and clouds; a simulated balcony covered with creeping roses running round, the perspective of which is so good, that you almost think you need only climb up to find yourself in the open air.

Some of the furniture is modern, but most of it old, Louis XVI *meubles*, saved from the burning of the Tuileries, covered with handsome Gobelins. . . . In one corner of the room is the piano, in another a sofa, in front of which is the large oval table round which we play cards or work of an evening. This is the Empress's usual seat; she sits bolt upright, but, nevertheless, gracefully and without stiffness, very rarely if ever leaning back, and has an inveterate hatred to modern sprawling.

On each side of the Grand Salon door, inside, are glass cabinets which contain interesting historical and other souvenirs; . . . a gold snuff-box, with a miniature of Napoleon I and his little son *Le roi de Rome*. This the Empress took out and showed me closely, telling me Napoleon held it in his hand when he breathed his last at St. Helena. A feather fan, brilliant with iridescent beetle-wings, the gold handle of which is set with large oriental pearls, given by the ladies of Algiers to the Empress during an official journey in 1860. In connection with it, she told me amusingly of her "misery" at a wedding in Algiers, in having constantly to swallow the jams and preserves made of violets and roses, which were presented at every minute. She remembered vividly also the penetrating smell of attar-of-roses which permeated even



The Empress Eugénie

the food and nauseated her. A beautiful gold tea-service brought back for her from India by the Prince of Wales after his official trip in 1875; a shapely little marble hand,—Princess Maud of Wales, when a child of three or four,—and in another cabinet, on right hand of the door, some splendid jewels, given the Empress by the different cities of France, when, during her husband's absence for the Crimean and other wars, she was three different times—in 1859–1865—and 1870—proclaimed “Régente.” A sweet little Union Jack, too, in diamonds, rubies, and sapphires, given by Queen Victoria, after the signing of some treaty between England and France, and numberless other fascinating things I can't recall.

Arranged about the Grand Salon are various little card tables, covered with all sorts of things, pretty and interesting too, among others some large albums containing a collection of portraits and sketches done by Queen Hortense herself, to which she added a few others by her master, Isabey, and other celebrated painters of that day.

In this room too are some of the best and most important pictures of the house, nearly all life-sized and full length, by Gérard and David, which is praise enough. Eliza and her daughter by David, the Empress Josephine, Louis, King of Holland, and his wife Hortense, in their royal robes and insignia, all by Gérard; two pastels, Princesse Mathilde, *sœur*, and Princesse Clotilde, *femme*, of

Prince Napoléon (Plon-Plon), and two beautiful pictures, I call them, a St. John and a copy of Raphael's "Vierge à la Chaise," which are so marvelously executed, that I had to be assured so twice by the Empress before I could believe they really were mosaics. They had been sent on some far-away birthday to the little Prince Imperial by Pope Pius IX, who was his godfather.

In the Petit Salon de l'Imperatrice there is no modern furniture; all is Louis XVI, and the pictures themselves are mostly of that epoch. A large painting of Marie Antoinette by the celebrated Madame Vigée Lebrun, who speaks about the sittings for that very portrait in her Memoirs, which I have just been reading; several Wouvermans; two delightful heads by Greuze; a very sad looking head of poor little Louis XVII painted about the time of the Revolution, and several by Alexandre Coudert and others.

From the Petit Salon de l'Imperatrice I was taken one day by the Empress into the so-called Cabinet du Prince. This was a great exception in my favor. It is a large room in which the Prince's things are arranged exactly as they were in the one he was occupying at Camden Place, Chislehurst, before leaving for Natal—his writing materials and even still unopened letters lying on his desk! She told me, poor Empress,—crying bitterly all the time,—that though she did not think the terrible blow would really come, still she never could shake off a strong presentiment of danger, and as soon as ever her son had started for Zululand (having wrung an unwilling consent from her), she had all his belongings covered up carefully, and the place of each marked with a piece of chalk, and the room locked, that nothing might be touched. She told me also how the night before she learned the news of his death, she was waked up suddenly out of her sleep, hearing her son's voice distinctly calling her! Of course her extreme anxiety might easily account for this, but she herself quite believed it was no hallucination, but his real cry of distress, "Mère! Mère!" which reached her—telepathy in fact!

The Empress showed me an album given her since then by our Queen. It contains sketches of the events of the Prince Imperial's entire English career, at Chislehurst and Woolwich, and during the fatal campaign in Natal. In this album is a water-color representing the Last Bivouac; the Prince is depicted sitting on a little mound making a

sketch, while the savages crept up stealthily behind him (which very sketch the Empress afterward showed me). In looking through the Prince's private photograph album with his mother that day, I came across, in the midst of his relations and college friends, the picture of E. S., one of three very beautiful sisters, cousins of mine, who lived at Chislehurst during the Prince's youthful years there. I had heard he was in love with E. and was told by Mme. le Breton that he was often seen in passing in and out of church, looking at her with admiring eyes. He gave her his photograph one evening traveling down from London in the train returning from the opera, before leaving for South Africa.

Nearly all round this Cabinet du Prince are book-cases, containing the Prince's favorite books. On the mantel-piece stands an old clock formerly in Napoleon I's room at Longwood House, St. Helena; there is also a bronze bust of Napoleon III, and one of the Abbé Duguerry, one time the Prince's tutor, shot during the Commune. Near one of the windows a beautifully carved silver basinette, swinging between two solid imperial eagles, and decorated with the Prince's arms and those of the Ville de Paris, which presented this handsome gift at his birth.

There are several (veiled) pictures representing the sad moment of the Prince's falling pierced with the Zulu assegais. These the Empress passed rapidly by. Two glass cases containing, in the first, all his little personal treasures and souvenirs of his father and of his childhood; his first little uniform, and presents given him by sovereigns, among others a beautiful little diamond-sheathed scimitar, from the Sultan of Turkey. In the other glass case all the personal effects he had with him at the Cape; his sketch-books, plans, maps, check- and note-books, etc., and the sword (his father's), with which he so bravely defended himself on the fatal day against the Zulus until overpowered by numbers.

In the center of this latter glass case is a small ebony compartment with a cross on the outside. It contains the shirt stained with his blood and torn with assegais, together with the medal and gold chain his grandmother, Countess Montijo, put around his neck at his birth, and which he retained to the last, the Zulus being afraid, when stripping him of everything else, to touch this, thinking it was a charm.



The Empress Eugénie and her ladies in waiting. From the painting by François-Xavier Winterhalter

Over this very sad little sanctum is written in large letters: "Que votre volonté soit faite" (Thy will be done), and in front of it on a slab is a little white marble cross, on which Princess Beatrice has painted very prettily the word "Fiat," surrounded by violets.

The Empress, naturally, did not open this little sanctum for me, she merely passed it by silently with a lingering look of infinite sadness and a sigh; she has never yet, her nieces tell me, had the courage to look on these sad relics. Uhlmann, the Prince's faithful body-servant keeps the key. All the above-named things of the Prince's were obtained from the Zulu King Cetewayo by our Queen, through the instrumentality of Sir Redvers Buller or Sir Bartle Frère, I think the Empress said. Only one thing was never recovered, but was destroyed through the ignorant superstition of the Zulus—the Prince's watch. An old warrior questioned concerning it by Dr. Scott, later on, when accompanying the Empress on her journey to Zululand in 1880, asked very innocently: "The little beast, you mean—? Oh, we were afraid of it, so we killed it!" Having no notion about the nature of mechanism, they thought the ticking of the

watch meant a live creature; so—they stamped it out of existence.

Here is another letter:

The Empress next took me into the dining-room, through looking-glass doors, with gilt framework, saved from the Tuileries, and which make the already long gallery look interminable. It is a very handsomely proportioned room, about 45 feet long, the ceiling like that of the Grand Salon imitating clouds and sky, and the carved oak panels of the walls framing in priceless Gobelins. There are two huge bay-windows (in one of which, I have already said, our little breakfast-table is placed). The parquet floor is highly polished and in the center, on a thick Turkey carpet, is the dinner-table. Though really large, it looks almost lost in that immense room.

Over the large open marble fireplace, in which nearly always a glorious wood fire sparkles and crackles, is a bust of the Empress Marie Louise, and on each side of a very valuable Louis XVI *dressoir* stand two large gilt candelabra supported by Sèvres figures, the whole thing about seven or eight feet high. There, too, on one side, a beautiful marble statue, "L'Innocence," and on a

console a clock from Toledo, given the Empress by the late King Alfonso XII and Queen Christina of Spain. The case is most elaborately worked in steel and gold, which gives a curious but rich effect.

Now for the dinner-table itself. In the centre is a silver basket, well-filled with growing ferns, with cut camelias from the greenhouse stuck in between; wine and water decanters, as well as salt-cellars and finger bowls are placed round the table for every *couvert*.

The chef sends in very good and varied dinners, but never too long. The carving is done at a side table, and the food handed round in silver dishes by the *maitre d'hôtel*, old Schmidt. The plates (with the exception of a few Sèvres china ones, used at dessert are all plain silver, and have a large N and imperial crown engraved on the edge. This "simple" service, as the Empress calls it, now in every-day use, belonged formerly to the Emperor's campaigning kit. The regular table silver, used at the Tuileries, was, so the Empress told us, stolen before the burning of the palace. At Farnborough for grand days, when, for instance, the Queen dines here, there appears a lovely and very complete *vermeil* service, which once belonged to Queen Hortense, the Emperor's mother. I, for my part, do not enjoy using it; unaccustomed as I am to eating off such precious metal, I never can quite get over the impression that it is brass my food is resting on instead of gold.

All the men-servants, except an English under-butler, have been soldiers in the French army and are *anciens serviteurs des Tuileries*. They look very trim standing behind the chairs, with their immaculately white gloves, and a table napkin rolled up like a policeman's truncheon in their right hands, soldierly, but still less stiff and more human than the English flunky; and they wait so well! every want is instantly noticed if not even anticipated. Poor old Schmidt, the *maitre d'hôtel*, makes us all laugh sometimes, for as he hands round each dish his duty is to name it, and being very deaf and unable to control his own voice well, he often screams it out rather louder than necessary, to the surprise and amusement of every one in the room. The menu is always headed thus:

"Dinner (ou Dejeuner) de Sa Majesté l'Impératrice" (the date). The two meals are exactly alike in composition, except that

there is no soup at luncheon and the coffee afterward is served at table, whereas after dinner it is brought into the gallery, where we drink it standing around, or walking up and down before going into the drawing-room.

On Saturday the Empress is going to Windsor to stay a couple of days with the Queen, accompanied as usual on these occasions by Mme. de A—— and the dear old Duc de Bassano. We shall be delighted when the Empress returns, for she and the Duke are the soul of the house, and all their conversation is so interesting.

February 22nd, 1886

The other day, as we were leaving our little *Salon d'études* and following the Empress up-stairs to the chapel, she said to me: "Vous devez trouver, Mademoiselle, que c'est un peu la vie du couvent ici!" To which I answered playfully: "Madame, je trouve que c'est un couvent fort beau et intéressant; si tous étaient aussi charmants, je n'hésiterais pas à me faire religieuse!" and she laughed!

The rosary over, and before tea, the Empress having discovered that I had not yet seen the state bedrooms, went all through them with us, for my benefit.

Except for the presence of a splendid *toilette table (d'apparat)* covered with gold fittings, things she never by any chance uses, —formerly the property of the Queen Hortense,—the Empress's bedroom is very simple, compared with the rooms of most women of fashion. A large bed—two or three cane chairs,—a *prie-dieu*, over which hang a crucifix and rosary, on the walls a few sketches of the late Emperor's room, done by herself; a glass case with family souvenirs of an intimate kind, among others the Emperor's hat *criblé de trous*, worn the night of the Orsini *attentat*, a small table with a few books of devotion, and that is all.

None of my letters seems to speak of the empress's dressing-room, so I supplement from memory now (1907). I remember nothing particularly unique about this very plain room, which, however, contained all the toilet essentials. In one corner, covered with muslin over blue silk, was a large table with a circular mirror at the back; on it absolutely nothing but an enormous flat wickerwork basket, also lined with muslin. This, I believe, was the basket given

her, filled with flowers, by the "Dames de la Halle" on her wedding-day. In this, every morning and evening, her maid used to lay out a set of fresh underclothes. Simple almost to shabbiness as her plain outer garments sometimes were, her underclothes were very beautiful, daintily made, and of the most exquisite materials, and she used to don her things with the most wonderful speed. The only other thing I remember besides in the room was a screen, which made a secluded spot for her to dress in; her porcelain bath-tub, with curtains drawn round it; an upright wooden "portmanteau" on which her clothes were hung temporarily while dressing; and a large *armoire à glace*, partly filled with exquisite linen, and where also, in a compartment amid delicate sachets, she kept dainty stores of personal things, such as packets of gloves made for her formerly in great quantities in Spain and Italy.

She never went near her bedroom or dressing-room except just to dress or sleep, and kept none of her personal belongings there. She liked a rather hard bed, and used only a small hair pillow; always had her window open, kept the temperature very low, and would allow no fire in the room at night, though, in the depth of winter she consented reluctantly to have a little to dress by in the morning. About ten o'clock was her usual time for coming down-stairs of a morning, except on Sundays, when we had to start for church earlier.

The turret chamber, called *chambre de l'Empereur*, was shown me one day by Uhlmann at the empress's behest. It contained, undisturbed, many of his personal things and the four-post bed he died in, covered now with artificial memorial wreaths, from one of which Uhlmann gave me a spray of white roses and white lilacs and some violets.

The house chapel was very simple, just a large room with the high roof and rafters showing; but it contained the most interesting of all the historical souvenirs in the house, an *antiquité* over a thousand years old, and the only thing personally saved, or, rather, put in safety by the empress before leaving the Tuileries after that eventful "4 Septembre"

which was her adieu to the throne of France.

In a very old chiseled iron *châsse*, or shrine, about twenty inches by twelve, with niches, wherein were tiny metal saints, the whole ornamented with precious stones, and pearls very much worn and discolored by age, were three interior partitions. In that, on the right hand, was a tiny portion of a veil supposed to have belonged to the Blessed Virgin; in the left partition, a piece supposed to be of the holy winding-sheet of our Lord; and in the center a curious old gold reliquary, about three inches in diameter, suspended by a short chain, having in the middle a pale-green, polished, translucent stone, through which one can clearly distinguish the relic of the true cross beneath.

This talisman, as it was called in those days, belonged to the great Charlemagne, and was prized and worn by him during the greater part of his lifetime, and he was buried with it. Without explanation it hardly seems possible that these facts should be authentic, and that this priceless treasure should have found its way from Germany to France, and finally to a little English village. This is how it was brought about.

When Charlemagne died, he was buried in a vault beneath the "Dom," or cathedral, of his favorite town of Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle). Curiosity as to the truth of a tradition that stated that the emperor was buried seated in a chair, with crown and scepter, led Charles Quint to violate the tomb of his great ancestor and namesake. This much history tells us; the rest of the story is the empress's version. The vault was opened, and for one instant the sitting figure was discernible; then it crumbled to dust! The talisman was taken out, with scepter, crown, and other non-destructible things, and deposited in the "treasure" of the cathedral, where they remained till Napoleon I's aggressive wars. Then, so the empress told us, during some visit to Aachen, the conqueror intimated to the trembling custodians of the "treasure" that he wished the reliquary presented to him for the Empress Josephine! It was promptly done! At her death at Malmaison, she bequeathed it to her

daughter, Queen Hortense, mother of Napoleon III, by whom in turn it was given to his wife, Eugénie.

When "4 Septembre" dawned, and the empress left the Tuileries hurriedly, she with her own hands took the talisman out of its *châsse* and confided it to the keeping of a faithful servant whose home was in Paris, and who all through the dark days of the "Commune" kept it in his kitchen, hidden in a *placard* over which he had pasted a map of Paris. No one ever suspected this kitchen cupboard of containing anything precious, and so the talisman was saved.

Later on, when, under MacMahon, second president of the republic, affairs had calmed down, and a great deal of the empress's private property was courteously sent over to her in England, the talisman came, too, and was put back in its *châsse*, which also happily had escaped destruction. All this the empress herself told us one evening during our constitutional after dinner, and before going to bed I made ample notes of the interesting facts, and so can vouch for my accuracy.

By the way, I have never yet described the *salon de travail de l'imperatrice*. I sat in that room for the last time in 1889, the day my husband and I lunched at Farnborough Hill on our wedding tour. One then entered the room on the left from the gallery. In the middle was a large library table, and the empress generally sat at this when not using a low wicker chair on the right of the fireplace, writing on a *burard* resting on her knees, which was a favorite way with her.

This writing-table had on it all the necessary paraphernalia for the empress's immense correspondence, besides several portraits, one of her son, and a miniature of her father, Don Cipriano, then Conde de Teba, and later Conde de Montijo. This miniature shows a very fine face, rather spoiled by having a large black patch covering one eye. Together with this eye, he had lost also a leg in the Battle of Salamanca in fighting for Napoleon I.

On smaller tables were, besides *objets d'art*, a great number of photographs of different royalties and friends. The English dynasty was well represented,

and nearly all the portraits had autograph signatures. Opposite was a mulioned window, which looked out over a terrace. All around the room were book-shelves about breast-high, containing many of her imperial Majesty's favorite books, saved from the Tuileries. Turning one's back to the fireplace, on the right wall hung a life-sized portrait of the emperor in court dress, with his Légion d'Honneur ribbon. I think the painting is by Cabanel, and I have heard from friends who knew his imperial Majesty intimately that it was extremely like him. A large bay window with tiled *jardinières* was constantly replenished from the hothouses with exotic flowers, which gave forth a delicious perfume. Here were placed two or three wicker easy-chairs, in which the empress used to be very fond of taking a sun-bath whenever the stingy English sun-god permitted. Here also grew some pampas grass brought by the empress from Zululand, and which formed a kind of screen in front of the conservatory windows. The whole character of the room was one of luxurious comfort, joined with daintiness and good taste of arrangement.

Beyond the conservatory bay was another door, which opened into the *cabinet de travail* of the empress, a sort of inner sanctum, her workshop, so to speak, where she kept her embroidery and silks and the frames of her larger pieces of work.

There was nothing very worthy of notice in this room except, on the table, a small picture of Queen Marie Antoinette, drawn from life, at the age of fourteen years. This portrait, I know, the empress valued very much. She drew my attention, the day she first showed it me, to the interesting fact of the little archduchess pointing to a thin red line, marked around her neck by a narrow ribbon, such as was fashionable in those days, which seemed almost prophetic of her cruel fate. In conversation on the subject of Marie Antoinette the empress invariably drew parallels between the ill-fated queen and herself. She told us one day about her visiting Marie Antoinette's prison, incognito, on a certain Palm Sunday during the empire. To avoid crowds and recognition,

she passed herself and her ladies off as a party of English tourists, she herself being thickly veiled. The empress said she was about the same height as Marie Antoinette, and knew the story of the queen's knocking her head as she entered the low-ceiled prison, and the scornful "Baisse-toi, fière Autrichienne!"¹ of the jailer; but in the painful interest of the moment, nevertheless, forgot the similarity of stature, and, on entering the poor queen's cell, met with the very same accident herself. This impressed the empress very unpleasantly. She was so overcome for a minute or two that the custodian who was showing the party over the prison noticed it and said to the other ladies, "Vraiment, cette dame est bien émotionnée!"

During the twenty years of her reign she often had the presentiment that she, Eugénie, would end guillotined. The more enthusiastic the people, the more she expected sudden changes in the affections of her mercurial subjects.

October 2, 1886

Her Majesty has been busy to-day planning a sort of museum she intends building

near the coach-house, for the housing of numbers of beautiful things, too voluminous for her already well stocked Farnborough Hill, but things which are really too interesting to continue any longer stowed away, where they now are unseen by any one. The galacarriages are at present in the *remiso*;

¹"Stoop, proud Austrian!"

these are really magnificent. The coach the Empress drove in to be married—lined most beautifully with white satin and large enough for six or eight people; another carriage built, I forget whether she said for her coronation or the baptismal ceremonial of the poor little Prince Imperial, and which is much more splendid, more magnificent still than the



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The prince imperial

first, both interiorly and exteriorly. The hangings of the coachman's seat (or hammer-cloth, as they are called, I think), are in crimson velvet, most splendidly embroidered in solid gold and embossed with pearls and precious stones. The Bonaparte family arms and eagles are a magnificent piece of work.

This one carriage alone cost, I was told, over 4000 pounds. . . .

There were also hanging up in this coach-house the saddle of the little horse the Prince rode, as a boy of fifteen, at the Battle of Saarbrück, his "baptism of fire," and a number of saddles, riding-whips, pistols, etc., etc.—a great many more things, than I can now remember.

Mme. Poussin, or "Marie," as the empress used to call her, was the house-keeper. She was the wife of Poussin, favorite servant of the empress. A special man was kept for cleaning silver, and the entire daily dinner-service, besides numberless other pieces, being of that precious metal, his office was no sinecure. The men-servants took entire care of all the sitting-rooms, as is usual in France, the housemaids officiating only on the bedroom floors.

There was a chef and one assistant. The kitchen was a marvel. Several times I went through it with Mme. Le Breton when she was ordering dinner, and it hardly seemed possible to think work was going on in the place, all was in such perfect array. Numberless copper *marmites* were all hanging in their respective places, looking like burnished gold. One end of the huge central table was used as a chopping-board, the other end was covered with a spotless linen cloth, on which were arranged with exquisite neatness, all the cutting-up and carving-knives. All the practical working details of the establishment, management of servants, care of linen and furniture were supervised by Mme. Le Breton.

The servants' hall was a large, pleasant room, opening with long French windows on the entrance courtyard. It was simply and comfortably furnished. Here the special *valet de service* of the week and Poussin, who was always *de service*, held themselves in readiness to admit visitors or be summoned by the empress. There was a central table, with books and newspapers and periodicals of the day; on the walls were several large paintings of the imperial master and mistress of the house. There was a library under lock and key in a glass case, containing a goodly selection of standard French books, and English ones for the under-servants of the latter

nationality. Poussin or Uhlmann, I forget which, was the librarian. It was arranged by a regular catalogue system, and books had to be accurately returned.

Schmidt, an Alsatian, the old *maitre d'hôtel* at Farnborough, whose duties, on account of infirmity and old age, had become almost nominal even in 1886, was a tall, fine old man, stooping slightly, and with his white hair and kindly beaming eye was pleasant to look upon. He had been in the service of the Tuileries, and as soon as the empress settled at Camden Place, came at once, with several other of the domestics, to tender his services. When telling me about it one day, the empress said how much this devotion touched her in that hour of general abandonment and betrayal. She said these servants had nothing to gain by coming, offered to work for lower wages than they had been accustomed to, and several of them had to leave their own families, besides the pleasanter life in France, to settle in an absolutely dull English village.

Uhlmann, an Alsatian, filled at Farnborough the position of steward, paid all the wages, the tradespeople, and the farm bills, and attended to repairs, etc. He was directly under the orders of M. Pietri, who supervised his work, reports, and accounts before submitting them at stated times to the empress. Uhlmann had been valet and body-servant of the prince. I had several talks with him about the prince. Uhlmann had been with the prince nearly all his life, at Chislehurst and at Woolwich, where the prince was following his military training; he also went out to Zululand, and was with his young master till the very eve of his death. He was a most excellent person for any young man to have near him, perfectly straightforward, sincere, and earnest.

I never heard any one say a disparaging word of the prince imperial all the time I was at Farnborough. He seems by common consensus of opinion to have been a wonderfully fine young fellow; those who had known him intimately were just as loud in his praises as others who, having only the opportunity of seeing the surface, might have flattered possibly. Uhlmann, who had had the greatest possible facilities for observa-

tion, told me the very nicest things about him, and this means a good deal, for to the dictum, "no man is a hero to his own valet," there are, I believe, very few exceptions. From all Uhlmann said, with what I had already gathered from others, Mme. Le Breton, the Duc de Bassano, the Conneaus, all of whom had been his childhood friends, and also from Monsignor Goddard of Chislehurst, and his friend the old Abbé Toursel of the "French chapel" (the old historic Embassy Chapel in London), the last outsider to see and talk with him before he sailed for Natal, there was only one verdict about him—that he was deeply and truly good. His chief characteristic seems to have been his wonderful truth of mind. He had a noble, straightforward nature, shunning pretense of all kinds, and was deeply religious and spiritual-minded. He was beloved and looked up to by all his classmates at Woolwich, by all the servants, by everybody, in fact, who had ever known and come in contact with him. The English soldiers out in Zululand worshiped him, and no wonder, for besides his chivalrous and brave qualities, Uhlmann said the prince was always simple and generous and shared everything with his comrades. During the campaign he never allowed himself the possession of anything they had not, nor accepted privileges due to his superior rank. When luxuries in the shape of food and other things sent out in hampers from his mother reached him, he insisted on dividing up with the privates, despite the protest of those in authority, who thought he needed the extra food himself, not being very rugged. Uhlmann also told me that one very striking feature was his absolutely fearless and unashamed recognition of his religion. Even in Woolwich days and camp-life, and up to the very last night before starting on that fatal reconnaissance trip,¹ he never missed saying his night prayers aloud. He would call Uhlmann into his room, and the two would kneel down together by the side of the bed, just as he had always done when a little child.

M—— and A——, always called the empress's nieces, by courtesy to her, on

account of the great disparity of their ages, were in reality her cousins. I think they had a grandmother, a Cabarus, in common. They and the empress were both cousins of M. de Lesseps, and I think they told me the relationships came from the same source. M—— and A—— were pleasant, healthy-minded girls, affectionate, and with nice dispositions, accustomed to think of others first and themselves afterward.

Two years after their visit to the empress, M—— married Paco de Amsaldo, and at her marriage her uncle gave her one of the numerous titles which he owned. They were then Count and Countess de San Henrique. Her husband occupied some position at Alfonso XIII's court.

A—— shortly after married Luis de Casanova. After a blissfully happy six months he died, leaving her a widow at seventeen. I heard from M. Pietri, who told me "*de la part de l'imperatrice*" the news of A——'s new engagement to M. d'Attainville, nephew of the Prince d'Essling whose wife was mistress of the robes under the empress.

First and foremost among the few faithful adherents of the empress must be named the dear old Duke of Bassano, Napoléon-Hugues-Joseph Maret, son of Hugues-Bernard Maret, first duke of the name, whose title was created by Napoleon I. He inherited from his birth in 1804 traditions of devotion to the Bonaparte family, which were furthered by his having Napoleon and the Empress Josephine for his godparents, and, later on, the little *roi de Rome* for playmate. The empress had no truer friend than he in her hours of need. While others were leaving her to her fate, he bravely spoke for her before the Chamber of Deputies, trying vainly to turn the torrent of anger away from her, or at least to obtain from the provisional government aid in bodily protecting her against the furious rabble. When she landed in England penniless and without a single belonging except a few absolute necessities hastily gathered together and loaned her by Mrs. Evans and Lady Burgoyne, the duke followed her to England almost immediately,

¹ Uhlmann bitterly lamented the fact that the prince imperial had not allowed him to follow on that last fatal trip, as he felt he might possibly have helped him guard against the chain of most unusual and untoward coincidences that led up to the tragic end.

with only a carpet-bag, so the empress told us, saying simply on arriving, "Madame me voici," and begging to be allowed to give her his services.

At Napoleon III's death, in January, 1873, the widowed Eugénie offered the duke his freedom to return to France and the family, from whom he had voluntarily separated himself despite his deepest affection for them. But he would not accept it. Again, after the prince's death, the empress gave him once more the chance of leaving her household, but he still refused, answering, "Madame, now you are entirely alone, you need me all the more."

The duke has left a delightful picture of himself in my memory as he was in 1886: a tall, handsome, dignified old man, with beautiful white hair; courteous to all, and with a specially chivalrous feeling toward women, the very type of the *grand seigneur* and *preux chevalier* of old that one reads about, but meets rarely.

Mme. Le Breton was the sister of General Boubaki, who distinguished himself in Algiers, a widow of long standing, with several sons and daughters, was formerly one of the *lectrices* at the Tuileries, and alone of all the women in France did not abandon the empress, but accompanied her bravely on that eventful journey when, on the fifth of September, they fled from Paris. With the exception of a few short periods of absence for little holidays, she never left her imperial mistress's side all those years. She was a most faithful friend, tried patiently to help and comfort the empress and make everything run smoothly, and this when "*ma Souveraine*," as she called the empress playfully in speaking of her, was in such a state of nerves that she was often irritable and difficult to please. Only duty and true affection had kept her by her mistress through those long years of dullness, for "society" was the breath of life to her.¹

Mme. Arcos, who has been almost a lifelong friend of the empress, was a Miss V—. Her father had held some official position in Spain, had been English consul in one of the Southern towns, and she and the empress made each

other's acquaintance many, many years ago in rather a strange way. This is the story the empress told us one evening while walking up and down the gallery, leaning on my arm, as she often did. The two mothers, the Countess Montijo and Mrs. V—, were on board ship going to England, where the countess, who



Duc de Bassano

was ambitious for her beautiful daughter, was going to present her to Queen Victoria and bring her out in London society. It was very rough weather, and Eugénie Montijo, violently sick, rushed to the side. The ship was not a very fine one, according to our present standards; the rail was low, and the seasick girl in such a state of collapse that she did not care whether she went overboard or not. Presently, the empress told us, she felt two arms put firmly around her waist, and she was dragged away. Very indignant, she struggled with this interfering person, saying, "Leave me alone." She looked up, and found it was a girl a good deal younger than herself, who spoke to her in English, told her that it was a dangerous place, and helped her to a more comfortable one. They then began talking and made friends. The Countess Montijo,

¹ She died at the age of eighty-two, very much regretted by the empress and all her friends.

when she heard later how her daughter had been rescued from a rather perilous position, sought out Mrs. V—— to thank her, and thus the parents, too, became acquainted, and a lifelong friendship between the daughters sprang up.

Queen Victoria told the empress on



Surgeon-Major Scott

one of her visits to Windsor that she remembered perfectly the presentation as a young girl that season and the impression made on her at the time. It was at a semi-private audience, before a fancy ball at Buckingham Palace. The Queen told her friend she recalled the costumes worn on the occasion. Eugénie Montijo was dressed as a Spanish infanta, Queen Victoria as Queen Anne, and the prince consort as William of Orange.¹

Naturally, when Eugénie, Condessa de Teba, became empress, Mme. Arcos always found a welcome at the Tuileries. The friendship was cemented, and she, in her turn, remained faithful to her imperial friend all through the life of exile in England. She is the woman

with whom the empress has been most intimate, excepting, of course, Mme. Le Breton. It was Mme. Arcos, also an intimate friend of my aunt, who suggested my name to the empress.

Dr. Scott, a surgeon-major in the English Army, and stationed at Aldershot, was a constant visitor at Farnborough, and the empress was very fond of him in a kind and grateful way. He had known and been devoted to the prince imperial, and accompanied him to Zululand, where he was supposed, in an unofficial way, looking after him as a friend, to be in charge of the young man's health. He it was who went out to search for and found the poor prince's mutilated body the day after the brave boy had been killed, and later brought the corpse back to England in H. M. S. *Orontes*, and took a prominent part in the funeral. Since then Dr. Scott has always kept very much in touch with the empress, and when she started for Zululand, in 1880, he, with the Duc de Bassano, Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood, and several ladies who had lost relatives in the Zulu War, accompanied her, going over the well-known ground and showing her the places of sad interest in the pathetic drama.

Franceschini Pietri was a grandson of the celebrated Corsican, Paoli. His mother was, I believe, a Sebastiani, so on both father's and mother's side, according to the empress, he was offspring of Corsican patriots. He had been under-secretary to the emperor, and fought close beside him at the Battle of Sedan, and afterward shared his imprisonment at Wilhelmshöhe. He was very intelligent, witty, had a great business capacity, and concealed a most excellent heart under a somewhat brusque manner. His constant devotion did not prevent his seeing through his imperial hostess's little foibles, which sight he sometimes manifested by a characteristic gesture, an almost imperceptible smile, and shrug of his shoulders. He was a man of sterling worth, one of the most reliable people about the empress.

¹ Viscountess Canning to Lady Stuart de Rothsay. Windsor Castle, Jan. 22, 1853: "The Emperor's marriage is the chief topic. I remember Mlle. de Montijo distinctly, for she was very striking, and quite the most interesting of the sights at the Queen's fancy ball—in white—with a dress of bows and tags, very fair hair and skin and dark eyes, good delicate features, a little formal, and a good figure. She is the right age, 26, and clever, and I think the Emperor has done a wise thing. Mme. de Lieven approves and says she is 'très grande dame.'" Hare's "Two Noble Lives," Vol. I.

America's Interests and the Revision of the Treaties

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

It ought never to be forgotten that a firm union of this country under an efficient government will probably be an increasing object of jealousy to more than one nation of Europe; and that enterprises to subvert it will sometimes originate in the intrigues of foreign powers, and will seldom fail to be patronized and abetted by some of them.—ALEXANDER HAMILTON in "The Federalist," February 22, 1788.



WITHOUT exception the founders of our republic looked upon the diplomatic and military activities of "foreign Powers" in the western continents as a menace to our security. One cannot read the history of American international relations during the first thirty years of our existence as an independent nation without realizing that the Monroe Doctrine was simply the expression in concrete form of a policy that had been shaping itself since the first administration of Washington. The instinct of self-preservation was at the bottom of it. We sympathized with the colonies of Spain and Portugal fighting for self-government as we had done, but this sympathy alone would not have led Monroe to tell the European powers to keep hands off in the two Americas. The controlling motive was tersely expressed by Alexander Hamilton. We feared "enterprises to subvert" our union.

The corollary to being ready at all times to oppose the extension of European political systems on the American continents was the determination to avoid entangling alliances with European nations. Washington's farewell advice to his fellow-countrymen was not a sudden flash of insight on his part, a new policy invented on the spur of the moment. During his eight years in office Washington had had to struggle hard against the temptation of allying

his country with one or the other side in the gigantic European conflict. Partisan feeling ran high, and was abetted by French and British propaganda. Conservatives abhorred the French Revolution and feared its spread. They were for intervention on the side of Great Britain and Prussia and Austria. Liberals hailed the Revolution with delight, and used the fact that we owed a debt of gratitude to France, while England was our enemy, to create sentiment for intervention on the side of France. Jefferson, enamoured with the Revolution, resigned his position as secretary of state after trying to persuade Washington to abandon neutrality or at least to favor France in our diplomacy. But Washington was convinced that the United States should let Europe work out her own salvation for the simple reason that the interests of the United States dictated a policy of aloofness. Moreover, he believed that the rival coalitions wanted us to pull chestnuts out of the fire for them.

A hundred years have passed since the United States began to follow Washington's advice and adopted the Monroe Doctrine. During that time we have not been involved in war because of treaty obligations to any other nation or group of nations, and we have taken up arms only when we felt that our own interests and ideals, as we saw them and interpreted them, demanded war. We have not been beholden to any foreign power. We have not been involved in war by promises made to other nations.

We entered the World War in 1917 as a result of German acts of aggression on the high seas, which the instinct of self-preservation and the sense of national honor and dignity did not permit us to tolerate. Our President made this very clear in his addresses to Congress and his notes to Germany, and he also said that we had no quarrel with the German

people, but only with the Imperial Government. Our State Department limited its strictures to submarine warfare and massacre of Armenians. To take just one instance of disinterestedness, the resurrection of Poland was officially announced in November, 1916, by Germany and Austria-Hungary. We made no comment one way or the other. We could have hailed the announcement with satisfaction or we could have intimated that the Austro-German move did not look to us like the real thing. In January, 1917, before we broke off relations with Germany, an opportunity arose to offer our good offices to Poland by making certain representations to Berlin and Vienna. We did not do so. These facts flatly contradict the initial statement in Secretary Colby's recent note to Italy on Poland. This country has not always been an advocate of Polish independence nor has it always been an advocate of the integrity of the Russian Empire. Why? Because our secretaries of state before Colby realized that these two causes were as irreconcilable as the independence of Ireland and the integrity of the British Empire.

During the entire period of American intervention and up to President Wilson's visit to Paris, the management of our international relations conformed to the traditions and interests of the United States. It is true that through our President we gave Europe much more advice than in the past, but this was perhaps not uncalled for. Not only had we helped win the war, but we had become creditors of all the victorious belligerents, and it was reasonable that we should advocate a war settlement that would protect our ten billions in Europe. We were not "allies," but merely "associates," and President Wilson said at Manchester that the United States could never enter any association of nations that was not an association of all for the good of all.

I am not writing from a partizan point of view, but as a student and observer of international politics. I take the attitude of the two parties toward the treaty and the league to be what is set forth in the platforms and in the speeches of the candidates. It may be true that the Democrats had to sink or swim with the

administration and that the Republicans naturally attacked what their opponents had done. In the interpretation of motives I am not interested. But I am very deeply interested in the crisis in international relations that confronts us. Is November 2 to prove a turning-point in American history? Governor Cox, making his mind run along with that of President Wilson, declares that the League of Nations is workable and working, and that if he has the chance, he will change the United States from a pariah among the nations, in the class with Germany and Turkey and Mexico, to a member of the charmed circle which already comprises the twenty-nine nations more enlightened than ourselves. Senator Harding asserts that the league as conceived by the Treaty of Versailles is unworkable and is not working, and, as it is contrary to American instincts and the American Constitution, the covenant will be recast drastically before the United States has any part in it if he becomes President. Governor Cox pledges his party to follow along the lines laid down by President Wilson in the conduct of foreign relations. Senator Harding promises a complete reversal of the present State Department's foreign policy.

Former President Taft, one of the few league advocates among leading Republicans, justifies his subordination of the league issue to party regularity and loyalty on the ground that the election of Cox would not secure the triumph of the league. Mr. Taft points out that no matter how the election goes, enough senators hostile to the Treaty of Versailles will remain to block ratification. This same reason prompts Senator Walsh and other Democratic opponents of the treaty to stand by Cox. Not hope of treaty ratification, or alarm over the possibility of treaty ratification, need influence decisively one's vote one way or the other. The American people, now awakened to the weak points of the league *as it stands*, although still vaguely desiring some form of a League of Nations, will not stand for a policy of international coöperation in which burdens without compensations fall upon the United States while other nations gather in the loot.

The psychological moment for American participation in what was virtually an armed alliance of victors passed when President Wilson ordered the administration senators to kill the treaty when offered for ratification with reservations. Humpty Dumpty certainly fell off the wall that day. The king's horses and the king's men will not attempt to raise him again. For there is nothing left to raise, despite the campaign oratory of Rip Van Winkles who have been asleep since August, 1919. In November, 1920, does any other European nation than France still want to see the Treaty of Versailles enforced? And France has shown unmistakably by word and deed that she has no interest whatever in the League of Nations portion of the treaty.

The treaties following the World War, then, will be revised, if not entirely rewritten, no matter how the American election turns out. We must not forget that the Treaty of Versailles is only one, and the least harmful to us, of these post-bellum settlements. Thanks to the horse sense and high conception of duty of the majority of our senators—a majority that included Democrats as well as Republicans, we are in the advantageous position of not having ratified any of these treaties. The next administration will have a free hand to suggest necessary amendments to the treaties before we sign them and ratify them, or, if need be, to participate in a new peace conference. It is to be hoped that our statesmen will get back to the old and secure foundations upon which the international relations of the United States have been built by our forefathers. Insularism and isolation? No! The policies to which we hark back were established and developed during a period when the United States did not pretend to be self-sufficient and was not self-sufficing. Our half-century of isolation followed the Civil War, and was in no sense the result of the Monroe Doctrine or Washington's farewell advice. It was due to the loss of our shipping and to transcontinental expansion, and we were already emerging from it in 1914. For better or for worse, we are once more in world politics, and we cannot avoid the responsibility of sharing with other

nations in the solution of world problems.

The Presidential campaign has afforded opportunity for defenders of Mr. Wilson to indulge in demagogic appeals to the sentimental side of the American electorate. Because a majority of the Senate refused to ratify the Treaty of Versailles as Mr. Wilson presented it, they were accused of not believing in the principle of international coöperation. Because the Republican party came out against the covenant of the League of Nations as incorporated in the treaty, the Republicans were said to be against the idea of a league.

Because of the confusion created by specious arguing, which frequently amounts to bulldozing, it is necessary to call attention to the fact that when one advocates revision or recasting of the treaties, including the covenant, he is not opposing the proposition of international coöperation. If I may dare to say it here, from my observation of the three months of campaigning I have watched, more earnest and intelligent advocates of American intervention in world affairs are to be found on the Republican than on the Democratic side. I have found numerous supporters of Senator Harding whose conception of America's relations with other nations is broad and inspiring. Only they believe that we should go slowly in abandoning traditions to which succeeding generations have clung, that if we are bound by them still, it is because their soundness and value have been demonstrated by experience, and that it is not necessary to assume, as the Bolsheviks do, that progress means discarding old foundations and making a clean sweep of the past.

In a few days the shouting will have died down. We shall have chosen our Congress for two years and our President for four years. The disappointed ones will begin immediately to dream of 1922 and 1924. But those who are chosen for office will have cold facts to face. We are still, technically, at war with Germany and Austria and Hungary. We have no diplomatic relations with Bulgaria and Turkey. We do not know where we stand with Russia, and the nebulosity of our attitude toward the

new states created by the treaties or recognized by some powers since the war ended was revealed by the Colby note to Italy. Our little army of occupation on the Rhine is still governed by the armistice of November 11, 1918. Our President has convoked the assembly of a League of Nations of which we are not a member, and has drawn up the boundaries of an Armenia which we do not propose to defend. We have seen our associates in the late war disregard the provisions of the treaties concerning mandatories and how they are to be chosen. We have surrendered ships captured by us during the war at the command of a body on which we are not represented and whose authority we have not officially recognized.

French and British statesmen ignore the League of Nations and violate openly its provisions. They have no use for it themselves. But while they cheerfully give the poor old league one blow under the belt after another, they charge the United States with having deserted the league, and quote Americans who have so forgotten their pride and self-respect that they say the United States has betrayed her comrades in arms. Has not the time come when America must wake up and assert her dignity by sending to Coventry any speaker or writer who dares to besmirch his country's honor? Ought we not to repudiate the politician who says that the horrible conditions in Europe and throughout the world are our fault because we did not ratify the treaty? Europe does not understand our self-abasement any more than she understands our self-abnegation.

Whether it be of unselfish idealism or of the interests of the United States, the new administration must talk like a Dutch uncle to Europe. The day of preaching, pleading, apologizing is over. They will like us better over there, and I am sure they will understand us better, if we come right out frankly and tell them what we want and why we want it. Even though we be severe and demand of Europe some staggering decisions, the atmosphere will be wonderfully cleared if our Government drops the decalogue manner in its official utterances. An eminent Frenchman put it to me very well the other day when he wrote:

"Your last note on Poland and Russia is welcome here, because it helps our opposition to the British Foreign Office policy. But its tone makes us furious—until we laugh. For, after all, it was our own Calvin who taught you the doctrine of election."

In diplomatic negotiations, when we want to get our way, we naturally presume that those to whom we are talking know that we are strong. If they seem to be unaware of that fact, there is no offense in trying to prove to them that we have the upper hand. Physical superiority, consisting in larger armies and navies, more inexhaustible finances and greater resources, they accept; but the assumption of moral superiority they reject and resent. The "I-am-holier-than-thou" man is classed as an ass or a hypocrite, even though the latter classification may be unjust. This has been the trouble with the American approach to the problems of peace and world reconstruction. Officially as a nation and personally as individual men, we have given offense. When we came into the war our neophytic zeal was overdone. We must admit now that it was not good taste for those who had remained neutral for nearly three years suddenly to discover the great moral issue of the war and out-English the English and out-French the French in damning the Germans. And then, after the armistice, our enthusiasm to help Europe died out much more quickly than it had kindled. Our associates saw this, and they sized up pretty accurately the value of our coöperation in remaking Europe and the world. Our reputation for giving advice in a bland and irresponsible way was so well established in Europe by the time the peace conference was over that every note of President Wilson since has only made us more ridiculous. For all that, no European nation can afford to get mad at us. Our coöperation is desperately needed, so we are going to have another chance.

From long and intimate association with statesmen and publicists of other nations, who are very much like ourselves in their reactions, I doubt greatly if "the moral leadership of the world" of which President Wilson boasted was a dream that could have been realized.

It was too much to expect of human nature. But even if we grant that it was possible in January, 1919, President Wilson himself destroyed the hope of putting the other nations *à la remorque* (in the tow) of the United States when he began to compromise principles which he had proclaimed to be "unalterable." Consistency is the groundwork of ethics. The golden rule is the quintessence of consistency, and that is what makes the assumption of moral standards perilous. President Wilson deceived only himself when he maintained that the Treaty of Versailles conformed to his fourteen points. The American idealist fell from his pedestal when he accepted the different forms of plebiscite in Germany, the British protectorate over Egypt, Japanese control of Shan-tung, the strategic frontier for Italy in the Tyrol, the historic frontier for Czecho-Slovakia, Polish control of eastern Galicia, indeterminate indemnities, the economic and disarmament clauses without reciprocity, and other features of the treaties which repudiate all the principles for which he had stood and some of which he had over and over again, notably on September 27, 1918, declared essential to a just and durable peace.

When we revise the treaties and remake the covenant, the American negotiators who replace Mr. Wilson may still be able to appeal to ideals and cite moral arguments, but they will do well to abandon the Wilsonian impeccability and study the methods and philosophy of Lincoln and Franklin. The man who signed the Emancipation Proclamation had said not long before that if he could save the Union by not freeing the slaves or by freeing half the slaves, he would not hesitate to do so. Poor Richard's appeal for honesty has been assailed on ethical grounds, but it remains the most powerful one. Taking up Mr. Wilson's "American principles" where he abandoned them, it will be the duty of our negotiators to try to sell them (this expression seems to be the vogue in America just now) on the ground that their acceptance is the best policy for all concerned. And what is the selling talk? Simply this:

"Gentlemen who represent the nations associated with us in the recent war,

your experience of the two years since the armistice must have shown you that the United States is an essential partner in peace as well as in war. This being the case, you should study carefully the proposals for a durable peace, which our former President once presented to you, but which you partly rejected and partly denatured. We have the right to ask you to reconsider them not only because you say you need us to help guarantee the treaties with former enemies, but also because you owe us large sums of money, and it is within the province of the creditor to point out to the debtor what he thinks is the path to recovery of financial equilibrium. Remember, we do not presume to any superior morality or knowledge and we do not insist upon your acceptance of our principles and suggestions. But since you need our coöperation and have to have extension of credits, even to the payment of interest on sums already borrowed from us, perhaps you will agree among yourselves that it is the wisest course to renounce your territorial and political and economic ambitions in order to have our coöperation in the new-world order. In fact, if you think it over, you may come to the conclusion that not only the two birds in the bush, but also the bird in the hand, may get away from you, if you refuse longer to apply in making peace the principles so often proclaimed by your own statesmen before Mr. Wilson made his war speeches. As a final argument, let us urge that the policy of mutual renunciation is the soundest and the most advantageous policy. You know that you are in imminent danger of falling out among yourselves over the spoils or of having the people of the countries you represent repudiate and dismiss you from office because they are becoming weary of military service, taxes, and imperialistic adventures."

The appeal to the better nature of the world on the ground not of idealism, but of policy, may fail. *Quos Juppiter vult perdere, dementat prius*, which, being applied to European statesmen, may be translated, "You cannot teach old dogs new tricks." The scarcely veiled threat of Mr. Wilson's last great speech before the armistice concerning the fate of these European statesmen was not put to the

test by him who uttered it. It certainly is not up to us to appeal to Entente nations against their negotiators. That is outside our province. Anyway, tried once in the case of Italy, it did not succeed. Supposing our new negotiators get no results from advancing the general renunciation proposal, what should be the next move?

"Gentlemen, the American Government is sorry indeed that you do not feel that it is best for you to make mutual renunciation of particular interests the basis of making a world peace. Our Senate has made it plain that mutual renunciation is the only kind which appeals to it. The Treaty of Versailles would have been approved by our Senate, and we should have been members of the League of Nations long ago, had we discovered in the treaty an honest effort to make a durable peace by sacrifices all around. But when the American Senate subjected the treaty to a close examination, it found that all of you had looked after your own interests in every possible way. The very features of the treaty which made it appear to us difficult of execution, if not altogether impracticable, were the result of efforts to feather well your own nests. Now, really, could you expect us to be enthusiastic about ratifying a document that would have brought upon our shoulders responsibilities the extent of which we could not foresee, but no privileges as compensations for its burdens? So, if we cannot hope to revise the treaties on the basis of renunciation of all particular interests, we shall have to insist that the particular interests of the United States be considered and safeguarded along with yours."

With the atmosphere cleared in this way, we can hope for a peace conference in which the United States will not be misunderstood and misrepresented, as we certainly were at Paris. Our European and Japanese friends will know that American enthusiasm for and willingness to enter into a League of Nations is contingent upon (a) a constructive peace that will not require the constant and large use of armed force to carry out, or (b) a profit-sharing peace. The latter, of course, we shall take only if we find that the other cannot be achieved.

To insure a constructive peace, whose enforcement will not be by heavy armaments maintained indefinitely, but by the good-will of *all* subscribing nations, we should have to revise the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties in such a way that peace will be made with Germany and the other former enemies and not against them. Professor Seymour in "The Yale Review," Professor Haskins in the New York "Evening Post," and Professor Hazen in "The New York Times," have written lengthy criticisms of Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace." These eminent historians, two of whom I knew in Paris as members of the American Peace Commission, have failed singularly to grasp the main argument of Keynes's attack on the Treaty of Versailles, which is simply that the Treaty of Versailles will not work because it defies both human nature and economic laws. Their answers to Keynes deal mostly with subordinate or irrelevant issues, and they disregard the fact that "a condition, not a theory, confronts us." Does a treaty give us peace whose enforcement necessitates permanent mobilization? The Treaty of Frankfort, which took Alsace-Lorraine from France, made Europe an armed camp. The Treaty of Versailles, without reciprocity in its economic conditions and without the same principles applied everywhere in establishing frontiers, will keep Europe an armed camp. The Treaty of St.-Germain entails even greater complications and responsibilities. Punishments, such as reparations, let there be, and we shall aid in executing them; but the traditions and interests of the American people will prevent our underwriting in Europe or elsewhere frontiers that are neither equitable nor practicable, and aiding certain races to enjoy permanent economic advantages at the expense of other races. The statement one sometimes hears that opponents of President Wilson were against the league only, and did not ask for modifications to the treaty, is false. Unwillingness to bind the United States to enforce the treaty is the reason for the strong support of the reservation to Article X. A number of senators have told me this, and they cited the two great speeches of Senator Knox as con-

taining the arguments which influenced them most to vote for the reservation to Article X of the covenant. Senator Knox anticipated Keynes by half a year.

If the Entente powers refuse now to revise the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain as I have indicated above, the League-of-Nations idea will have to be abandoned until Germany and Russia recover from their present military and economic prostration. The attention of internationalists will be concentrated on the new-world court at the Hague, which we may find offers all that the league could have hoped to accomplish as a preventive of wars. When Russia and Germany are once more factors to be reckoned with in world affairs, a common sense of peril may bring "the Principal Allied Powers" into a frame of mind to do voluntarily what Mr. Wilson believed he could persuade them to do last year at Paris. But that time may not come for several years.

In the interim it is conceivable that the United States may have to accept the terms of the Treaty of Versailles as they affect Germany not by becoming a guarantor of their enforcement, but simply by recognizing their existence and Germany's promise to carry them out. We may have to sign and ratify the other treaties with the same understanding. After all, Europe must be responsible for Europe, and has the right to arrange her own affairs to suit herself. But when we come to the provisions of all these treaties as they affect non-European regions and the high seas and international trade routes and regulations, our negotiators must adopt a very different attitude from that of Mr. Wilson, or they will find that their new treaties will meet with no better fate at the hands of the Senate than the first of Mr. Wilson's treaties. The American Senate is awake to the fact that the United States needs a vigorous foreign policy and that we have interests to be protected and advanced throughout the world. Hereafter any treaty coming before our Senate for ratification will be examined with a magnifying-glass. The lesson of 1919 will serve for many a long year. Challenged and then ridiculed by the President, the Senate was put to the test of justifying

its refusal to become simply a *parlement* in the old Bourbon sense of the word, to register the king's (President's) decrees. "Foreign relations" is becoming a long suit of senators, and the campaign of 1920 has put them on their mettle.

By right of conquest, which is the only title other powers have, the United States is part owner of all the former German colonies, ships, cable lines, concessions, *et cetera*, throughout the world. (Our share in the title is clearly stated in Articles CXVIII and CXIX.) The first duty of our negotiators is to come to an understanding with the other part owners concerning the disposition of these territories. President Wilson thought he had this settled by the mandatory scheme which he inserted in the Treaty of Versailles. Articles CXVIII and CXIX must be read in connection with Article XXII, which provides for the joint ownership to be exercised by a mandatory. Joint ownership, with a mandatory régime, is also proclaimed for the regions detached from the Ottoman Empire.

But during the twenty months that have elapsed since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, France, Great Britain, and Japan have disregarded the article of the treaty referring to mandatories and have forgotten that the text of Article CXIX reading, "Germany renounces in favor of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers all her rights and titles over her overseas possessions," prevents a clear title to the German colonies from inhering in any of the present occupants without the consent of the United States. Few Americans know that France and Great Britain are at this very moment in difficult negotiations with Italy over this question. We may not want for ourselves any of these former German possessions, but the new administration incurs a tremendous responsibility toward posterity if it does not get written into the treaties in explicit language that in every single one of these former German possessions American citizens, American corporations, and American commerce will have for all time exactly the same rights as the subjects, corporations, and commerce of the nation that happens to administer the mandate.

Already we have had an illustration of how our associates intend to regard these new possessions. Great Britain and Australia actually made an agreement to form a monopoly of the phosphates of the Island of Nairu, the two governments sharing. As France and Japan had their share of the colonies, and Italy was negotiating for tangible compensations, this did not affect their interests. They could act similarly in their own share of the loot. But how about the United States? We own one fifth of Nairu, and an administration that allows us to lose by default our part in this rich and essential phosphate region is derelict in its duty.

Similarly, by explicit treaty provisions, we should settle with our partners in these possessions the question of right of fortification. This fact, neglected like many others by our Paris negotiators, needs only a glance at the atlas. One seizes immediately the importance of it. Look at the map of the Pacific; keep in mind that Japan has the German islands north of the equator; mark how the Carolines and the Ladrões (Mariannes), the two former German archipelagoes, lie between Hawaii and the Philippines; and draw your own conclusions.

If the former German colonies contain raw materials and offer market potentialities we cannot afford to allow other nations to monopolize or fence off from us by tariff walls, what shall we say of the Ottoman territories, Egypt and Morocco, the new status of all of which we are invited to subscribe to in the treaties? If the Senate had ratified the Treaty of Versailles, we should have waived in favor of Great Britain and France rights in Egypt and Morocco won and guaranteed by laborious and skilful negotiations of past generations of American statesmen. And what should we have got in return? Nothing at all. As for the Ottoman Empire, the capitulatory régime gave our merchants rights equal to those of all other nations in vast regions which the French and British are now annexing for their exclusive profit. At the present moment we may be able to get along without the open door in these markets, but if it is once closed against us, we shall curse the folly and carelessness of negotiators who

did not know how to defend American rights in international conferences. The mandatory scheme may not be practicable, but the guaranty of the open door for our commerce and our capital, written down in black and white in the revised treaties, I insist is practicable, and can be accomplished by our negotiators in exchange for allowing other nations to have the German colonies, divide the Ottoman territories, and establish protectorates.

Like those relating to Egypt and Morocco, the Shan-tung clauses are repeated in all the treaties. They bring up the same question of the open door, but on a much larger scale. The Shan-tung clauses of the Treaty of Versailles did more to discredit the treaty before American public opinion than any other of its bad features.

I have just re-read the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain to see if I could not find something in them to justify our participation in them either on the ground of idealism or of national interest. Fearing that I might unconsciously be the victim of my prejudice, I asked members of my Chautauqua classes (for six weeks I lectured to several hundred people twice a day in courses on the treaties and the aftermath of the peace conference) to read over again the treaties before they scattered to their homes all over the United States and bring me some specific feature that might be regarded as directly advantageous to American national interests. The only answer was the vague general affirmation of a staunch Texas Democrat that she believed the creation of the league would atone for the admitted injustices of the treaties, and as the league would prevent wars, that was to the advantage of the United States. Since the summer school experience at Chautauqua, no other answer has been given me even by the reading of Democratic campaign speeches.

And yet the treaties do yield very substantial and specific advantages to our partners in the recent wars. All will have their indemnities and their economic privileges at the expense of the vanquished. The naval and shipping clauses rid Great Britain of German naval and commercial competition at

sea; the Rhine Valley and disarmament clauses are France's solution of the problem of her security; the Sarre Basin occupation gives France an immediate tangible and special indemnity; Alsace and Lorraine are a well-deserved reward to France; Italy has her *terre irredente* and more, for the Hapsburg Empire is no more; France and Great Britain round out their African empires with the German colonies; Great Britain's policy of shields for India is strengthened by the acquisition of Palestine and Mesopotamia, nicely rounded out by the Anglo-Persian Treaty of August, 1919; Japan has Shan-tung and lots of islands on our path to the Far East; and China gets back her astronomical instruments stolen by Germany at the time of the Boxer troubles. China would have preferred the return of her most historic province, also stolen by Germany, and let Japan have the astronomical instruments. But the world is not built that way.

What did we get? The recognition of the Monroe Doctrine is something, you say. But did we need to have the Monroe Doctrine recognized, seeing we should always enforce it, anyway? Moreover,

the Monroe Doctrine is not "a regional understanding," as the Treaty of Versailles puts it. And yet there are American interests as important to us as control of northern Africa is to France, of South Africa and the approaches to India to Great Britain, of the Pacific mainland of Asia to Japan, and of the Adriatic to Italy. If the new-world order in which we are asked to cooperate, and which incidentally we shall be called upon to finance, can be realized, as President Wilson explained, only by taking into account the foreign policies and special interests of the four "Principal Allied Powers," how about the foreign policy and special interests of the "Associated Power?"

Contracts without a *quid pro quo* are worthless. The party whose interests are not looked after in a contract is not likely to accept it. He will send the contract back for revision. That is what we are going to do. And our new negotiators must see to it that the definitive treaties recognize and provide for the interests of the "Associated Power" fully as much as for the interests of the "Allied Powers."



The Rock Pool

(To Miss Alice Warrender)

By EDWARD SHANKS

This is the sea. In these uneven walls
 A wave lies prisoned. Far and far away
 Outward to ocean, as the slow tide falls,
 Her sisters, through the capes that hold the bay,
 Dancing in lovely liberty recede.
 Yet lovely in captivity she lies,
 Filled with soft colors where the waving weed
 Moves gently and discloses to our eyes
 Blurred shining veins of rock and lucent shells
 Under the light-shot water; and here repose
 Small, quiet fish and the dimly glowing bells
 Of sleeping sea-anemones that close
 Their tender fronds and will not now awake
 Till on these rocks the waves returning break.



THE WEST
TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY

Eight Paintings
by W. Herbert Dunton



Cow-punchers

Thirty years ago the cow puncher was typical of the West. To-day, save for a few districts where he still holds sway, his memory is kept green in the moving-picture theaters



The buffalo signal

When hunting buffalo, scouts would ride ahead of the Indian tribe, and on sighting a herd they would wave a buffalo-skin as a signal to those in the rear that the quarry had been found



Courtesy of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks

The open range

A typical picture of the typical West. The cow-boys returning to their ranch after the last round-up



Roping a wolf

A Westerner declares that no sport equals that of "lassing a lobo," and the painter here has shown that the skill of the hunter is equaled only by the intelligence of the broncho in avoiding the treacherous sage-brush



The emigrants

In these days of rapid transit it is hard to realize that only a comparatively short time ago courageous souls crossed the prairies and deserts with ox-drawn prairie-schooners to create the West as we know it to-day



The alarm

United States cavalrymen of the days when the redman was still a menace. The scouting party has just drawn the enemy's fire, and is returning to the main body of troops



The return of the greasy hunters

After a hard day in the snow clad mountains, the hunters are returning with the spoils of the chase

How I Found America

By ANZIA YEZIERSKA



VERY breath I drew was a breath of fear, every shadow a stifling shock, every footfall struck on my heart like the heavy boot of the Cossack. On a low stool in the middle of the only room in our mud hut sat my father, his red beard falling over the Book of Isaiah, open before him. On the tile stove, on the benches that were our beds, even on the earthen floor, sat the neighbors' children, learning from him the ancient poetry of the Hebrew race. As he chanted, the children repeated:

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness,

Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

Make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

Every valley shall be exalted,
And every mountain and hill shall be made low,

And the crooked shall be made straight,
And the rough places plain,
And the glory of God shall be revealed,
And all flesh shall see it together.

Undisturbed by the swaying and chanting of teacher and pupils, old Kakah, our speckled hen, with her brood of chicks, strutted and pecked at the potato-peelings that fell from my mother's lap as she prepared our noon meal.

I stood at the window watching the road, lest the Cossack come upon us unawares to enforce the ukase of the czar, which would tear the last bread from our mouths: "No *chadir* [Hebrew school] shall be held in a room used for cooking and sleeping."

With one eye I watched ravenously my mother cutting chunks of black bread. At last the potatoes were ready. She poured them out of an iron pot into a wooden bowl and placed them in the center of the table.

Instantly the swaying and chanting ceased. The children rushed forward. The fear of the Cossack was swept away from my heart by the fear that the children would get my potato, and deserting my post, with a shout of joy I seized my portion and bit a huge mouthful of mealy delight.

At that moment the door was driven open by the blow of an iron heel. The Cossack's whip swished through the air. Screaming, we scattered. The children ran out—our livelihood with them.

"*Oi weh!*" wailed my mother, clutching at her breast, "is there a God over us and sees all this?"

With grief-glazed eyes my father muttered a broken prayer as the Cossack thundered the ukase: "A thousand-ruble' fine, or a year in prison, if you are ever found again teaching children where you 're eating and sleeping."

"*Gottuniu!*" then pleaded my mother, "would you tear the last skin from our bones? Where else should we be eating and sleeping? Or should we keep *chadir* in the middle of the road? Have we houses with separate rooms like the czar?"

Ignoring my mother's protests, the Cossack strode out of the hut. My father sank into a chair, his head bowed in the silent grief of the helpless.

My mother wrung her hands.

"God from the world, is there no end to our troubles? When will the earth cover me and my woes?"

I watched the Cossack disappear down the road. All at once I saw the whole village running toward us. I dragged my mother to the window to see the approaching crowd.

"*Gevalt!* what more is falling over our heads?" she cried in alarm.

Masheh Mindel, the water-carrier's wife, headed a wild procession. The baker, the butcher, the shoemaker, the tailor, the goatherd, the workers in the fields, with their wives and children

pressed toward us through a cloud of dust.

Masheh Mindel, almost fainting, fell in front of the doorway.

"A letter from America!" she gasped.

"A letter from America!" echoed the crowd as they snatched the letter from her and thrust it into my father's hands.

"Read, read!" they shouted tumultuously.

My father looked through the letter, his lips uttering no sound. In breathless suspense the crowd gazed at him. Their eyes shone with wonder and reverence for the only man in the village who could read. Masheh Mindel crouched at his feet, her neck stretched toward him to catch each precious word of the letter.

To my worthy wife, Masheh Mindel, and to my loving son, Sushkah Feivel, and to my darling daughter, the apple of my eye, the pride of my life, Tzipkeleh!

Long years and good luck on you! May the blessings from heaven fall over your beloved heads and save you from all harm!

First I come to tell you that I am well and in good health. May I hear the same from you!

Secondly, I am telling you that my sun is beginning to shine in America. I am becoming a person—a business man. I have for myself a stand in the most crowded part of America, where people are as thick as flies and every day is like market-day at a fair. My business is from bananas and apples. The day begins with my push-cart full of fruit, and the day never ends before I can count up at least two dollars' profit. That means four rubles. Stand before your eyes, I, Gedalyah Mindel, four rubles a day; twenty-four rubles a week!

"Gedalyah Mindel, the water-carrier, twenty-four rubles a week!" The words leaped like fire in the air.

We gazed at his wife, Masheh Mindel, a dried-out bone of a woman.

"Masheh Mindel, with a husband in America, Masheh Mindel the wife of a man earning twenty-four rubles a week! The sky is falling to the earth!"

We looked at her with new reverence. Already she was a being from another world. The dead, sunken eyes became alive with light. The worry for bread that had tightened the skin of her cheek-

bones was gone. The sudden surge of happiness filled out her features, flushing her face as with wine. The two starved children clinging to her skirts, dazed with excitement, only dimly realized their good fortune in the envious glances of the others. But the letter went on:

Thirdly, I come to tell you, white bread and meat I eat every day, just like the millionaires. Fourthly, I have to tell you that I am no more Gedalyah Mindel. *Mister* Mindel they call me in America. Fifthly, Masheh Mindel and my dear children, in America there are no mud huts where cows and chickens and people live all together. I have for myself a separate room, with a closed door, and before any one can come to me, he must knock, and I can say, "Come in," or "Stay out," like a king in a palace. Lastly, my darling family and people of the village of Sukovoly, there is no czar in America.

My father paused. The hush was stifling. "No czar—no czar in America!" Even the little babies repeated the chant, "No czar in America!"

In America they ask everybody who should be the President. And I, Gedalyah Mindel, when I take out my citizen's papers, will have as much to say who shall be our next President as Mr. Rockefeller, the greatest millionaire. Fifty rubles I am sending you for your ship-ticket to America. And may all Jews who suffer in Golluth from ukases and pogroms live yet to lift up their heads like me, Gedalyah Mindel, in America.

Fifty rubles! A ship-ticket to America! That so much good luck should fall on one head! A savage envy bit us. Gloomy darts from narrowed eyes stabbed Masheh Mindel. Why should not we, too, have a chance to get away from this dark land! Has not every heard the same hunger for America, the same longing to live and laugh and breathe like a free human being? America is for all. Why should only Masheh Mindel and her children have a chance to the New World?

Murmuring and gesticulating, the crowd dispersed. Every one knew every one else's thought—how to get to America. What could they pawn? From where could they borrow for a ship-ticket?

Silently, we followed my father back into the hut from which the Cossack had driven us a while before. We children looked from mother to father and from father to mother.

"*Gottunieu!* the czar himself is pushing us to America by this last ukase." My mother's face lighted up the hut like a lamp.

"*Meshugeneh Yideneh!*" admonished my father. "Always your head in the air. What—where—America? With what money? Can dead people lift themselves up to dance?"

"Dance?" The samovar and the brass pots reëchoed my mother's laughter. "I could dance myself over the waves of the ocean to America."

In amazed delight at my mother's joy, we children rippled and chuckled with her. My father paced the room, his face dark with dread for the morrow.

"Empty hands, empty pockets; yet it dreams itself in you—America," he said.

"Who is poor who has hopes on America?" flaunted my mother.

"Sell my red-quilted petticoat that grandmother left for my dowry," I urged in excitement.

"Sell the feather-beds, sell the samovar," chorused the children.

"Sure, we can sell everything—the goat and all the winter things," added my mother. "It must be always summer in America."

I flung my arms around my brother, and he seized Bessie by the curls, and we danced about the room, crazy with joy.

"Beggars!" said my laughing mother. "Why are you so happy with yourselves? How will you go to America without a shirt on your back, without shoes on your feet?"

But we ran out into the road, shouting and singing:

"We 'll sell everything we got; we 're going to America. White bread and meat we 'll eat every day in America, in America!"

That very evening we brought Berel Zalman, the usurer, and showed him all our treasures, piled up in the middle of the hut.

"Look! All these fine feather-beds, Berel Zalman!" urged my mother. "This grand fur coat came from Nijny itself. My grandfather bought it at the fair."

I held up my red-quilted petticoat, the supreme sacrifice of my ten-year-old life. Even my father shyly pushed forward the samovar.

"It can hold enough tea for the whole village," he declared.

"Only a hundred rubles for them all!" pleaded my mother, "only enough to lift us to America! Only one hundred little rubles!"

"A hundred rubles! *Pfui!*" sniffed the pawnbroker. "Forty is overpaid. Not even thirty is it worth."

But, coaxing and cajoling, my mother got a hundred rubles out of him.

STEERAGE, dirty bundles, foul odors, seasick humanity; but I saw and heard nothing of the foulness and ugliness about me. I floated in showers of sunshine; visions upon visions of the New World opened before me. From lip to lip flowed the golden legend of the golden country:

"In America you can say what you feel, you can voice your thoughts in the open streets without fear of a Cossack."

"In America is a home for everybody. The land is your land, not, as in Russia, where you feel yourself a stranger in the village where you were born and reared, the village in which your father and grandfather lie buried."

"Everybody is with everybody alike in America. Christians and Jews are brothers together."

"An end to the worry for bread, an end to the fear of the bosses over you. Everybody can do what he wants with his life in America."

"There are no high or low in America. Even the President holds hands with Gedalyah Mindel."

"Plenty for all. Learning flows free, like milk and honey."

"Learning flows free." The words painted pictures in my mind. I saw before me free schools, free colleges, free libraries, where I could learn and learn and keep on learning. In our village was a school, but only for Christian children. In the schools of America I 'd lift up my head and laugh and dance, a child with other children. Like a bird in the air, from sky to sky, from star to star, I 'd soar and soar.

"Land! land!" came the joyous

shout. All crowded and pushed on deck. They strained and stretched to get the first glimpse of the "golden country," lifting their children on their shoulders that they might see beyond them. Men fell on their knees to pray. Women hugged their babies and wept. Children danced. Strangers embraced and kissed like old friends. Old men and old women had in their eyes a look of young people in love. Age-old visions sang themselves in me, songs of freedom of an oppressed people. America! America!

Between buildings that loomed like mountains we struggled with our bundles, spreading around us the smell of the steerage. Up Broadway, under the bridge, and through the swarming streets of the Ghetto, we followed Gedalyah Mindel.

I looked about the narrow streets of squeezed-in stores and houses, ragged clothes, dirty bedding oozing out of the windows, ash-cans and garbage-cans cluttering the sidewalks. A vague sadness pressed down my heart, the first doubt of America.

"Where are the green fields and open spaces in America?" cried my heart. "Where is the golden country of my dreams?" A loneliness for the fragrant silence of the woods that lay beyond our mud hut welled up in my heart, a longing for the soft, responsive earth of our village streets. All about me was the hardness of brick and stone, the smells of crowded poverty.

"Here 's your house, with separate rooms like a palace," said Gedalyah Mindel, and flung open the door of a dingy, airless flat.

"*Oi weh!*" cried my mother in dismay. "Where 's the sunshine in America?" She went to the window and looked out at the blank wall of the next house. "*Gottunieu!* Like in a grave so dark!"

"It ain't so dark; it 's only a little shady," said Gedalyah Mindel, and lighted the gas. "Look only!"—he pointed with pride to the dim gas-light—"No candles, no kerosene lamps, in America. You turn on a screw, and put to it a match, and you got it light like with sunshine."

Again the shadow fell over me, again the doubt of America. In America were

rooms without sunlight; rooms to sleep in, to eat in, to cook in, but without sunshine, and Gedalyah Mindel was happy. Could I be satisfied with just a place to sleep in and eat in, and a door to shut people out, to take the place of sunlight? Or would I always need the sunlight to be happy? And where was there a place in America for me to play? I looked out into the alley below, and saw pale-faced children scrambling in the gutter. "Where is America?" cried my heart.

My eyes were shutting themselves with sleep. Blindly I felt for the buttons on my dress; and buttoning, I sank back in sleep again—the dead-weight sleep of utter exhaustion.

"Heart of mine," my mother's voice moaned above me, "father is already gone an hour. You know how they 'll squeeze from you a nickel for every minute you 're late. Quick only!"

I seized my bread and herring and tumbled down the stairs and out into the street. I ate running, blindly pressing through the hurrying throngs of workers, my haste and fear choking every mouthful. I felt a strangling in my throat as I neared the sweat-shop prison; all my nerves screwed together into iron hardness to endure the day's torture.

For an instant I hesitated as I faced the grated windows of the old building. Dirt and decay cried out from every crumbling brick. In the maw of the shop raged around me the roar and the clatter, the merciless grind, of the pounding machines. Half-maddened, half-deadened, I struggled to think, to feel, to remember. What am I? Who am I? Why am I here? I struggled in vain, bewildered and lost in a whirlpool of noise. "America—America, where was America?" it cried in my heart.

Then came the factory whistle, the slowing down of the machines, the shout of release hailing the noon hour. I woke as from a tense nightmare, a weary waking to pain. In the dark chaos of my brain reason began to dawn. In my stifled heart feelings began to pulse. The wound of my wasted life began to throb and ache. With my childhood choked with drudgery, must my youth, too, die un-lived?

Here were the odor of herring and garlic, the ravenous munching of food, laughter and loud, vulgar jokes. Was it only I who was so wretched? I looked at those around me. Were they happy or only insensible to their slavery? How could they laugh and joke? Why were they not torn with rebellion against this galling grind, the crushing, deadening movements of the body, where only hands live, and hearts and brains must die?

I felt a touch on my shoulder and looked up. It was Yetta Solomon, from the machine next to mine.

"Here 's your tea."

I stared at her half-hearing.

"Ain't you going to eat nothing?"

"*Oi weh* Yetta! I can't stand it!" The cry broke from me. "I did n't come to America to turn into a machine. I came to America to make from myself a person. Does America want only my hands, only the strength of my body, not my heart, not my feelings, my thoughts?"

"Our heads ain't smart enough," said Yetta, practically. "We ain't been to school, like the American-born."

"What for did I come to America but to go to school, to learn, to think, to make something beautiful from my life?"

"Sh! 'Sh! The boss! the boss!" came the warning whisper.

A sudden hush fell over the shop as the boss entered. He raised his hand. There was breathless silence. The hard, red face with the pig's eyes held us under its sickening spell. Again I saw the Cossack and heard him thunder the ukase. Prepared for disaster, the girls paled as they cast at one another sidelong, frightened glances.

"Hands," he addressed us, fingering the gold watch-chain that spread across his fat stomach, "it 's slack in the other trades, and I can get plenty girls begging themselves to work for half what you 're getting; only I ain't a skinner. I always give my hands a show to earn their bread. From now on I 'll give you fifty cents a dozen shirts instead of seventy-five, but I 'll give you night-work, so you need n't lose nothing." And he was gone.

The stillness of death filled the shop. Every one felt the heart of the other bleed with her own helplessness. A sud-

den sound broke the silence. A woman sobbed chokingly. It was Balah Rifkin, a widow with three children.

"*Oi weh!*"—she tore at her scrawny neck,—“the blood-sucker! the thief! How will I give them to eat, my babies, my hungry little lambs!”

"Why do we let him choke us?"

"Twenty-five cents less on a dozen—how will we be able to live?"

"He tears the last skin from our bones."

"Why did n't nobody speak up to him?"

Something in me forced me forward. I forgot for the moment how my whole family depended on my job. I forgot that my father was out of work and we had received a notice to move for unpaid rent. The helplessness of the girls around me drove me to strength.

"I 'll go to the boss," I cried, my nerves quivering with fierce excitement. "I 'll tell him Balah Rifkin has three hungry mouths to feed."

Pale, hungry faces thrust themselves toward me, thin, knotted hands reached out, starved bodies pressed close about me.

"Long years on you!" cried Balah Rifkin, drying her eyes with a corner of her shawl.

"Tell him about my old father and me, his only bread-giver," came from Bessie Sopolsky, a gaunt-faced girl with a hacking cough.

"And I got no father or mother, and four of them younger than me hanging on my neck." Jennie Feist's beautiful young face was already scarred with the gray worries of age.

America, as the oppressed of all lands have dreamed America to be, and America as it is, flashed before me, a banner of fire. Behind me I felt masses pressing, thousands of immigrants; thousands upon thousands crushed by injustice, lifted me as on wings.

I entered the boss's office without a shadow of fear. I was not I; the wrongs of my people burned through me till I felt the very flesh of my body a living flame of rebellion. I faced the boss.

"We can't stand it," I cried. "Even as it is we 're hungry. Fifty cents a dozen would starve us. Can you, a Jew, tear the bread from another Jew's mouth?"

"You fresh mouth, you! Who are you to learn me my business?"

"Were n't you yourself once a machine slave, your life in the hands of your boss?"

"You loafer! Money for nothing you want! The minute they begin to talk English they get flies in their nose. A black year on you, trouble-maker! I'll have no smart heads in my shop! Such freshness! Out you get! Out from my shop!"

Stunned and hopeless, the wings of my courage broken, I groped my way back to them—back to the eager, waiting faces, back to the crushed hearts aching with mine.

As I opened the door, they read our defeat in my face.

"Girls,"—I held out my hands,— "he's fired me." My voice died in the silence. Not a girl stirred. Their heads only bent closer over their machines.

"Here, you, get yourself out of here!" the boss thundered at me. "Bessie Sopolsky and you, Balah Rifkin, take out her machine into the hall. I want no big-mouthed *Americanerins* in my shop."

Bessie Sopolsky and Balah Rifkin, their eyes black with tragedy, carried out my machine. Not a hand was held out to me, not a face met mine. I felt them shrink from me as I passed them on my way out.

In the street I found I was crying. The new hope that had flowed in me so strongly bled out of my veins. A moment before, our unity had made me believe us so strong, and now I saw each alone, crushed, broken. What were they all but crawling worms, servile grubbers for bread?

And then in the very bitterness of my resentment the hardness broke in me. I saw the girls through their own eyes, as if I were inside of them. What else could they have done? Was not an immediate crust of bread for Balah Rifkin's children more urgent than truth, more vital than honor? Could it be that they ever had dreamed of America as I had dreamed? Had their faith in America wholly died in them? Could my faith be killed as theirs had been?

Gasping from running, Yetta Solomon flung her arms around me.

"You golden heart! I sneaked myself out from the shop only to tell you I'll come to see you to-night. I'd give the blood from under my nails for you, only I got to run back. I got to hold my job. My mother—"

I hardly saw or heard her. My senses were stunned with my defeat. I walked on in a blind daze, feeling that any moment I would drop in the middle of the street from sheer exhaustion. Every hope I had clung to, every human stay, every reality, was torn from under me. Was it then only a dream, a mirage of the hungry-hearted people in the desert lands of oppression, this age-old faith in America?

Again I saw the mob of dusty villagers crowding about my father as he read the letter from America, their eager faces thrust out, their eyes blazing with the same hope, the same faith, that had driven me on. Had the starved villagers of Sukovoly lifted above their sorrows a mere rainbow vision that led them—where? Where? To the stifling submission of the sweat-shop or the desperation of the streets!

"God! God!" My eyes sought the sky, praying, "where—where is America?"

TIMES changed. The sweat-shop conditions that I had lived through had become a relic of the past. Wages had doubled, tripled, and went up higher and higher, and the working-day became shorter and shorter. I began to earn enough to move my family uptown into a sunny, airy flat with electricity and telephone service. I even saved up enough to buy a phonograph and a piano.

My knotted nerves relaxed. At last I had become free from the worry for bread and rent, but I was not happy. A more restless discontent than ever before ate out my heart. Freedom from stomach needs only intensified the needs of my soul.

I ached and clamored for America. Higher wages and shorter hours of work, mere physical comfort, were not yet America. I had dreamed that America was a place where the heart could grow big with giving. Though outwardly I had become prosperous, life still forced

me into an existence of mere getting and getting.

Ach! how I longed for a friend, a real American friend, some one to whom I could express the thoughts and feelings that choked me! In the Bronx, the up-town Ghetto, I felt myself farther away from the spirit of America than ever before. In the East Side the people had yet alive in their eyes the old, old dreams of America, the America that would release the age-old hunger to give; but in the prosperous Bronx good eating and good sleeping replaced the spiritual need for giving. The chase for dollars and diamonds deadened the dreams that had once brought them to America.

More and more the all-consuming need for a friend possessed me. In the street, in the cars, in the subways, I was always seeking, ceaselessly seeking for eyes, a face, the flash of a smile that would be light in my darkness.

I felt sometimes that I was only burning out my heart for a shadow, an echo, a wild dream, but I could n't help it. Nothing was real to me but my hope of finding a friend. America was not America to me unless I could find an American that would make America real.

The hunger of my heart drove me to the night-school. Again my dream flamed. Again America beckoned. In the school there would be education, air, life for my cramped-in spirit. I would learn to think, to form the thoughts that surged formless in me. I would find the teacher that would make me articulate.

I joined the literature class. They were reading "The De Coverley Papers." Filled with insatiate thirst, I drank in every line with the feeling that any moment I would get to the fountain-heart of revelation. Night after night I read with tireless devotion. But of what? The manners and customs of the eighteenth century, of people two hundred years dead.

One evening, after a month's attendance, when the class had dwindled from fifty to four, and the teacher began scolding us who were present for those who were absent, my bitterness broke.

"Do you know why all the girls are dropping away from the class? It's because they have too much sense than to waste themselves on "The De Coverley

Papers.' Us four girls are four fools. We could learn more in the streets. It's dirty and wrong, but it's life. What are "The De Coverley Papers?" Dry dust fit for the ash-can."

"Perhaps you had better tell the principal your ideas of the standard classics," she scoffed, white with rage.

"All right," I snapped, and hurried down to the principal's office.

I swung open the door.

"I just want to tell you why I'm leaving. I—"

"Won't you come in?" The principal rose and placed a chair for me near her desk. "Now tell me all." She leaned forward with an inviting interest.

I looked up, and met the steady gaze of eyes shining with light. In a moment all my anger fled. "The De Coverley Papers" were forgotten. The warm friendliness of her face held me like a familiar dream. I could n't speak. It was as if the sky suddenly opened in my heart.

"Do go on," she said, and gave me a quick nod. "I want to hear."

The repression of centuries rushed out of my heart. I told her everything—of the mud hut in Sukovoly where I was born, of the czar's pogroms, of the constant fear of the Cossack, of Gedalyah Mindel's letter, of our hopes in coming to America, and my search for an American who would make America real.

"I am so glad you came to me," she said. And after a pause, "You can help me."

"Help you?" I cried. It was the first time that an American suggested that I could help her.

"Yes, indeed. I have always wanted to know more of that mysterious, vibrant life—the immigrant. You can help me know my girls. You have so much to give—"

"Give—that's what I was hungering and thirsting all these years—to give out what's in me. I was dying in the unused riches of my soul."

"I know; I know just what you mean," she said, putting her hand on mine.

My whole being seemed to change in the warmth of her comprehension. "I have a friend," it sang itself in me. "I have a friend!"

"And you are a born American?" I

asked. There was none of that sure, all-right look of the Americans about her.

"Yes, indeed. My mother, like so many mothers,"—and her eyebrows lifted humorously whimsical,—"claims we 're descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers, and that one of our lineal ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*."

"For all your mother's pride in the Pilgrim Fathers, you yourself are as plain from the heart as an immigrant."

"Were n't the Pilgrim Fathers immigrants two hundred years ago?"

She took from her desk a book and read to me.

Then she opened her arms to me, and breathlessly I felt myself drawn to her.

Bonds seemed to burst. A suffusion of light filled my being. Great choirings lifted me in space. I walked out unseeingly.

All the way home the words she read flamed before me: "We go forth all to seek America. And in the seeking we create her. In the quality of our search shall be the nature of the America that we create."

So all those lonely years of seeking and praying were not in vain. How glad I was that I had not stopped at the husk, a good job, a good living! Through my inarticulate groping and reaching out I had found the soul, the spirit of America.

The Buzzards

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

When evening came, and the warm glow grew deeper,
And every tree that bordered the green meadows
And in the yellow corn-fields every reaper
And every corn-shock stood above their shadows,
Flung eastward from their feet in longer measure,
Serenely far there swam in the sunny height
A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure
Swirling and poising idly in golden light.

On great pied, motionless moth-wings borne along,
So effortless and so strong,
Cutting each other's paths together they glided,
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
Two valleys' width (as though it were delight
To part like this, being sure they could unite
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny steep,
Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
Swung proudly to a curve, and from its height
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep.

And we, so small on the swift, immense hillside,
Stood tranced, until our souls arose uplifted
On those far-sweeping, wide,
Strong curves—lo! flight,—swayed up and hugely drifted,
Were washed, made strong and beautiful in the tide
Of sun-bathed air. But far beneath, beholden
Through shining deeps of air, the fields were golden,
And rosy burned the heather where corn-fields ended.

And still those buzzards wheeled, while light withdrew
Out of the vales, and to surging slopes ascended,
Till the loftiest-flaming summit died to blue.



Initiation

By LOUISE FORSYTH

Illustrations by George Wright



YOU will be sorry to hear," wrote Aunt Susan, "that Abigail Baxter's house was burned to the ground night before last. It was struck by lightning in one of the worst storms we ever had at this time of year. Abigail's tenants got their furniture out, but she refused to believe the house would really go and would n't have a thing touched. She lost everything except a few clothes and personal possessions."

The letter dropped to my lap. I felt stunned, as if some one had dealt me a heavy blow; for Cousin Abigail's house was no ordinary house, and its loss no ordinary calamity. It had been built by her great-grandfather in the early days of the little New England settlement, and she had been born in it, and had lived in it for nearly seventy years. Closing my eyes, I could see it distinctly. It stood very nobly on a swelling rise of ground facing a great gap in the hills. A rich foreground of meadow-land, flanked by woods of dark pine and hemlock, sloped in long, easy gradations to the recesses of the valley, where the river flowed. From the upper windows the silver ribbon was just discernible.

The house was three stories high, of the familiar colonial type, many-windowed, with huge, hospitable chimneys. In front was a walled-in yard, with stone steps leading up to its gate, a brick walk, and a second flight of steps before the wide white door, with its fan-lights and delicate, restrained carvings. Just within the walls of the yard grew lilac-bushes, in masses so high that in springtime the lower windows were completely hidden by their luxuriance of purple and gray-

green. A steep driveway led up from the road at one side of the yard, and on the other, to the west, was Cousin Abigail's garden. There in the brief Northern summers glowed her poppies and larkspurs, and her swaying hollyhocks bent before the winds that swept down from the hill behind the house. A long-unused road, once the thoroughfare to the neighboring village, lay along the side of this hill. I fancied that some unsuspected esthetic sense in that remote great-grandfather had led him to build his home to face the valley and the sunset rather than what was then the highway to the settlement. In Cousin Abigail's time it had only one reason for being: it led to the cemetery. Once I had walked there with her. It was the most beautiful graveyard I ever saw. It lay along the slope of the hill under a scattered growth of primeval pines; the graves were hushed and brown with their needles. There was no formal arrangement; here and there a silvery-gray stone, leaning at a reposeful angle, marked the resting-place of one of the founders of the settlement. There was no crowding; each pioneer had ample room to stretch his six feet of sturdy physique for his final sleep.

We wandered about, deciphering the names of our common ancestors and trying to visualize the personalities of all the Daniels and Davids and Hannahs who lay there. A queer little look flickered over Cousin Abigail's shrewd face as we turned back down the velvet road.

"It's handy to have 'em so near," she said; "but sometimes I'd like livelier neighbors."

That had been ten years ago. She took me all over the house that day,

through one unoccupied chamber after another, brave in its unused mahogany and high-piled goose-feather beds. In the northwest corner an apartment of several rooms had been cut off from the rest of the house for the tenants, of whom Aunt Susan wrote. Included in this group was the original kitchen, with its vast fireplace—the very hearthstone of Cousin Abigail's family.

And now all this was gone; all this tangible evidence of a century and more of plain, thrifty, dignified living had been swept away in an hour. I had grown used, in the last four years, to tales of wreck and ruin, but not even the tragedy of Rheims had moved me so deeply as the destruction of this old New England house, for in a sense it had for me the poignancy of personal loss. Cousin Abigail's forebears had been close kin to mine. The shadowy shapes of my own people had moved for me in that house, helped to create the atmosphere that enveloped it. Furthermore, I realized what it must mean to Cousin Abigail to lose the background which had furnished her uneventful life with its most vivid significance. I was fond of her. I contrasted her with the people I knew best in my own environment, and set her shrewdness, her thrift, her keen, unconscious humor, her slightly stern moral sense against their suavity and sophisticated smoothness. I glimpsed their characters through a mask of gracious manner not always the index to their hearts; she who wore no mask at all did not have to be glimpsed or guessed at. You could look at her and see.

I did not write to Cousin Abigail about the loss of her house; somehow I could not. Finally I sent a message to her in a letter to Aunt Susan. It was several weeks before I received an answer; but at last, one day in early June, it came.

Abigail Baxter is much obliged to you and says she should like to see you. And it seems to me you had better shut up your house and come up here for the summer. Down there all alone, you probably dwell too much on that boy of yours overseas. I have plenty of room, and I should like to have you with me.

I knew that this apparently unemotional invitation was in reality not only

sincere, but ardent in its warmth; that is, for Aunt Susan. There was no reason why I should not accept it, and the reasons why I should appealed to me more and more, until one day toward the end of the month I packed a trunk, telegraphed to my aunt, and started for New Hampshire. The station nearest Aunt Susan's home was nearly a day's journey from New York, so that it was almost dusk when I arrived. My aunt met me with her young chauffeur, who turned out to be the minister's son, home from college. She welcomed me with a hand-clasp warmer than her kiss, and in a few minutes we were skimming smoothly up and down hill through the crystal coolness of the June twilight. Suddenly she seized my arm.

"Look quick! That 's where it was—Abbie Baxter's house."

The car was making a whirling descent round a curve; instantly I recognized the spot. There were the brick wall and the stone steps and the lilacs. There was no hint of ruin from the road; all wreckage was decorously concealed with true New England reserve. We passed so quickly that I had only a glimpse, but it was enough. The house was gone. I had not realized it before.

That evening, before the fire in Aunt Susan's living-room, I asked her about Cousin Abigail. There was not much to tell. After the disaster she had spent a few days with some cousins on a hill farm in the neighborhood, and had then gone to live in the village with an old friend of hers, a childless widow.

"Everybody thought she would be crushed," commented Aunt Susan, "but she is n't. It would take more than that to down Abigail Baxter."

"I want to see her."

"You shall. I 'll ask Paul to take you round there to-morrow afternoon, and you can have a nice long visit."

So the next day the minister's son left me at a little cream-colored cottage on one of the side streets, separated from the sidewalk by a few feet of bright garden. As I went up the path, a woman working there looked up, and I saw that it was Cousin Abigail. For an instant she did not recognize me; then, as I put out both hands, a light sprang into her eyes, and she came impulsively toward



"We wandered about, deciphering the names of our common ancestors"

me and caught me by the shoulders in a sort of tender excitement.

"Why, Helen Mortimer!"

She seemed not to be able to say another word, and I felt equally inexpressive. With a rush all the old feeling for her swept over me. She was just the same, barring a ten years' dimming of her brightness. But the old eager kindness, the unquenchable vivacity, beamed still in her wrinkled little face and faded-blue eyes. She was much shorter than I, and she stood looking up into my face with something of a child's ardor of questioning.

"How *did* you get here? Come right up on the piazza and sit down and tell me all about it."

With a quick movement she laid her gardening-tools in order beside the path and led me alertly up the steps to a narrow porch.

"Just let me wash my hands. I'll be back in a jiffy."

She was. She seated herself in a small rocking-chair facing mine, and tilting forward, looked me up and down, a tremulous smile playing over her thin, brown face.

"You've changed, Helen Mortimer," she said softly. We had not met since my widowhood.

"You have n't," I parried. "Maybe the outer husk a trifle, but inside, Cousin Abigail, you're just the same. I'm so glad."

Quizzically she gave me a sidelong look.

"In your part of the country I suppose it is n't polite to say folks have grown old, but up here we admit it. I've improved."

"You could n't. You were a saint ten years ago." She laughed at that, a thin, rippling treble of old woman's laughter; but it was good to hear.

Then we talked, first of all the people we knew, and of all their relatives and circumstances; then of those who had passed and the days that were forever gone. There was not a trace of sentimentality in Cousin Abigail's make-up, and her comments upon her dead friends and relatives were precisely as incisive as the criticisms she made of the living. But neither was there any hint of ill will in anything she said, and she had a wide-

flung cloak of charity for all shortcomings. Only she knew perfectly well what was under the cloak.

At last, reaching some natural pause in the flow of our reminiscences, we stopped to take breath. Watching her mobile face, I divined the process by which Cousin Abigail's flying thoughts circled ever nearer and nearer to the loss of her house. Finally they perched. Something very subtle and beseeching in her look brought the long-unuttered words to my lips.

"I have n't spoken of it, Cousin Abigail," I faltered, "but you must know how I've thought of it! It's heart-breaking—your beautiful old house!"

Cousin Abigail sat very still. Her eyes had a curious inward look; I knew what they saw. I dared say no more and waited for her to speak. With a quick intake of breath she turned and met my look.

"It *was* a beautiful house, was n't it?" she said, smiling happily. "I'm so glad Great-grandfather Baxter faced it toward the west. I shall always have those sunsets to remember. Sometimes they were like heaven opened."

An almost imperceptible turn of the head indicated her present western outlook: it was the next neighbor's combination garage and chicken-house. She moved her rocking-chair to a slightly different angle and looked straight into my eyes.

"Helen, let's talk about it. You're the only human being that I've ever wanted to mention it to except in the most casual way. But you understand things. I've done a good deal of thinking since it happened. I'd like you to judge whether or not I've got anywhere by it. You see, this has been my one great life experience."

She laughed as she said it, but underneath I perceived a profound seriousness. Like Dr. Holmes, she was laughing only on the outside.

"Tell me."

"I will; only I don't know where to begin. You remember the house, of course."

"So well! You have n't forgotten that afternoon in the cemetery?"

"No, indeed." She laughed again, most inappropriately. "Well, the ceme-

tery 's still there; there 's nothing more permanent than a country graveyard. But it 's three miles away now, so I don't visit 'em so often as I did. Now, that 's a thing I was going to speak of." Again she gave me that quaint sidelong look. "That place of mine was too close to the cemetery and too far from the movies."

"But, Cousin Abigail," I gasped, "you don't go to the *movies!*"

She nodded gaily, with emphasis.

"I do! Lucy Wyman and I go three times a week regularly, and if it 's a case of troops being reviewed, we make it four. I like the movies. Why, just think, everything that 's gone on in the world for the last four years, and plenty that has n't, I 've seen right before my eyes, and not *still*, either, but *going!* Maybe after a spell I shall get tired of 'em, but I have n't yet. And then there 's church." Her animation subsided decorously. "You see, I never could go to church regularly before. There was the bad weather, and the bad roads, and it got to be pretty hard to

harness up and start. I used to read sermons instead. But it was n't so satisfying. I 'd rather hear a man talk, any day. I like folks."

"I know. Is your minister a good talker?"

"Well, we could afford a better if the Baptists and Methodists could see their way clear to worship along with the Congregationalists and Unitarians; but they can't. They seem to look at God a little differently from the way we do, so we all travel our separate paths with such shepherds as we can get. No, it is n't always inspiring; but once in a while we have a Dartmouth professor, and then I go morning and evening, and get enough to think of for a week."

"Philosopher!"

"Well, I don't know," she deprecated. "Maybe I am. I 've seen a good deal of life in most seventy years, and had a good deal of time to think over what I 've seen. That is, I did have. Now, of course, I 'm living in a whirl."

No débutante could have sparkled



"As I went up the path, a woman working there looked up, and I saw that it was Cousin Abigail"



“I put her to bed and got the doctor”

more delightedly; but in a moment she was serious again.

“I know how queer it must seem to you, Helen, to hear me say I know something about life. You can’t help thinking of me as a sort of fossil buried on a New England farm, with my nearest neighbor half a mile away. And of course it has been what you’d call vicarious,—a good deal of what I’ve felt,—not direct or personal. Useless, too, maybe. But let me tell you,”—she sat of a sudden very straight and pressed a thin brown hand down hard on my knee, “when the people in my little tenement turned their seventeen-year-old daughter out of doors one November night, and she came sobbing round to me, and I put her to bed and got the doctor (it was just a week after I’d had the telephone put in), and the baby was born before morning—somehow I felt as if I was pretty close to real living. I had that baby to love for most two months.”

“And then—”

“It died. It was just as well.”

Neither of us spoke for several minutes.

“Well, that family moved away,” pursued Cousin Abigail, “and the next one had a son in one of the training camps. I’d never seen him until he came home on his last leave before he went to France. He was a splendid boy; I did n’t wonder his mother was proud of him. I can see him this minute, standing there in the doorway, laughing, and eating the hot doughnuts she’d made for him. He had one in each hand. I was in the garden, and she called to me from the window, ‘Ain’t he grand in his uniform, Miss Baxter?’ And he was; just grand. If I’d had a boy like that—well! He went off, and pretty soon sailed and she did n’t hear from him very often. But when she did get a letter she’d come running in to tell me, and read it, happy as a girl. He must have done well, for he got to be a corporal before—oh, yes, it came. She got the despatch one afternoon about five o’clock. I thought for a while it might be a mistake, and I used to read the casualty-lists without losing a line, hoping I’d find a correction. But it was so.” She stopped abruptly. “I ought not to tell you this.”

"Go on."

She looked at me sharply and went on with her story.

"In a month or so a letter came from a neighbor's son telling about it. After the shell struck him they carried him in an army overcoat for a stretcher to the first-aid station, and he died that night. I tried to make her see it was a mercy it was so quick, still more a mercy he did n't live to come home. But she could n't. She could n't see anything—anywhere—that was any comfort to her. I could n't do a thing for her; nobody could."

Cousin Abigail sighed. All at once she looked very old. Again we were silent.

"Maybe you don't see," she went on after a while, "what connection these things I've been telling you and others I *could* tell have with the house and my losing it. I don't know as I can make it clear to you, though it's plain enough to me. Anyway, I'll have to go back a little. You know my cousin Annie Goodell's daughter is a teacher down to Holyoke. It's a college now; I remember how I used to long to go to school there when it was just a ladies' seminary. Well, sometimes Florence Goodell used to come to stay with me in the summer, and she always had her trunk loaded with books, so that it was a job to get it up to her room. I read in 'em a good deal and found a number of my own ideas in some of 'em. Now and then I got hold of a new one. One man—I think he was a Harvard professor—said that having trouble is a sort of initiation; that you can't ever really understand life without it. I thought about that considerable. And I could see that nothing had ever really happened to me; all the experiences I'd been through and suffered so much going through had been other people's trials. Not one of 'em had actually belonged to me. And

I felt sort of poor." Her eyes were fixed on a swaying spray of the rambler rose that climbed the porch, but I knew she did not see it.

"It was this way," she went on after a moment, looking at me with an odd smile: "there was nothing human for me to lose. How could I be *initiated* except through that house—and the loss of it? It meant everything to me; it was all I had. It was my past and my present and my future. I loved every inch of it. I loved my hills and my sunsets and my garden, and I loved the cemetery, too. If I'd ever married or had a child, it would have been different. I could have wound every fiber around a child. But I had only the house. And so, for my enrichment, the house had to go. And it went in a beautiful death. Oh, I tell you it was glorious to see it go up to the sky in those banners of flame! It was a translation! I stood down by the road and watched it. Folks thought I acted queer. They wanted me to save things, but I put 'em off, somehow. I did n't *want* to save anything. It was all mine—everything I had on earth going up—up—" Her voice broke, and her chin trembled, but her eyes were dry and bright. She drew a long breath and went on steadily:

"Oh, I know it's only a tiny hint of what great bereavements mean to happier people than I, but it was all that could happen to me. I've been stripped, too. I understand, and I'm free!"

She squared her frail shoulders gallantly, the blood of her fighting forebears glowing in her thin old cheeks. I leaned forward and kissed her.

"You—soldier!"

The minister's son was driving up to the gate. We stood, with hands clasped, close. Suddenly her eyes brimmed.

"I know your boy will come home safe from France," she whispered. "You see, you've *been* initiated."






Sir William Van Horne

The Recreations of a Busy Man¹

By WALTER VAUGHAN

IR WILLIAM VAN HORNE'S accomplishments in the construction and development of the Canadian Pacific during the eighties is so notable that it might well have exhausted the mental and physical energies of the most robust. But there is truth in the paradox that no one has so much spare time as the busy man, and Van Horne could never be idle. His vitality and restlessness, and the versatility of his tastes, demanded a constant outlet, if not in work, then in the pursuit of his hobbies, in playing games, or in a hospitality which was eagerly sought by an ever-growing host of friends. Nor was he neglectful of the gentler pleasures of home and family, which lost one of its number in November, 1885, when his mother, "a noble woman, courageous and resourceful," died.

His daughter has preserved a series of letters that he wrote to her when she was a school-girl in Berlin. These are charming by reason of their simplicity and of his effort to adapt his pen to matter which he supposed to be suitable for her immature years. In common with other busy fathers, he failed to realize that she was almost grown up, and embellished his letters with humorous sketches of the family and their hobbies, and with little bits of home gossip giving unconscious pictures of himself: "Little Grandma and I beat Mama and Aunt Mary this evening at whist. No. Almost, but so near that Grandma was quite happy."

He expected her to rejoice with him in every new picture he had secured or in the good lines of a mantel he had just designed; but when she began looking up the Van Horne genealogy in Holland and wrote him of the family's coat of arms, he poked fun at her and her heraldry. His women-folk insisted that

they had found the Dutch patriot Count Van Hoorn (de Horne) on their family tree, but he professed nothing but laughing contempt for the American search for ancestors in Europe. Families of the New World, he declared, should look to no record, no past, but that which they made for themselves. It was better to be a respectable descendant than to have an illustrious ancestor.

He found time, too, to carry on an entertaining correspondence with some of the friends he had made during a first and hurried trip to Europe, especially with Lord Elphinstone, the queen's equery in waiting, whom he had previously met in Canada; and Aitken, the Glasgow artist, a man of much wit and humor.

Precluded from painting by daylight, he took up his brush and palette at night, and would often remain at his easel until two or three in the morning. The disadvantage of working with gas-light added to his zest, for it represented a difficulty to be overcome, and it cannot be questioned that he attained astonishing skill in overcoming it.

Sometimes his studio was shared by the artist, Percy Woodcock, and the two would paint industriously or gratify Van Horne's insatiable desire for new effects by experimenting in colors.

Van Horne's opportunities for painting did not satisfy his artistic instincts, growing more insistent year by year, and they found vent in other directions. He had hardly stopped collecting fossils before he began to collect Japanese pottery. His pieces were carefully chosen to illustrate historically the development of the art, and by 1886 his collection had attained such size and quality that his friend Meysenburg of St. Louis, another artistic mind tied to business, could write of "adding another trifle to your rich collection."

¹ A chapter from the biography of Sir William Van Horne.

More slowly, and with independence of judgment, he was forming the nucleus of a remarkable collection of paintings. In keeping with the vogue which it then enjoyed with American collectors, the Barbizon school made an early appeal to him, and his first important acquisition was an example of Rousseau's work. But while his purchases in the eighties were almost exclusively works of French artists, they were by no means confined to the realists. By 1890, D camps, Michel, Monet, Daumier, Ribot, and Bonvin, as well as Corot, were well represented in his collection; his Delacroixs were sufficiently important to be sought for a loan exhibition in New York; and, among others, he had several examples of Montecelli's joyous, but perishable, orchestration of colors. Benjamin Constant and other artists entertained in his home, which was becoming internationally known for its hospitality, left with him souvenirs of their visits in the form of drawings or sketches in oil, exchanged for samples of his own work.

In 1890 Van Horne began to prepare a fitting home for the treasures he had and the treasures he hoped to acquire. He bought one of the substantial gray-stone houses, typical of Montreal, fronting on Sherbrooke Street, close to the slopes of Mount Royal. Enlarging and altering it, with the assistance of his friend Colonna, he secured a residence of distinction and character in its proportions, while within it was a repository for art that was itself a work of art. Velvet wall-hangings in soft mellow tones were made the background for pictures and porcelains, to which more rare and beautiful examples were added year by year.

In his own home, in his car, or in his clubs in Montreal, Ottawa, and New York, he was ever ready to join in a hand at poker or whist. He had mastered the angles of the English billiard-table and the mysteries of side and screw, and, despite his corpulency, he handled a cue well. He loved games, and attacked them with a boyish zest which was never quenched, summoning all his extraordinary power of concentration to his aid in the effort to conquer his opponents. He kept a set of chessmen on his private car, and would

leave a group of directors and business magnates to do battle over the board through an evening and the long hours of the night with an unimportant secretary.

Nor did he disdain the lighter accomplishments of the drawing-room. He could show innumerable card-tricks, and could "force a card" as well as a conjurer. When Stuart Cumberland was creating a world-wide furor with his feats of so-called mind-reading, Van Horne astonished his friends and guests by displaying a supposedly similar faculty. All through his life he took a curious delight in impressing the beholder by an exhibition of exceptional powers. This he was enabled to do by combining a prodigious memory with a remarkable gift for observation and deduction. He used to tell an amusing story of a test that was imposed on him in Sir Donald Smith's drawing-room after some successful fooling at the dinner-table. The party insisted that, seated at one end of the room, he should reproduce a drawing made by Sir George Stephen at the other end.

"I did n't know what the devil to do, and as I sat with pencil and paper before me, my mind was a perfect blank. Then I began to think and think hard. I suddenly remembered Lady Stephen telling me a few years before that her husband could draw only one thing, a salmon. I cast a sly glance over to the other end of the room, and saw his hand moving quickly in small circles. The scales! So I drew a salmon as quickly as I could. And, by jinks! it was right."

The cumulative effect of such impressions enabled him to create in the minds of men working on the railway the belief that he was endowed with superhuman attributes, that he was, indeed, omniscient.

"I believe Mr. Van Horne knows, or will know, that I am here now, lying on this grass, talking to you and watching you paint that picture," declared a young station-agent at Yale, who, having taken a few minutes off duty, was watching William Brymner, the well-known artist, at work on the banks of the Fraser.

When Van Horne was asked for an explanation, he told the following,

among several stories, illustrative of his methods:

"One evening I was traveling in my private car along what was, in those days, a rough part of the road north of Lake Superior. When the train stopped at a small station to take water, I got off to take a turn on the platform and stretch my legs. Going into the waiting-room, my attention was attracted by a conversation the telegraph-operator in the office behind the wicket was having on the ticker with another operator away up the line. I listened, and heard that "the boys" on the train which had just left for the East were having a great time. They had taken cushions from the first-class carriage, had made themselves comfortable in the baggage-car, and were playing poker. I did not say anything then, but when I got further down the line I telegraphed back to a station where the train with "the boys" was due to arrive a peremptory message that the cushions were to be returned to the first-class carriage and that employees were not allowed to play poker in the company's time. From that day to this those men don't know how I found out what they were doing."

Travel was his unflinching restorative. In his private car, the Saskatchewan, he slept like a child and was always at his best. A special train was used for his inspection tours, and when there was no need of close inspection, the train swept like a cyclone through small stations and drew up at water-tanks and divisional points in a cloud of steam and dust, from which the president instantly emerged. It happened in the twinkling of an eye—a Jovian descent that was as enjoyable to every railway man in sight as it was to himself. He continued to be as approachable to a yardman as to a director and as solicitous for his welfare. Compelled one day to wait some hours at Field, he took the trainmen up to the hotel to dinner, personally assuring himself that they should have as fine a dinner as the house could provide, though to do this he had to postpone that of his immediate party. Acts like these went, like the touch on a stringed instrument, clear along the line and made him the friend of every man in the service.

His guests on these trips were continually enlivened by his practical jokes, which were invariably conceived without malice and in a spirit of genuine fun. They were frequently worked out over considerable periods of time, and pressing telegraphy into his service he would sometimes keep the wires busy with messages that turned out to be bogus. In the dénouements the unsuspecting victims were not so much stunned with surprise as bewildered by the admirable ingenuity and careful elaboration of the plot.

In the perpetration of these jokes he had an apt confederate in Jimmy French, his porter. A quick-witted and unprepossessing negro, Jimmy was an excellent cook and devoted to his master's comfort. He was given, and exercised to the full, a liberty of speech which no one else would have dared, and which frequently led strangers to suppose that he must have saved Van Horne's life or rendered him some other unforgettable service; but there was a perfect understanding between the two. After an outbreak of picturesque vituperation from his master for some failure of service, Jimmy would seat himself a few minutes later on the arm of Van Horne's chair and punctuate the game of poker with droll remarks.

"Well, Jim," said Van Horne on one occasion, "it looks as if there was not much for the car in this game."

"I see dat, sah. Dat 's always the way. You get dose gen'l'muns in an' teach 'em a new game, and dey takes from you all de money in yo' jeans."

Jimmy identified himself with the Canadian Pacific and its president. Returning from the inspection of a rock-cutting, Van Horne found him sitting gloomily on the steps of the car.

"Jim, what 's the matter?" he asked. "Are you thinking of committing suicide?"

"Wa'al, Mistah Van Horne," replied Jimmy, mournfully, "I 've been a-lookin' on at all dat work, a-tearin' down and a-pilin' up of so much rock, and I 've just been thinkin' dats what takes the gilt edge off our dividends."

A mock argument with Jimmy, which provoked a stream of quick-witted and often droll replies, was a frequent means

of diversion for Van Horne and his guests. On one occasion when he was being bantered by Sir John Macdonald and Sir George Stephen, as well as by his master, he resorted to a lie, which Sir George promptly challenged. Jimmy was up a ladder, winding a clock.

"Wa'al you know, Mistah Van Horne," he said, glancing over his shoulder at the group below, "we railway men have to do a little of dat in our business."

The Saskatchewan was frequently put at the service of distinguished travelers, with Jimmy in charge of the party. When the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise were leaving Canada at the close of their viceregal term, they traveled to Quebec in his care and were amused by Jimmy's "Missa Louise" and "Your Succulency." They told Jimmy to call at their hotel and see them before leaving. Jimmy arrayed himself in his best, made his call, and was refused admittance to their Excellencies by their attendants. Lord Lorne, on hearing of this, drove immediately down to the Saskatchewan to say good-by to Jimmy.

"And what did you do when the marquis came?" asked Van Horne, to whom Jimmy was relating his experiences.

"I done ma very best, sah, to make him feel at home. I brought out de whisky and soda, sah."

When friends of Sir George Stephen or Sir Donald Smith traveled through Canada on the Saskatchewan, Jimmy would write to the former in London and give his version of the travelers' impressions of the road, to which he sometimes added comments of his own on their personal characteristics. Apropos of the wife of a governor-general of Australia, he wrote:

"She was the hollerest lady I ever met. Fust thing in the morning it was tea; then a little breakfast, then lunch, then tea, then dinner, and a bite of supper before she went to bed."

Jimmy always had an eye to the main chance, and from his wages and handsome tips he amassed a considerable sum, which he invested in house property in Chicago, his old home. One day in the nineties he announced that he was going to leave the Canadian Pacific and return to Chicago.

"How will the boss get along without you?" he was asked.

"Dat 's what I doan' know, sah," said Jimmy, in some distress. "Dat 's what 's troublin' me most."

Jimmy went to Chicago, but soon found that he could not live without his boss and the Saskatchewan. There was no Van Horne in Chicago of whom he could speak as "*we*." He missed the delight of telling every one who would listen "how *we* built the C. P. R." He returned to Montreal, to find that the president was not going to hold out his arms to the prodigal. Van Horne wanted Jimmy back, and knew that Jimmy wanted to return to the car, but he was not going to ask him. Jimmy hung disconsolately about the company's headquarters. Finally a day came when the Saskatchewan was going out, and by some chance, in which a prominent official of the company was the *deus ex machina*, there was no porter available. Jimmy was hunted out of his near-by cache and stolidly took his place. The first hours of the trip were abnormally silent, and then, without any reference to what had happened, the old relations between master and man were resumed, to be broken only by death.

One extremely hot summer day in 1901, when he was getting the car ready for a journey to Boston, Jimmy was stricken with heat apoplexy and was found dead where he fell, on his master's bed. No railway porter ever had a more imposing funeral, and Van Horne, who was deeply affected by the loss of his devoted servant, walked at the head of the procession as chief mourner.





The British West Indies

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author



ONCE he has reached our Virgin Islands, the traveler down the stepping-stones of the West Indies has left his worst experiences behind him; for while connections are rare and precarious between the large islands of the north Caribbean, the tiny ones forming its eastern boundary are favored with frequent and comfortable intercommunication. Several steamship lines from the North make St. Thomas their first stop, and, pausing a day or two in every island of any importance beyond, give the through traveler all the time he can spend to advantage in all but three or four of the Lesser Antilles. In these he can drop off for a more extended exploration and catch the next steamer a week or two later.

A twelve-hour run from St. Croix, with a glimpse of the tiny Dutch islands of Saba and St. Eustatius, peering above the sea like drowning volcanoes, brought us to what the British familiarly call St. Kitts.

We found St. Kitts more down-at-heel, more indolent, less self-relying than even our Virgin Islands. The shingle shacks of Basse Terre were more miserable than those of St. Thomas; the swarms of negroes loafing under the palm-trees about them were as ragged as they were lazy and insolent.

Lying at St. Kitts, we visited Nevis, of course, and a forty-mile run through the night brought us to Antigua; and then we went on to Dominica, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Grenada, Barbados, dropping anchor at last far out in the im-

mense shallow bay of Trinidad. The "trinity" of fuzzy hills, to-day called the "Three Sisters," gives quite another aspect than the precipitous volcanic peaks of the Lesser Antilles. Plump, placid, their vegetation tanned a light brown by the now truly tropical sun, they have a strong family resemblance to the mountains of Venezuela, hazily looming into the sky back across the Bocas. Fog, unknown among the stepping-stones to the north, hangs like wet wool over all the lowlands along the edge of the bay. The trade-wind that has never failed on the long journey southward has given place to an enervating breathlessness; by seven in the morning the sun is already cruelly beating down. Instead of the clear blue waters of the Caribbean, the vast expanse of harbor has the drab, lifeless color of a faded brown carpet. Sail-boats, their sails limply aslack as they await the signal to come and carry off the steamer's cargo, give the scene a half-Oriental aspect that recalls the southern coast of China.

There is little indeed to excite the senses as the crowded launch plows for a half-hour toward the uninviting shore. Seen from the harbor, Port of Spain, with its long, straight line of wharves and warehouses, looks dismal in the extreme, especially to those who have left beautiful St. George's of Grenada the evening before.

Yet from the moment of landing one has the feeling of having got somewhere at last. The second in size and the most prosperous of the British West Indies may be less beautiful than the scattered toy lands bordering the Caribbean, but

a glance suffices to prove it far more progressive. Deceived by its featureless appearance from the sea, the traveler is little short of astounded to find Port of Spain an extensive city, the first real city south of Porto Rico, with a beauty of its own unsuggested from the harbor. Spread over an immense plain sloping ever so slightly toward the sea, with wide, right-angled, perfect, asphalt streets, electric cars as up-to-date as those of any American city covering it in every direction, and most of the conveniences of modern times, it bears little resemblance to the backward, if more picturesque, "capitals" of the string of tiny islands to the north. The insignificant "Puerto de los Españoles," which the English found here when they captured the island a mere century and a quarter ago, was burned to the ground in 1808, and another conflagration swept it in 1895; so that the city of to-day has a sprightly, new-built aspect despite the comparative flimsiness of its chiefly wooden buildings. There are numerous imposing structures of brick and stone, too, along its broad streets, and many splendid residences in the suburbs stretching from the bright and ample business section to the foot of the encircling hills.

Long before he reaches these, however, the visitor is sure to be struck by the astonishing variety of types that make up the population. Unlike that of the smaller islands, the development of Trinidad came chiefly after African slavery was beginning to be frowned upon, and though the negro element of its population is large, the monotony of flat noses and black skins is broken by an equal number of less repulsive features. Large numbers of Chinese workmen were imported in the middle of the last century; Hindu coolies, indentured for five years, were introduced in 1839, and though the Government of India has recently forbidden this species of servitude, fully one third of the inhabitants are East-Indians or their more or less full-blooded descendants. Toward the end of the eighteenth century large numbers of French refugees took up their residence in Trinidad, and the island has to-day more inhabitants of this race than any of the West Indies not

under French rule. Martinique and Guadeloupe have also sent their share of laborers, and there are portions of Trinidad in which the negroes are as apt to speak French as English. Portuguese fleeing persecution in Madeira added to this heterogeneous throng, while Venezuelans are constantly drifting across the Bocas to increase the helter-skelter of races which make up the island's present population.

All this mixture may be seen in a single block of Port of Spain. Here the stroller passes a wide-open, unfurnished room where turbaned Hindus squat on their heels on the bare floor, some with long shovel beards, through which they run their thin, oily fingers, some in the act of getting their peculiar hair-cuts, most of them smoking their curious tree-shaped pipes, all of them chattering their dialects in the rather effeminate voices of their race. On the sidewalk outside are their women, in gold nose-rings varying in size from mere buttons to hoops which flap against their cheeks as they walk, silver bracelets from wrists to elbows, anklets clinking above their bare feet, the lobes of their ears loaded down with several chain links as well as with ear-rings, their bare upper arms protruding from the colorful cheap shrouds in which they wrap themselves, a corner of it thrown over their bare heads. There are wide diversities of type even of this one race. Here a group of Madrassesees, several degrees blacker than the others, is stretched out on another unswept floor, there a Bengalee squats in a doorway arranging his straight black hair with a wooden comb. Mohammedans and Brahmins, sworn enemies through the island as at home, pass one another without a sign of recognition. Men of different castes mingle but slightly despite the broadening influence of foreign travel; they have one and all lost caste by crossing the sea, but all in equal proportion, so that their relative standing remains the same. The influence of their new environment has affected them in varying degrees. Two men alike enough in features to be brothers, the one in an elaborate turban, loose silk blouse, and a flowing white mass of cloth hitched together between his legs in lieu of trousers,

the other in a khaki suit and a Wild West felt hat, stand talking together in Hindustanee. Women in nose-rings, bracelets, and massive silver necklaces weighing several pounds are sometimes garbed in hat, shirt-waist, and skirt, sometimes even in low shoes with silver anklets above them.

Next door to these groups, or alternating between them, is a family of the same slovenly, thick-tongued, jolly negroes who overrun all the West Indies. The difference in color between these and the Hindus, even the swarthy Madrassesees, is striking. As great is the contrast between the coarse features of the Africans and those of the East-Indians, the latter so finely modeled that they might be taken for Caucasians except for their mahogany complexions. Even in manners the two races are as widely separated. While the negro is forward, fawningly aggressive, occasionally insolent, the Hindus have a detached air which causes them never to intrude upon the passer-by even to the extent of a glance. Abutting the negro residence is perhaps a two-story house, with a long perpendicular sign-board in Chinese characters, a shop below, a residence above, with many curious Celestial touches. Then comes, perhaps, a building placarded in Spanish, "Venezuelans very welcome," where not a word of English is spoken by the whole swarming family. On down the street stretch queer mixtures of customs, costumes, race, language, and names.

Beyond the business part of Port of Spain is an immense savanna magnificent indeed it seems to the traveler who has seen no really level open ground for weeks—called Queen's Park. Here graze large herds of cattle, half Oriental, too, like the people, though there is ample playground left for all the city's population. In the afternoon, particularly of a Saturday, it presents a vast expanse of pastimes seldom seen in the tropics. The warning cry of "Fore!" frequently startles the mere stroller, only to have his changed course bring him into a cluster of school-boys shrilly cheering the prowess of their respective teams.

One may doubt whether any fragment of the globe has so high a percentage of perfect streets and roads,—no wonder,

surely, when it may have its asphalt in unlimited quantities for the mere digging,—and the giants of the forest, which everywhere spread their canopies, give its rather placid landscape a beauty which makes up for its lack of ruggedness. Behind Queen's Park is a delightfully informal botanical garden, in the



"Draw me portrait, please, sir." The load consists of school-books and a pair of hobnailed shoes

midst of which sets the massive stone residence of the governor. Several times a week a band concert is given on his front lawn, a formality bearing slight resemblance indeed to the Sunday-night gathering in a Spanish-American plaza. It takes place in the afternoon, and is attended only by the élite, though this does not by any means confine it to Caucasian residents; for there are many, at least of the island-born Chinese and Hindus and their intermixtures, who count themselves in this category, while negro and East-Indian nurse-maids are constantly pursuing their overdressed charges across the noiseless greensward.

Any evidence of human interest is sternly suppressed in the staid and orderly gathering. They sit like automatons on their scattered chairs and benches, no one ever committing the *faux pas* of speaking above a whisper. Woe betide the mere American who dares address himself to a stranger, for British snob-



As I passed this group on a Jamaican highway, the woman holding the Bible was saying, "So I ax de Lord what I shall do"

bery reaches its zenith in Trinidad, and the open-handed hospitality of Barbados is painfully conspicuous by its absence.

Trains are frequent and drawn by large oil-burning Montreal engines with white "drivers" set forth from Port of Spain like our own fliers, over a road-bed in excellent condition for the first twenty miles or more. Beyond that, as the line breaks up into its several branches, the engines get smaller and smaller, the engineers become mulattoes, then blacks, with only a tropical sense of the value of time, the tracks are more and more crowded with train-loads of cane in the sugarcane season, with the result that a rearranged time-table is often demanded. Swampy stretches of man-

groves to the right and left flank the first few miles. Groups of prisoners, in yellow, white, or orange-colored caps, according to whether they are misdemeanants, felons, or "long-timers," are turning some of these into solid ground. Coconut plantations soon supercede the swamps, to be in turn replaced by cane, as flat lands spread farther and farther away on the left to the base of high hills, or low mountains, rather arid in appearance despite the density of their brush and forest.

Beyond Arima the hills die out, and for miles the track is walled by uncultivated brush or virgin forests, with only a rare frontier-like village and a few young cacao plantations sheltered from the sun by the *bois immortel*, or what Spaniards call *madre del cacao*. Hindus are more numerous in this region than negroes. The railway ends at the thriving town of Sangre Grande, though it hopes soon to push on to the east coast. Chinese merchants and the resultant half-breeds are unusually numerous; Hindu women in full metallic regalia, sitting in buggies like farmers' wives in our Western prairie towns, some of them smoking little Irish-looking clay pipes, and silversmiths of the same race, naked but for a clout, plying their trade in back alleys, are among the sights of the place.

We snorted away along an asphalt highway, bordered by large cacao estates, passing many automobiles, some of them driven by Chinese and Hindus, then through a great forest with many immense trees, their branches laden with orchids and climbing vines. Except for one low ridge the country was flat, with not even a suggestion of the rugged scenery of most West-Indian islands. Soon the landscape turned to coconut plantations, the now narrow road mounted somewhat, and the Atlantic spread out before us. But it was shallow and yellowish, not at all like the sea-lashed east coasts of Barbados or Dominica, the shores of its many bays and indentations low and heavily wooded, a hazy clump of hills stretching far away into the south. Then came a cluster of ridges and mounds of earth covered with primeval forest, only little patches of which had been cleared to give place to the most primitive, weather-beaten

thatched-huts, scattered at long intervals along the way, and all inhabited by negroes, the other races evidently finding the region too undeveloped for their more civilized taste. Nineteen miles from Sangre Grande the bus halted at a cluster of hovels on Balandra Bay, the road which pushes on to the northeast point of the island being impassable for vehicles.

But to most strangers Trinidad has little meaning except as the home of the "asphalt lake." Strictly speaking, it is neither the one nor the other, being rather a pitch deposit, though it would be foolish to quibble over mere words. It is sufficient to know that the spot furnishes most of the asphalt for the western hemisphere.

To reach it one must return to San Fernando by train and continue by government steamer.

We landed with misgiving, having often heard of "that terrible walk" from the pier to the "lake." No doubt it seems so to many a tourist, being nearly ten minutes long, up a very gentle slope by a perfect macadam highway. Beside it buckets are constantly roaring past on elevated cables, carrying pitch to the ship or returning for a new load with an almost human air of busy preoccupation. The highway leads to the gate of a yard with a mine-like reduction plant peopled with tar-smearing negroes, immediately behind which opens out the "lake."

The far-famed deposit is not much to look at. It is a slightly concave black patch of a hundred acres, with as definite shores as a lake of water, surrounded by a Venezuelan landscape of scanty brush and low, thirsty palms. To the left the black towers of half a dozen oil-wells break the otherwise featureless horizon. About the surface of the hollow several groups of negroes are working leisurely. One in each group turns up with every blow of his pick a black, porous lump of pitch averaging the size of a market-basket; the others bear these away on their heads to small cars on narrow tracks, along which they are pushed by hand to the "factory." That is all there is to it. A trade-wind sweeps almost constantly across the field, and the pitch is so light that the largest lump is hardly a burden. On the side of the

concessionists the deposit offers not even the difficulty of transportation, being barely a mile from the ship, furnishing its own material for the necessary roads, and it is virtually inexhaustible. The holes dug during the day fill imperceptibly and are gone by morning, the deepest one ever excavated having disappeared in three days. Only a small fraction of the field is exploited; it could easily keep all the ships of the world busy. Should it ever be exhausted, there is a still larger deposit just across the bay in Venezuela.

The lake is soft underfoot, like a tar sidewalk in midsummer, the heels sinking out of sight in a minute or two, and has a faint smell of sulphur. In a few places it is not solid enough to sustain a man's weight, though children and the barefooted workmen scamper across it anywhere at sight of a white visitor for the inevitable British West-Indian purpose of demanding "a penny, please, sir." A crease remains around each hole as it refills, some of these rolling under like the edge of a rising mass of dough, and in these crevices the rains gather in puddles of clear, though black-looking, water in which the surrounding families do their washing. Most of the pitch goes directly to the steamer, but as it is one third water, and royalties, duties, and transportation are paid by weight, a certain proportion is boiled in vats in the "factory" and shipped in barrels constructed on the spot.

The first view of Jamaica and of its capital is pleasing. A mountainous mass gradually developing on the horizon grows into a series of ranges which promise to rival the beauty of Porto Rico. Beyond a long, low, narrow sand reef lies an immense harbor, on the farther shore of which Kingston is suspected rather than seen, only a few wharves and one domed building rising above the wooded plain on which the low city stands, the hills behind it tumbled into a disordered heap culminating in the cloud-swathed peak of what are most fittingly called the Blue Mountains. On this strip of sand, known as the Palisadoes, lies buried the famous buccaneer, Sir Henry Morgan, once governor of Jamaica, and at the extreme end of it stands the remnant of the old capital,

Port Royal. In the good old days of pirates, who made it their headquarters, the depository of their loot, and the scene of their debauchery, this was the most important town in the West Indies, some say the richest and most wicked spot on earth. One must be chary, however, of too hastily granting such superlatives. An earthquake befell it one day, sinking all but a fragment of the town beneath the sea, and a new capital, named Kingston, was founded on what promised to be safer ground across the bay. A later century brought regret that a still more distant site had not been chosen. To-day Port Royal consists of a quarantine station and a small village so isolated from the mainland that servant women brought from it to the capital have been known to shriek with dismay at sight of their first cow. Ships circling the reef on their way in or out of the harbor sail over the very spot where pirates once held their revels, and negro boatmen still assert that on stormy evenings one may hear the tolling of Port Royal's cathedral bell, lying fathoms deep beneath the waves.

One's first impression of the Jamaicans, as they lounge about the wharf eyeing every trunk or bundle several minutes before summoning up the energy to tackle it, is that they are far less courageous in the face of work than their cousins, the Barbadians. This is closely followed by the discovery that Kingston is the most disappointing town in the West Indies. With the exception of a few bright yellow public buildings and a scattered block or two of new business houses, it is a negro slum of uncouth shanties, spreading for miles over a dusty plain. Scarcely a street has even the pretense of a pavement, the few sidewalks that exist are blocked by stairways, posts, and the trash of a disorderly population, or degenerate every few yards into stretches of loose stones and earth. The only building worth crossing the street to see is that domed structure sighted from the bay, the Catholic cathedral. To be sure, the earthquake wrought great havoc, but that was thirteen years ago, time enough surely in which to have made a much further advance toward recovery.

The insolence of nearly all the British West Indies reaches its zenith in Kingston. Even in the main street clamoring black urchins and no small number of adults trail the white visitor, heaping upon him foul-mouthed taunts, and all but snatching his possessions out of his hands in broad daylight; diseased beggars plod beside him in bare feet that seem never to have known the luxury of a scrubbing, scattering their germs in a fine gray limestone dust that swirls in blinding clouds and envelops everything in a yellowish veil whenever a breath of wind stirs or a street-car sweeps past. Loose-mannered black females ply their trade with perfect impunity, shrieking worse than indecencies at unresponsive passers-by; assaults and robbery are frequent even by day. One must be vaccinated and often quarantined before entering Jamaica, yet it is doubtful whether any island of the West Indies has more evidence of disease than Kingston itself. Those who carry firearms must deposit them at the custom-house, yet with the possible exception of Hispaniola, a revolver is more often needed in the Jamaican capital than anywhere in the Caribbean, as several harmless Chinese merchants learned to their sorrow during our brief stay there. The town is dismal, disagreeable, and unsafe for self-respecting white women at any hour; by night it is virtually abandoned to the lawless black hordes that infest it. Weak gas-lights give it scarcely a suggestion of illumination, swarms of negroes shuffle through the hot dust, cackling their silly laughter, shouting their obscenity, heckling, if not attacking, the rare white men who venture abroad, love-making in perfect indifference to the proximity of other human beings, while the pompous black policemen look on without the slightest attempt to quell the disorder.

The white residents of Kingston seem to live in fear of the black multitude that make up the great bulk of the population. When hoodlums and rowdies jostle them on the street, they shift aside with a slinking air; even when black hooligans cling to the outside of street-cars pouring out obscene language, the white men do not shield their wives and daughters beside them by so much as raising their

voices in protest. When cursing, filthy market-women pile their baskets and unwashed produce upon them and crowd their own women out of their places, they bear it all with humble resignation, as if they were the last survivors of the civilized race wholly disheartened by an invasion of barbarian tribes. The visitor who flees all this and retires is lucky to catch a half-hour of unbroken sleep amid the endless uproar of shouting negroes, the barking of innumerable dogs, and the crowing of more cocks than even a Latin-American city can muster. Port-au-Prince is clean and gentlemanly in comparison. It would be difficult indeed to say anything bad enough of Kingston to give the full, hot, dusty, insolent, half-ruined picture. The traveler will see all

he wants, and more, of the capital in the time he is forced to remain there on the way to or from his ship.

The electric street-cars, manned by ill-mannered crews and rocking like ships in a storm over the earthquake-undulated ground, run far out of town. They must, in order to reach anywhere worth going. Beyond Half-Way Tree the sloping Liguanea plain grows green, and the rain, which seems never to descend to Kingston, gives the vegetation a fresher coat, yet the way is still lined for a long distance by negro shacks. Only when one reaches the open meadows of Constant Spring, or the residence portion served by another branch of the line, does anything approaching comfort, cleanliness, and peace appear.

With the exception of Barbados, where special conditions exist, Jamaica has remained a possession of the British crown longer than any other land, and the influence of the English on the African race can perhaps nowhere be better studied. It is not particularly flattering

The Jamaican has all the faults of his rulers and his own negro delinquencies to boot. He is slow-witted, inhospitable, arrogant when he dares to be, cringing when he feels that to be to his advantage. The illegitimate birth-rate is exceedingly high, sexual morality extremely shaky among the masses. Though the country



Trinidad has many Hindu temples

people are sometimes pleasing in their simplicity, they quickly take on the unpleasant characteristics of the town-dwellers when they come into contact with them, the most conspicuous of those being an unbridled insolence and a constant desire to annoy what may quite justly be called their betters. Part of this rudeness is due, no doubt, to the same cause as that of our own laboring classes - a misguided attempt to prove their equality by scorning the amenities of social intercourse. A large percentage of it, however, is easily recognizable as native African barbarism, which increases by leaps and bounds as the suppression of former days weakens. If he is working for you or selling you something, the Jamaican can be softly courteous; when he has no such reasons to repress his natural brutality, his impudence is colossal. On the Canal Zone, where a stern hand was held over him, we found him vastly less offensive than at home. Even more than in the other British islands he was "spoiled"

by the war. Official reports credit the "B. W. I." regiments with "excelling in many acts of bravery" and assert that "their officers almost universally testify to their courage and loyalty"; but private information, even from some of those same officers or the very men who dictated the official reports, has a totally



On the "asphalt lake"

different tenor. According to this, they were utterly useless in actual warfare, not a man of them having died facing the enemy. Even as labor battalions they were not worth their keep, and their conduct was such that both the French and the Italians protested against their being stationed within reach of the civil population. Whichever of these reports is more trustworthy, there is no doubt that the hospitality shown these crude-minded blacks by a certain class of European women, and the fuss made over them upon their return, have given their rulers a problem which will scarcely be solved during the present generation.

The Jamaican is much given to "teefing" small articles, particularly food. One might almost say that the chief curse of the island is the stealing of growing crops. Newspapers, public reports, and private conversations contain constant references to this crime, prosecutions for which nearly doubled in

the year following the war. Many people no longer take the trouble to plant a crop of ground provisions, knowing that they will almost certainly be stolen by black loafers before the owners themselves can gather them. The chief faults of the masses—insolence, lying, illegitimacy, slackness in work, and

thieving—can scarcely be laid to drink; for though Jamaican rum is famous and drunkenness is on the increase, the women, who drink comparatively little, are as bad as the men in all these things.

A friendly critic finds little to praise in the Jamaican except his cheerfulness, his loyalty within limits to those he serves, and his kindness to his own people, and he admits that the first of these qualities is often based on lack of ambition, "though it is nevertheless pleasant

to live with." On the other hand, lack of equal opportunity is not without its effect on the negro character. Jamaica suffers from the same big estate and primogeniture troubles that hamper the masses in England. Slightly larger than Porto Rico, with half a million acres still held by the crown, and with only half of what remains under cultivation, the rest being wooded or "ruinate," as they call it in Jamaica, the island is chiefly in the hands of the whites. These strive to keep their estates intact and hold the negro in economic subjection. "Negroes who come back from Panama or Cuba with in some cases hundreds of pounds are seldom able to buy property," complained one of their sponsors. "It is only when the white man becomes very poor or the negro very rich that we can get a chunk of some big estate. The big owners, too, often pasture rather than plant their best land, and rent out the worst to the small peasants at one pound an acre a year.

If the rented lands turn out to be too stony or otherwise useless, that is their loss and the owner's gain." One difficulty in bettering this condition, however, is the disinclination of the peasantry to pay rent regularly. On the whole, the planters show little generosity toward their laborers, thereby increasing the feeling between the two races.

Though it is the most populous of the British West Indies, and the largest, unless one follows the English habit of including British Guiana, Jamaica is much less densely inhabited than Porto Rico, and it is natural that two islands so nearly alike in size, situation, and formation should constantly suggest comparison. When the British took the island from the Spaniards in 1655, it had only forty-two hundred inhabitants.

Half a century later the population was more than two thirds negro. In 1842, four years after the abolition of slavery, the first ship-load of indentured East-Indians arrived, though this practice had almost ceased long before the Indian Government put a legal end to it. Chinese coolies were tried for a time, but only in small numbers, and their descendants now confine themselves almost entirely to keeping what we would call grocery stores. Both the Hindus and the Chinese speak the slovenly Jamaica dialect, and there remains little of the Oriental garb and racial mixture conspicuous in Trinidad. The visitor is apt to be astounded by the blackness of the great bulk of the population. The percentage of full blacks is in striking contrast to the mulatto majority in the French islands, where the mixture of races is not very sternly frowned upon, and still more so to the Spanish-American tropics, where miscegenation is so common that nearly every one is a "colored

person." By her last census, which is nearly ten years old, Jamaica claimed 831,383 inhabitants, of whom 15,605 were white, 17,380 Hindus, and 2,111 Chinese. The fact that she has barely two hundred to the square mile as compared with twelve hundred in Barbados, is probably not without its bearing in



There is water, too, in the crevices of the asphalt-field

the visible difference of energy between the two islands.

The color line in Jamaica, and it is more or less typical of that in all the British West Indies, falls somewhere between our own and the rather hazy one in vogue in the French islands. "I think the English individually," said a Jamaican *sambo*, a three-fourths negro, who had worked on the Canal Zone, "like us black people still less than you Americans do; but governmentally they treat us as equals, and you do not." I might have reminded him that no negro in the "B. W. I." regiments reached the rank of sergeant major, while we have black colonels. "Yet in some ways I prefer the American system," he went on. "An Englishman says you are his equal, but you had better not act as if you were. The American says, 'You're a damned nigger and you know it,' and there is no hypocrisy in the matter."

Strictly speaking there are two color lines in the British West Indies. Unlike

the United States, where black and colored are synonymous terms when applied to the negro race, there is a middle class of "colored people," as there are Eurasians in India, though actual membership in it implies a certain degree of education, culture, wealth, or influence. There are "colored" men who rank them-

been first opened to traffic in 1845. It is almost two hundred miles long, running diagonally across the island from Kingston to Montego Bay, and north and eastward to Port Antonio, with two other small branches. The fares are high, being about seven cents a mile for first class and half as much for second. The

latter is really third class in all but name, with hard wooden benches and scanty accommodations, and carries virtually all the traveling population. All the trainmen are full blacks, as are virtually all the passengers. The "train-boy" is a haughty negro woman in near-silk garb, enormous ear-rings, and a white nurse-like cap, who sells chiefly beer and never calls out her wares. In the island dialect a local train is a "walkin' train," and all Jamaican trains fall into this category, as do all those in the West Indies except Cuba and, to a slight degree, Trinidad. There are no train manners. In a Spanish country, if you put so much as a cane in a seat, your possession of it is assured and respected to the end of the journey. Put all your baggage, and your coat and hat in addition, into a Jamaican train-seat, and you will probably come back to find your possessions tossed on the floor



Two Hindus of Trinidad

selves and are ranked as negroes, working shoulder to shoulder with them in the fields; there are others who sit side by side with their white brethren on the judicial bench and reach high rank in church, politics, medicine, law, and commerce. Within limits, color may almost be said to be no bar to promotion in official life. This middle set is extremely assertive in its pride, and on the whole is more disliked by the negroes than are the whites themselves.

The Jamaica Government Railway is one of the oldest in the world, having

and some impudent black wench occupying your place. Why the "J. G. R." is so ungodly as to run Sunday trains on its Port Antonio branch I do not know. They are about the only things that do move in the British West Indies on the Sabbath.

From Kingston the train jolts away through the swirling dust across a flat, Arizona-like plain studded with cactus, though moderately green. Soon come broad stretches of banana-fields, with bananas planted in endless rows down which one can look as through archways,

many of the plants heavy with their bunches nearing maturity, others showing little more than the big purple flower, shaped like a swollen, unhusked ear of corn, along the stem of which a miniature bunch is just starting. Between these are other fields, with trees girdled and blackened, where some forest is being killed to make way for more bananas. Negro women with oval market-baskets on their heads are tramping energetically along the white highway; now and then the refined features of a Hindu breaks the monotony of brutal negro faces, though he has lost his distinctive garb. Then comes the prison farm of St. Catherine's Parish, with its green gardens, its irrigation ditches filled with clear water, and its horde of prison laborers. The first suggestion of beauty in the landscape appears near May Pen. A "pen," in the Jamaica dialect, means a grassy field or a pasture, and "pen-keeping" is the local term for breeding and raising cattle. Here and there the inevitable old square brick chimneys of sugar-mills dot the ever-descending plain, which at length begins to be hidden by low foot-hills. Sapling-like forests spring up along the way, and the logwood, which grows in scattered quantities all over the island, lies piled at the railway stations, the outer layer of wood roughly hacked away, leaving only the reddish heart. Schooners carry north many cargoes of these crooked logs and the still more awkward stumps, while several mills on the island turn it into an extract that is shipped in barrels to color our garments dark-blue or black.

Soon the soil turns reddish, and clearings and habitations become rare. By this time we were the only white persons on the train and shortly after that the only passengers in the first-class coach. A larger engine took us in tow, and we climbed 865 feet in the next six miles. Dense, almost unpopulated, forests, like some portions of eastern Cuba, covered the ever more rugged landscape; but if the scenery flanking Jamaica's railway is more striking than that visible from the trains in Porto Rico, it is because it passes through rather than around the island, for on the whole our own West-Indian colony is more beautiful.

Jamaica claims advantages over all the rest of the world for banana cultivation. The vast tracts of virgin land in Central America and Colombia are two days farther from the principal market. Costa Rica is hampered by frequent droughts at the very season when the fruit most needs rain; for the great game in banana-growing is to have them ready to cut at the time when other fruit is scarce in the North. Cuba is a trifle too near the north pole, it is wedded to its sugar industry, and its labor is several times more expensive than that of Jamaica. Bananas demand heat, moisture, and a good fat soil, and all these may be had in the largest of the British West Indies, particularly in the north-eastern parish of Portland, for the Blue Mountains, which deny Kingston and its vicinity the rainfall it needs, precipitate most of it here.

It is scarcely necessary to say, I suppose, that bananas grow on a species of mammoth weed rather than on a tree, that each produces a single bunch, that this grows "upside-down" from our fruit-stand point of view, and that they must be cut before they are ripe. Golden Vale looks like an immense green lake surrounded by mountains, up the lower slopes of which the bananas climb for a considerable distance. Hindu men, whom the overseers invariably address as "Babu," do most of the cutting, while the more powerful, but less careful, negroes do the handling. The "Babus" wander in and out through the green archways, giving a glance at each hanging bunch. When they see one that has reached the proper stage of development, they grasp it by the protruding stem, to which the big blue flower usually still clings, and pull down "tree" and all with a savage jerk. A machete, or what is called a cutlas in Jamaica, flashes, a negro catches the bunch as it falls, another slash severs the flower-bearing stem a few inches from the topmost bananas, a third leaves the "tree" a mere stump, shoulder-high, and the cutters continue their search. Days later, when its sap has all run back into the roots, the stump is cut off at the ground and a new shoot springs up to produce next year's bunch. Those that have been gathered are wrapped in

dry brown banana leaves, and carried to the roadside, along which other brown heaps lie everywhere.

Arrived at the wharves, the truck is as quickly unloaded, and an endless chain of negroes, nearly all women, take up the task of distribution, according to size and destination. For there are "English" and "American" bananas, grown in the same field and differing not at all in species, but by about ten days in their cutting-time, so that the former are lean and the latter fat. Moreover, a bunch is not by any means always a bunch in the language of the banana companies. In the first place they are more often called "stems," and a "stem" must have at least nine "hands" of fruit (the latter average a dozen bananas each) if it is to be paid for as a full bunch. If it has more than that well and good; that is the company's gain and no one's loss. But if there are but eight "hands," it is rated two thirds of a "stem," if seven, one half; if six, one fourth; if less than that, the planter might better have fed it to his hogs or his laborers, for the buyers will have none of it. Two men snatch up the bunches one by one, casting aside the brown leaf wrappers, and lay each one flat on a passing head, the owner of which shuffles away as if it were burdened with nothing but a hat instead of an average weight of eighty pounds. At the edge of the shed in which the bananas are piled to await prompt shipment stands a high desk with three men, usually quadrooms or lighter, about it. The oldest, most intelligent, and

most experienced-looking of these casts what seems to be a careless glance at each "stem," and mumbles in a weary, monotone "English, eight," "American, nine," "English, seven," or some other of the combinations; his most youthful companion makes a pencil mark on the ledger before him, the least lively-looking of the trio hands a metal or cardboard disk to the carrier, who drops it into a pocket and slouches on to the particular pile to which her burden has been assigned. On the way she passes a negro armed with a cutlas, who lops off the protruding ends of the stem in front of her nose and behind her ears as she walks without so much as arousing a flicker of her drowsy, black eyelids. When the ship comes in, which must be that night or at latest the next day, a similar endless chain of negroes, more nearly male in sex, carry the bananas on board, a tally-clerk ringing the bell of an automatic counter in his hand as each "stem" passes. In some ports a wide leather belt takes the place of this human chain. But a large gang is required for all that, which, when the last pile has disappeared from the wharf, strews itself about it, and sleeps soundly on the hard planks until the next load arrives. Its quota supplied, the steamer's hatches are quickly battened down, icy air is turned in upon the perishable cargo, and the vessel rushes full speed ahead for the United States or England, where the fruit begins to rattle away in other trucks before the mere human passengers have leave to descend the gangway.



Very much of a lodge

Lost Ships and Lonely Seas

III.—The Tragedy of the Frigate *Medusa*

By RALPH D. PAINE

Illustrations by George Avison



AMONG the countless episodes of disaster at sea, the fate of the French frigate *Medusa* and her people still possesses a mournful and poignant distinction. Other ships have gone down with much greater loss of life, including such modern instances as the *Titanic* and the *Lusitania*, or have been missing with all hands; but the story of the *Medusa* casts a dark shadow across the chronicles of human suffering, even though a century has passed since the event. There are some enterprises which seem foredoomed to failure through a conspiracy of circumstances, as if a spell of evil enchantment had been woven to thwart them. Of such a kind was this most unhappy voyage.

As an incident of the final overthrow of Napoleon, Great Britain returned to France the colonial territory of Senegal, on the west coast of Africa, between Cape Blanco and the Gambia River. A French expedition was sent out to reoccupy and govern the little settlements and clearings that fringed the tropical wilderness. It comprised officials, servants, soldiers, and laborers, who sailed from France in the frigate *Medusa* and three smaller vessels on June 17, 1816. The French Navy had been shattered and swept from the seas by the broadsides of British fleets, and its morale had ebbed. This mission, moreover, was not a strictly naval affair, and the personnel of the ships was recruited with no particular care. The seamen were the scrapings of the waterfront, and the officers had not been selected for efficiency. They were typical neither of French arms nor of the people. It seemed a commonplace task, no doubt, to sail with the summer breezes on a voyage not much farther

than the Cape Verd Islands, and disembark the passengers and cargo.

Captain Chaumareys of the *Medusa* was a light-hearted, agreeable shipmate, but he appears to have been a most indifferent seaman. When no more than ten days out from port he discovered that his reckoning had set him thirty leagues, or almost a hundred miles, out of his course. This was not enough to condemn him utterly, because navigation was a crude art a century ago, and ships blundered about the high seas and found their way to port in the most astonishing manner. But Captain Chaumareys was not made cautious by his error, and he drove along with fatuous confidence in his ability, and paid no heed to the opinions of his officers. He also managed to lose sight of the three smaller ships of the squadron. It was one fatal mischance after another.

On the first of July, when the frigate crossed the tropic of Cancer, the debonaire captain made it an excuse for a holiday and took personal charge of the gaieties, which so absorbed him that he turned over the command of the ship to M. Richefort, one of the civilian officials who had seen naval service. For all the fiddling and singing and dancing, there was a feeling of uneasiness on board, and the officers discussed it over their wine in the ward-room, and the passengers were aware of it in the cabin, "while the crew performed the fantastic ceremonies usual on such occasions, although the frigate was surrounded with all the unseen perils of the ocean. A few persons, aware of the danger, protested, but without effect, even when it was ascertained that the *Medusa* was on the bank of *Arguin*."

The ship was, in fact, entrapped among the shoals and reefs that ex-

tended like a labyrinth far out from the African coast. It was an area of many disasters to stout vessels, whose crews had been taken captive by savage tribes if they survived the hostility of the sea. M. Richefort, who was obligingly acting as commander of the *Medusa* during these holiday festivities, insisted that there was a hundred fathoms of water under the keel and not the slightest cause for anxiety, and they still danced on deck to the scraping of the fiddles.

With a crash that flung the merry-makers this way and that, and brought the spars tumbling about their ears, the *Medusa* struck in only sixteen feet of water, and the deadly sands had inextricably gripped her. She was a lost ship on this bright day of calm seas and sunny weather and sailors blithely tripping it heel and toe. It was soon realized that the frigate might pound to pieces in the first gale of wind, and that advantage had better be taken of the quiescent ocean to get away from her. The coast was known to be no more than forty miles distant, and the hope of escape was strong.

There was time in which to abandon ship with some order and method, to break out provisions and water-barrels, to safeguard the lives of the people as far as possible; but panic ran from deck to deck, and the ship was like a mad-house. There was little discipline among the crew, but they were not wholly responsible for the demoralization. The soldiers and laborers bound to Sénégal were Spanish, French, Italians, and negroes, many of whom had probably been in prison or in the convict hulks, and were sent away for their country's good.

The frigate had six boats, which were hurriedly launched and filled with men. In one of these boats were the Governor of Sénégal and his family, and in another were placed four children and the wives of the officials. Among those who fled away in the boats was the gay Captain Chaumareys, who scrambled through a port-hole without delaying a moment. There are cowards in all services, afloat and ashore, but they are seldom conspicuous. This feather-brained poltroon disappears from the narrative, the last glimpse of him framed in a port-hole, as

he wriggled through and left his ship still populous with terrified castaways for whom there were no boats.

They had intrepid men among them who bullied the others into helping build a raft. The best that could be done was to fashion a pitiful contrivance of spars and planks, held together by lashings. It was sixty-five feet long and twenty broad, not even decked over, twisting and working to the motion of the waves, which slapped over it when the ocean was smooth, or splashed between the timbers. As soon as it floated alongside the frigate, *one hundred and fifty persons* frantically jammed themselves upon it, standing in water to their waists, and in danger of slipping between the planks. The only part of the raft which was unsubmerged, when laden, had room for no more than fifteen men to lie down upon it.

The weather was still calm, and the ship rested solidly upon her sandy bed, the upper decks clear of the water. It seems incredible that no barrels of beef and biscuit were hoisted out of the store-rooms and lashed to the timbers of the raft, no water-casks rolled from the tiers. A kind of mob hysteria swept them along, and the men of resolution were carried with it. They could not stem this wild exodus. The flimsy, wave-washed raft moved away from the *Medusa* with only biscuit enough for one scanty meal, and some casks of wine.

One of the boats that was not so crowded as the others had the grace to row back to the ship with orders to take off a few if there were men still aboard. To the surprise of the lieutenant in charge, sixty men had been left behind because there was not even a foothold for them on the raft. The boat managed to stow all but seventeen of them, who were very drunk by this time and preferred to stand by the ship and the spirit-room. The fear of death had ceased to trouble them. Of these seventeen derelicts it is recorded that after the boats reached the coast and carried the tidings to the little port of St. Louis, Sénégal, a sailing vessel was sent in search of the frigate. Disabled in a gale, she was so long delayed for repairs that fifty-two days had passed



"Boats . . . were . . . filled with men whose only thought was to save their skins"

before the wreck of the *Medusa* was boarded.

Three men were still alive on her, "but they lived in separate corners of the hulk and never met but to run at each other with drawn knives." Two others had sailed off on a tiny raft, which was cast up on the coast of Sahara, but the men were drowned. A third drifted away on a hen-coop as the craft of his choice, but foundered in sight of the frigate. The rest of them died of too little food and too much rum, the provisions having been spoiled or lost by the breaking up of the ship.

It was understood that the raft, with its burden of one hundred and fifty souls, would be taken in tow by the six boats strung in a line, and the flotilla would make for the nearest coast, which might have been reached in two or three days of favoring weather. After a few hours of slow, but encouraging, progress, the tow-line of the captain's boat parted. Instead of making fast to the raft again, all the other boats cast off their cables, and under sail and oar set off to the eastward to save themselves, abandoning the raft.

On the makeshift raft there were those who knew how to die like Frenchmen and gentlemen. What they endured has been handed down to us in the personal accounts of M. Correard and M. Savigny, colonial officials, who wrote with that vivid and dramatic touch that is the gift of many of their race. Even in translation it is profoundly moving. When they saw the boats forsake them and vanish at the edge of the azure horizon, a stupor fell upon these wretched people as they clung to one another, with arms locked and bodies pressed together in order that they might not be washed off the raft. A small group, in whom nobility of character burned like an unquenchable flame, assumed the leadership, attempting to maintain some sort of discipline and decency, to ration the precious wine, to make the raft more seaworthy. One of the few survivors wrote:

The first day passed in a manner sufficiently tranquil. We talked of the means by which we would save ourselves; we spoke of it as a certain circumstance, which reani-

mated our courage; and we sustained that of the soldiers by cherishing in them the hope of being able, in a short time, to revenge themselves on those who had abandoned them. . . . In the evening our hearts and our prayers, by a feeling natural to the unfortunate, were turned towards Heaven. Surrounded by inevitable dangers, we addressed that invisible Being who has established the order of the universe. Our vows were fervent and we experienced from our prayers the cheering influence of hope. It is necessary to have been in similar situations before one can rightly imagine what a charm, to the hearts of the sufferers, is the sublime idea of a God protecting the unfortunate.

During the first night the wind increased, and the sea became so boisterous that the waves roared and gushed across the raft. A few ropes were stretched for the people to cling to, but many of them were washed to and fro, or caught and cruelly hurt between the grinding timbers. Others were flung into the sea. Twenty of the company had perished before dawn. Two ship's boys and a baker, after bidding farewell to their comrades, threw themselves into the ocean as the easier end.

Already the minds of some of the castaways were affected. They saw visions of ships, of green shores, of loved ones at home. With the return of day and calmer waters the emotion of hope strongly revived, and their manifold woes were forgotten while they gazed landward and waited for sight of a sail.

The night again brought clouds and squally weather, which agitated the ocean and swept the raft. In a wailing mass the people were dashed to and fro, and the pressure was such that several were suffocated. The ruffianly soldiers and sailors broached the wine-casks, and so lost what wits they had not been deprived of by terror. They insanely attacked the other survivors, and by spells a battle raged all night long with sabers, knives, and bayonets. The brave M. Correard had fallen into a swoon of exhaustion, but was aroused by the cries of "To arms, comrades! Rally, or we are lost!" He assembled a small force of loyal laborers and a few officers and led them in a charge. The

rebels surrounded them, but were beaten back after much bloodshed.

There was one woman on the raft, and the villains had thrown her overboard during the struggle, together with her husband, who had heroically defended her. M. Correard, gashed with saber-wounds as he was, leaped into the sea with a rope and rescued the wife, while Lavilette, "the head workman," swam after the husband and hauled him to the raft.

The first thing the poor woman did, after recovering her senses, was to acquaint herself with the name of the person who had saved her and to express to him her liveliest gratitude. Finding that her words but ill reflected her feelings, she recollected that she had in her pocket a little snuff and instantly offered it to him. Touched with the gift, but unable to use it, M. Correard gave it to a wounded sailor, which served him two or three days. But it is impossible to describe a still more affecting scene,—the joy this unfortunate couple testified when they were again conscious, at finding they were both saved.

The woman was a native of the Swiss Alps who had followed the armies of France as a sutler, or *vivandière*, for twenty years, through many of Napoleon's campaigns. Bronzed, intrepid, facing death with a smile and a gesture, she said to M. Correard:

I am a useful woman, you see, a veteran of great and glorious wars. Therefore, if you please, continue to preserve my life. Ah, if you knew how often I have ventured upon the field of battle and braved the bullets to carry assistance to our gallant men! Whether they had money or not I always let them have my goods. Sometimes a battle would deprive me of my poor debtors; but after the victory others would pay me double or triple for what they had consumed before the engagement. Thus I came in for a share of their victories.

It was a lull of the dreadful conflict among these pitiful castaways that moved M. Savigny to exclaim:

The moon lighted with her melancholy rays this disastrous raft, this narrow space on which were found united so many torturing anxieties, so many cruel anxieties, a



"The brig, which had made a long tack and was now steering straight toward the raft"

madness so insensate, a courage so heroic, and the most generous, the most amiable sentiments of nature and humanity.

Another night came, and the crazed mutineers made an attack even more savage. It was not a struggle for food or one impelled by the blind instinct of survival. They wished to destroy themselves as well as others, for they tried to cut the lashings of the raft and to tear it apart. They were so many ravening beasts who fought with teeth and fists as well as with weapons. Those who resisted displayed many instances of brave and beautiful self-sacrifice. One of the faithful laborers was seized by four of the rebels, who were about to kill him, but Lavilette, formerly a sergeant of Napoleon's Old Guard, rushed in and subdued them with the butt of a carbine and so saved the victim of their rage. A young lieutenant fell into the hands of these maniacs, and again there were volunteers to rush in against overwhelming numbers and effect a rescue, regardless of their grievous wounds. Bleeding and exhausted, M. Coudin had fallen upon a barrel, but he still held in his arms a twelve-year-old sailor-boy whom he was trying to shield from harm. The rebels flung them both into the sea, but M. Coudin clung to the lad and insisted that he be placed upon the raft before he permitted himself to be assisted.

During this period of lamentable combat among men who should have been brothers and comrades in tribulation, as many as sixty of them were drowned or died of their wounds. Only two of these belonged to the little party of finely tempered souls who had shown themselves to be greatly heroic. They had withstood one onslaught after another, and there were never more than twenty of them, caring for one another, untouched by the murderous delirium which had afflicted the rest of them. True, they saw phantasms and talked wildly, but the illusions were peaceful. M. Correard imagined that he was traveling through the lovely fruitful fields of Italy. One of the officers said to him, calmly: "I recollect that we were abandoned by the boats, but there is no cause for anxiety.

I am writing a letter to the Government, and in a few hours we shall be saved." And while they were babbling of the cafés of Paris and Bordeaux, and ordering the most elaborate meals, they chewed the leather of the shoulder-belts and cartridge-boxes, their shoes, and famine took its toll of them.

On the fourth day a dozen more had died, and the survivors were "extremely feeble and bore upon their faces the stamp of approaching dissolution." Shipwrecked crews have lived much longer than this without food, but the situation of these sufferers was uncommonly dreadful. And yet one of them could say:

This day was serene and the ocean slumbered. Our hearts were in harmony with the comforting aspect of the heavens and received anew a ray of hope. A shoal of flying fish passed under our raft and as there was an infinite number of openings between the pieces which composed it, the fish were entangled in great numbers. We threw ourselves upon them and took about two hundred and put them in an empty barrel. This food seemed delicious but one man would have required a score. Our first emotion was to give thanks to God for this unhoped for favor.

An ounce of gunpowder was discovered, and the sunshine dried it so that with a steel and gun-flints a fire was kindled in a wetted cask, and some of the little fish were cooked. This was the only food vouchsafed them, a mere shadow of sustenance among so many, but "the night was made tolerable and might have been happy if it had not been signalized by a new massacre."

A mob of Spaniards, Italians, and negroes had hatched a plot to throw all the others into the sea, and so obtain the raft and what wine was left. The black men argued that the coast was near, and that they could traverse it without danger from the natives, and so act as guides. The leader of this renewed outbreak was a Spaniard, who placed himself behind the mast, made the sign of the cross with one hand, waved a knife in the other, and invoked the name of God as the signal to rush forward and begin the affray. Two loyal French sailors who were forewarned of

the eruption lost not a moment in grappling with this pious desperado, and he was tossed into the sea along with an Asiatic of gigantic stature who was suspected to be another ringleader. A third leader of the mob, the Italian servant of an infantry officer, perceiving that the plot was discovered, armed himself with a boarding-ax, hacked his way free, and plunged into the ocean.

The rest of the mutineers were hardier madmen, and they fought wildly in the attempt to kill one of the officers, under the delusion that he was a Lieutenant Danglas, whom they had hated for his harsh manners while aboard the *Medusa*. They were repulsed at length, but when morning came only thirty persons remained alive of the one hundred and fifty who had left the frigate. Under the torrid sun, parched and burning and starved, these pitiable creatures had been destroying one another night after night. Glimpses of reason prevailed, as when two soldiers were caught in the act of stealing wine from the only cask left, and were put to death after a summary court martial, conducted with singular regard for form and ceremony.

Among those who mercifully passed out at the end of a week was the sailor-boy, whose name was Léon. M. Savigny describes it so tenderly that the passage seems worthy of quotation:

He died like a lamp which ceases to burn for want of aliment. All spoke in favor of this young and amiable creature who merited a better fate. His angelic form, his musical voice, the interest inspired by an age so infantile, increased still more by the courage he had shown and the services he had performed (for he had already made, in the preceding year, a campaign in the East Indies), moved us all with the deepest pity for this young victim. Our old soldiers, and all the people in general, did everything they could to prolong his existence. Neither the wine of which they deprived themselves without regret, nor all the other means they employed, could arrest his melancholy doom, and he expired in the arms of M. Coudin who had not ceased to give him the most unwearied attention. While he had strength to move he ran incessantly from one side to the other, loudly calling for his mother, for water and for food. He trod upon the feet

and legs of his wounded companions who, in their turn, uttered cries of anguish but these were rarely mingled with threats or reproaches. They pardoned all that the poor little lad caused them to suffer.

When the number of the living was reduced to twenty-seven, a solemn discussion was held, and a conclusion reached upon which it is not for us to pass judgment. It was evident that fifteen of the number were likely to live a few days longer, which gave them a tangible hope of salvation. The other twelve were about to die, all of them severely wounded and bereft of reason! There was still some wine in the last cask. To divide it with these twelve was to deprive the fifteen stronger men of the chance of survival. It was decided to give these dying people to the merciful obliteration of the sea.

Among those whose feeble spark of life was snuffed out in this manner was that militant woman, the sutler who had followed Napoleon to the plains of Italy. Both she and her husband had been fatally hurt during the last night of mutiny, and so they went out of life together, which was as they would have wished it. More than once in war the hopelessly wounded have been put out of the way in preference to leaving them in the wake of a retreat or burdening a column with them. In this tragedy of the sea the decision was held to be justifiable when the French Government investigated the circumstances. Painful and abhorrent as it may appear, the incident should not be permitted to cloud the nobility and humanity displayed by many of these unhappy people.

With so few of them remaining, they were able to assemble themselves upon a little platform raised in the center of the raft, and to fashion a slight protection with bits of plank and spars and pieces of sail, but in rough weather they were almost continually immersed. To rehearse their sufferings in detail would be to repel the reader. It is only in fiction that shipwreck can be employed as a theme for romance and adventure. The reality is apt to be stark and grim. It is more congenial to remember such fine bits as this, when they had huddled

upon the tiny platform in the final days of their agony:

On this new theatre we resolved to meet death in a manner becoming Frenchmen and with perfect resignation. Our time was almost wholly spent in talking of our beloved and unhappy country. All our wishes, our prayers, were for the prosperity of France.

It was the indomitable M. Correard who assured his comrades that his presentiment of rescue was still unshaken, that a series of events so unheard of could not be destined to oblivion, and that Providence would preserve a few at least to tell to the world the melancholy story of the raft. In the bottom of a sack were found thirty cloves of garlic, which were distributed as a precious alleviation, and there was rejoicing over a little bottle of tooth-wash containing cinnamon and aromatics. A drop of it on the tongue produced an agreeable feeling,

and for a short time removed the thirst which destroyed us. Thus we sought with avidity an empty vial which one of us possessed and in which had once been some essence of roses. Every one, as he got hold of it, respired with delight the odor it exhaled, which imparted to his senses the most soothing impressions. Emaciated by privations, the slightest comfort to us was a supreme happiness.

On the ninth day they saw a white butterfly of a species familiar to the gardens of France, and it fluttered to rest on the mast. It was a harbinger of land and an omen of deliverance in their wistful sight. Other butterflies visited them, but the winds and currents failed to set them in close to the coast, and there was never a glimpse of a sail. They existed in quietude, with no more brawls or mutinies, until thirteen days had passed since the wreck of the *Medusa*. Then a captain of infantry, scanning the sea with aching eyes, descried the gleam of canvas.

Soon they were able to see that it was a brig, and they took it to be the *Argus* of their own squadron, which they had been hoping would be sent in search of them. They made some little flags of fragments of cloth, and a seaman climbed to the top of the mast and waved them

until his strength failed. The vessel grew larger through half an hour of tears and supplications, and then its course was altered and it dropped below the sky-line. Despair overwhelmed them. They laid themselves down under a covering of sail-cloth and refused to look at the ocean which had mocked them so. It was proposed to write their names and a brief account of their adventures upon a plank, and affix it to the mast on the chance that the tidings might reach their Government and their families in France.

It was the master gunner who crawled out two hours later and trembled as he gazed at the brig, which had made a long tack and was now steering straight toward the raft. The others dragged themselves to their feet, forgetting their sores and wounds and weakness, and embraced one another. From the foremast of the brig flew a flag which they recognized as the ensign of France, and they cried, as you might have expected of them:

"Is it, then, to Frenchmen that we shall owe our deliverance?"

The *Argus* rounded to no more than half a pistol-shot from the raft, while the crew, "ranged upon the deck and in the shrouds announced to us by the waving of their hands and hats the pleasure they felt at coming to the assistance of their unfortunate countrymen." Tenderly transferred aboard the brig, the survivors were almost killed with kindness, for they were placed between-decks, too near the galley, and almost roasted by the heat. "Those who did not belong to the navy were laid upon cables wrapped in flags, and placed under the fire of the kitchen." During the night the space caught fire, and they almost perished before they were dragged out. Two days later they were set ashore at the colonial port of St. Louis, several still delirious. They felt a peculiar gratitude toward M. Renaud, surgeon of the *Argus*.

Five persons of the fifteen saved alive by the brig "were unable to recover from their fatigue" and died at St. Louis. Only ten men, therefore, of the one hundred and fifty who had left the frigate on this dreadful raft survived to return to France.

The Worship of Beauty in the South Seas

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN



NOT any people in all the world, ancient or modern, ranked sheer beauty and grace higher in the lists of life's gifts to man than did the people of the Polynesian seas before the whites came to destroy them. In the star-scattered islands of the Pacific tropics a dozen tawny races or breeds of superb physical endowment made their bodies wondrous temples of their free souls. The loveliness of women, the strength and symmetry of men, were the fascinating labor of their days, their vivid religion, and the expression of their joy of living.

While all over Polynesia these conditions obtained when the first Anglo-Saxons threw down the anchors of their ships in the enchanting harbors of these tropics, they remained longest in the Marquesas archipelago, these most mysterious of islands, which lie a few hundred miles below the equatorial line.

In their simple dress, their practice of manipulation in the development of their bodies, their use of unguents and lotions, their wearing of flowers and ornaments, their singular and astounding art of the story-teller, the dance and the pantomime, and their exquisite tattooing of their persons, they showed a delicacy of feeling and an understanding of elegance unsurpassed in the records of the nations of the earth.

In the valley of Vaitahu, on the island of Tahuata, in the lone Marquesas, where I sit under the pandanus thatch of Seventh Man Who Is So Angry He Wallows in the Mire, I read:

The intense esthetic enthusiasm that prevailed was eminently fitted to raise the most beautiful to honor. In a land and beneath a sky where the most beautiful developed to the point of supreme physical perfection was dwelt by an assembled people. In

no other period of the world's history was the admiration of beauty in all its forms so passionate or so universal. It colored the whole moral teaching of the time, and led the chief moralists to regard virtue simply as the highest kind of supersensual beauty. It led the wife to pray, before all other prayers, for the beauty of her children. The courtesan was often the queen of beauty.

The great historian Lecky wrote that of ancient Greece, but I mark the page, to consider the striking likeness between the condition he describes and the attitude of the ancient Marquesans. Here in these tiny islands, separated by ten thousand miles of billow from the land of Pericles and Aspasia, a people whose origin is only guessed at by science erected the same goal of attainment and like standards of harmony of form and movement. Doubtless at that very day these wondrous Greeks of the tropics, considering their environment, most distant from the birthplace of humanity and from the example of other peoples, were comparable in brilliancy of person and ease of motion to the best even of the Homeric figures.

We must guess at the beginning of their being here. Even now scientists make new explorations hereabouts to find the exact route of the Caucasian people who thousands of years ago, maybe before the Hebrews deserted Baal Peor for Jehovah, migrated, first from India, and then through the unknown and fearsome wastes of ocean toward these misty islands of the far South.

What equipment of body and soul they brought with them we do not know, but they were or became the masters of their seas, and in their frail canoes dared even the long voyage to New Zealand and to Hawaii when Europeans and Asiatics in keeled ships crept carefully

about their own coasts, or crossed the Mediterranean Sea only within the threatening pillars of Hercules.

However, when the later voyagers of Europe came to the uncharted spaces of these warm seas they found in the Polynesian groups a culture which was beyond the understanding of most of them, and which only a few fine souls glimpsed as an astounding revelation of the natural development of humanity, and, by contrast, of the depravity of civilization. They found health and high spirits abounding to a degree utterly strange to them, the hardiest and most adventurous of their white kind. Murder, mutiny, shipwreck, and desertion wrote red their reactions to the entrancing liberty of thought and action they found here, and the contrast with their rude, ugly, restricted lives in Europe, America, or on their ships.

If you would be ashamed of what the pursuit of profits and proselytism, hand in hand, has done, read the reports of explorer, missionary, captain, and trader in these waters, and view the remnant after beauty and honesty have been replaced by modernity and hypocrisy.

It was in clothing that the first insidious approach was made. As I look up from my paper on my mat upon the *paepae* of Seventh Man Who Wallows, I see Vanquished Often by the *via puna*. She has taken off her *ahu*, or tunic, of pink muslin, and bends over to receive the full stream of cool water from the hills which flows through the bamboo pipes. In this valley where I am now the only foreigner, with my word and example life resumes for a time at least much of the old Marquesan way and appearance. The mission church, the first Christian edifice within a thousand miles of here, is fast rejoining the wilderness. Its walls are falling in decay, and its garden is but jungle. The schoolmaster who taught Vaitahu's children to say, "*La France est le plus bon pays du monde*," is gone at my behest to paint other girls as enravishing as Vanquished Often or men as majestic as Kahuiti the Cannibal, or Great Fern, the husband of the mortgagee of the Golden Bed of my Atuona home. Existence is become almost as devoid of invention and divested of artificiality as before the white man

came. I am able to rebuild in my mind the structure of Marquesan customs and to view in imagination the attractive aspect of Vaitahu and its idyllic days of old. We have brought out of the huts the native garments of *tapa*, and we live as much as possible a perspective of the past.

The Marquesan females had a small variety of clothing, for much of the time they wore only the usual single garment of both sexes, the *pareu*, or loin-cloth.

These clothes of *tapa* were, except mattings, the only stuffs made by the Marquesans. They were of a remarkable texture and coloring, considering the materials available. The inner barks of the banian, breadfruit, and particularly, the mulberry-tree were used. The outer rind was scraped off with a shell, and the inner slightly beaten and allowed to ferment. It was then beaten over wooden forms with clubs of ironwood about eighteen inches long, grooved coarsely on one side and finely on the reverse, a method that united so closely the fibers that in the finished cloth one could not guess the processes of its making. Bleached in the sun on the beaches to a dazzling white, this fabric was either dyed, or fashioned as it was into the few varieties of garments they affected. All wore the *pareu* about the loins, a strip two yards or more in length, and a yard wide, which is passed twice about the waist and tucked in for holding, as the *sarong* of the Malay.

The *cahu*, or *ahu*, a long and flowing piece of *tapa*, was worn by the females, hanging from the shoulders, knotted to secure it, covering one or both breasts at the whim of the wearer. In the coloring of this and the *pareu*, brown, scarlet, yellow, or even black, rich and alluring dyes were found in the plants and trees and even in the sea animals of the beaches. The outlines of the hibiscus-flowers and carved objects were imprinted upon these *tapas*, and astronomical, mystic, or tribal signs or records were drawn upon them in fantastic, but artistic, designs.

For the men, while the *pareu*, as now, was always the common apparel, they had a hundred ornaments in a diversity more numerable than those of the

females. Whenever the male has not sacrificed his masculine craving for adornment to religious or economic pressure, he is the gaudier of the sexes. From the fiddler crab, with his rampant claw, to the mandrill, with his crimson and lilac callosities, nature has so ordained it, and man rejoiced in his privilege. Not until the European man felt the iron hand of the machine age, when the rifle displaced the bow and the pistol the sword, the factory the home loom, and the foundry the smithy, not until money became the chief pursuit of all ranks, and puritanism a general blight upon brilliancy of costume, did the white man relinquish his gewgaws to the parasitic woman. Then he made it a vicarious pride by decorating her with his riches and making her the vehicle of his pomp in ornature and the advertisement of his prosperity.

One soon learns to dress simply away from conventions, though there are men strangely exceptional to this rule. M. Bapp, the French trader at Atuona, I have never seen without a high, stiff collar and bow tie or red velvet cravat, with polished boots, and fanciful belt about his French trousers. An Englishman I know in Tahiti wears a swallow-tailed coat and like accoutrements every steamer day. I know a man who thinks he saved his soul by dressing up daily for dinner on an island where he was the only white and could have no social or mental equals. It stiffened his morale, he said.

Clothes irk the Polynesians, as do the hundred laws of their white masters. Nakedness or near nakedness is ease and grace in this clime, and cleanliness besides. "The gods are naked and in the open," said Seneca.

How often, when I lived at the spacious home of my friend, Ariioehau Ameroearoo, the chief at Mataiea in Tahiti, I have seen him, chevalier of the Legion of Honor, come in from the highway in stiff white linen or in religious black, and in a twinkling reduce his garb to a loin-cloth!

His walls were hung with portraits of princes and distinguished travelers, guests of his in the last score of years, and none was more distinguished, though in brilliant uniform and gor-

geously decorated, than the old chief in his strip of cotton print.

The Marquesan women in most of the valleys to-day wear in public the tunics or gowns that sought to dispossess their *tapa* clothes shortly after the missionaries arrived. The natives of the South Seas were anxious to copy the ways and dress of the missionaries' wives, and bonnets of Clapham and Maine villages, with the virtuous ankle-tied pantalets of Boston, were both godly and *de rigueur* in Polynesia among the imitative and afraid. Dorcas societies in England and New England sent hundreds of ready-made nightgowns to hide the offending skin of the converts, while traders found in the sale of cotton cloths a principal source of revenue. The Marquesans were not so easily persuaded to change their habiliments, and only recently adopted the tunics.

The sewing-machine created a furor for new-fangled garments, and in the huts of these islands one may find the machines most popular in America, though the great establishment of St.-Etienne in France has gained control of this trade by its rain of catalogues and advertising pamphlets.

The men, too, with shirts and trousers, are much more covered than in olden days. The theory has been advanced by many writers on the depopulation of Polynesia that this putting on clothing was a principal cause of it. Campbell, who was in Hawaii fifty years ago, said "To this dressing is ascribed in great part the rapid decrease of population, colds, and consumption following on nakedness one moment, on heavy clothing the next."

The making of the Mother Hubbard gown the measure of female virtue in Hawaii, pantaloons and shirts the garb of masculine godliness, make the Hawaiians easy prey to sickness brought by sailors and traders, which had been better warded off with their bodies cleansed by the air and water. They ceased to bathe as often. Bridges and stepping-stones make swimming of the rivers unnecessary.

In the Marquesas the change may have much to do with their yielding readily to tuberculosis. When they wore dresses of *tapa*, their native cloth,

they took them off when it rained or if they were wet, for they would disintegrate. In manufactured cloth they walk through the streams and in the rain, and sleep in their wet garments.

The Polynesian woman has ever been an arch coquette, paying great attention to her appearance, and enduring severe pain and prolonged ennui to improve her beauty. Her complexion was as much a pride with her as with a fashionable American woman to-day, but a curious secrecy or modesty was attached to the making of the toilet and the enhancement of the natural charms. No Marquesan or Tahitian or Hawaiian would ever have looked often and intently at herself in a portable mirror as do our uncultivated females, and the whitening and reddening of cheeks and lips in public places would have caused a blush of shame for her sex to suffuse the face of a Marquesan, to whom such intimate gestures were for the privacy of her home or the bank of the limpid stream in a grove dedicated to the Marquesan Venus.

Near Tahiti was the atoll of Tetuaroa, where for hundreds of years the belles of Tahiti resorted to lose their sunburn in the embowered groves, and to spend a season in beautification by banting, special foods, dancing, swimming, massage, baths, oils, and lotions.

Here in the Marquesas, as in all Polynesia, a period of voluntary seclusion preceded the début of the maiden, or the preparation for a special *pas seul* by a noted beauty.

Seclusion of the girl was practised at the time of puberty. It has a curious analogy in such far separated places as Torres Strait and British Columbia. The girls of a tribe in Torres Strait are hidden for three months behind a circle of bushes at their homes at the first signs of womanhood. No sun must reach them, and no man, even though he be the father, enter the house, nor must they feed themselves. The Nootkas of British Columbia also conceal their nubile virgins, and insist that they touch their own bodies for a period only with a comb or a bone, never laying their hands upon it.

It would seem that all this mystery had the same purpose, that of adding

to the attractiveness of the girls, and heightening the romance of their new condition. Our coming-out parties parallel the goal of these strange peoples, announcements, formal introductions, as brilliant as possible, being considered desirable both among savages and ourselves to give notice of a marriageable state. Our débuts have not departed far from aboriginal ideas.

The Junoesque wife of Seventh Man Who Wallows has just come from the *via puna* in her accustomed bathing attire, and, still dripping, has seated herself in the sun near the Iron Fingers That Make Words, to dry. She has added a jasmine blossom to the heavy gold hoops in her ears, has lit her pipe, and her handsome, large face is twisted between smiles and frowns as she tries to put in understandable words and gestures her recital:

"Our girls, daughters of chiefs, such as I am, were kept hidden for months before we appeared for the first time in public in the tribal dance. The *tapu* was strict. We were secret in our mother's house and inclosure, without supposedly even being seen by any one but our relatives and their retainers. It was death to gaze upon us. We were *tapu tapu*. If we had cause to go out, our official guardian blew a conch-shell to warn all from the neighborhood. Not until the day of the dance or marriage ceremony, not until the feast was spread and the accepted suitor present to claim us, or the drums booming for the dance, were we shown to the multitude; we had had months of *omi omi*, and would be in perfect condition and most beautiful."

It was this *omi omi*, or massage, that many of the earlier chroniclers of the South Seas believed to be the cause of the chiefs and headmen of all these islands being much bigger and handsomer than the common people. The *hakaiki*, or chiefs, men and women, throughout Polynesia astonished the voyagers and missionaries by their huge size. Often they were from four to ten inches above six feet tall, and framed in proportion. Hardly a writing sailor or visitor to Hawaii, Tahiti, Samoa, or the Marquesas, but remarks this striking fact. Many thought these headmen a different race than the others, but scientists know that family, food, and

the curious effect of the strenuous massage from infancy account for the differences. The *omi omi* of these islands, the *taurmi* of Tahiti, and the *lomi lomi* of the Hawaiians, all have a relation to the *momi-ryoji*, practised by the tens of thousands of whistling itinerants throughout Japan.

In a canoe from Oomoa, on the island of Fatuhiva, has come Nataro Puelleray, my dear wise friend, and his wife. She has one hand that is as famous and as admired in these islands as Mona Lisa's portrait in Europe. A great *tuhuka* wrought its designs, a man equal in graphic genius, relatively, to Leonardo or Velasquez. Age and work have faded and wrinkled the picture, but I can believe Nataro that when she was a young woman people came from far valleys to see it. One recalls the right leg of the late Queen Vaekeu, the most notable piece of art in all the Marquesas until it went with her into the grave at Tai-o-hae. In her late years the former queen of cannibals became a recluse and refused to show her leg to strangers, a modest attitude becoming one who made nuns her companions and death her constant thought.

The men liked dark men. The last conquerors here were probably a darker race than the conquered, and they preserved their ideals of color; but having come without women and seized the women they found, they let them preserve their own standards, except for red lips, which they tattooed blue. These latest comers thought much pigment meant strong bones, and after a battle they searched the field for the darkest bodies to furnish fish-hooks and tools for canoe-making and carving.

The Tahitians thought the whites who first arrived were gods, and when they found they were men, with their same passions, they thought they were ill. That is the first impression one who lives long with Polynesians has when he meets a group of whites. They look pale, sharp-faced, and worried. We pay dear for factories and wheeled vehicles.

Very probably the beginning of tattooing was the wish to frighten one's enemy, as masks were worn by many tribes, and as the American painted his face with ocher. That state was fol-

lowed by the natural desire of the warrior, as evident in Hector's day, to look manly and individualistic before the maidens of his tribe. Finally, as heraldry became complicated, tattooing—it is *tiki* in Marquesan—grew, at least in Polynesia, into a record of individual accomplishments and distinguishing marks. Here it had, as an art, freed itself from the bonds of religion, so that the artist had liberty to draw the thing as he saw it, and had not to conform to priestcraft, a rule which probably hurt Egyptian art greatly.

Man consented to share his ornamentation with women after the lapse of time, but insisted that the motive be beauty or the accentuation of sex.

In New Zealand, where a sometime rigorous climate demanded clothing, the head became the main object of the tattooer; but here nakedness or a near approach to it is comfort, and every inch of the body was offered to the decorator. There was a considerable trade among whites in the preserved heads of New Zealanders until the supply ran out. White dealers slew to sell their victims' visages. Museums and collectors of such curios paid well for these tattooed faces, but the demand exhausted the best efforts of whites. After the rarest examples were dead and smoked, there was no stimulating the supply. The goods refused to be manufactured.

Birds, fish, temples, trees, and plants, all the cosmos of the Marquesan, was a model for the *tuhuka*. He often drew his designs in charcoal on the skin, but sometimes proceeded with his inking *sans* pattern. He never copied, but drew from memory, though the same lines and tableaux might be repeated a thousand times, and always he bore in mind the caste, tribe, and sex of the subject. Thus at a glance one could tell the valley and the rank of any one, much as in Japan, the station, age, moral standing, and other artificial qualities of women are indicated by their coiffure and *obi*, or sash.

An old *tuhuna*, or *tuhuka*, Puhi Enata, one of the last of the great artists, a head of his gild here, who saw his profession fall away from him, has often taken a melancholy pleasure in describing to me his methods and rules of his art.

The tattooers, in order to learn from one another, to have art chats, to discuss prices and perhaps slow payers, had societies or unions in which were degrees and offices, the most favored in ability and by patronage being given the highest rank, though now and again a white man, by his superior magic and force, though no *tuhuka* at all, held the supreme position.

A shark upon the forehead was in Hiva-Oa the card of membership in the tattooers' lodge, to which were admitted occasionally enthusiastic and discerning patrons of art.

At festival times, when *tapus* were to some degree suspended, and the inter-tribal enmities forgotten for the nonce, thousands of men, women, and children gathered to eat, drink, and be merry, and to be tattooed, as one at country fairs buys new dresses and trinkets. It was to these fêtes that the pot-boilers, fakers, and beginners among the *tuhukas* flocked, fellows half-baked in the furnace of real art, men without much talent, who would make a sinner a scrawl to obtain a heap of *pipi*, shells, and gewgaws, a few squealing pigs, a roll of *tapa*, or, most precious of all, a whale's tooth. Like our second and third-class painters, our wretched daubers, who turn out canvases by the foot, though hand-painted, these tramps, who, by a dispensation of the priests and a mocking providence, were *tapu*, not to be attacked in any valley, strolled from tribe to tribe, promising much and giving little. Some worked largely on repair jobs, doing over spots where the skin had been abraded by injuries in battle, or by rocks or by fire. The man who was well dressed in a suit of tattoo, or the lady who was clothed from toes to waist in a washable skin, kept these garments in as good condition as possible; but when accident or the fortune of war injured the ensemble, they hastened to have it touched up.

An artist of the first rank, one who in a Marquesan salon would have a medal of honor, disdained such commissions, but dauber and South Sea Vinci alike often had their work hung upon the line, when they were taken by the enemy and suspended at the High Place before being dropped into the pit for the banquets of the cannibal victors.

It was always of interest to me to wonder how men learned tattooing. Painters, carvers, etchers, and sculptors have material ever available for their lessons. They can waste a vast amount of canvas, wood, copper, or marble if they have the money to spend, but how about the apprentice or student who must have live mediums even for practice?

Well, just as there are Chinese who for a consideration take the place of persons condemned to death, and others who, though it exhausts and finally kills them, enter deadly trades or hire out for war, there were Marquesans who offered themselves as models for these students, and sold their surface at so much an inch for any vile design or miserable execution. I can see these fellows, well covered with *tapa*, hiding whenever possible the caricatures and travesties that made them a laughing show. These Hessians had no pride in complexion. Their skins they wanted full of food, nor cared at all for their outside, if the inside man were replete.

To analyze thoroughly the meanings of the different designs upon the bodies of the Maoris or upon the canoes, paddles, and bows, is impossible now. It might be compared to the study of heraldry. Tattooing in the South Seas was a combination of art and heraldry, racial and individual pride's sole written or graven record.

In the Marquesas the art reached its zenith. It was the Marquesans' national expression, their art, their proof of Spartan courage, the badge of the warrior and the glory of sex. In the man it marked ambition to meet the enemy and to win the most beautiful women. In the weaker vessel it was a coquetry, highly developed among daughters of chiefs and women of personal force, and it afforded those who had submitted to the efforts of the best craftsmen opportunities to display their charms in public to the most striking advantage.

It is said that when the law against tattooing was enforced here a few years ago, a number went to prison rather than obey it, but that when it was announced it had been abrogated, the art was already dead. It is kept alive now, except in a few cases, only by the placing of

names upon the arms of the girls. Many *tuhukas* are still living, but there is little call for their work.

"They were our highest class, next to the chiefs," said a *tuhuka*. "We looked up to them as you do to your great. They were fêted and made much of, and their schools were our art centers, teaching, besides tattooing, the carving of wood, bowls, canoes, clubs, and paddles. Now we buy tin cans and china plates. Von den Steinen, the German philologist connected with the Berlin museum, who was here ten years ago, copied every tattoo pattern he saw, and in many he found a relation to Indian or Asiatic and perhaps other hieroglyphics and figures of thousands of years ago."

With the ridiculing of it by the missionaries, and the making of it a crime by the missionary-directed chiefs of Tahiti, tattooing vanished there almost a hundred years ago; but here the law against it is dated 1898, though others of 1877 and 1885 prescribed penalties.

The law written by the English Protestant missionaries in Tahiti in 1822 was as follows:

No person shall mark with tatau, it shall be entirely discontinued. It belongs to ancient evil customs. The man or woman that shall mark with tatau, if it be clearly proved, shall be tried and punished. The punishment of the man shall be this—he shall make a piece of road ten fathoms long for the first marking, twenty for the second; or stone work four fathoms long and two wide; if not this, he shall do some other work for the king. This shall be the woman's punishment—she shall make two large mats, one for the king, and one for the governor; or four small mats, for the king two, and for the governor two. If not this, native cloth twenty fathoms long and two wide; ten fathoms for the king and ten for the governor. The man and woman that persist in tatauing themselves successively four or five times, the figures marked shall be destroyed by blacking them over, and the individuals shall be punished as above written.

Of course, the missionary-made king vigorously supported this law. Ellis, a missionary of great ability, who had

much to do with the enforcement of this law, which was in a code with many others, among them one which began, "For a man to work on the Sabbath is a great crime before God," said: "Tatauing was connected with their former idolatry. From the figures we have seen on the persons of the natives, and the conversations we have had, we should be inclined to think it was designed as a kind of historical record of the principal actions of their lives."

With the decline of tattooing here passed very soon the carving of wood and stone and every wrought aspect of racial life and thought. The little wooden and stucco churches, copies of the village chapels of France, replaced the mighty temples of the open air, the High Places; the sawed-lumber cabins ousted the beautiful and healthful houses of polished wood, bamboo, and plaited barks and fibers and glorious leaves. As the final unhealthful and ugliest capstone of the arch of unsightliness reared by the untutored white in Polynesia, the corrugated iron roof glimmers like the scales of leprosy where the rich color of the cocoanut thatch was a sacrifice of appearance and comfort to the trader's style.

Few whites who were cast among the Marquesans in the early days escaped tattooing, and all of us of mature years will remember having seen in circuses and museums tattooed Caucasians, who, having returned to civilization, found their strange visages and bodies a source of amusement to the mob and of revenue to themselves. Now and again our own fair women covet even these exotic and fantastic ornamentations of the savage and the atavistic and aberrant white. I have heard the story of the woman of Honolulu, all white and rich and educated, who had pricked upon her delicate skin a butterfly of exquisite beauty, an exact but artistically executed copy of one of the most gorgeous and rarest of that species. Though the wearer was all white, yet being born in Hawaii, she had a touch of the Polynesian atavism which enriches or afflicts all born and dwelling with aboriginal peoples.



"The Lost Path," by Charles MacOwan Tuttle
(Engraved on wood for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE)

The Lost Path

By *ELINOR WYLIE*

I

The garden 's full of scented wallflowers,
And, save that these stir faintly, nothing stirs;
Only a distant bell in hollow chime
Cried out just now of far-forgotten time,
And three reverberate words the great bell spoke.
The knocker 's made of brass, the door of oak,
And such a clamor must be loosed on air
By the knocker's blow that knock I do not dare.
The silence is a spell, and if it break,
What thing, which now is sleeping, will awake?

II

Are simple creatures lying there in cool,
Sweet linen sheets, in slumber like the pool
Of moonlight white as water on the floor?
Will they come down laughing, and unlock the door?
And will they draw me in, and let me sit
On the tall settle while the lamp is lit?
And shall I see their innocent clean lives
Shining as plainly as the plates and knives,
The blue bowls, and the brass cage with its bird?

III

But listen! listen! Surely something stirred
Within the house, and creeping down the halls
Draws close to me with sinister footfalls.
Will long, pale fingers softly lift the latch,
And lead me up, under the osier thatch,
To a little room, a little secret room,
Hung with green arras picturing the doom,
The most disastrous death, of some proud knight?
And shall I search the room by candle-light
And see, behind the curtains of my bed,
A murdered man who sleeps as sleeps the dead?

IV

Or will my clamorous knocking shake the trees
With lonely thunder through the stillnesses,
And then die down—the coldest fear of all—
To nothing, and deliberate silence fall
On the house deep in silence, and no one come
To door or window, staring blind and dumb?



"She had never looked so beautiful as she looked now"

The Tug of War

By PHYLLIS BOTTOME

(Mrs. Forbes Dennis)

Illustrations by Norman Price



EITHER of them had a single illusion left. General Eustace St. Clair Montrose was over fifty, and had spent his full, single-minded, and battered life in getting his own way. On the whole, he had succeeded in getting it, but he had not got anything else.

Madame Léonie Nibaud had left forty markedly behind her, and her accumulations (she had been occupied in laying up treasure for herself) had not been arranged principally with a view to heaven.

They measured the attraction which drew them together with the infallibility of repeated experience. Sex had no secrets from them, and no continuities; nevertheless, it was for both the principal diversion.

General Montrose was a tall, handsome man, with thick gray hair and eyebrows, dancing blue eyes, and a mouth like a steel trap. He had a massive chin, which he thrust out a little in argument. From his earliest youth he had fought and enjoyed fighting. All concessions that came to him without a struggle he regarded in the light of grievances. Conquest was his goal, but he always despised those who let him get there. His character was of the same consistency as a perfectly made cricket-ball, hard, light, and capable of rebounding. It was not capable of any other flexibility. He had a great many hearty tastes, but those for women, food, and flowers were predominant.

General Montrose had married young, and had alienated both his children. His wife died after a few subdued years of unequal and, on the general's part, unobservant companionship. He had been strictly faithful to his marriage tie, and nourished an obscure resentment

against it in consequence of this privation. He had, however, made up for it since.

Léonie Nibaud was less simple a spirit. There was the strain of the artist in her, but of the artist suppressed and supplanted. She had had a voice, which was a small fortune, and beauty, which was a greater one, and being a strictly practical woman, she had given up the lesser for the greater. Her experiences comprised a husband, whom she had without difficulty or hostility divorced; a fortune that permitted her seclusion to take the form of expensive hotels; and a daughter of twenty whom she had brought up in the purity ascribed to lilies. Mme. Nibaud herself, if not wholly respectable, was quite sufficiently respected.

Léonie's masseuse, her coiffeur, and her dressmaker were more intimate with her, and more necessary to her existence, than any other persons. The general's eyes, as they traveled unceasingly over her presented appearance, told of their combined success without being aware of the extent of their influence.

Léonie was not slim, and it would have been better for her to have eaten fewer chocolates. But if her complexion was an art and her figure an increasing problem, her features were a gift of nature, and her great, provocative brown eyes, with their deep fringe of lashes, might have been thrust upon her direct from the hand of the least conscientious of the goddesses.

She used these organs without haste and without rest. They shut off from the general all the distractions of the great, light room, full of flowered tables and the delicate April sunshine of Paris—the room through which, during those black and crumbling years, all that

France knew of pleasure ran uninterruptedly and clear, with no apparent regret for the abbreviated careers of its seekers.

Léonie noticed that during the third spring the class of men had deteriorated: there were fewer young and handsome specimens. In that unending procession, the men that passed and passed, but never came again, were either, as the man before her, of high rank and mature years, or they were weedy and belated types, and they were all more dissolute. Leaves had ceased to be joyous and hopeful interludes in a soon-to-be-triumphant business. The interludes had become feverish reactions of panic against the oncoming certainty of horror and death. Those whom the gods loved had already received their final favor.

Léonie did not allow herself to dwell upon these disagreeable and vicarious sacrifices; but she noticed, because she was there to notice, the thinning down of quality.

Léonie was the first Frenchwoman the general had met who did not say the war was terrible or ask him when it was going to end. Nor did she put the responsibility of the next great push upon his shoulders. She refrained from any mention of the war, and when the general complimented her upon this conversational omission, Léonie shrugged her shoulders lightly.

"I am like that," she agreed, "to what does not concern me. I cannot alter the conditions of war, and as they do not involve me, they are for me the mountains in the moon."

"It is an admirable philosophy," admitted the general, "but I wish to belong to the things that do concern you. May I ask what is your attitude toward them?"

Léonie glanced speculatively across the table at him; then her curved lips bent into a slow, delicious smile.

"Rest assured, Monsieur," she murmured, "you do concern me, and you will in time find out my attitude toward you."

"I have not yet received much proof of it," ventured the general, daring her with his sparkling eyes. "I don't fail to appreciate the remarkably good lunch, or the more remarkable pleasure of your company; but if you will allow me to say

so, the additional company of the world that surrounds us takes off a little from the value of these benefits. I should have preferred to lunch with you alone."

"Monsieur is very direct," said Léonie, dropping the fringe of her long lashes. "He wishes to go fast—and far."

"Very fast and very far," agreed the general. "You see, my leave is up tomorrow, and the pleasure of having met you is yet incomplete."

Léonie slowly raised her lashes, and their eyes met and lingered on each other. Léonie's were all tenderness, and the general's all ardor, but the element of calculation ran beneath both these appearances, as surely as after the repast set before them they would have to meet their inconspicuously presented, but relentless, bill.

Léonie made no direct response to the general's appeal. She rose slowly and said over her shoulder:

"We will take coffee in my room."

The general followed her progress across the dining-room with discreet admiration. This lovely Frenchwoman knew many things, and among them, how to walk. She had no diffidence and no aggression. She moved as one who knows that her place in the world will never be disputed.

Mme. Nibaud's private sitting-room was a bower of flowers. She had not altered the hotel furniture; she had simply drowned it. Huge bowls of sweet and purple violets covered the tables; on the mantelpiece, and hanging above the violets, were single pink roses in tall, thin glasses; and tossed high against the pale-gray walls were branches of almond-blossom.

The general glanced appreciatively at the flowers, but he wasted no time. As the door closed behind them, Léonie felt his iron hands touch her waist and her shoulders, and with a single, quick movement she was pressed against his heart.

She neither yielded to, nor resisted, his close embrace. She suffered it in a silence that was without constraint.

When he had released her for a moment, she slipped out of his hands with instant self-possession, and opened the door between her sitting-room and the room adjoining it.

"Jeanne," she said, "have the kindness to make us some coffee, and leave the door open. I like the aroma."

Then she sat down with her back to the light, under a branch of almond-blossom, and smiled at the general.

"I have my maid make my coffee," she explained quietly, "because downstairs they make—something else. My friend," she added in a lower key, "you use too much audacity."

"Forgive me, if I feel," said the general, "that it was not my audacity which was too great, but the opportunity that was too small. When do you intend to enlarge it?"

"And if I do not so intend?" she asked, with delicately lifted brows.

"Then you waste my time," said the general, coldly, "and no woman, however charming, wastes my time for very long."

Léonie sighed.

"You are a man of iron," she murmured, "so fierce, so irresistible, like your nation!"

"That is an advantage for you," urged the general; "I shall be the stronger friend."

"Pardon me, Monsieur," said Léonie; "a lover is not a friend."

"An ally, then, if you prefer it," said the general. "You are safe with me, at any rate—as long as our interests are the same."

She was silent for a moment, as if she were considering the quality of this security.

"Ah," she said at last, "but how many other women have trusted you? How many, perhaps, trust you even now—in vain? I will be perfectly frank with you, my General.

"I have been, as you know, unhappily married; in fact, for many years I have been without either protection or companionship. I lived very strictly; I brought up my daughter. At length I married her, very successfully, very perfectly. She has had nothing to regret, and happiness is between her and knowledge. Now I am alone again, and I am freer. When I have a fancy, I follow it. I have a fancy for you, but I am not in so great a hurry as you are. I count a little my costs."

"Yes," said the general, "that is very

natural. What are they, your costs? I am willing to meet anything in reason."

Léonie drew back a little, and laughed with an amused exasperation.

"Ah," she said, "I do not mean what you mean. I am not expensive. You mistake your genre. My costs are perhaps not quite so simple.

"I want an intimacy of the heart. I want, as it were, to be sure of you first; I will not say forever, but possibly for the day after to-morrow."

The general pondered for a moment, then he said slowly: "You are everything I like. I adore you. Until you let me make love to you, I cannot show you how much. I have to go now, whatever happens, but you may take it from me that I shall come back."

Jeanne came in with the coffee. She carried on the small lacquered tray two gold glasses of liqueur. Jeanne was a pretty girl, and the general liked liqueur with his coffee; but he noticed neither of these additions to his comfort: his attention was wholly fixed upon Léonie.

"*Tiens*," she said tranquilly, "but I leave Paris. I have for the spring and summer a little villa near the sea. You could come there, perhaps—you, and what you call your A. D. C. But is it too far from your portion of the line? *Non?* My little villa is a few miles from Dieppe. I hope it is not too out of the way for you."

The general's eyes did not flicker, but they hardened curiously for a moment. He was not at liberty to mention where his portion of the line was likely to be, nor did he do so. He said after a moment's pause:

"I run about a good deal in my car. I might blow in your way. Let me take down your address."

It was a coincidence that the address Léonie mentioned to him was precisely six miles from where the general's division would be stationed for the next two months. They were to be pulled out of the line, rested, and thrown in again for the Battle of the Somme, and the general was one of perhaps ten others who knew the exact details of when and where this famous battle was going to take place.

"You might tell your maid," suggested the general, pocketing his address-book

with decision, "that as we now have both the coffee and the aroma, she is at liberty to shut the door."

MME. NIBAUD'S villa stood high above a sea of blossoming orchards. A rampart of softly rising, far blue hills was between it and the gash across the face of France. It was a space of peace and golden fields; only occasionally, between the clear and piercing songs of the spring birds, sounded the distant steady booming of the guns.

Mon Plaisir was an achievement both of beauty and luxury. Nothing was irregular in it. Everything ministered punctually and without visible effort to the comfort and pleasure of its inhabitants. The cooking was exactly what the general liked. He always averred that he had a simple taste in cooking, but it was a simplicity which had baffled thirteen cooks in nine months. His hours were his own. In the evenings he could listen, sitting at his ease on a sweet-scented terrace, to one of the best-trained voices in Europe. During the day he had a most accomplished and perfectly attired companion always at his disposal and never in his way.

Mme. Nibaud possessed an even temper and quick wits. Her tastes were almost identical with the general's. She did not care greatly for young men. She treated Captain Pollock, the general's handsome A. D. C., with a good-natured tolerance. Only when they were alone did this delicate indifference yield to the admiration which Captain Pollock sometimes felt was his due.

"What it must be," she said on one of these occasions, "to know the general's mind, to share his counsels, and perhaps even assist him (for I know how much he admires your intelligence) to arrive at his great decisions! I am sure there is nothing you do not know. For instance, sometimes as I look at you, I say to myself, '*Mon Dieu!* This young man controls destiny! He knows where the arm of the English is to be stretched out in revenge for Verdun.' The very date is, I believe, behind your eyes."

Captain Pollock very wisely dropped these signals of the future.

"I assure you," he murmured in some

confusion, "the general tells me nothing except what concerns me, and that has more to do with where I had better buy fish than with destiny."

"Ah, the uncontrollable modesty of the Englishman!" Mme. Nibaud replied. "But I am so ignorant of war, I may easily be indiscreet. Frankly, I do not understand even the communiqués in the newspapers. One thing alone I care to know. Is the general in danger? That is the only little satisfaction of a woman which I would like sometimes to demand of you, Captain Pollock. Can you not let me know when I may feel safe about him and for how long?"

Captain Pollock referred her to the general himself; he knew rather more, after all, than where to buy fish.

Jeanne had more success with the general's chauffeur. This simple young man, chosen for the solidity of his nerves and his ability (he had had the advantage of having been reared in Billingsgate) to stand the general's language, told her precisely where the division was. She learned from his flattered responses to her interest in him where they drove daily, and even on one occasion, when they went to an important conference, that the commander-in-chief was present. He had been pointed out to Pounce, who described him, a little to Jeanne's linguistic confusion, as "a bunch of red tape."

Pounce had been particularly cautioned against mentioning any of these facts, but Jeanne's questions were always indirect; nor was he aware of the quantity of facts an indirect question can elicit from a flattered recipient whose mind is concentrated upon the possibility of favors to come.

The general himself was less awake than usual. He was very much in love; he was almost involved. Hitherto his heart had been a caravansary. Objects of his affection came and went, they even inhabited it simultaneously; but they never stayed for very long, and none of them had ever seriously interfered with his control of it. But Mme. Nibaud reigned alone; she completely satisfied him, and she was the only woman he had known since his wife's death who was absolutely disinterested. She was more than disinterested: she was



"I have a fancy for you, but I am not in so great a hurry as you are. I count a little my costs"

recklessly and passionately generous. The general daily drank priceless wines, mysteriously overlooked, and left in her cellars by her late husband, who had owned some of the best wines in France.

Léonie told the general plainly that she would give up her villa to-morrow and follow him at whatever distance the military exigencies permitted.

It was an expensive time, and she squandered money like water on his entertainment.

"What does it matter?" she said, indifferently, when he urged her to be more careful. "You take your life in your hand for France, and I, whose life is of no value, take my money, so that I may make your life, while it lasts, more bearable. Besides, never forget your life is mine."

Sometimes the general nearly believed her, and it made him feel a little uncomfortable. His life was not Léonie's; it was England's, and sometimes it occurred to him that even as a necessary recreation Léonie took up rather too much of his attention. She did not interfere with his work, but the quality of the power he had for it lacked its old intensity.

Léonie was an extremely intelligent woman about everything but war; for that she had a blank and most incurious mind.

The only information she ever wanted from the general was when he was likely to be in danger. She could not be content with his assurance that as a divisional general he virtually never was.

"Nonsense!" she would say with the only approach to sharpness he ever heard from her. "Those dreadful shells fall everywhere. When I say danger, I mean anywhere—wherever it is where the men, poor brutes, fight. I want to know always when you go near what you call the line. Then I may feel safer when I know you are not there."

"When I am not with you," said the general, "I am not necessarily near any line. I am simply on duty. You must be content with that."

"How am I to know that it is not other women you go to?" she demanded one evening after dinner on the terrace. "Duty, that is a fine broad word to use; it may cover many things."

"I don't know how you are to know," replied the general, coldly, "if you won't take my word for it."

"I take your word for everything, my friend," Léonie murmured softly. "Over and over in my heart I say it—the word of an Englishman." She spread out her beautiful, bare, ringless hand. "It is all I have, that word," she said consideringly, "and do you know it is enough for me? I ask no more."

The general kissed her hand in silence. He was very glad she was going to ask no more.

She rose slowly, and went through the open French windows toward the piano.

"You have never heard me sing 'The Marseillaise,' have you?" she asked. "Well, I will sing it to you to-night. It used to be considered something."

It was a quiet night, late in May; the orchards slumbered below them, the white blossoms as still as fallen snow under a high full moon. The air was soft and full of the fragrance of simple things, blossoms and a flowering bean-field. Below the terrace on which the general sat, a row of white and purple stocks sent up a perpetual sweetness out of the dark.

Far away there was a low, monotonous, chorus of frogs, mysterious, on one note, making a mournful background to the silence.

Léonie touched the piano very lightly, and then the music of that most tragic, bravest, and most magnetic tune seized the evening and shook it stark awake. There was no silence left, and no peace in the garden. It was suddenly thronged with battles and with ghosts. Even the general was moved. There was nothing banal to him in those familiar tones; they smote upon him afresh with dignity and severe intent. His eyes lost their hardness and became reflective. In a few weeks time the sons of England would go forward in their thousands, in their tens of thousands, and would die. There was no help for it, and on how well they died, and how hard they fought before they died, lay the issue of the profound and senseless tragedy which was impoverishing the world.

The general straightened himself, and stood up; he looked over the moonlit garden, and ceased to see the flowers.

The white fields of the orchards below him changed to darker, sodden fields,

torn up and broken, where no blossoms lay; only the flower of all the youth of France.

Léonie came to him and laid her hand softly upon his shoulder.

"Now," she said, "I am a Frenchwoman; I am ignorant of war, but I have been very patient. When will England strike? My friends tell me she is letting us stand and bleed ourselves white to save herself. For your sake, and for the sake of your honor, I want to free myself of doubt."

"We shall strike soon," said the general, and his lips closed over the words with ominous finality.

"Tell me," she urged, "the moment. I wish to pray for it."

"If you want to pray," replied the general, "pray all the time. It will not be too much."

"No! no!" she said urgently, "give me your faith! You trust me, you are a generous man. I have given you all I have; give me, then, this in return. Do you not see what it is for me to share the future with you? On my soul I ask it of you!"

"But you must not ask it," said the general, firmly. "It is the secret of England."

"And to whom," asked Léonie, gravely, "should England tell her secret but to France?"

It did not sound absurd even to the general, who disliked rhetoric. The last note of "The Marseillaise" still held the listening air. The general looked at her, gravely.

"No," he said; "I can't do that."

Her lips quivered, and with the sudden abandon of a child she flung herself into his arms in a storm of tears.

"Ah," she sobbed, "tell me! tell me! Don't you see I am exhausted, broken with the strain? I have not the *fermeté* of the English; I can bear no more. Always my mind is on that moment of terror. I want. I fear it. I want it for France and for you. How can I bear it? Give me a reprieve, a few days' rest! Help my divided heart!"

"Do not let it be divided," said the general, with unaccustomed gentleness. "When we strike, it will be for the good of all of us; and I have told you before, I shall be in no great personal danger."

"Ah," she said, dragging herself suddenly from his arms, "you speak so calmly, so dispassionately! It is, after all, only I who suffer. Show me that you love me not as you love—all those light women. Do you not remember what I asked of you—an intimacy of the heart? If I were a man and your friend, you would not hide this from me. Why, even Captain Pollock knows what I may not be told!"

"Did he tell you that he knows?" asked the general, grimly.

Léonie sobbed incoherently. Something in the grimness of the general's voice warned her that though she could easily destroy Captain Pollock by her answer, her cause might not be advanced by his destruction.

"No," she murmured at length, "he has not told me; but I know he knows. I feel it in him, as I feel it in you, beloved. Oh, for the sake of our love together, for the sake of this little hour, tell me, and I ask no more questions. I am then like a wife, a soldier's wife, brave and content with a shared peril."

"I should not tell my wife that," said the general, "and I should expect her to be brave without being told."

"Ah," said Léonie, "but I am not a wife. I can only be brave if I am trusted, infinitely trusted."

The general bit his iron-gray mustache and thought deeply. He was genuinely moved, and he had none of the obstinacy of a weak man against the appeals of a woman. He did trust Léonie; it had never for a moment occurred to him to doubt her. But he was before everything else a soldier, in possession of a military secret, and it was inconceivable to him that he should part with it; and yet many men do what is inconceivable. Even the general wavered for an instant.

Léonie's head was once more on his heart, her uplifted, beseeching eyes were full of a torment of love and supplication. She had never looked so beautiful as she looked now, and passion was the only power that ever shook the general's caution; but even when he was reckless, he was not reckless for himself.

He bent his head and kissed her lips.

"Good!" he said. "I'll trust you. The date is the twenty-eighth of July."

Then he gave a sigh of relief. He had appeased her, he could feel the tension of her whole figure relax in his arms; and he had told her a lie. The date he had given her was a fortnight after the actual one.

The general was to go to a conference at headquarters on the following day, but that he did not tell Léonie. He merely gave his order to be called at seven o'clock.

He did not even say good-by to her; he left a note to say that he would return at the first possible moment.

He was in excellent spirits as the magnificent car swung easily over the white roads. Léonie was all the dearer to him for her moment of weakness.

It was the first time that she had ever appeared to him weak, and he believed in, and secretly approved of, the instability of women.

He spoke to Captain Pollock about this common attribute, but Captain Pollock was not so responsive as usual. He looked uncomfortable. This annoyed the general, who greatly disliked any one about him looking uncomfortable unless he had made them so.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked sharply. "You seem to have a flea in your ear this morning."

"Well, I have rather, sir," Captain Pollock admitted. "You know Curtis? The I. O., I mean. I ran across him yesterday, and he told me the French people have sent him Madame Nibaud's name."

"Madame Nibaud's name?" demanded the general. "Well, of all the—However, that's just like them, set of loose-witted old hens!"

"There was something else, sir," Captain Pollock murmured, crimsoning, and turning his unhappy eyes away from the general's blazing ones.

"Out with it!" snapped the general. "I'm not a gun-shy retriever, am I? I ought to be used to departmental idiocy by this time."

"They are censoring all her letters to you, sir."

"What the hell?" thundered the outraged general.

"And I gather they advise," finished the now desperate Pollock, "our people taking the same steps with regard to yours."

"My letters?" gasped the general. Then his mouth shut. He had gone beyond the mere forms of speech, however decorated. Nor did he open his mouth again till they had pulled up at G. H. Q.

The general dismissed Captain Pollock after giving him a few curt orders, and strode into the dining-room of an old French château where the conference was to be held.

He eyed a collection of gilded mirrors on each side of the long narrow table with secret discomfort; but he had, after all, taken his precautions against anything sharper than discomfort. He greeted his colleagues briefly, and took his place.

Everything went smoothly and a little interminably until the commander-in-chief rose and said he had an announcement to make. He gathered their eyes in his, and, leaning over the table, spoke slowly and distinctly.

He had, he explained, to submit to them an alteration in the date of the offensive. It was thought better in certain quarters to postpone it for a fortnight. The attack would therefore now take place upon the twenty-eighth of July.

General Montrose felt as if first his body and then his heart were turning to stone.

The perspiration that stood out on his forehead was icy cold, and the heat of the room was powerless to reach him. He had never known fear in his life, but the anger that shook him now was one of the forms of fear.

Nobody noticed his frozen stillness. In the excitement of the moment a hundred sharp objections poured out upon the subject nearest all their hearts. His voice alone was unheard. He accepted the decision of his chief as final, as involuntarily and beyond all protest, as if he had received a mortal wound.

As soon as he could, the general excused himself from the conference.

Captain Pollock had done what he was told and was therefore not immediately recoverable, but he had to pay for his obedience when he was found. The general's language tore through all his reasonable excuses like a prairie fire through dead leaves. Captain Pollock got hold of the chauffeur with an expedition beyond the powers of any other A. D. C. in the force, only to be told that he was slower than a specified snail.

Several times in their wild scrimmage through the landscape of France they edged calamity by the thinness of a hair, but the general only urged them to drive faster.

They arrived at Mon Plaisir before the first western shadows covered the green terrace.

Mme. Nibaud was not at home. She had gone suddenly, it appeared, to Paris, nor was she expected to return. Nobody knew quite where she could be found. She was to meet, it appeared, M. Nibaud at one of the amicable interviews which still occasionally took place between them to their mutual advantage. M. Nibaud was a Swiss, and he ran a paper which was not very well thought of by the French police.

The general walked to and fro on the terrace for half an hour without speaking.

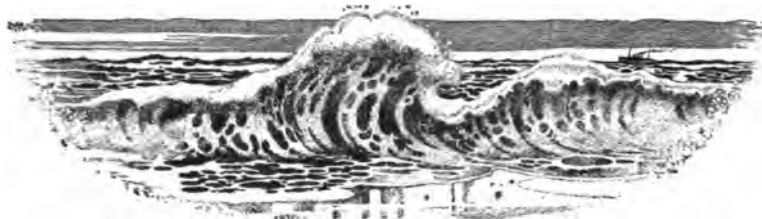
Captain Pollock watched him very unhappily from the drawing-room window. It seemed to him that every time the general turned and passed him, he looked a year older.

At the end of the half-hour the general gave him a signal.

"Send for the car again," he said sternly. "We must return to headquarters."

The general had been making up his mind whether to save himself or to save England, and he had decided that he could not save himself. This was the cost which Mme. Nibaud had prepared for him.






The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

SNUBBING DEMOCRACY AT MONTE CARLO—A RADICAL LOOKS AT HIS WORLD—FRENCH IDEAS ON THE PRESIDENCY—SLANG AND JARGON—A DEBAUCH OF THE AMERICAN MIND—VILLAGE STATESMANSHIP—THE LIPS OF THE SPHINX MOVE—"MOSULISME" AND "IDEALISME."

SNUBBING DEMOCRACY AT MONTE CARLO

R. CHESTERTON has overlooked a paradox. A people has been found who spurns democracy and turns with disdain from self-determination. A prince has been found who protests against the political lethargy of his people and insists upon surrendering his absolute powers to the demos. This plays havoc with several very aged and respectable epigrams. We have been saying that reform never comes from the top, and that good government will never be accepted as a substitute for self-government. And, it must be admitted, convincing history is behind such assertions.

Peoples the world over seem to prefer the blunders of democracy to the blessings of paternalism. The rôle of an eternal Lazarus, however nutritious the crumbs that fall from the master's table, seems not to appeal to the masses as an inspiring rôle. The passion for control which has been the eternal ferment of politics was freshly vitalized by the war. Everywhere audacious dreams are being dreamed. Our time seems singularly marked by a convulsive clutching at the reins of government by all classes

and all groups. All the more paradoxical, then, is a people who rejects self-government and demands that the autocrat keep his power. Just this political paradox, however, is staged in tiny Monaco, the picturesque principality which is the setting for the famed kingdom of chance, Monte Carlo.

Monaco is the smallest sovereign principality in Europe. It boasts an area of only about eight square miles. It is two and a quarter miles in length, with a width varying from one hundred and sixty-five to eleven hundred yards. It lies on the Mediterranean coast, and is bounded on its land sides by the French department of Alpes-Maritimes. It includes the towns of Monaco, Condamine, and Monte Carlo.

It has long been under the absolute rulership of the Prince of Monaco. There has been no parliament in the principality. The prince has been advised in matters of state by a small council created by his arbitrary appointment. The prince has likewise appointed the *maire* and other municipal authorities. The prince does not himself administer the gambling industry from which he receives so handsome an income. In 1861 François Blanc secured a concession for gambling-tables at

Monte Carlo for a term of fifty years. This concession later passed into the hands of a joint-stock company—*Société Anonyme des Bains de Mer et Cercle des Etrangers*—capitalized at 30,000,000 francs. In addition to the annual rental paid to the prince, this company pays the expenditures of the Government, maintains the charitable and religious institutions of the principality, takes care of the palace grounds, and the like. The terms of the concession give an idea of the prince's royal income. Estimating pounds at five dollars, for the sake of easy comparison, the prince was to receive \$2,000,000 in 1899, \$3,000,000 in 1913, while the annual tribute of \$250,000 was to be raised to \$350,000 in 1907, to \$400,000 in 1917, to \$450,000 in 1927, and to \$500,000 in 1937. So, despite the chaotic and uncertain state of international exchange, the prince, since he is not a victim of New York rents and American prices in general, will be able to eke out a fairly comfortable existence.

The inhabitants of Monaco do not have access to the gambling-tables. They enjoy exemption from taxation, to the everlasting envy of American captains of industry, and large prices are paid for their lands. In the essential sense of the words, there is neither industry nor commerce in the principality. The place is essentially parasitic, its financial cannibalism finding satisfaction in the endless stream of tourists and gamblers that pours through its portals.

This, then, is the stage setting for the political paradox hinted at in the opening paragraphs of this comment. The story of the paradox itself is interestingly told in a recent issue of "The Christian Science Monitor" as follows:

According to a recent interview with the reigning prince of Monaco, the inhabitants of this small principality are willing to work for their livings, but can scarcely be persuaded to work at governing their country. They feel that they have a prince to do the governing, and that ruling over them is his business. Why should he expect them to do this for him unless he is lazy?

The prince, until ten years ago absolute ruler, wishes his subjects to enjoy all the

modern governmental improvements, and thinks absolute rulers are as out of style as hoop skirts. He divided his estate into twenty-four sections and asked that each section choose a representative for a legislature. The people would have none of such a scheme. Who had the time, they asked? Finally they agreed when the prince offered to reduce the number of representatives to twelve. One condition they insisted upon—that the prince must have power to veto any law the twelve might make. The prince refused. He wanted to be an ordinary citizen. The people grew angry, organized demonstrations, threatened revolt. What did they know of ruling? They had consented to a legislature because the prince asked it; they really could not think of trusting the persons whom they had elected. The prince came near weeping, but he accepted the veto power.

Following the best French forms, a constitution was drawn up, and democracy started on its way to Monaco. The prince tries to be optimistic. Surely his eight or nine thousand subjects, with the twenty-five thousand foreigners who live there, will bear patiently with this democracy for which the whole world fights.

This picture of the weeping prince and the reluctant masses should bring joy to the hearts of all Tories. Here is one spot on the heated surface of the political world where Bolshevism is unpopular and self-determination regarded as an unwelcome burden. With the whole world apparently a "sooty hell of mutiny," Tories have been quoting Carlyle to themselves: "How, in conjunction with inevitable Democracy, indispensable Sovereignty is to exist; certainly it is the hugest question heretofore propounded to Mankind." The trouble has been that nowhere could a people be found who, like the Tories, agreed with Carlyle's conclusion which the Tories feel a world bent on Bolshevism greatly needs to ponder. Carlyle said:

The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need . . . of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them; but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of man by his Mock-Superiors; the palpablest, but I say at bottom the smallest. Let him shake

off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet; I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superiors well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors.

Tories had about given up the search for a people who had escaped the democracy epidemic enough to appreciate this Carlylian exhortation. Will docile Monaco renew their hope?

But maybe there is little comfort to be drawn from the affair, after all. In Monaco the workers are in the minority. Sixty-five per cent. of the people are tradespeople and business men. There is no poverty in the principality. Economically prosperous, the folk of Monaco go joyously to their work in a land where even the climate does not abrade one's nerves. Peace and prosperity breed social contentment in this exceptional spot. Perhaps the only deduction to be drawn from the case is that satisfactory conditions are the only recipe for satisfied peoples. Not a comforting deduction for those who worship the great god *Status Quo*.

A RADICAL LOOKS AT HIS WORLD



FROM time to time there come to our shelves books on "An Englishman Looks at His World" from Mr. Wells, on "An Irishman Looks at His World" from Mr. Birmingham, and other variations of this contagious title. Recently Mr. Bertrand Russell contributed to "The Nation" of New York a brilliant serial comment on the theory and practice of the soviet government in Russia. This series might well have been called "A Radical Looks at His World." The series has been reprinted widely in daily newspapers ranging from liberal to reactionary in character. The significance of the series lies half in the acuteness of the observations recorded and half in the radical reputation of the observer, Mr. Russell. When a communist grows critical of Bolshevism in action, we feel instinctively that the criticism is likely to represent a more honest analysis than the numerous diatribes against Bolshevism daily penned by congenial Bourbons.

Mr. Russell is one of the few philosophical students of contemporary life who really covets truth, a very distinguished passion. It is next to impossible to get at the truth of affairs to-day, particularly the truth about Russia. The average "interpreter" seems the retained attorney for a point of view. Of most writers on Russia it may be said, as George Santayana said of philosophers:

Every philosopher says he is pursuing the truth, but this is seldom the case . . . professional philosophers are usually only apologists; that is, they are absorbed in defending some vested illusion or some eloquent idea. Like lawyers or detectives, they study the case for which they are retained, to see how much evidence or semblance of evidence they can gather for the defence, and how much prejudice they can raise against the witnesses for the prosecution. . . . They do not covet truth, but victory.

Mr. Russell is an exception to this statement. A radical whose radicalism brought him to prison, Mr. Russell does not hesitate to record the bankruptcy of a radical experiment. He has honestly attempted to cut through the mist, myth, and melodrama that have enveloped the Bolshevist adventure from the beginning.

"It is essential to a happy issue," he says, "that melodrama shall no longer determine our views of the Bolsheviki; they are neither angels to be worshipped nor devils to be exterminated, but merely bold and able men attempting, with great skill, what is an almost impossible task." Again after describing Lenine as a man who loves liberty less than he loves his thesis, as a man who has as slender love for liberty as the Christians who suffered under Diocletian and retaliated when power fell to their hands, Mr. Russell says, "I went to Russia believing myself a Communist; but contact with those who have no doubts has intensified a thousandfold my own doubts, not only of communism, but of every creed so firmly held that for its sake men are willing to inflict widespread misery." And again, he says, "My objection is not that capitalism is less bad than the Bolsheviki believe, but that socialism is less good, at any rate in the form which can be brought about by war."

These key sentences suggest the spirit of Mr. Russell's critique. It is not the purpose of this editorial to summarize these papers, which can, to greater profit, be read in full from the files of "The Nation," but certain of their comments, particularly since they are from a radical's pen, cry aloud for tabulation.

First of all, the present Government of Russia is not a dictatorship of the proletariat in the strict sense of that term; it is a dictatorship by a minority group holding certain theories about the proletariat. Mr. Russell suggests the great difference between the theories of the actual Bolsheviki in Russia and the theories of the Bolsheviki's friends in England and in the United States. It is commonly assumed by many radicals with Bolshevik leanings that the word "proletariate" in the phrase "dictatorship of the proletariat" means the whole proletarian mass, but that the word "dictatorship" does not quite mean dictatorship; that the phrase is simply a way of saying that in Russia a new form of representative government has been instituted—a form that gives the vote only to the workers and makes the basis of representation occupational rather than geographical, a theory that was rather fully discussed in these columns last month in the editorial entitled "Should Senators be Phonographs?" On the contrary, according to Mr. Russell, when the Bolsheviki say "dictatorship" they mean actual dictatorship—complete, sustained, and, if necessary, ruthless dictatorship; but when they say "proletariate" they do not mean the whole proletarian mass, but the class-conscious part of the proletariat only; that is to say, the Communist party, which represents some 600,000 in a population of about 120,000,000. They include under the name of "proletariate" men like Lenine and Chicherin, who are anything but proletarian, and exclude, as lackeys of the bourgeoisie, all wage-earners who do not subscribe to the Bolshevik creed. It is the age-old practice of considering orthodoxy as *my*-doxy and heterodoxy as *your*-doxy. Given this attitude, the bars are down for all the intolerance, suppression, and censorship that marked the old czarist régime.

Springing from this fact, is Mr. Russell's conclusion that "Bolshevism is internally aristocratic." He says:

The Communists have all the good and bad traits of an aristocracy which is young and vital. They are courageous, energetic, capable of command, always ready to serve the state; on the other hand they are dictatorial, lacking in ordinary consideration for the plebs, such as their servants, whom they overwork, or the people in the streets, whose lives they endanger by extraordinarily reckless motoring. They are practically the sole possessors of power, and they enjoy innumerable advantages in consequence. Most of them, though far from luxurious, have better food than other people. Only people of some political importance can obtain motor-cars or telephones. Permits for railway journeys, for making purchases at the Soviet stores (where prices are about one-fiftieth of what they are in the market), for going to the theater, and so on, are of course easier to obtain for the friends of those in power than for ordinary mortals. In a thousand ways the Communists have a life which is happier than that of the rest of the community.

This is not the ordinary Bourbon's charge that Lenine wears silk shirts and is therefore insincere; it is the careful observation of an honest radical, who is probably depressed rather than elated when he finds a fly in the ointment of radical undertakings.

Mr. Russell went to Russia hoping to study the soviet elective system all the way from the village meeting to the All-Russian Soviet, by which the people's commissaries are in theory supposed to derive their powers. Having heard much of Russia's experiment in occupational representation, he wanted to see whether in actual operation it was superior to parliamentarism. After his Russian visit, he said:

We were not able to make any such study because the Soviet system is moribund. No conceivable system of free election would give majorities to the Communists, in either town or country. Various methods are therefore adopted for giving the victory to government candidates. In the first place, the voting is by show of hands, so that all who vote against the government are marked men. In

Remenceau during the war. The political world is, in consequence, stirred by a discussion that may lead to a revision of the French constitution to the end of giving greater powers to the president and making other changes in the organic law of France. The "The Sun" of New York has proposed the changes that are most in the current discussion,

(1) A constitutional provision for a president, who would be the president of the Senate, as in the United States.

(2) A provision giving the president the right actually to choose his advisers and of this right being assumed, as now, by the president of the council, in turn, while theoretically named as the president, actually is designated as the heads of the two chambers.

(3) A provision giving the president the right to name many of the functionaries who are now appointed by parliament, a system which has tended to excessive parliamentary government, from which, according to the complaint, France now suffers.

(4) A provision according to the departments of France a greater degree of autonomy along the lines of state government in the United States.

There is no desire, it is said, to discard the French system of a "responsible ministry" for the American system of a "permanent cabinet," but rather to effect a compromise that would fall about half-way between the two.

In the great political adventure of democracy there has always been a sense of kinship in experience and experiment between France and the United States. We shall therefore watch with keenest interest any overhauling of their constitution that Frenchmen may undertake.

SLANG AND JARGON

PHILOLOGISTS are beginning to cast up accounts and to make tentative prophecies of the contribution war-time slang may make to our language. The English-speaking soldiers in the great war came near

creating a language of their own, or more accurately, perhaps, a "slanguage" of their own. Much of it was picturesque. How much of it will be permanent? How many of the phrases of trench and camp will stand up under the test? Do they show verbal deftness, give evidence of creative imagination in their making, and express some necessary idea better than any word or phrase formerly used?

Professor Israel Gollancz, eminent Shaksperian scholar and professor of English language and literature at King's College, University of London, with true academic conservatism has suggested that we may consider "camouflage" and "khaki" as sure of a permanent place in our language. Meanwhile certain dictionaries are presenting supplements of slang words and phrases produced during the war. Cassell's New English Dictionary, for instance, contains a supplement from which the following is gleaned:

Old bean—Old fellow.
 Brass hat—Staff officer.
 Clobber—Clothing.
 Cushy—Good job, good pay, and little to do.
 Fed up—To have nothing to do.
 Wind up—To get nervous and excited.
 Eyewash—Humbug.
 Funkhole—Government job.
 Umpteen—Any number.
 Napoo—Nothing doing.
 Wash-out—Failure or muddle.

Plainly these phrases are slang at its slangiest. From such phrases there will probably come little of permanent value to the English language. The war brought into being and use many new words, however, that will find permanent room in the writer's kit of tools. The war words most sure of permanence are those expressing technical aspects of war operations, some of them slang, some of them the result of sound word building. We shall probably take over in their original form many words from the French and the German. Many words that may rightly be classified as new words are in reality old words, but new in the sense of our using them freely and generally for the first time.

But the fact that war-time slang was

the product of abnormal situations will limit its permanent contribution to our language. The slang of every-day life is a richer source of new words. Slang is by no means the cultural sin it is sometimes branded. Slang is language in the making. Slang is the sign of life in a language. Slang is imagination at work in words. Our mother tongue would become a stagnant pool if slang did not pour into it fresh streams. Much of slang is mere verbal eccentricity, but many of the most expressive and accredited words in our language were slang in their origin.

Purists wage unceasing war on slang. But our language has less to fear from slang than from the commoner linguistic sin of jargon. A hurried glance at one of the many condensed dictionaries might give the impression that slang and jargon are nearly synonymous. For instance, one may find slang defined as follows: "The cant words or jargon used by thieves, peddlers, beggars, and the vagabond classes generally; cant." But a closer study of the two words in the more ambitious dictionaries reveals a fundamental distinction.

Probably the best definition of the modern sense of the word "slang" is the following: "Language of a highly colloquial type, considered as below the level of standard educated speech, and consisting either of new words or of current words employed in some special sense." Likewise one may find jargon defined as "professional slang or cant." But, again, a closer study of the word reveals its distinctive meaning. Probably the best definition of jargon is the following: "Unintelligible or meaningless talk or writing." The word goes back to the French verb *jargonner*, which means to warble, to chatter, to jabber. The early definition of jargon ran as follows: "The inarticulate utterance of birds, or a vocal sound resembling it." This early sense became obsolete from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century, but has been revived in modern literature, and the word "jargon" has come to mean muddled talk and writing.

Jargon is the fog of language; slang the lightning of language. Jargon obscures thought and dampens the gossamer wings of fancy; slang at times

destroys, but it also clears the air, illuminates. Jargon is abstract; slang is concrete. Jargon is a perversion of decent prose. Jargon is used in Congress, in pulpits, in business correspondence, and, alas! in magazines. It is the commonest sin of penmen, even penmen who condemn it. Jargon is circumlocution become a habit. Jargon obscures ideas. Somebody once asked, "What would have become of Christianity if Jeremy Bentham had had the writing of the Parables?" The simple directness of "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's" might have been "Render unto Cæsar the tributes, perquisites, and privileges that normally and by all the laws of the *status quo* appertain to that exalted potentate."

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, in a series of Cambridge lectures on the art of writing, said many illuminating things on jargon. He brought his rarest humor into play when he rewrote Hamlet's soliloquy, turning Shakspeare's refreshing plainness into jargon. The jargonized soliloquy ran as follows:

To be, or the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavor of fortune, albeit in an extreme degree, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion. The condition of sleep is similar to, if not indistinguishable from that of death; and with the addition of finality the former might be considered identical with the latter; so that in this connection it might be argued with regard to sleep that, could the addition be effected, a termination would be put to the endurance of a multiplicity of inconveniences, not to mention a number of downright evils incidental to our fallen humanity, and thus a consummation achieved of a most gratifying nature.

How like a campaign speech! How like the ponderous effusions of certain writers who are proud of a limited audience! In short, how Veblenesque! Certain writers, like Thorstein Veblen, so obscure their ideas with jargon that their books are as unintelligible to the

vast army of ordinary readers as Sanskrit to a cab-driver. Of such writers, it may be said, as Hazlitt said of Bentham:


His style is unpopular, not to say unintelligible. He writes a language of his own that *darkens knowledge*. His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English. People wonder that Mr. Bentham has not been prosecuted for the boldness and severity of some of his invectives. He might wrap up high treason in one of his inextricable periods, and it would never find its way into Westminster Hall. . . . He writes a cypher-hand, which the vulgar have no key to. . . . Mr. Bentham writes as if he was allowed but a single sentence to express his whole view of a subject in, and as if, should he omit a single circumstance or step of the argument, it would be lost to the world forever, like an estate by a flaw in the title-deeds.

"Rather interesting," somebody may say, "but why drag an essay on slang and jargon into a department dedicated to the discussion of current affairs?" The reason should be evident, in view of the fact that during and since the war the whole nation has been carrying on a spirited and at times bitter debate on the power and peril of words. One group insists that the war was won by Mr. Wilson's superb verbal assaults on enemy morale; another group insists that the President became intoxicated with his own rhetoric and forgot realities.

Certainly we need clear thinking in the realm of leadership, but clear thinking and muddled expression do not go hand in hand. There are, of course, exceptions to this statement. Mr. Veblen has something to say, if you can contrive to de-code his books. Jeremy Bentham had something to say, but to listen to him is *work*. After stigmatizing Bentham's style, Hazlitt wrote: "And what makes it worse, it is not mere verbiage, but has a great deal of acuteness and meaning in it, which you would be glad to pick out if you could." There are exceptions, but, in nine cases out of ten, the man who talks or writes jargon, thinks jargon. The man who could teach this people to talk and write simple, plain, intelligible English would double the intellectual power of the

nation. A man's style reacts upon his mind. Therefore, a blow at jargon is a blow at muddling in the counsels of the nation.

A DEBAUCH OF THE AMERICAN MIND

 HE kaleidoscope is a static thing beside an American Presidential campaign. Under the fitful tyranny of expediency, an issue that is paramount at the beginning of a campaign may be petty by the time the campaign is well under way. The committee on policy alters perspective overnight, as the fortunes of the campaign shift. A veteran journalist, Dr. Talcott Williams, who has been an acute observer of many Presidential contests, recently said that there is nothing more fruitless than to try to guess in mid-August what will be the paramount issue on which the voters will divide in November. This is not so much a commentary upon our lack of political acumen as upon the hollow unreality of campaign propaganda and discussion.

Why hug longer the delusion of a phrase! A Presidential campaign is not, save in the most general hit-or-miss sense, a "solemn referendum" on anything. A Presidential campaign is a catch-as-catch-can fight for votes. Early in the campaign the statesman abdicates in favor of the strategist. Acceptance speeches are not the mind-revealing confessions of political and economic faith they purport to be. They are the cautious pronouncements of men who are playing a game.

Early in the present campaign a certain Presidential candidate stated to a friend of the writer what he purposed to do respecting a certain vital issue in the event of his election. His statement was specific, intelligent, and intelligible; even a runner might have heard and understood what the candidate meant. His statement on the issue in his acceptance speech a few days before had been, on the contrary, colorless and evasive, and was being interpreted the country over as the exact opposite of what he had just said in private. It must be admitted, however, that his public statement did not technically bar him from the belief and purpose he stated privately.

"Why don't you say this in public?" the candidate was asked. "Why don't you stop all this misinterpretation of your real purpose?" The candidate smiled a knowing smile and answered, in effect:

"My dear sir, a political campaign is a matter of strategy. I am just now the Marshal Foch of the _____ party. I'm waiting until I have drawn the fire of my opponent. I want to know where he stands and his plan of battle. Have patience. In time I will make a statement that will, I think, satisfy all the friends of this idea."

It is this damnation of strategy that turns a Presidential campaign into a debauch of the American mind. A Presidential campaign should be, might be, a vast summer school in which adult America wrestled with the simplicities and complexities of world politics, of government, of education, of economics, of all vital concerns. Instead we make it, at best, an orgy of meaningless platitudes, and, at worst, a high carnival of strategic insincerities.

The blame for this "shadow dance of words" that marks our campaigns rests less upon the politicians than upon the people. As a people we do not have a fundamental and continuous interest in politics. We have sporadic and short-lived interest in *issues*, but not an abiding interest in the grand adventure of wisely governing our common life. When we express deep interest in politics it is as a special and temporary task. Now and then we organize "good-government" movements, pursue for a time political studies in our clubs, and fling ourselves with hectic fervor into propagandist societies to "put over" this or that dramatic political idea; but sustained political-mindedness we have not achieved.

Politics is cursed with the jargon discussed earlier in these columns. Politicians will deal in evasive abstractions as long as popular thought on things political lacks informed background and concreteness of inquiry.

"It is plain, Glaucon," said Socrates, "that if you wish to be honored, you must benefit the state."

"Certainly," replied Glaucon.

"Then, inform us," said Socrates,

"with what proceeding you will begin to benefit the state."

Here is the formula for genuine political campaign discussion. But our political Glaucons will never be brought to condescend to details until there is something of a Socratic quality in the public mind.

VILLAGE STATESMANSHIP



CROSS-SECTION of the mind of leadership in village, state, or nation is always interesting and instructive. Despite the present prevalence of a mass philosophy, despite the latter-day flings at the "great-man" theory of progress, the fact remains that a headless civilization is a drifting civilization. Every attempt to dispense with worthily imperious leadership has gone on the rocks. The Bolshevisms of history have invariably become bureaucracies. H. G. Wells is right in saying that the determining and controlling persons of a nation constitute in its intenser form the national intelligence and the national will.

One fatal weakness in our consideration of the problem of leadership is that we think of it in terms of large affairs and sweeping jurisdictions only. We seem to go on the assumption that great leadership must have at least a nation, and preferably a world, for its playground. But the fact is that national statesmanship is largely conditioned by village statesmanship. What happens at the top in our national life can be nullified by what happens at the bottom. We cannot achieve an integrated nation out of slipshod and ill-organized villages and towns. Before we can boast national pride, national sense, national conscience, and national will, we must arrive at community pride, community sense, community conscience, and community will. And the men of the small towns of America have not yet answered the challenge to leadership, to village statesmanship.

All this is prompted by the results of a questionnaire sent to the mayors of towns of three hundred to three thousand inhabitants in the Northwestern States of Washington, Oregon, and

Idaho. The Bureau of Municipal Research of Whitman College, in the State of Washington, sent the questionnaire in an effort to arrive at some of the facts of existence in such towns. At the moment of writing, one hundred and thirty-five mayors have responded. The Foreign Press Service, in one of its weekly news bulletins, presents the results of the inquiry. From the report these suggestive items are gleaned as answers to the question, "What do you think your town needs most?"

There are sixty-four demands for public improvements. The background of these sixty-four demands makes them all the more suggestive. Only eight mayors suggested the need of better public buildings. Although eighty-one of these towns have no facilities for sewage disposal, only fifteen mayors suggested sewer systems. Although sixty of these towns have no pavements, only fifteen mayors suggested pavements. Although ten of these towns have no water system, only six mayors expressed a desire for water systems. Despite the nationwide propaganda for "good roads," this item figures in the replies of only ten of the one hundred and thirty-five mayors. Nine mayors thought the greatest need of their towns was hotels, while five mayors thought the thing most needed was to have a railroad pass through their towns. A few mayors suggested better walks, schools, parks, lights, fire prevention, hospitals, and the like.

There are one hundred and fifty-seven demands of a material nature. Business needs figured largest in the mayors' replies. In all, ninety-three objects of a commercial nature were mentioned. Sixteen mayors wanted factories and the vitalizing effect of their pay-rolls upon the business life of their towns. Thirty-three mayors mentioned specific kinds of business houses as needed. Five mayors pleaded for capital, public or private, for irrigation purposes.

There are thirty-four demands for intellectual, moral, or social advantages. Nine mayors suggested the need of wholesome amusement for the youth of their towns. Six mayors asked for libraries, four for churches, and two for ministers. One lonely mayor saw the need of "moral influences," and one

dared suggest greater "intellectual development." Twelve mayors suggested the desirability of community centers or commercial clubs. Several expressed the general need of "enthusiasm," of "community push," of "broader vision," of "public spirit," or "progressiveness."

Does all this suggest that our small towns are breeding leaders with vision, comprehensive purpose, technic, and application? The answer lies fairly clear in the matrix of facts. If we could realize the dignity and importance of village statesmanship, if small town councils would look upon themselves as committees of efficiency engineers in a large social sense, whose duty is the administration of the common town life as an effective social unit, many perplexities we are now placing on the shoulders of national leadership would be handled at their source.

THE LIPS OF THE SPHINX MOVE

EARLIER in the year, in these columns, comment was made upon the tangled issues confronting the Milner commission which the British Government sent to Egypt in December last to inquire into the whole question of Egyptian unrest and to draft, in collaboration with Egyptian leadership, ways and means for working out the British Government's declared purpose "to preserve the autonomy of Egypt under British protection, and to develop a system of self-government under Egyptian rule." That commission has now been at work for months, carrying out an exacting and sweeping schedule of conference, inquiry, and research. By the time this comment reaches the reader we may know with greater definiteness its authentic results, but at the moment the air is filled with stimulating rumor of which it is worth while to take notice.

The report was current during the month of August that a secret agreement had been arrived at between Viscount Milner and Zaghlul Pasha, the Egyptian Nationalist leader, respecting a constitution that provided something in the nature of dominion self-government for Egypt. This report was

categorically denied. The rumor arose at the time of a temporary suspension of negotiations between Viscount Milner and the Egyptian Nationalists. The negotiations, it was said, were to be resumed later, and that no public statement would be made until these negotiations had reached nearer completion. It was said in the "authoritative quarters" from which the denial came that "conversations have revealed a very considerable measure of agreement on fundamental points, and will, it is hoped, accordingly facilitate an ultimate settlement of the Egyptian problem." By the time this reaches the reader, the informal "conversation" stage of the negotiations, doubtless, will have been resumed; later we may expect more formal negotiations between the representatives accredited by the British and Egyptian governments. Meanwhile, let us analyze the current rumor and attempt to relate it to the larger play of policy of which it may be a part.

The newspaper reports are conflicting in certain details. But, roughly stated, the report may be said to look toward some such arrangement as was effected between the United States and Cuba at the termination of the Spanish-American War. Here are certain points on which virtually all forms of the rumor are in agreement.

(1) Great Britain will recognize the independence of Egypt.

(2) Great Britain will undertake to guarantee the integrity of Egypt.

(3) Egypt will, in return, recognize Great Britain's privileged position in the Nile valley.

(4) Egypt will, in case of war, give Great Britain free access to Egyptian territory.

(5) Great Britain will gradually withdraw her army of occupation from Egypt, save for a small British garrison consisting of sufficient troops to protect the Suez Canal zone.

(6) Egypt will have primary control of her foreign relations, subject to any treaties not being at variance with British policy.

(7) Egypt will, in consequence of her assumed control of her foreign relations, appoint and maintain diplomatic representatives abroad. At first her diplo-

matic representation will probably be confined to those countries with which she has commercial interests, Great Britain acting for Egyptian interests in other countries.

(8) The "capitulations" will be abolished, and hereafter foreigners will be judged by Egyptian courts. Behind the word "capitulations" is a fascinating story of the evolution of the hybrid judicial system of Egypt, with its innumerable admixtures of foreign factors. This story will be well worth the telling in some later issue if the rumored reform of the Egyptian judiciary is undertaken; but in this instance it is enough to define "capitulations" roughly as the special privileges accorded subjects of certain foreign nations by which they escape the jurisdiction of purely Egyptian courts.

(9) There is to be a marked reduction in the number of British officials in Egypt, although many will remain in transitional capacities, and such as remain permanently will be directly responsible to the Egyptian chiefs of the departments in which they serve.

(10) The final and formal agreement will be negotiated between accredited representatives of both governments, and will be submitted to the British Parliament and the Egyptian National Assembly, and, if approved by these bodies, will be made the basis of a treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Egypt as an independent nation.


As stated in the beginning, all this is rumor and may be little more than the agenda of the conference between the members of the Milner commission and the Egyptian Nationalists. Extended comment is, therefore, out of place at this time. Certain things, however, may be ventured. Viscount Milner is no visionary. His mental processes and diplomatic policies have never been tainted by any Messianic delusion. He is essentially a realist in politics. If he supports such a plan, marking such a definite turn in Anglo-Egyptian relations, it is probably because he thinks a continuation of the present British protectorate an impossibility, short of a military dictatorship. It may be doubted that Milner regards the Egyptians as really ready for self-government. He has probably come to regard Great

Britain's present position in Egypt as untenable, balanced the risks of disorder in dominion self-government against the certain increase of disaffection under an increasingly military control, and has decided upon a sort of dominion self-government as the more desirable of two undesirable policies.

Some observers affect to see significance in the fact that on the same day the "unofficial" statement went out from London that Great Britain was ready to recognize the independence of Egypt, Lloyd George, in an interview given at Lucerne, said that in the matter of imperial responsibilities Great Britain must adopt a policy of retrenchment. "We are too deeply engaged everywhere," he said. "British statesmen must in future strive to reduce the responsibility of the country." In other words, "the white man's burden" has grown too heavy. Can this mean that Great Britain's far-flung empire is passing from the asset to the liability column? Most casual observers of world politics would ask to "see the figures" before believing that. Can this mean that Great Britain's imperial commitments are over-taxing the little island's administrative capacity? It has always seemed that Great Britain's chief article of export was administrative ability. Was this a politician's phrase thrown out for its effect upon the Franco-British debate on matters in the Near and Middle East? It is here recorded, for whatever it may be worth, as food for the reader's reflection.

If the ultimate settlement of the Egyptian problem follows the lines of the rumor here recorded, the settlement will inevitably react upon Great Britain's problems in Ireland and in India. Anglo-Egyptian relations promise to be an interesting point in world politics to watch.

"MOSULISME" AND "IDEALISME"

 LAST month, in these columns, comment was made upon the fact that the problem of political leadership is pretty much the same the world over, despite our tendency to regard our troubles as unique and to look with envious eye at the more

masterful strategy of European statesmen and electorates. This attitude was discussed in the light of the striking similarity between the American criticism of Mr. Wilson and the British criticism of Lloyd George as traitors to constitutional procedure in their anomalous assumption of dictatorship in democracies. It was pointed out that such criticism was being launched against Lloyd George, while critics of Mr. Wilson were saying that the English, with their system of responsible cabinet government, would never stand for such arbitrary dominance by the executive. It may be interesting to push this idea a bit further this month by making a Franco-American comparison.

Just as Mr. Wilson's "irresponsibility" has been contrasted with the British premier's "responsibility," so has Mr. Wilson's pliant "idealism" been contrasted with the French premier's "realism." It is said that Mr. Wilson, with his head among the stars, weakly surrendered American rights at the peace conference, while M. Clemenceau, with his feet on the earth, firmly consolidated French rights. It is said that against M. Clemenceau's *Realpolitik*, Mr. Wilson played, if such a word may be coined, a dreamer's *Unrealpolitik*. A certain part of American opinion rather envied France her statesmanship in its thrifty regard for national rights and advantages, deploring the fact that the Scotch strain in Mr. Wilson had not shown itself in its traditionally canny regard for profits—diplomatic profits.

It comes as something of a surprise, therefore, to find several French newspapers filled with attacks upon M. Clemenceau for his easy surrender of French national rights and advantages. As the verbal partner to our charge of *idéalisme* against Mr. Wilson, the French have launched the charge of *Mosulisme* against the doughty statesman whom Mr. Keynes has stigmatized as the one man most responsible for a Carthaginian peace at Versailles.

The word *Mosulisme*, which promises to stick in the political vocabulary of France long after the immediate basis of its coinage has disappeared, is being used to express criticism of what certain Frenchmen regard as M. Clemenceau's

mEEK surrender of French rights to Mosul, with its rich oil deposits, to the voracious appetite of British economic imperialism. Meekness is surely a new rôle for "The Tiger," whose ruthless regard for national rights has been a favorite target for "liberal" critics of the treaty of Versailles! Mosul is to the French critics of M. Clemenceau what Article X is to the American critics of Mr. Wilson, evidence of a weak surrender of national rights. M. Louis Barthou, former and perhaps future premier, in a stinging indictment of French foreign policy as a policy of *Mosulisme*, defines the word as follows:

Mosulisme is the term to be applied to that kind of foreign policy which gives more than it receives, which renounces real rights to avoid imaginary dangers, and which, without giving us in Europe the necessary guarantees, has sacrificed in the Orient our traditional interests.

Substitute for the word *Mosulisme* the word "idealism" or "internationalism," and how familiar this criticism sounds! As we go more into M. Barthou's criticism of M. Clemenceau, the more familiar the charges sound. He charges that the wine of victory went to the aged statesman's head, and that, in imperial fashion, he supported the sense of his own glory by surrounding himself with flatterers only; that he tried to do everything himself; that he despised diplomats and the ways of diplomats; that he made himself the czar of French foreign policy, disregarding and discrediting the Quai d'Orsay. It is interesting to note also that, just as criticism of Mr. Wilson became epidemic, so damnation has followed hard upon the heels of deification in the case of Clemenceau. The French vocabulary, as the American vocabulary, has gone bankrupt of good words for the war-time leader. He is assailed from all sides. Like Wilson, Clemenceau is made the national scapegoat for all sins of policy and action.

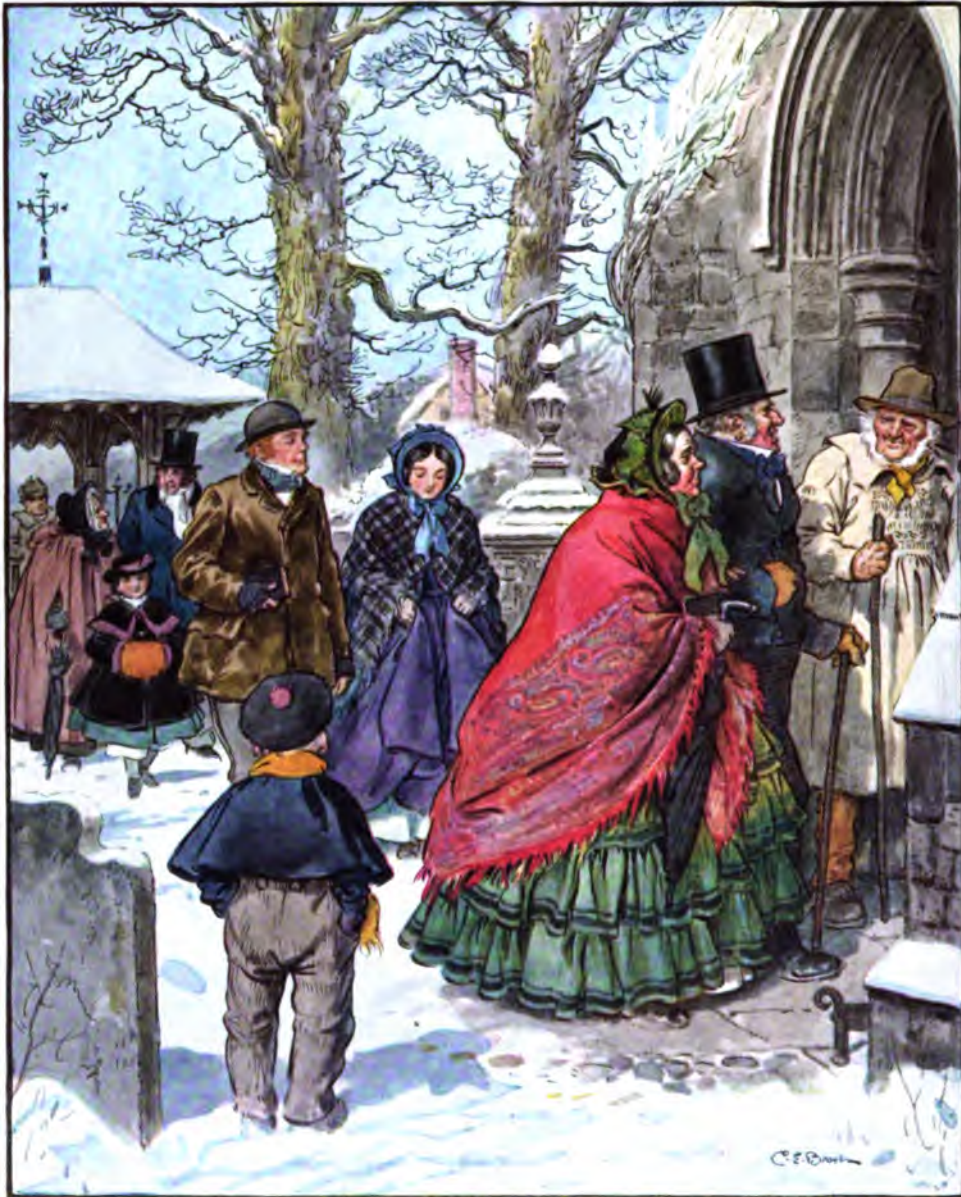
Again, in France, as in the United States, post-war criticism has made strange bed-fellows. As in the United States there are radical internationalists and conservative nationalists, so in France there are those who would have France retire from Asia Minor and wash her hands of further responsibility in that region, and an equally determined party that will not countenance retirement. Normally such divergent group opinions would differ in attitude toward Wilson's league policy and toward Clemenceau's handling of French interests in Asia Minor. But just as radical internationalists and conservative nationalists unite in their condemnation of Wilson, so in France those who think, as the Socialists and senators of the D'Estournelles de Constant type, that France has already lost too much in a bootless adventure in Cilicia and Syria and should get out of Asia Minor while a dignified exit is still possible, join with those who bitterly oppose such retirement in condemning Clemenceau for his surrender of strategic and profitable Mosul to the British.

Another point of similarity is seen in the way the anti-Wilson and the anti-Clemenceau orgies of criticism are being capitalized in both countries by anti-British elements. Running as a motive through all the French criticism of Clemenceau is a petulant complaint that in the whole business of war settlement the British have profited at the expense of the French. In our own country we have seen the Hearsts, in their private vendettas with England, capitalize and basely misuse the legitimate criticism that sincere and clear-minded students have made of the peace treaty.

May not these similarities suggest that much of our epidemic of fault-finding is mere post-war fashion? May not such adventures in comparative political psychology help us to bring a certain tolerant good humor to these tangled times?







Through the clear wintry sunshine the bells this morning rang from the grey church tower amid the leafless elms, and up the walk the villagers trooped in their best dresses and their best faces – the latter a little reddened by the sharp wind: mere redness in the middle aged; in the maids, wonderful bloom to the eyes of their lovers – and took their places decently in the ancient pews”

CHRISTMAS AT DREAMTHORPE

From a drawing made for THE CENTURY by C. E. Brock

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No. 2



Yei's Rosary

By YUKIO OZAKI

Decorations by Robert Lawson

THE GOLDEN MOKUSÉI



MOKUSÉI, mokuséi blooming faithfully in the absence of the master, piercing sweet is your subtle fragrance, pervading my soul with the quickening pain of remembrance! Vividly I remember one evening when the master and I went to the temple fair near by and together brought you back with joy. As we passed along the street, carrying you home in a jinrikisha, all the people turned to see whence came the unexpected breath of fragrance permeating the dimly lighted roadway.

"O the sweet scent!" they exclaimed. "O the sweet scent! It is the mokuséi, the mokuséi!"

The next morning we planted you in the garden near the front veranda with the hope of enjoying you in the years to come.

Since then year by year in the autumn you have more than fulfilled the hope you gave. Your tiny starlike blossoms, orange-hued, almost hidden under the clustering dark green leaves, have bloomed in dainty fragile beauty and filled our guest-room and garden with the sweetest of perfume.

And now coming back to the empty home, I had steeled my heart not to feel the dread loneliness. I thought, I prayed, that I was adamant against the pain of separation in the masterless house. But, alas! I had forgotten the mokuséi we planted together near the guest-room veranda.

On the soft autumn breeze your sweet fragrance is wafted to me. You stir to vibrant life stilled memories of other days. You recall the beloved presence, the absent sunshine of the house, my heart's lord.

Then start the remembering tears, and under that soft rain the ice of aching bitterness, which bound my heart at the enforced separation, thawed, and I wept.

With renewed freshness the sweetness and tenderness of love returned. The past revived with a poignancy that hurt my quivering soul, and, oh, for the sound of a far-away voice and the touch of a distant hand!

The children play merrily in the garden, unheeding, unknowing the pain of awakened memory in the soul of their lonely mother. Happy voices ring out on the scented air, and my heart grows thin with longing, as a candle-flame blown thin in a gust of wind.

"Come back, beloved, soon!" I cry. "Tarry no longer beyond the seas. Not only the house, but my life, is empty. The mokuséi we planted together in the happy past blooms on in your garden faithfully, keeping alive the tenderest memories of your dear presence. The love you evoked in my heart wakes to the pain of remembrance, and I weep, I weep, with longing for the sunshine of your presence, beloved!"

O mokuséi, mokuséi, blooming faithfully in the absence of the master, piercing sweet is your fragrance that stirs to life stilled memories of the happy

past! As your ineffable sweetness comes floating on the soft autumn breeze across the garden and into the lonely room, my heart aches, aches with longing for the presence of the beloved.

O the ravishingly sweet scent of the mokuséi! the mokuséi!

AMONG THE LILIES

KODAKARA, children treasures, when I see you stand among the lilies, my white mountain lilies, I know for what I have waited in lonely paths these many long and desolate years.

During the vigils of many a weary night I wept and watched, wondering if any light of love would ever break across the plain of darkness and the hard road it was my pitiable lot in youth to travel.

Ofttimes I despaired, seeing the long gray stretch ahead, and I lifted my hands to the unresponsive heavens above, praying for shelter from the dread storms which at times would sweep across my path.

Away to the horizon as far as my straining eye could see the expanse seemed unbroken, and my heart would sink low, ever lower. Then hope whispered to my heart, and faith led me with unfaltering feet onward. But the road seemed to have no end and to wind ever uphill.

False lights now and again glimmered along the wayside, tempting my bewildered gaze. Wonderingly, I beheld these Fata Morgana dance into crooked by-paths. Following the lure sometimes, the lights would vanish, and I would be left alone in darkness, groping in a thorny waste. Then tremblingly I would turn my tear-stained face toward faith's constant star.

This star of hope shone bright and

clear. Buoyantly it guided me through the mists, across the dreary waste and the long, unending road.

Heedless of the bogs and marshes which threatened to engulf me on each side, and the sharp stones over which my tired feet stumbled, I pressed onward, crying my prayer of faith.

In the wistful twilights of vision I beheld the soul-companion whom the shadowy future years should bring me, and I heard as in a trance the sound of tiny feet echoing through my house of dreams.

But the slow, slow years passed, and I yearned in vain under the unfulfilled promise. And in the cruel wintry dawns I wept that life and youth and hope still mocked me.

At last, unexpectedly, suddenly the word went forth from the Lord of Destiny that all should change. Then day broke across the shadowed roads in an all-illuminating radiance. The sun of love arose, dazzling me with its ineffable splendor.

Wonder of wonders! Sudden summer shone on my way, dispersing the

darkness of the world around me and the chill mists of sadness and despondency, and in the uplifting brightness of love the flowing of water and the caroling of birds in the woodlands became for me a new song.

Promise and perfume and undreamed-of joy enfolded me. I had fainted, overwhelmed with ecstasy and amazement, but strong hands sustained me, and strong arms clasped me to a stronger heart.

A sweet intoxication filled life's chalice to the brim, and in the seventh heaven of delight I surrendered myself to love, the fascinating deliverer from desolate days.



BY LAKE BIWA

(By the dream-like waters of Lake Biwa's tide,
In the opal haze, one eve of spring, were we:

My loved one whispered, sitting at my side.
"The color of forget-me-not," said she.)

It was a beautiful day late in April.
The soft caress of spring was in the air
when one day my knight and I found
ourselves by Lake Biwa, the lake of the lute.

The water was softly lapping against
the stones beneath the tiny balcony, as
we sat in the small four-and-a-half mat
room of the rural hostelry of Zé-zé.

Our hearts were full of content and
happiness, things distressful and far-
away had lost their power. We felt free
of the world, the *ukiyo*, the unstable
world of change and pain and care.

A soft, opalescent haze hung over the
blue mirror-like lake, and the boats,
with their sails, in the hazy distance lay
as in a mirage of fairy-land. The
rhythm of oars in the offing borne softly,
so softly over the waters, sounded like
heavenly music, marking the happy
time.

Ah, how beautiful the hour was as our
hearts unfolded and blossomed with love
in the sunshine of life!

As the knight was about to start on a
journey, our hours together were num-
bered. Touched to wistfulness because
of the parting to come, sweet, oh, sweet
were these fleeting, tranquil
moments on the shore of the
lake of the lute!

Hiding the emotion I felt,
I said as I looked at the
knight:

"To-day the lake is the
color of forget-me-not."

My hand crept to his in
blissful trust, and his pressed
mine in a silent response.

We returned in the twilight to the
Flower Capital to say farewell.

As we parted, the knight slipped a
sheet of folded paper into my hand:

"Keep this poem in memory of a
happy day by Lake Biwa in Kioto."

IN YAMADA. ISE.

By the dream-like waters of Lake Biwa's tide,
In the opal haze, one eve of spring, were we:

My loved one whispered, sitting at my side.
"The color of forget-me-not," said she.

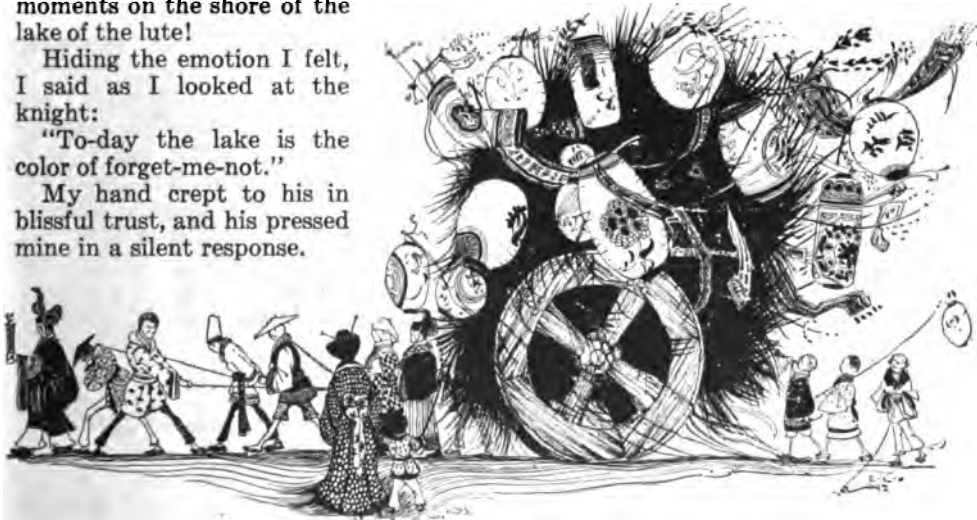
THE shadows are lengthening; the sun
sets in crimson glory behind dark gray,
lavender, and purple clouds. Silver
mists spread over the river and veil the
emerald hills beyond. A cool, caressing
zephyr rises from the water and stirs
the feathery bamboos of the grove.

Life wakes again in the heat-becalmed
foliage, and the giant magnolia shading
the veranda drops now and again age-
brown petals from the ivory chalices of
its magnificent blossoms.

The peewit's cry is heard as they wing
their way along the shore and over the
stream, and the creaking oar of a boat
moving up-stream brings to mind the
Feast of the Farther Shore, the Higan,
when in the spring and autumn priests
pray for the souls of the departed.

Heat-weary and languidly longing for
the cool at the end of the day, we stroll
beside the river-bank.

As we pass through the grass, the dew



on our bare sandaled feet soothes and revives us. With the twilight we find peace and rest and sanctuary from the fulsome, noisy glare of a midsummer day. The sonorous cry of the sad cicada, the "day-darkener," rings in the evening like a temple bell, and the threnody of the flowing river drifts like music over the quiet landscape.

As we saunter along the river, up from the village comes noise of an unwonted commotion.

Hark! the conch-shells drone in the distance "ho-ho-ho," and the drum throbs "don-don," and the gong is beaten "kan-kan." In unison the village orchestra keeps rhythm: "ho-ho, don-don, kan-kan."

This is the O Yare, the summer festival of the village. The O Yare is the great "driving-away" of insects through bonfires on the river-bank.

Insects in myriads, attracted by the light, fly toward the fires and meet death in the flames. Thus the rice-fields and gardens are freed of these pests. The O Yare is the great "sending-off."

The rustics gather in the street, waiting for the torches to appear. The shouts of the youths are heard in the distance. The procession soon comes into view.

The first torch (*taimatsu*) is a stack of straw built with an umbrella-like roof. Against this great sheaf purple lanterns are draped as bunches of grapes, and yellow lanterns are arranged to look like luscious loquats. Giant apples of bamboo frame and painted paper add to this bright cluster of harvest fruit.

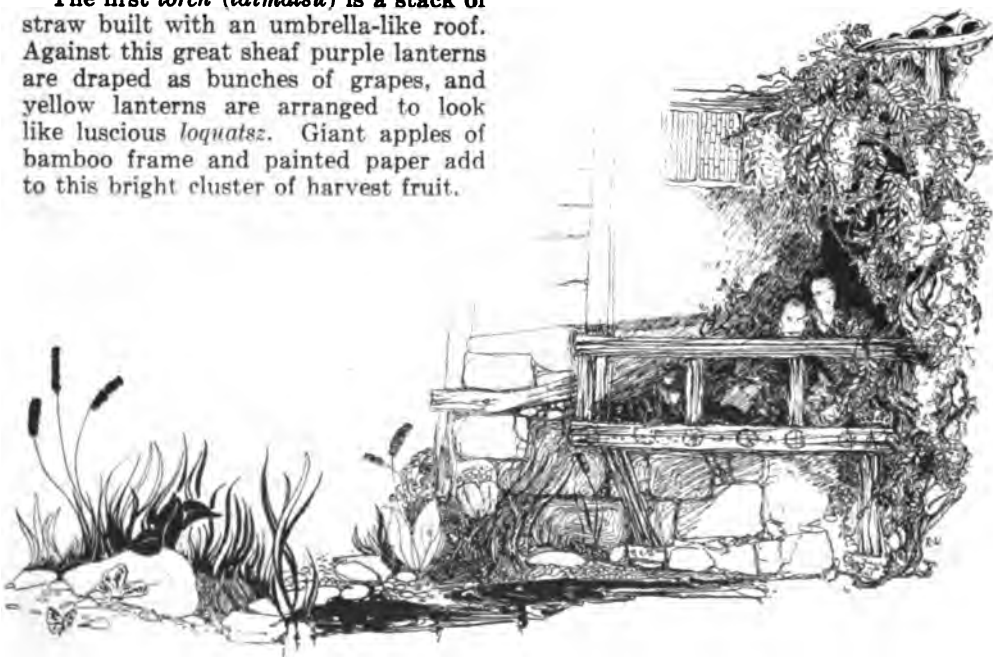
This artistic creation is placed on a cart and drawn along with great ostentation of staggering by young men who lunge forward or backward to the accompaniment of vociferous shouting.

The second *taimatsu* is decorated with an enormous red lily. Four torches, like harvest symbols, one for each part of the village, are thus borne along, escorted by the villagers, men, women, and children.

The conch-shells are blown "ho-ho-ho," the gong clashes "kan-kan-kan," the drum throbs "don-don-don," and the torch-cars pass forward to the river-shore.

When the four *taimatsu* have reached the bank, with great ceremony and clamor they are lighted by the young men, and the bonfires flare into the night. Bundles of wood and straw are thrown into the flames; the villagers beat the bonfires with long sticks, each striving to make his fire burn the brightest. The flames rise high in the sky and cast long, fiery reflections upon the river.

How happy are the married couple first staying together in the paternal home! The Festival of the O Yare seems to them the welcome celebration of coming to their Ise home.



MORNING-GLORIES

WOULD you know the purest ecstasy in life? Would you know the thrill of a revelation beyond the sweetest dreams, beyond all that mortal imagination may conjure up in happy vision?

Then come with me before the break of day to my woodland shrine beside a running rill. Here behold the morning-glory unfold her dewy freshness to the dawn, while as high priestess at the altar raised to the love of nature she offers heavenward the adoration of simple souls, who in the moonlight have counted with the fervor of prayer and the anticipation of hope the buds that would open at the first ray of the rising sun.

Around us the birds, unseen choristers of the woods, burst forth in happy alleluias, warbling with liquid cadence among the trees.

Oh, morning-glories, morning-glories!

Born with the dew and the first breath of dawn, these virgins, luminous as the moonlight, evanescent as the rainbow, and pure and cool as the source of a mountain spring, hold their first and last communion at sunrise, when soon, too soon, they wilt and die.

To this early service with the devotees of the morning come the honey-bee and the jewel-mailed dragon-fly and the peacock-sheened butterfly with black, velvety wings, all seeking the sweet transports of life.

As the delicate chalices of the morning-glory are lifted to greet the sunlight, what marvels of color do they reveal! No queen in all her glory was ever ravishingly arrayed like one of these.

Beneath the softest bloom of velvet, the gleaming luster of silk, or the filmy iridescence of pearl, what crystallizations of the prism are displayed, what gleams of tropic fires, what rose-bursts of dawn!

Soul-rapt, I gaze upon moonstone-misted mauves as delicate as the pale amethyst from the Kosshu Mountains, and pinks as soft as the faintly blushing cherries that tinge the hills of spring, upon white as immaculate as falling flakes of snow.

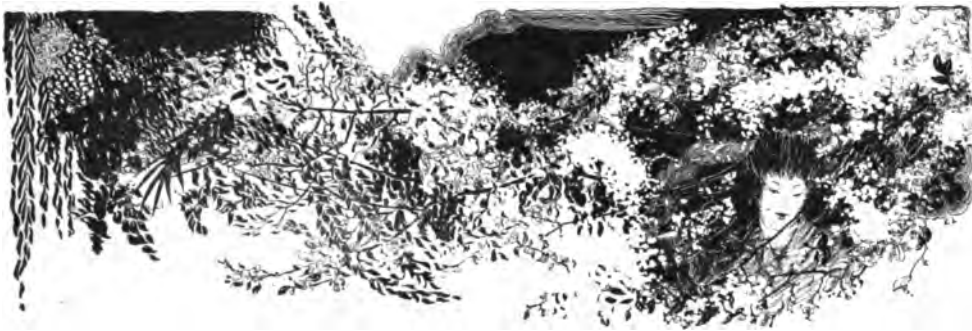
And who shall describe the blues that the morning-glory reveals? There is blue as thrillingly brilliant as the scintillating blue in the plumage of the



humming-bird, as delicate as that of the forget-me-not and robin's-egg blue, and there is heaven's deep azure which the universe gathers in its depths, embracing and blessing all.

This is the coronation of the blessed morn. Behold, diadems of dew tremulous with the first stirrings of the leaves, and brighter than the gems in any monarch's crown, hang on every tree! Now a tense stillness of expectation fills the air, while the incense of the earth, the fragrance of flowers, is wafted on the wings of the life-giving breezes of the dawn.

Then come with me to this coronation of the blessed morn, and participate in the rapture of this innocent revel. Leave the heavy-lidded eyed to their prison of slothful sleep and come forth.



Come, oh, come! Delay not, for the hours of the morning-glory's life are short. A little longer than the natal veil of dew does the flower last. Then the approach of that ardent lover, the sun, scorches the flower, and even before noon does the morning-glory die.

With the happy unknown peasant poet of to-day, I find in the flowering of the morning-glory the realization of the ideal of all I have ever hoped or dreamed of bliss or perfection.

Dear, indeed, to me the morning-glory;
Day by day there opens in its blossoms
All my dreams!

O, morning-glory, the poets and philosophers see in your short life a symbol of the impermanence of human existence. They lament your ephemeral beauty, which, after a brief triumph of splendor, perishes under the merciless sun of day.

Let me rather glory in the perfection you attain in the shortest of days, a sunlit hour of the dawn! Let me, too, strive to make perfect the little which is mine, and then, like you, O morning-glory, shall I be an uplifting impetus, a living joy to all I meet!

The maiden poetess, *Chiyo* of kagat, spiritual soul, one morning went to draw water from her well, when she found that during the night a morning-glory vine, with its tendrils and tender, green stalk, had encircled the rope of her bucket.

Those beautiful fetters she refused to break, and bereft of her crystal draft, she set out to beg water from a neighboring well, composing the ever since celebrated *hokku* on the way:

(My bucket being taken
This morn by morning-glory,
I come to beg for water.)

Round my heart has the morning-glory wound itself, and those tender, fragile bands, I too, will never break; for the morning-glory has given my soul a new joy, my life a new zest, and myself a new virtue—the virtue of greeting the rising sun.

Oh, come with me to this feast of beauty, and with the dragon-fly and the bee and the butterfly learn the simple delight of watching the morning-glory unfold her dewy freshness at break of day!

PLUM-BLOSSOMS

PLUM-BLOSSOMS! Plum-blossoms! Fair heralds of the spring! My heart leaps with joy when your dainty, starlike flowers of pearl and snow begin to illumine the bare branches of the old, old trees, gnarled and bent like a dragon with age. Odorous of the genial days of spring are the chill winds of February and March, when your sweet flowers bloom, braving with samurai spirit the later frosts and snow of the year.

Thus have you become a symbol of womanly beauty and virtue, with fortitude proving sweet patience and courage and endurance during the storms of adversity.

In the beginning of a friendship, on a pilgrimage to admire the plum-blossoms, "the eldest flowers of Mother Earth," the knight first led me forth from the city.

Oh, the surprising charm of nature's ethereal beauty that awaits the pilgrim at the *Akebonoya*, "The Tea-house of the Dawn!"

In the hillside garden there the plum-blossoms form a canopy of flower-wreathed branches, some faintly flushed with soft pink, others ivory and pearly white, all softly radiant in the sunlight.

On each side the gently rising path-way, the *nanten*, or heavenly bamboo, beneath a crown of beautiful leaves, suspends luxuriant bunches of crimson berries that shed a rich warm glow under the fairy-like tapestry of bloom above.

In this flower pavilion we lingered, inhaling the scented air, admiring the delicate beauty of the flowers and the sturdier brightness of the contrasting berries.

I felt as if I had entered the magical gates of dreamland. The quickening joy of expectancy thrilled my being. A shimmer of revelation flashed through me. I felt that something more perfect, something more wonderful, was coming.

The voice of the knight recalled me from my reverie. He spoke of poems composed in honor of the plum-blossoms.

"What do you think of this, written by Saisho Atsuko, a famous poetess of the nineteenth century:

*'Dark the night,
And with no star to guide me, yet the gloom
Is full of hope, for, wafted on the wind,
The plum-tree's fragrance comes to cheer my
heart!'*"

"That is full of comfort and inspiration, like an allegory of friendship," I answered; "but will you yourself not compose one to the blossoms?"

The knight was silent a moment and then said:

"Listen! I have indited this little *tanka*, and hope that you will answer me also in verse."

Year by year the sweetness and the hue
Of flowers must always be the same,
Why in this year, above all other bloom,
Do I admire these springtime plums?

My heart beat faster as I hastened along the path.

"I am no poet," I replied, and felt myself blushing. "It is a task too hard for me."

A few days later the postman brought me the knight's own response:

Not only of themselves the flowers
Are rarely beautiful this year.
'Tis you, my friend, my heart's dear friend,
Have given to them your charm.

Oh, to think of it! Oh, to dream of it!
The lure of the plum-blossoms had led
me into the beautiful kingdom of
romance!

Plum-blossoms, plum-blossoms, though
the snow still lingers in my garden and
the winds are bitter cold, my heart
glows with an expanding joy when I
behold your dainty, starlike flowers
bloom.

Under a panoply of plum-blossoms it
was the wooing of the knight that first
thrilled my soul to the delight and
rhythm of life.

It was under the plum-blossoms of
spring that I woke to a realizing antici-
pation of all the future held in store for
me!

Oh, ecstasy of wonder when in the
spring the plum-blossoms drew me
forth from the prosaic world into the land
of promise, opening ever *fan*-like into
the beautiful kingdom of romance!

Oh, tender grace of the plum-blossoms
transforming the wilderness of life with
the diamond lights of hope and the
harmony of love.

Blessed, oh, blessed be the dear plum-
blossoms of spring!

THE KINGFISHER AND THE WATER-LILIES

LET us love our children serenely, de-
votedly, even passionately. Surely in
their innocence and angelic simplicity
they play on the threshold of heaven.



Let us hush our noisy activities and stale anxieties, and under the trees and in the open that they love listen to the words of refreshing wisdom dropping like jewels from their naive lips.

Let us be willing to sit at their dainty little feet, so unused to the dusty roads of this world, and learn from them divinest lessons. Let us with uplifted hearts realize our responsibility when with unconscious humility they accept us as their guides in the sweet, fresh morning of their lives.

O sister-mothers in the world, let us awaken to a deeper sense of this sublime trust, our high charge in the care of these immortal treasures, only for a little while, such a little while, given into our keeping! Let us make our hearts, our minds, our consciences worthy of these transcendent marvels of life!

Oh, joy of joys! Oh, purest wonder! How often my children lift the invisible veils that hide undreamed of casements opening out on luminous vistas of the mystical world in which they wander, roaming fancy-free with keen and wondering delight!

Take me with you, oh, take me with you, children mine, when with bright eyes and with kindled imaginations all spirit, fire and dew, you sally forth on these highroads of discovery, to the elysiums of your day-dreams, peopled by the souls of birds, animals, flowers and pictures in happy communion!

IN my guest-room there hang framed in bamboo, four paintings of the seasons, the progress of nature through the year, a favorite theme with Japanese artists. Generally painters delight in drawing the seasons in their childhood. My artist, a native of Ise, shows them in their maturity.

A wild wistaria in purple bloom, with a green pheasant feeding among bamboo grass, symbolizes spring in the lovely sunny month of May. A branch of a maple-tree touched by November's flaming torch, with sparrows sparring in

headlong descent, represents the wane of the year, autumn. In a garden blotted out with snow two bantam fowls stand disconsolately, and the miniature hen has her head hidden under her wing. In the cold barrenness their black tails and vermilion combs are the only touch of redeeming color.

But for me—and my heart knows why—the most beautiful of all is the exquisite painting of midsummer.

A pond of water-lilies gives the impression of languorous coolness, with its esthetic call to the mind. The white flowers, their beautiful corollas upturned somewhat expectantly, almost appealingly, to the sky, are in full bloom, nestling amid the circular green leaves, and between them and some thin spears of reeds, heightening the wraith-like effect of the water-lilies, is seen the shimmer of the pale-blue water. And, oh, a breeze softly moves the water and stirs among the leaves!

A kingfisher, having just risen from a raid on the water, with a fish in its beak is flying over the blossoms and apparently making for its nest in direct flight.

The flash of the brilliant plumage, the cruel indifference of the beak, the tense curve of the captured minnow, are in striking contrast with the calm, dream-like life of the glimmering pool below.

The pretty scene had always conveyed a sense of far-away rest and beauty to me, but through a child's original mind and her deep feeling for the communion of life in nature a new interpretation has now animated the picture and thrown a new light upon it.

One day my little girl, Shinaye Eugenia, then ten years of age, came into the room, and, gazing at the picture, said:

"It seems as if the water-lilies are looking up at the kingfisher as if they felt sorry for the poor fish!"

Thus through a child's imaginative insight into the sympathy of life in nature I became a privileged sharer in the tender emotion of the water-lilies.





American Life in American Art

By FRANK WEITENKAMPF

THE picture has always reached more people than the printed page. That is truer than ever in these days of the camera and the movie. The happening of this morning is illustrated in the newspaper, and thrown on the screen on the same day. The history of the world is currently told in a pictorial language clear to all, which he who runs may read. Pictures have always formed the most direct and understandable record of the doings of mankind, from the prehistoric days of the cavemen to the present time. There is one difference, however: many of the pictures which we are printing now will die with the perishable paper on which they are published. But from other days, when conditions of paper-making were different, there have come down to us not only painted canvases, but printed pictures of all kinds—"prints," as we call them. These give us invaluable records of the manners and ideas and

deeds of those who went before us. In these we see how our ancestors lived, and we live again with them.

The picturesque days "befo' de Wah" in our country (1800-1860) are brought before us most vividly and directly in the pictures made at the time. In those days we had a school of genre painters who knew nothing of the modern objection to the "story in the picture." They painted the life about them with a healthy human interest in the doings of the farmers and others among whom they lived, as well as the Indians, trappers, and other figures of the West. There is no doubt that they painted what the public wanted, for they sold their paintings. In addition, these were well reproduced in engravings and lithographs, thus reaching thousands who might not see the original canvases.

In these pictures, made by eye-witnesses, and not just built up from hearsay in studios, we see the daily life of the people of those times. It is a period



"Bargaining for a Horse," by William Sidney Mount

that already seems far distant indeed, with such slogans as "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too," or "Fifty-four forty or fight," or its peculiar and characteristic combinations in costume, such as the flowered waistcoats and tall hats worn by carpenters or others at work. There were crudities, particularly in city life, which Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens caricatured vigorously, but there was also the force of a young nation building its future and intent on progress.

It is an interesting fact that some of our best genre art was inspired by the quieter East rather than by the wild West, by the farm rather than by the city. It was largely a native product, and it presented life just as truthfully and as well as the artists could do it.

Alvan Fisher told that garrulous chronicler William Dunlap that in 1815 he "began painting a species of pictures which had not been practiced much, if any, in this country, viz: barn-yard scenes and scenes belonging to country life, etc."

Fisher did not come triumphantly down the corridors of fame, but a generation later an abler artist, William Sidney Mount, was attracted by similar subjects. Mount, one of our best-known painters of home scenes, found his subjects right among his farmer neighbors on Long Island. He painted them with a simple, straightforward realism that insured popularity. One proof of his hold on the public is found in the fact that many of his paintings were reproduced in engraving. The very titles of his pictures are suggestive: "Swapping Horses," "Bargaining for a Horse" and its sequel, "Coming to the Point," "Long Island Farmer," "Husking Corn," "Turning the Grindstone," "Ringing the Pigs," "A Tough Story," "The Farmer's Nooning." You are set fairly among these people. You hear the fiddler scraping "Old Dan Tucker"; you see the two men in "Bargaining for a Horse" sending the chips flying as they whittle to conceal their anxiety about the



"Jolly Flatboatmen," by George C. Bingham

business in hand, just as one may bluff at poker. You share in the absorbing interest of the "Goose Raffle,"¹ with its chance of bringing home a fine Christmas dinner. And in "The Tough Story" you gather with the group around the stove, that magnet of the village store. Mount was the raciest, the closest to the soil, among our painters of rural life.

Another artist who pictured the doings of country people was F. W. Edmonds, who painted pleasingly, though with less force than Mount, and who presented farm-house interiors with interesting details. Among his pictures were "The New Scholar," "The Pan of Milk," "The New Bonnet," "The Windmill" (a man carving a toy windmill for a child), and especially "Sparkling," well known through a large and good steel engraving issued by the old American Art Union. This last one is an amusing version of the old and ever new story, the country swain lolling in an awkward attempt to appear at ease, while the young lady pares apples with apparent unconcern, as did *Katrina Van Tassel*, in Daniel Huntington's

¹ See headpiece.

picture illustrating Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," or the provoking maiden in Lowell's "Courtin'." This picture also presents a complete and interesting record of a farm-house room.

R. Caton Woodville does not carry quite the same conviction of the eyewitness as did Mount or Edmonds. His compositions look built up rather than caught "off the bat." Perhaps the best known and most natural of his pictures is "Mexican News," showing a group of men on the stoop of a hotel in a small town listening to the reading of a newspaper report on the Mexican War. This "American Hotel" serves also as the post-office; the entrance to the bar is seen, and in the foreground a demijohn further emphasizes the absence of prohibition legislation in those days. The attitude and expression of the reader are rather strained, but the interest of the listeners is expressed naturally, and the man at the left, with the mammoth plaid design in his trousers, has forgotten his whittling in his attention to the news.

There were various other painters who occasionally put on canvas certain types



"Sparking," by F. W. Edmonds



"Capture of André," by A. B. Durand



"Mexican News," by R. Caton Woodville

or customs or events, showing our forebears at work and at play. T. H. Matteson's "Redeeming Forfeits" recalls the thrill of boyhood days when something dangled over one's head to the query, "fine or superfine?" Jerome Thompson's "The Old Oaken Bucket" and Eastman Johnson's "Husking Bee" show typical scenes on the farm. The old-fashioned turkey-shoot was painted by Charles Deas. J. G. Clonney's "Militia Training" brings vividly before us training-day, which is now but the vaguest recollection. That greater national holiday, as pictured in J. G. Krimmel's "Fourth of July in Centre Square," was evidently then a day of general jollification in which the jug of rum played a not unimportant part. And that in Philadelphia! In this early picture the boy with the fire-cracker does not

appear, but boyhood was not neglected by the painters. Mount in "The Bird Trap" and "The Trap Sprung," and J. G. Chapman in "The Snare," showed boys trapping birds. "Disagreeable Surprise" by Mount discloses boys playing cards in a barn, while healthier forms of amusement are depicted in Henry Inman's jolly little record of "Mumble-the-Peg," LeClear's "Marble Players," and Edwin White's "Hop Scotch." Winslow Homer, the marine painter, belongs to a later generation, but it seems worth noting that one of his earlier pictures was entitled "Snap the Whip."

Our annual display of government by the people formed the subject of Krimmel's "Election Day in Philadelphia," but better known are George C. Bingham's "County Canvas," "Canvassing



"The Power of Music," by William Sidney Mount

for a Vote," and "Verdict of the People." These pictures by Bingham are full of figures and life and movement, while the most familiar of his paintings, "Jolly Flatboatmen," known to us through a large mezzotint engraving by Doney, shows only a few figures grouped on the bow of a flatboat, one of them dancing to the playing of a fiddler. The fiddle was evidently popular and much illustrated in those days. The scene makes a somewhat awkward composition of which the artist could not make much. Its chief interest is as a record of the life of these boatmen, which is illustrated also in Bingham's "Raftsmen Playing Cards" and "Fur Traders Descending the Missouri." Bingham was identified with Missouri, and his pictures are of decided value to students of the social history of the Middle West. It is that quality which explains their popularity in their day rather than any extraordinary artistic worth. However, it should be noted that in planning his canvases, he made

careful studies from life, which bear evidence of first-hand impressions of the scenes that interested him.

Bingham, by the way, painted also "The Emigration of Daniel Boone," and the same pioneer's "First View of Kentucky" formed the subject of a painting by William Ranney. These, and Ranney's "Trapper's Last Shot," bring us to the threshold of that great West beyond the Mississippi, the very mention of which calls up visions of Indians, pioneers, trappers, emigrants, pony riders, with the limitless prairies as a setting. Charles Deas and William M. Cary were among the forerunners of men who were to achieve distinction as painters of the West, such as Frederick Remington, W. Herbert Dunton, and W. R. Leigh. Deas's titles are full of suggestion: "The Voyageur," "The Trapper," "Hunters on the Prairie," "The Last Shot" (Battle of the Rio Grande), "Indian Guide," and "The Wounded Pawnee." Indian subjects were the specialty of George



"An Old Kentucky Home," by Eastman Johnson

Catlin, Carl Wimar, and Karl Bodmer. The red man persists as a model for the painter of our own day, when the warlike splendor of his presence is fading into the past.

The negro, too, forms an interesting figure in our art. Sometimes he serves as a clown in the picture, at other times he is introduced with a touch of sentiment or pathos, as in Mount's "Power of Music." But he was always a side issue in the pictures of those days. Later he was given the center of the stage when he was painted, and there came artists who made him their specialty. This change came with the Civil War. Two fairly well-known pictures may have had something of the effect of propaganda on both sides of the slavery question in their day. The one, Eastman Johnson's "An Old Kentucky Home" (1859), draws a picture of negro quarters which has been characterized as the "rose-waterside of the institution" of slavery, but which does not strike one as an exaggerated

view of Southern plantation life as it often must have been under the rule of a humane "Old Massa." In the other, Edwin White's "Thoughts of Liberia, Emancipation" (1861), a lone negro is dozing and dreaming by the fireside. It reflects the feeling and impulse that resulted in the fifteenth amendment, and is a quiet, but effective, appeal to the imagination. A different type of the Southern-bred colored man is well depicted in his stately courtliness in T. W. Wood's "Baltimore News Vendor."

Now, all these pictures show one thing clearly, and that is that historical painting is not only the painting of the doings of the great or of the actions of war. We did not lack pictures of this latter type here, and especially did our wars inspire our painters. One of the best known of the pictures depicting scenes in the Revolution has some of the spirit of genre art, so that it may be included here. That is A. B. Durand's "Capture of André," a simple, straightforward

presentation, without any melodramatics. André is in civilian garb, which brought him within the category of a spy, but his dignity is inborn. His three captors may possibly be a little idealized, but the effect of the whole is convincing.

But those who faithfully pictured the uneventful every-day life about them were just as much historical painters. They told the history of the plain people. This spirit in American art, this human interest in home subjects, was brought to a large public through the engravers who reproduced the painters' works.

People, ideas, and ideals changed with the times. To-day genre art is not in vogue. Our painters are not concerned with the details of the life about them. They do not paint from the point of view of the pictorial reporter, who catches social history in the making, as did Mount and the others. When we and our times have receded into the domain of history, our descendants will study the works (what will be left of them) of our illustrators to see how life looked in these days. No doubt it will seem quaint enough to them.



Rhapsody

By MARTIN ARMSTRONG

As when trees are shrouded in December,
Men recall the perfumes of the flower-time;
So we sing a life we half remember:
How we heard in some primeval shower-time
Liquid song of rain upon blue rivers;
Dreamed on isles, in windless oceans planted,
Where a dim-green twilight, bird enchanted,
Under domes of drooping leafage quivers;
How we climbed on many a hidden planet
Eagle heights stirred by a starry breeze;
Watched by confined kings in tombs of granite,
Where the darkness hangs like boughs of trees,
Glimpsing in the reddening light of torches
Ghosts of somber vaults and looming porches,
Cyclopean faces, giant knees;
How we anchored in a violet haven,
Seeking under light of unknown stars
Mountains paler than the moonlight, graven
Into shapes of pinnacles and scars;
Where our boat set all the lilies swinging,
Sailed up rivers hushed and leafy-arbored,
And, in caves of hanging blossom harbored,
Heard the sound of an immortal singing.

As when breathed upon, the ashen ember
Blossoms into fire again and fades,
So bright Junes flame up through our December,
And at random whiles we half remember
Sudden gusts of an immortal singing,
Ancient visions of remote crusades.

William and Mary

By MAX BEERBOHM

Illustrations by George Wright



MEMORIES, like olives, are an acquired taste. William and Mary (I give them the Christian names that were indeed theirs—the joint title by which their friends always referred to them) were for some years an interest in my life, and had a hold on my affection. But a time came when, though I had known and liked them too well ever to forget them, I gave them but a few thoughts now and then. How, being dead, could they keep their place in the mind of a young man surrounded with large and constantly renewed consignments of the living? As one grows older, the charm of novelty wears off. One finds that there is no such thing as novelty—or, at any rate, that one has lost the faculty for perceiving it. One sees every newcomer not as something strange and special, but as a ticketed specimen of this or that very familiar genus. The world has ceased to be remarkable; and one tends to think more and more often of the days when it was so very remarkable indeed.

I suppose that had I been thirty years older when first I knew him William would have seemed to me little worthier of attention than a penny-halfpenny postage-stamp seems to-day. Yet, no: William really had some oddities that would have caught even an oldster's eye. In himself he was commonplace enough (as I, coeval though I was with him, soon saw). But in details of surface he was unusual. In them he happened to be rather ahead of his time. He was a socialist, for example. In 1890 there was only one other socialist in Oxford, and he not at all an undergraduate, but a retired chimneysweep, named Hines, who made speeches, to which nobody, except perhaps William, listened, near the Martyrs' Memorial. And William wore a flannel shirt, and rode a bicycle—very

strange habits in those days, and very horrible. He was said to be (though he was short-sighted and wore glasses) a first-rate "back" at football; but, as football was a thing frowned on by the rowing men, and coldly ignored by the bloods, his talent for it did not help him: he was one of the principal pariahs of our College; and it was rather in a spirit of bravado, and to show how sure of myself I was, that I began, in my second year, to cultivate his acquaintance.

We had little in common. I could not think Political Economy "the most exciting thing in the world," as he used to call it. Nor could I without yawning listen to more than a few lines of Mr. William Morris' interminable smooth Icelandic Sagas, which my friend, pious young Socialist that he was, thought "glorious." He had begun to write an Icelandic Saga himself, and had already achieved some hundreds of verses. None of these pleased him, though to me they seemed very like his master's. I can see him now, standing on his hearth-rug, holding his MS. close to his short-sighted eyes, declaiming the verses and trying, with many angular gestures of his left hand, to animate them—a tall, broad, raw-boned fellow, with long brown hair flung back from his forehead, and a very shabby suit of clothes. Because of his clothes and his socialism, and his habit of offering beer to a guest, I had at first supposed him quite poor; and I was surprised when he told me that he had from his guardian (his parents being dead) an allowance of £350, and that when he came of age he would have an income of £400. "All out of dividends," he would groan. I would hint that Mr. Hines and similar zealots might disembarass him of this load, if he asked them nicely. "No," he would say quite seriously, "I can't do that," and would read out passages from "Fabian Essays" to show that

in the present anarchical conditions only mischief could result from sporadic dispersal of rent. "Ten, twelve years hence—" he would muse more hopefully. "But by that time," I would say, "You'll probably be married, and your wife might n't quite—", whereat he would hotly repeat what he had said many times: that he would never marry. Marriage was an anti-social anachronism. I think its survival was in some part due to the machinations of Capital. Anyway, it was doomed. Temporary civil contracts between men and women would be the rule "ten, twelve years hence"; pending which time the lot of any man who had civil sense must be celibacy, tempered perhaps with free love.

Long before that time was up, nevertheless, William married. One afternoon in the spring of '95 I happened to meet him at a corner of Trafalgar Square. I wondered at the immense cordiality of his greeting; for our friendship, such as it was, had waned in our two final years at Oxford. "You look very flourishing, and," I said, "you're wearing a new suit!" "I'm married," he replied, obviously without a twinge of conscience. He told me he had been married just a month. He declared that to be married was the most splendid thing in all the world; but he weakened the force of this generalisation by adding that there never was any one like his wife. "You must see her," he said; and his impatience to show her proudly off to some one was so evident, and so touching, that I could but accept his invitation to go and stay with them for two or three days—"why not next week?" They had taken and furnished "a sort of cottage" in —shire, and this was their home. He had "run up for the day, on business—journalism" and was now on his way to Charing Cross. "I know you'll like my wife," he said at parting. "She's—well, she's glorious."

As this was the epithet he had erst applied to "Beowulf" and to "Sigurd the Volsung" it raised no high hopes. And indeed, as I was soon to find, he had again misused it. There was nothing glorious about his bride. Some people might even have not thought her pretty. I myself did not, in the flash of first sight.

Neat, insignificant, pleasing, was what she appeared to me, rather than pretty, and far rather than glorious. In an age of fringes, her brow was severely bare. She looked "practical." But an instant later, when she smiled, I saw that she was pretty, too. And presently I thought her delightful. William had met me in a "governess cart," and we went to see him unharness the pony. He did this in a fumbling, experimental way, confusing the reins with the traces, and profiting so little by his wife's directions that she began to laugh. And her laugh was a lovely thing; quite a small sound, but exquisitely clear and gay, coming in a sequence of notes that neither rose nor fell, that were quite even; a trill of notes, and then another, and another, as though she were pulling repeatedly a little silver bell. . . . As I describe it, perhaps the sound may be imagined irritating. I can only say it was enchanting.

I wished she would go on laughing; but she ceased, she darted forward and (William standing obediently aside, and I helping unhelpfully) unharnessed the pony herself, and led it into its small stable. Decidedly, she was "practical," but—I was prepared now to be lenient to any quality she might have.

Had she been feckless, no doubt I should have forgiven her that, too; but I might have enjoyed my visit less than I did, and might have been less pleased to go often again. I had expected to "rough it" under William's roof. But everything thereunder, within the limits of a strict Arcadian simplicity, was well-ordered. I was touched, when I went to my bedroom, by the precision with which the very small maid had unpacked and disposed my things. And I wondered where my hostess had got the lore she had so evidently imparted. Certainly not from William. Perhaps (it only now strikes me) from a handbook. For Mary was great at handbooks. She had handbooks about gardening, and others about poultry, and one about "the stable," and others on cognate themes. From these she had filled up the gaps left in her education by her father, who was a widower and either a doctor or a solicitor—I forget which—in one of the smallest towns of an adjoining county. And I daresay she may have had, some-



"Her laugh was a lovely thing; quite a small sound, but exquisitely clear and gay"

where hidden away, a manual for young hostesses. If so, it must have been a good one. But to say this is to belittle Mary's powers of intuition. It was they, sharpened by her adoration of William, and by her intensity for everything around him, that made her so efficient a housewife.

If she possessed a manual for young house-hunters, it was assuredly not by the light of this that she had chosen the home they were installed in. The "sort of cottage" had been vacant for many years—an unpromising and ineligible object, a mile away from a village, and three miles away from a railway station. The main part of it was an actual cot-

tage, of seventeenth-century workmanship; but a little stuccoed wing had been added to each side of it, in 1850 or thereabouts, by an eccentric old gentleman who at that time chose to make it his home. He had added also the small stable, a dairy, and other appanages. For these, and for garden, there was plenty of room, as he had purchased and enclosed half an acre of the surrounding land. Those two stuccoed, very Victorian wings of his, each with a sash-window above and a French window below, consorted queerly with the old red brick and the latticed panes. And the long wooden veranda that he had invoked did not unify the trinity. But one did n't



"She never looked at him while he read. To do so would have been lacking in respect for his work"

want it to. The wrongness had a character all its own. The wrongness was right—at any rate after Mary had hit on it for William. As a spinster, she would, I think, have been happiest in a trim modern villa. But it was a belief of hers that she had married a man of strange genius. She had married him for himself, not for his genius; but this added grace in him was a thing to be reckoned with, ever so much; a thing she must coddle to the utmost in a proper setting. She was a year older than he (though, being so small and slight, she looked several years younger), and in her devotion the maternal instinct played a great part. William, as I have already conveyed to you, was not greatly gifted. Mary's instinct, in this matter, was at fault. But endearingly, rightly at fault. And, as William *was* outwardly odd, was n't it well that his home should be so, too? On the inside, comfort was what Mary always aimed at for him, and achieved.

The ground floor had all been made one room, into which you stepped straight from the open air. Quite a long

big room (or so it seemed, from the lowness of the ceiling); well-freshened in its antiquity, with rush-mats here and there on the irregular red-tiles, and very white whitewash on the plaster between the rafters. This was the dining-room, drawing-room, and general focus throughout the day, and was called simply the Room. William had a "den" on the ground floor of the left wing; and there, in the mornings, he used to write a great deal. Mary had no special place of her own: her place was wherever her duties needed her. William wrote reviews of books for the *Daily* —. He did also creative work. The vein of poetry in him had worked itself out—or rather, it expressed itself for him in Mary. For technical purposes the influence of Ibsen had superseded that of Morris. At the time of my first visit, he was writing an extraordinarily gloomy play about an extraordinarily unhappy marriage. In subsequent seasons (Ibsen's disc having been somehow eclipsed for him by George Gissing's) he was usually writing novels in which everyone—or do I exaggerate?—had made a disastrous match.

I think Mary's belief in his genius had made him less diffident than he was at Oxford. He was always emerging from his den, with fresh pages of MS., into the Room. "You don't mind?" he would say, waving his pages, and then would shout "Mary!" She was always promptly forthcoming—sometimes from the direction of the kitchen, in a white apron, sometimes from the garden, in a blue one. She never looked at him while he read. To do so would have been lacking in respect for his work. It was on this that she must concentrate her whole mind, privileged auditor that she was. She sat looking straight before her, with her lips slightly compressed, and one hand beneath her chin. I used to wonder that there had been that first moment when I did not think her pretty. Her eyes were of a very light hazel, seeming all the lighter because her hair was of so dark a brown; and they were beautifully set in a face of that "pinched oval" kind which is rather rare in England. Mary as listener would have atoned to me for any defects there may have been in dear old William's work. Nevertheless, I sometimes wished this work had some comic relief in it. Publishers, I believe, shared this wish; hence the eternal absence of William's name from among their announcements. For Mary's sake, and his, I should have liked him to be "successful." But at any rate he did n't need money. He did n't need, in addition to what he had, what he made by his journalism. And as for success—well did n't Mary think him a genius? And was n't he Mary's husband? The main reason why I wished for light passages in what he read to us was that they would have been cues for Mary's laugh. This was a thing always new to me. I never tired of that little bell-like euphony; those funny little lucid and level trills.

There was no stint of that charm when William was not reading to us. Mary was in no awe of him, apart from his work, and in no awe at all of me: she used to laugh at us both, for one thing and another—just the same laugh as I had first heard when William tried to unharness the pony. I cultivated in myself whatever amused her in me; I drew out whatever amused her in William;

I never let slip any of the things that amused her in herself. "Chaff" is a great bond; and I should have enjoyed our bouts of it even without Mary's own special *obbligato*. She used to call me (for I was very urban in those days) the Gentleman from London. I used to call her the Brave Little Woman. Whatever either of us said or did could be twisted easily into relation to those two titles; and our bouts, to which William listened with a puzzled, benevolent smile, used to cease only because Mary regarded me as a possible purveyor of what William, she was sure, wanted and needed, down there in the country, alone with her: intellectual conversation, after his work. She often, I think, invented duties in garden or kitchen so that he should have this stimulus, or luxury, without hindrance. But when William was alone with me it was about her that he liked to talk, and that I myself liked to talk too. He was very sound on the subject of Mary; and so was I. And if, when I was alone with Mary, I seemed to be sounder than I was on the subject of William's wonderfulness, who shall blame me?

Had Mary been a mother, William's wonderfulness would have been less greatly important. But he was her child as well as her lover. And I think, though I do not know, she believed herself content that this should always be, if so it were destined. It was not destined so. On the first night of a visit I paid them in April, 1899, William, when we were alone, told me news. I had been vaguely conscious, throughout the evening, of some change; conscious that Mary had grown gayer, and less gay—somehow different, somehow remote. William said that her child would be born in September, if all went well. "She's immensely happy," he told me. I realised that she was indeed happier than ever.

. . . "And of course it would be a wonderful thing, for both of us," he said presently, "to have a son—or a daughter." I asked him which he would rather it were, a son or a daughter. "Oh, either," he answered wearily. It was evident that he had misgivings and fears. I tried to reason him out of them. He did not, I am thankful to say, ever let Mary suspect them. She

had no misgivings. But it was destined that her child should live only for an hour, and that she should die in bearing it.

I had stayed again at the cottage in July, for some days. At the end of that month I had gone to France, as was my custom, and a week later had written to Mary. It was William that answered this letter, telling me of Mary's death and burial. I returned to England next day. William and I wrote to each other several times. He had not left his home. He stayed there, "trying," as he said in a grotesque and heart-rending phrase, "to finish a novel." I saw him in the following January. He wrote to me from the Charing Cross Hotel, asking me to lunch with him there. After our first greetings, there was a silence. He wanted to talk of—what he could not talk of. We stared helplessly at each other, and then, in the English way, talked of things at large. England was engaged in the Boer War. William was the sort of man whom one would have expected to be violently Pro-boer. I was surprised at his fervour for the stronger side. He told me he had tried to enlist, but had been rejected on account of his eyesight. But there was, he said, a good chance of his being sent out, almost immediately, as one of the *Daily* —'s special correspondents. "And then," he exclaimed, "I shall see something of it." I had a presentiment that he would not return, and a belief that he did not want to return. He did not return. Special correspondents were not so carefully shepherded in that war as they have since been. They were more at liberty to take risks, on behalf of the journals to which they were accredited. William was killed a few weeks after he had landed at Cape Town.

And there came, as I have said, a time when I did not think of William and Mary often; and then a time when I did more often think of them. And especially much did my mind hark back to them in the late autumn of last year; for on the way to the place I was staying at I had passed the little railway station, whose name had always linked itself for

me with the names of those two friends. There were but four intervening stations. It was not a difficult pilgrimage that I made some days later—back towards the past, for that past's sake and honour. I had thought I should not remember the way, the three miles of way, from the station to the cottage; but I found myself remembering it perfectly, without a glance at the finger-posts. Rain had been falling heavily, driving the late leaves off the trees; and everything looked rather sodden and misty, though the sun was now shining. I had known this landscape only in spring, summer, early autumn. Mary had held to a theory that at other seasons I could not be acclimatised. But there were groups of trees that I knew, even without their leaves; and farm-houses and small stone bridges that had not at all changed. Only what mattered was changed. Only what mattered was gone. Would what I had come to see be there still? In comparison with what it had held, it was not much. But I wished to see it, melancholy spectacle though it must be for me if it were extant, and worse than melancholy if it held something new. I began to be sure it had been demolished, built over. At the corner of the lane that had led to it, I was almost minded to explore no further, to turn back. But I went on, and suddenly I was at the four-barred iron gate, that I remembered, between the laurels. It was rusty, and fastened with a rusty padlock, and beyond it there was grass where a winding "drive" had been. From the lane the cottage never had been visible, even when these laurels were lower and sparser than they were now. Was the cottage still standing? Presently, I climbed over the gate, and walked through the long grass, and—yes, there was Mary's cottage; still there; William's and Mary's cottage. Trite enough, I have no doubt, were the thoughts that possessed me as I stood gazing. There is nothing new to be thought about the evanescence of human things; but there is always much to be felt about it by one who encounters in his maturity some such intimate instance and reminder as confronted me, in that cold sunshine, across that small wilderness of long rank wet grass and weeds.

Incredibly woebegone and lonesome the house would have looked even to one for whom it contained no memories; all the more because in its utter dereliction it looked so durable. Some of the stucco had fallen off the walls of the two wings; thick flakes of it lay on the discoloured roof of the veranda, and thick flakes of it could be seen lying in the grass below. Otherwise, there were few signs of actual decay. The sash-window and the French window of each wing were shuttered, and, from where I was standing, the cream-coloured paint of those shutters behind the glass looked almost fresh. The latticed windows between had all been boarded up from

within. The house was not to be let perish soon.

I did not want to go nearer to it; yet I did go nearer, step by step, across the wilderness, right up to the edge of the veranda itself, and within a yard of the front-door.

I stood looking at that door. I had never noticed it in the old days, for then it had always stood open. But it asserted itself now, master of the threshold.

It was a narrow door—narrow even for its height, which did not exceed mine by more than two inches or so; a door that even when it was freshly painted must have looked mean. How much



"He stayed there, 'trying,' as he said in a grotesque and heartrending phrase, 'to finish a novel!'"

meaner now, with its paint all faded and mottled, cracked and blistered! It had no knocker, not even a slit for letters. All that it had was a large-ish key-hole. On this my eyes rested; and presently I moved to it, stooped down to it, peered through it. I had a glimpse of—darkness impenetrable.

Strange it seemed to me, as I stood back, that there the Room was, the remembered Room itself, separated from me by nothing but this unremembered door . . . and a quarter of a century, yes. I saw it all, in my mind's eye, just as it had been: the way the sunlight came into it through this same doorway and through the lattices of these same four windows; the way the little bit of a staircase came down into it, so crookedly yet so confidently; and how uneven the tiled floor was, and how low the rafters were, and how littered the whole place was with books brought in from his den by William, and how bright with flowers brought in by Mary from her garden. The rafters, the stairs, the tiles, were still existing, changeless in despite of cobwebs and dust and darkness, all quite changeless on the other side of the door, so near to me. I wondered how I should feel if by some enchantment the door slowly turned on its hinges, letting in light. I should not enter; I felt, not even look, so much must I hate to see those inner things lasting when all that had given to them a meaning was gone from them, taken away from them, finally. And yet, why blame them for their survival? And how know that *nothing* of the past ever came to them, revisiting, hovering? Something—sometimes—perhaps? One knew so little. How not be tender to what, as it seemed to me, perhaps the dead loved?

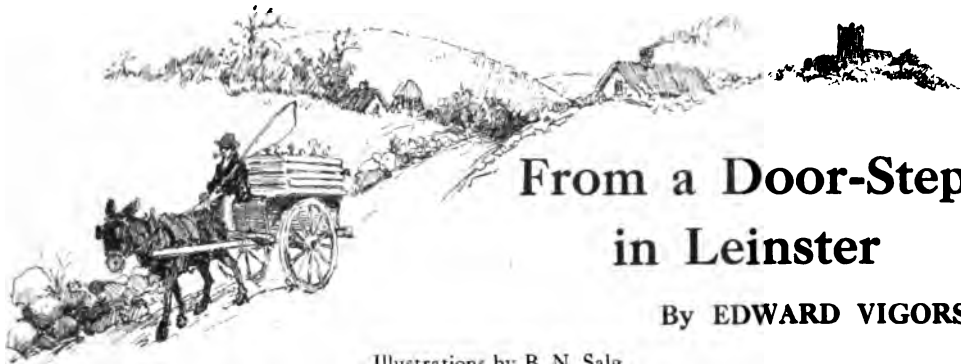
So strong in me now was the wish to see again all those things, to touch them and, as it were, commune with them, and so queerly may the mind be wrought upon in a solitude among memories, that there were moments when I almost expected that the door would obey my

will. I was recalled to a clearer sense of reality by something which I had not before noticed. In the door-post to the right was a small knob of rusty iron—mocking reminder that to gain admission to a house one does not “will” the door: one rings the bell—unless it is rusty and has quite obviously no one to answer it; in which case one goes away. Yet I did not go away. The movement that I made, in despite of myself, was towards the knob itself. But, I hesitated, suppose I did what I half meant to do, and there were no sound. That would be ghastly. And surely there *would* be no sound. And if sound there were, would n't that be worse still? My hand drew back, wavered, suddenly closed on the knob. I heard the scrape of the wire—and then, from somewhere within the heart of the shut house, a tinkle.

It had been the weakest, the puniest of noises. It had been no more than is a fledgling's first attempt at a twitter. But I was not judging it by its volume. Deafening peals from steeples had meant less to me than that one single note breaking the silence—in there. In there, in the dark, the bell that had answered me was still quivering, I supposed, on its wire. But there was no one to answer *it*, no footstep to come hither from those recesses, making prints in the dust. Well, *I* could answer it; and again my hand closed on the knob, unhesitatingly this time, pulling further. That was my answer; and the rejoinder to it was more than I had thought to hear—a whole quick sequence of notes, faint but clear, playful, yet poignantly sad, like a trill of laughter echoing out of the past, or even merely out of this neighbouring darkness. It was so like something I had known, so recognisable and oh, recognising, that I was lost in wonder.

And long must I have remained standing at that door, for I heard the sound often, often. I must have rung again and again, tenaciously, vehemently, in my folly





From a Door-Step in Leinster

By EDWARD VIGORS

Illustrations by B. N. Salg

TYRRELLSTOWN

WHEN the resources of Killickmoyler fail me, or when Kathleen is more than usually insistent in her demands for a joint of beef instead of Conran's inevitable wether mutton, I say, "I am going into Tyrrellstown."

This statement is a signal for many demands upon my memory and my pocket. Jim Kane reminds me not to "firget thim two-inch bolts for the door o' the hins'-roost," and, "If ye can't git two-inch, ye may chance a three-inch." And then, "There s a sucker wantin' on the pump, and a peck of Arran Chiefs for seed." Mary Linsella, through the channel of her superior officer, Mrs. Scanlan, the cook, would be glad if I'd look in at Lynch's for a watch which she has left for a "half-clean." And "There 's soda wantin' for baking, and a shovel, and muslin for straining the cream." I am really dependent upon Tyrrellstown, and I am only one of the many.

Carts come jogging in from the Ridge and the Butts beyond, from the slopes of Shodore, and from the valley of the Urglin as far as Ballytarsna, with loads of chickens and butter, only to return burdened with meal, sea-coal, and the like.

It is just an ordinary country town, the central hub upon which revolve those who live along the many roads that branch from it like the spokes of a wheel. There is a fine Catholic church, and a big Protestant one. The former,

as is not unusual, dwarfs the latter with its spire and eclipses it in internal decorations. There are four streets which meet in a market-square, where a few women sell windfall apples, and herrings when fish is cheap.

The railway station lies just outside the town, approached by an avenue planted with trees. The post-office rivals the Bank of Ireland for pride of place, and outside each a cripple is generally sitting in hope of alms. The shops are near the market-place, and the streets which meet there taper off in each direction into cabins; while here and there a modest window displays clay pipes, and sugar-sticks in tall glass bottles. These are relieved by piles of match-boxes, large and square, inconvenient for the pocket. They are always decorated with a picture of a couchant tiger or a portrait of General McMahon.

Before Sir John Tyrrell, an English settler, received a grant of the land which stretches beside the river, the place was called "Minnebeg"—the "village in the valley." Those days are forgotten now, but some people have revived the name, and of late the streets have had their titles inscribed in Gaelic, and here and there a shopkeeper has displayed his name and trade in mysterious symbols to be read only by the shining lights of the National School.

In the main street, near the square, stands Miss Doolan's "Shrine of Fashion," with a pretentious shop front where the latest models of blouses, hats, and golf jerseys are displayed. Miss

Doolan's advertisements fill columns in "The Moderator."

Miss Doolan has returned from the markets of the world, bringing with her a choice assortment of drapery, hosiery, and footwear for all sexes. [Miss Doolan is nothing if not comprehensive.] What is it that you require? Call, and you will see it at Miss Doolan's. This is the house for corderoys, shirts, and all classes of lingerie. Do you want glove-fitting corsets? You will find the only genuine models at Miss Doolan's. Whatever you may need, call and inspect it at Miss Doolan's.

The exhortation concludes with a statement that in a parlor behind the shop an itinerant "Tooth Expert" will extract teeth painlessly, and without gas, on Thursdays from two till half-past four, supplying, for a most modest fee, a new set no less elegant than Miss Doolan's other creations.

I owe Miss Doolan many debts. She has supplied me for my own use with "a trouser" of gray flannel which rivals the tailor-made article, and when I have been short of white gloves for a dance, or even of a tall hat for a wedding, she has more than once helped me out of the difficulty. I know that I ought not to regret her civilizing efforts. I am old-fashioned and should move, like others, with the times. Kathleen has done so, and assures me that Miss Doolan does not exaggerate her resources.

Just up the street is "Kennedy's," with which I myself am better acquainted. Its specialities are groceries and hardware, and it is unpretentious, but in my experience I know of little that Kennedy cannot produce. He has a bakery, and in one window is set a row of "barmbracks," amid oranges and bacon and packets of corn-flour and tea. The whole is garnished with festoons of sticky fly-papers, which give place at Christmas to wreaths of holly. The farther window is replete with every variety of hardware, from lamps and tin buckets to motor-horns, photograph-frames, and tooth-brushes. On the pavement outside there are usually a box churn, some sacks of seed potatoes, and the latest thing in agricultural implements.

The inside of the shop, which is small,

is skilfully divided up into departments, which consist of counters for each class of goods; while behind a sort of screen



"A cripple is generally sitting in hope of alms"

there is a bar with wooden benches, for Kennedy's is also a public house.

I have often been forced to listen to other patrons making their purchases from Lanigan, the assistant, while Kennedy has been diving into recesses to find me some picture-wire or cartridges.

"What would be the price o' thim sprongs, Mr. Lanigan?"

"Well, now, what would ye say yerself, Mr. Hughes?"

"Fifteen pence I'd be thinking."

"Indeed, Mr. Hughes, and I suppose they could be worth all that."

"Maybe ye would leave me couple for less, Mr. Lanigan?"

"Ye 'd not find the like o' them in Dublin, let alone anywhere else. They're just a few I have over, and I'll leave them to you, Mr. Hughes, at what they cost and no more: half a crown apiece, and its double I should be lookin' for."

Or Mrs. Bourke is out of reins for her ass—six yards in length of half-penny cord.

"What ye 're after showing me is no more than twine, Mr. Lanigan. 'T would n't hould a throat, let alone an ass."

"There 's better at fi'pence, ma'am; but these would wear ye well."

"I 'd chance the threepenny ones if ye 'd give me another bit in. I 'd often be wantin' a bit of cord."

Kennedy has a brain for possibilities and what is out of the common.

When I wanted a screw-driver, he scornfully rejected my choice of the ordinary kind, and pressed upon me the advantages of an instrument which contained in a hollow handle not only a screw-driver, but files, brad-awls, and a small saw.

"Sure, a gintleman would often want to do something better than turn a

screw, and this one has a whole seraglio of fittin's to meet every convanience."

He also has a keen eye for business. I had always a desire to inclose the back lawn with a patent unbreakable fence, but it took me a long time to come up to the scratch, and I said I could not afford it. Kennedy, however, persisted.

"Indeed, ye 'd hardly say that, sir. If ye 'll pardon the liberty, I saw yer uncle's will in the paper, and I read it most attentively." Kennedy's memory is a long one, and in the end he prevailed.

At certain hours—that is, when the morning mail arrives, and when it leaves again at night—the railway station becomes the center of importance. That importance used to be spread over a long part of the day, for the mails were often late. Jack McCabe, who has been guard almost since the line was opened, has always looked upon it as a point of honor to delay the "express," as required, if any one of position was known to be traveling. The station-master's tea took "a great second water," and it was always "wetted" again when McCabe was thus detained. But for better or for worse the times are changing. Anglicizing efforts have spread to the railway, and we have a new general manager imported from an English line. The result may be summarized in the words of McCabe, "Surely to goodness he has the whole place destroyed by reason of the punctuality of the trains."

The last Thursday in every month is the fair of Tyrrellstown. The gates of the "bawnogue," that plot of green grass surrounded by a low stone wall which abuts on the station-yard, are thrown open. Bunches of cattle that have traveled all night throng in, and the drovers, trained by long practice, keep them from getting mixed. There they stand from daybreak till the sun rises and the mists disperse. Then either the marks on their rumps show that they are sold, or their owners, dissatisfied with the bidding, drive them home once more.

In the town itself the streets are lined with carts fitted with creels. The stench of pigs



"Christie Brohan's widow"

greeted one, accompanied by a deafening din. Christie Brohan's widow in Coolnisha has a great old sow, and I remember well watching Costigan, who keeps the hotel, buy her "bonhams."

With a look of entire indifference he paraded the street, apparently bent on taking the not very salubrious air for his health's sake. He passed the car and came back again, stopping to light his pipe close to where the widow stood beside a creel of white bonhams.

He made no remark, but I knew that he had his eye upon them, and meant to buy if she came to terms.

"Would you buy ten fine bons, Mr. Costigan? They 'd be sure to pay you well."

"It would be stronger ones I 'm seeking. How much would you be looking for?"

"Well, now, it 's the truth I 'll tell you, Mr. Costigan, and you never knew me tell a lie. Johnny Nolan sold worse at twenty-five shillings; but I was always too easy, and I 'd not ask yourself any more."

"Is it by the couple ye 're for sellin' them, like fowl, ma'am, that you 're lookin' for double their worth? Seventeen shillings apiece I 'll give you, and ye may please yerself."

"Well, then, good day to you, Mr. Costigan. If ye 're lookin' to get bons for less than nothing at all, I 'll wish you good luck in the quest."

Mrs. Brohan looked pained, and Costigan strolled away. He returned some minutes later, the pigs being still unsold. I knew that their price was a guinea apiece, and that Costigan would pay this.

"Well, ye 're not sellin' me the pigs, Mrs. Brohan?"

"I am, at a fair price, Mr. Costigan; I might 'bate a shillin' on the twenty-five to close wid ye."

"It 's only nonsense ye 're talkin', ma'am," and he turned to go.

But here came in the services of the

friend, so necessary in the making of a deal in Ireland. Billy Byrne, who was standing gazing at the attractions of Miss Doolan's window, but keeping an ear on the conversation, intervened.

"Is there a deal betwixt ye? Well, now, it would be a pity to part. Is there much betwixt ye?"

Mrs. Brohan ruefully explained that there was six shillings a pig.

"Well, now, and I 'll tell you what you 'll do, and you 'll not break my word. You 'll divide what lies betwixt ye." Billy snatched Mrs. Brohan's red hand and also that of Costigan, forcing them together. Both parties attempted to fall back, but the gathering crowd was there to see it through. Incited by advice on all sides to "let it stand at that," their hands were dragged together.

"And a shillin' luck," shouted Costigan.

"Ye 're too hard on a widdy woman," screamed Mrs. Brohan.

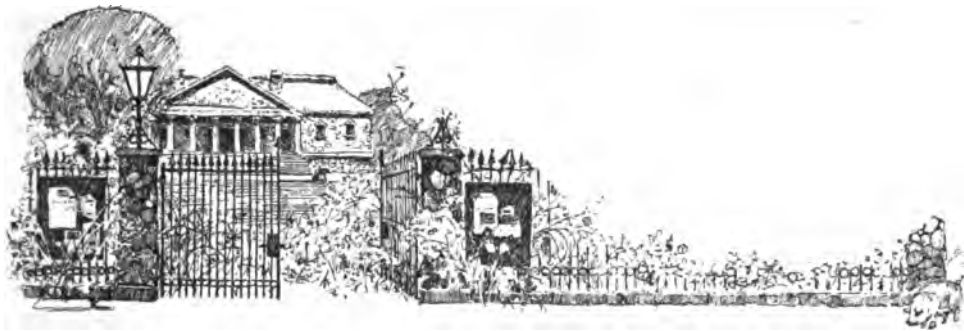
"Ah, don't break away now; the deal is made," yelled Byrne.

"Halve the shillin'," called another adviser.

The two hands were slapped together, and the pigs became Costigan's at twenty-one shillings each, and sixpence luck-money.

After midday we say "Good evening," for we in Ireland know no such interval as "afternoon." The business of Tyrrellstown begins to wane; cars begin to crawl slowly out, and leave the town deserted. On winter nights late stragglers light a flickering oil-lamp on their dashboards, lest the watchful eye of Sergeant Sullivan should catch them breaking what is now the law. As the last depart, a stillness falls, the chapel bell rings out the Angelus. One by one the twinkling lights upon the Ridge are quenched and disappear. While cities are still wakeful and full of life, Tyrrellstown is hushed to sleep. The Urclin lulls it in its bosom with a cradle-song, and Shodore stands guardian through the night.





A COURT-HOUSE AND THE LAW

EVERY Englishman should know that there is very little crime in Ireland. The fact may be surprising, but is none the less true. Perhaps it is accounted for by the excellence of the machinery for administering the law and the quality of the law that is administered. When I am able, I always go to petty sessions in Tyrrellstown. There are engagements which sometimes hinder me. There is the river in April, after rain, or the hill on an October morning. Nor would it be loyal to miss a fixture in the County Kildare or a meet of the hounds at my gate.

The court-house at Tyrrellstown does not belittle the dignity of the law. It is not ornate, but it is solid, standing high above the Urglin, toward which it faces, and it is approached by a flight of many steps. Round the courtyard runs a tall fence of stout iron bars, each support being fashioned like the fasces of a Roman licitor, with ax projecting at the top. On a terrace, half-way up the steps, stand two old cannon. The back approach is squalid, leading to one small doorway; but this is the entrance in common use, because it is the more convenient. Except at the assizes, the main door in front is locked, and the grass is left to grow up tall in the gravel sweep which faces it. For while the front looks on Regent Street and the river, the back opens on to the center of Tyrrellstown civilization.

Inside there is a somber air. A row of chairs with horsehair seats accommodate the bench behind a sloping desk of grained oak, upon which are sheets of blotting-paper and impossible steel pens. We always celebrate any notable event by carrying a resolution from the bench,

and after Doreen Flood was married, I made a point of being there to help with an address of congratulation.

The court opened at "half-eleven," as nearly as the difference in our watches allowed. Captain Rice was there, and Costigan who keeps the hotel, and who has a commercial training. Captain Rice had prepared a suitable eulogy somewhat on Prayer-Book lines. He read it out from the bench. Solicitors, police, and clerk, each in turn, indorsed it with a pious, but somewhat lengthy, "Amen." Costigan, however, demurred at this aspect of matrimony, and urged the substitution of an expression of condolence on the troubles with which it is accompanied.

We at last decided to adopt the congratulatory phrases of Captain Rice, tack on to them the funereal sentiments of Costigan, but harness the two together with a prayer that the worst might not be realized. We were then able to start with the business of the day. Our proceedings always receive prominence in "The Moderator," and I hesitate to usurp the prerogative of that excellent newspaper. In doing so, I admit at once that I lack the imagination and command of language possessed by "The Moderator's" reporter.

The ball was set rolling by Constable Phelan, who charged Lawrence Murphy of Ballytiglea with being drunk and in charge of a bicycle. Murphy did not appear, and we were not informed what would have happened if the bicycle had escaped from its custodian.

Mary Thynne of Kilrush Street charged Margaret Doyle with assault, and gave evidence in person.

"I was standin' in the doorway o' my little house—and Sergeant Sullivan

knows I speak the truth—and I lookin' out down the street as peaceful as paradise, she set upon me from behind wid the slide iv a hin-coop, an' she tore the hair from me hid."

Mary paused, and produced the missing locks, wrapped in a very dirty sheet of newspaper, conclusive evidence, which was handed round the bench.

Margaret, for her part, hastened to display sores upon her person which had been inflicted by the nails of Mary Thynne. She called Dr.



Phillips to prove that she was suffering from cardiac failure, which he explained meant a weakness of the heart. So far as she was concerned, her one desire was to be left in possession of "peace wid a boiled pitato."

The next case was more serious. Following the example of "The Moderator," I suppress all names. The prisoner was charged with having, under the influence of drink, removed much of his clothing in the street and paraded before the select establishment of Miss Doolan, wearing little more than Adam at the start of his career. Miss Doolan and her young ladies had modestly drawn the blinds of the shop, and abstained from being witness to the affront. It was clear that a grave outrage had been committed. All would have been well but for Costigan, who seemed to have some sympathy for the delinquent, and protested that "You, Captain Rice, have fine airy halls in which to cool yourself when inflamed with drink, but this poor man has no place else than the public street." I pictured the gallant captain, who is stout and rubicund, pacing the pillared corridors at Castlegarry and taking post-prandial enjoyment under similar conditions, but it did not shake my opinion.

Mr. Costigan, being a license-holder,

then gracefully withdrew, while we heard the charge against Mrs. Brophy.

Mrs. Brophy is a personage of importance in Killickmoyler, where she combines with a grocery business and a small farm the attractive inducements of a public house. It appears that two Sundays before, Constable Connor, while pensively engaged in watching the rising trout from the bridge, had become suspicious of Mrs. Brophy's operations. He had therefore walked off as if toward the hill, returning by a devious route to the back of her premises. Here he had "hid himself in the hins'-roost." Peter Brady, the old soldier, and Charlie Clery, who plays the big drum in the band, were



"Mrs. Brophy came out with a bucket, from which they were both seen to drink"

seen to arrive in the "Haggart," perspiring and obviously thirsty. Mrs. Brophy came out with a bucket, from which they were both seen to drink.

When the constable put his head through the hole of the hens'-roost, Mrs. Brophy flung the bucket over the wall. There were found in the nettles on the other side of the wall two buckets, one with "wet porter stickin' to it," and the other "with the smell o' minerals off it."

We sat with two zinc pails before us on the bench, and alternately smelled and scraped them. The smell of ginger-beer may be transitory, but that of porter hangs, and its stickiness increases with exposure. We had to determine whether the porter was "the leavings of a draft for a cow that was sick," and face abun-

dant evidence that Brady and Clery "niver tasted any this tin year'."

The court-house has also a lighter side to its existence. In winter it is used by the tradesmen's dances. At these, I understand, Miss Doolan presides, and, sitting in the chairman's seat, dispenses temperance drinks from the bench, while her vestals circulate below. It is used by nomad conjurers who claim to have worked wonders in the presence of half the crowned heads of Europe, and by gentlemen who push cheap-jack wares and patent remedies, and practise painless dentistry to the accompaniment of a brass band.

But the greatest day at the court-house is when the judges come for the assizes. Mr. Tighe of Kilnevin was high sheriff last year. He lives at the foot of Shodore, where the early sun never shines until it has driven off the shadow of the peak. He has broad acres of heather and gorse, good land for sheep or mountainy cattle, but not such as brings a fortune to the owner. He is past middle age, and lives there with his wife, driving down from time to time to do business in Tyrrellstown or to a wedding or the like. At such times the old phaëton is rolled out, a strange four-wheeled vehicle, with seats for two in front and a dicky behind. The men touch their hats and the old women curtsy, while the young ones nod; for the qualities of Mr. Tighe are judged by the past record of Kilnevin and not by the wealth of his equipage. On the day of the assizes he borrowed Captain Rice's brougham and hired a team from Costigan. The police mounted a guard of honor at the station, with a squadron of cavalry sent down from the Curragh. A staff-officer had come down beforehand to arrange things and take a day on the Urglin. He had returned with two grand fish, leaving a promise that he would send a bugler to complete the escort.

Behind Costigan's horses sat Jim Whelan, clad in a gorgeous livery of claret color, piped with yellow. His farm boots and trousers were partly concealed by a waterproof rug. His comrade on the box was the herd from Kilnevin, who had been caught among his cattle and roped in to act as footman. His mustache had been forcibly removed,

showing a long upper lip, which still quivered modestly at its unaccustomed exposure. In his hand he carried a wand surmounted with a bow of white ribbon.

Mr. Tighe himself, in a frock-coat of early Victorian cut, which was kept in the family for such occasions, and with a new top-hat of rather rakish form, led the judges to their seats in the brougham.

The police presented arms, the cavalry flourished their swords, and the bugler blew a blast as though to shake the walls of Jericho.

Costigan's hacks are well acquainted with many things. They have met the trains for years, and they know most men and their manners. They have bowed their plumed heads in sorrow at interments, drawing the corpse for long



Mr. Tighe

and weary miles to Shanakill or Rathornan or some other outlying burial-ground. They do not mind the whistle of the Rosslare mail, or the riot of cattle and pigs being loaded into trucks on a fine day. But a bugle was quite a new experience. The bay would have done his work from force of obedience to the voice of Whelan, but the chestnut

mare had reared colts for the master of the Kilcoltrim foxhounds, and somewhere deep in her veins had a drop of the blood of Banshee. How should she brook this new indignity? She planted her feet, and stood still, and she did not stir for Whelan's whip or for any coaxing of the onlookers.

The judges sat inside with Mr. Tighe, but the brougham did not advance.

"Put fire under her," shouted Jack McCabe, the guard. He knew more of engines than of cattle.

"Give her a good larrup and a beltin' wid the strap off your waist," called another, who had an ass and knew its ways.

"What I would say," advised Tom, the foreman porter, "would be to get a bit of a cord off the goods, and yoke it to her, and jist draw her furrard. Sure, we 'd start her with the engine off the train."

But Terry Purcell, who drives a jarvey-car, and jobs in horse-flesh which has baffled the wits of other trainers, found the solution.

"Leave it to me," he cried. "Do you, Jimmy Whelan, get down off the box, and let me in yer place." In old tweed breeches and a blue cloth cap he took the driver's seat. "Put yer shoulders to the wheel now, boys, and give a shove; and all stand away clear in front."

The brougham was pushed forward against the buttocks of the puzzled chestnut. Terry Purcell did not thrash her or shout at her. He gently tickled her shoulders with the whip, as if a gadfly was trying to settle upon them, and he called to the bugler to blow a view-halloo. She considered it all. The carriage was moving without her efforts. Was she again free to follow the "dogs" over bank and ditch? Was it, after all,

the old call of the horn and a fox broken from covert? The heart of the old mare was stirred, and the joy of life came back. She forgot collar and trace. She forgot Terry Purcell on the box and the bay horse by her side. And she threw back her head with a proud toss and started away.

"Keep clear now," shouted Terry, "for fear she 'd stop."

It is not far to the court-house, but it was not toward the court-house they made. They turned to the left, toward open country, and we stood and watched the ancient brougham rattling over the stones on the Castlegarry Road. In about half an hour they returned. Terry Purcell was proud.

"Sure, I had to keep her going," he cried, "for fear she 'd stop ag'in; and I thought I 'd just let her work herself out where she willed till I 'd have her in the way she 'd be handy."

It may have been due to confusion created by this mishap that when the case of Peter Brady's mother-in-law was called, Peter himself was sworn a member of the jury. She had long been a thorn in his side, and the chance for revenge was a golden one.

The same cause may have been responsible for a slight indisposition in the case of Mr. Tighe, who, having lost his hat, seemed to have taken cold in the head and was seized with an attack of persistent sneezing. Under the direction of his lordship he was, however, refreshed with hot lemon-water. To protect him from the draft a black skull-cap was found. I believe that it really formed part of the judge's wardrobe, for use in cases of murder. So far as I know it has never before been assumed in Tyrrellstown.



"The ancient brougham rattling over the stones on the Castlegarry road"

CHRISTMAS AT DREAMTHORPE

by
Alexander Smith



Pictured by C.E. Brock



"In this Christmas night all the other Christmas nights of my life live. How warm, breathing, full of myself is the year of 1862, now almost gone! How bare, cheerless, unknown, the year 1863, about to come in!"



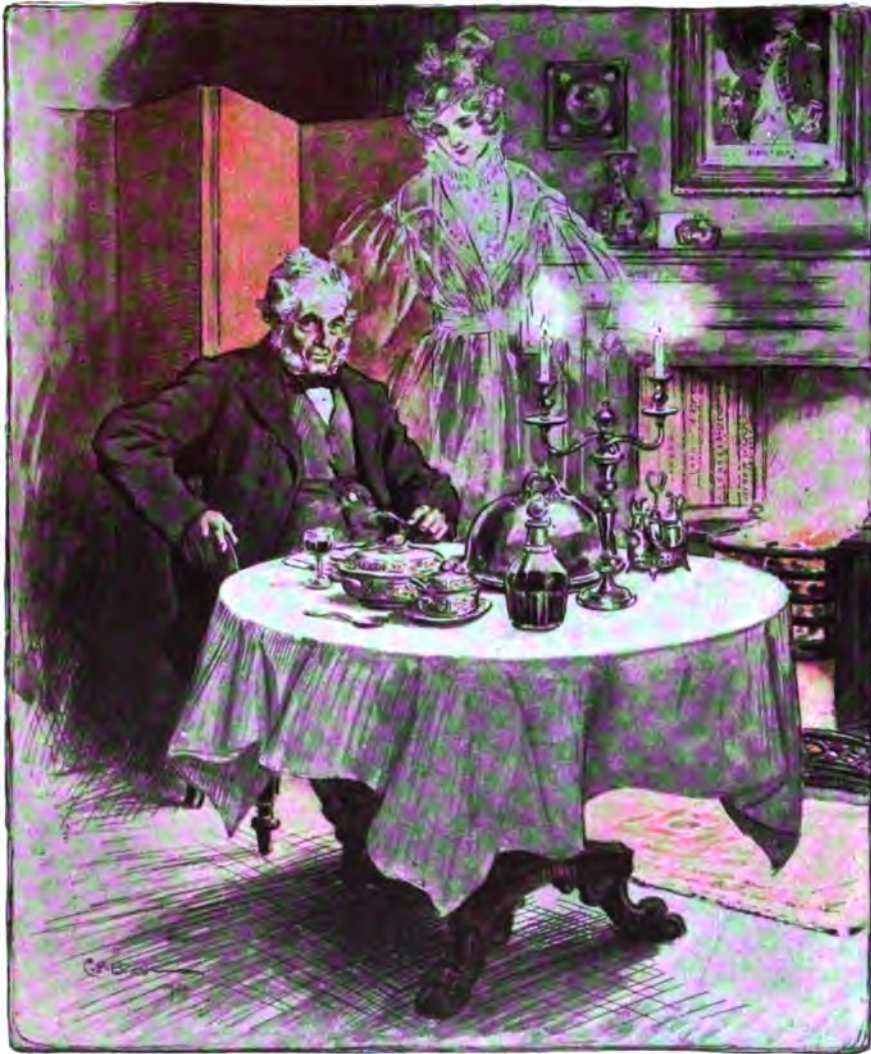
"The clerk read the beautiful prayers of our Church, which seem more beautiful at Christmas than at any other period. . . . The clergyman . . . read out in that silvery voice of his, which is sweeter than any music to my ear, those chapters of the New Testament that deal with the birth of the Saviour. . . . The discourse that followed possessed no remarkable thoughts; it dealt simply with the goodness of the Maker of heaven and earth, and the shortness of time, with the duties of thankfulness and charity to the poor; and I am persuaded that every one who heard returned to his house in a better frame of mind."



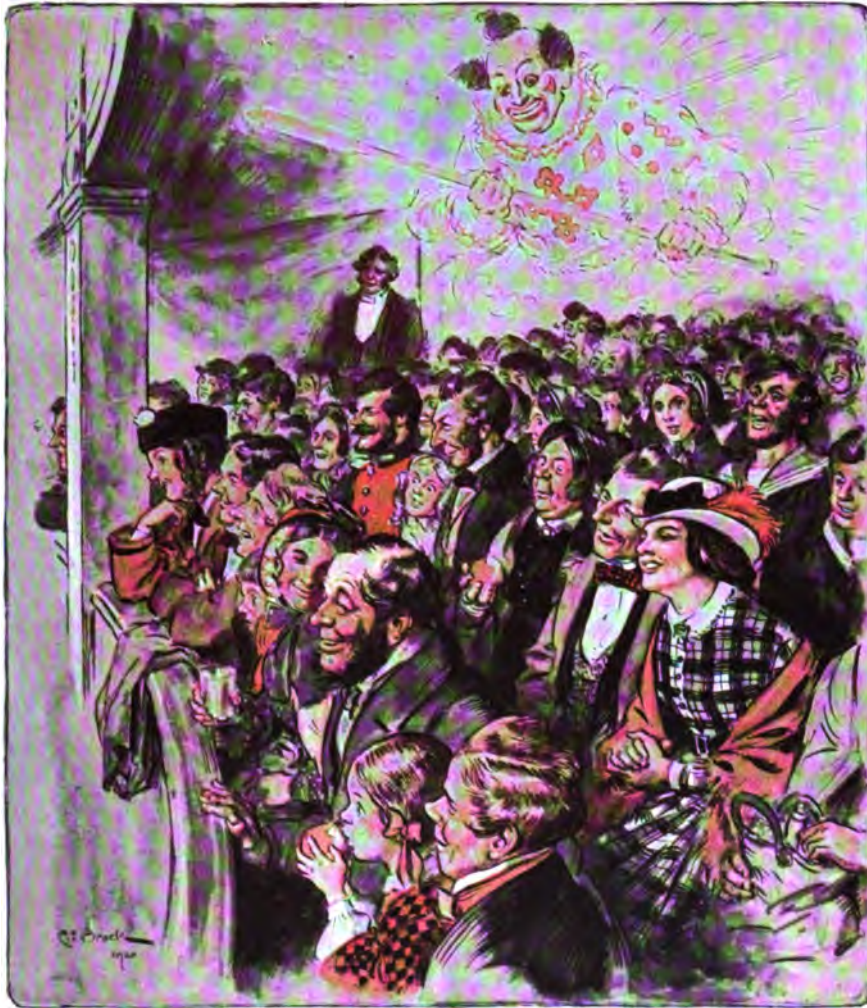
"And so the service remitted us all to our own homes, to what roast-beef and plum-pudding slender means permitted, to gatherings around cheerful fires, to half-pleasant, half-sad remembrances of the dead and the absent."



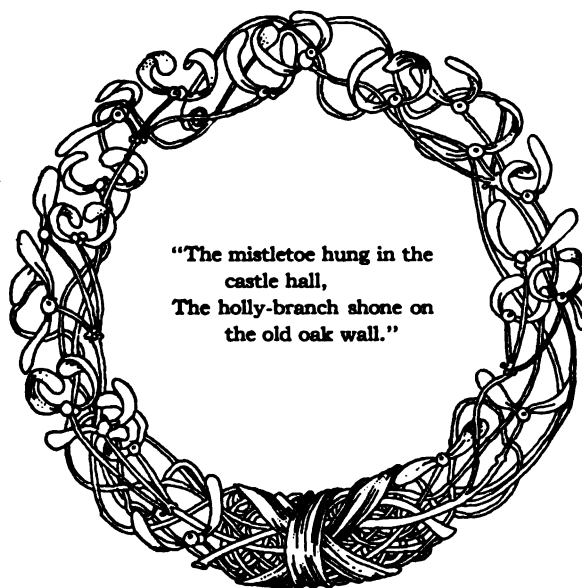
"And thee, too, with fragrant trencher in hand, over which blue tongues of flame are playing, do I know—most ancient apparition of them all. I remember thy reigning night. Back to very days of childhood am I taken by thy ghostly raisins simmering in a ghostly brandy flame. Where now the merry boys and girls that thrust their fingers in thy blaze?"



"It is my purpose to hold Christmas alone. I have no one with me at table, and my own thoughts must be my Christmas guests. Sitting here, it is pleasant to think how much kindly feeling exists this present night in England."



"The pantomime, pleasantest Christmas sight of all, with the pit a sea of grinning delight, the boxes a tier of beaming juvenility, the galleries, piled up to the far-receding roof, a mass of happy laughter which a clown's joke brings down in mighty avalanches. In the pit, sober people relax themselves, and suck oranges, and quaff ginger-pop; in the boxes, Miss, gazing through her curls, thinks the Fairy Prince the prettiest creature she ever beheld, and Master, that to be a clown must be the pinnacle of human happiness."



**"The mistletoe hung in the
castle hall,
The holly-branch shone on
the old oak wall."**

A Hopi Ceremonial

By ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS



LORA would not go with me to the Hopi country,—her baby was sick,—but she had the happy idea of giving me the photograph of her Hopi friend as a card of introduction, knowing as well as I how reassuring to any Pueblo Indian on meeting a stranger is the knowledge of having a common friend. Thirty-six miles from Zufi to Gallup, a hundred odd miles to the first mesa, and at the post-office and store at the foot of the mesa I asked a woman coming out if she happened to know John Kochisi and where he lived. I showed the photograph.

"I am his aunt," said she, interested and smiling, "and this letter is for him. He lives on top of this mesa at Sichumovi."

I invited her into the motor, and we went on up the steep road past the shrine-guarded boundary-line between the Tewa town and the town that for many a generation has harbored Zuñi visitors, Sichumovi.

John Kochisi happened to be sitting at his door. At the end of the room a supper party was gathered in a circle about the loaves and piles of wafer bread and the bowls of mutton stew earned that day at work in the corn-fields of the family. It was mid-June, the corn-planting season not quite concluded, and the working parties of relatives and neighbors were still being called together every four days or so at dates set by the "sun watcher"—dates named after the places where the sun was rising, Grasshopper, Coyote Bitch, Tunneled Rock, and others. How calendary methods vary!

The photograph and Flora's messages were effectual; John had a room at my disposal. It was the same room that Douglas Fairbanks had lived in when he was there a few weeks past, making a film, and I was shown the photographs from the envelop the aunt had just

brought from the post-office—photographs of the slim actor dancing with a portly Hopi matron and winking an eye at the motley crowd of Indian and white lookers-on. The Pueblo Indian is fond of burlesque, his own, but that any Pueblo Indian woman would thus lend herself to the American sense of burlesque was a surprise. Pueblo Indian women, young and old, are shy and reticent. No doubt the dance was a pecuniary transaction, like the photographing by tourists of the Indian pottery-venders at the stations on the Santa Fé railroad; but even so, since Sichumovi was not Albuquerque, the photograph was startling, and on top of my satisfaction at being so advantageously installed for ethnographical pursuit, comically dismaying. Would I have to live down Douglas Fairbanks?

Knowing that host and hostess would want to put my room in order, I walked out to visit Walpi, next door, where the mesa narrows into the long ridge which, seen from below, keeps one guessing where rock ends and house begins. It was the hour when laden donkeys were coming up the trail, to be unpacked and left over night in the little corrals on the edge of the mesa. One of these donkeys was causing irritation to somebody, for as I passed by I heard an angry exclamation. Irritation, plus cruelty, with draft animals is common enough on the part of Pueblo Indians, but the expletive he used and even the loud, angry tone would be novelties at Zufi. American oaths and American humor! Indeed, the first mesa had been corrupted, just as they told me, by its "snake-dance" visitors. Then in the next few steps toward the eastern edge of the mesa I almost stepped on some green prayer-sticks, duplicates of those I had been studying the winter before in the American Museum, and from the open slab shrine to my right protruded still another type of prayer-stick, the long

willow twig to which the eagle prayer-feathers are fastened that every man makes in his *kiva* for all those at home to pray with during the winter solstice ceremonial. And was not that the skeleton of an eagle over there in the rock crevice, buried ceremonially just as Dr. Fewkes has described?

And I was soon to find that my household was quite as uncontaminated as any Pueblo Indian household I knew anywhere. The singular-looking hoops which hung to a corner of my ceiling, and which I learned were a store-bought machine to teach a child to walk, interfered in no way with original beliefs about hastening the child's development. Here, as at Zufi, a mocking-bird was held to his lips that he might learn readily to talk, and were he sickly, would he not be "given" to some one to sponsor him in later years in his secret society? Besides, in other parts of the roofing prayer-sticks were stuck, sticks made by the war priest to keep the house strong, and just over my American bedstead was fastened to the rafters a *shalako* shrine in which the "two little ones" were a prayer for increase of offspring to the household. The floor, to be sure, had been boarded over, but under the boards there were still other prayer-sticks made for the house when it had been rebuilt to entertain the *shalako*, those masked impersonations of supernatural messengers that the people of Sichumovi alone of all the Pueblo peoples have in common with Zufi.

It was the old story, as old as Spanish occupation, of foreign goods and contrivances fitted into native concepts and habits of mind. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of this process John Kochisi supplied from his personal history. For several years he was a student at Phoenix, and he qualified to graduate with his class, but absolutely refused. Graduation to his Indian way of thinking was an initiation, a rebirth into a new life, the American life, and that break with the old life, "life as a regular Indian," as he put it, John did not wish to make. And so he took what the school could give him, but on his own terms. Last year at Hampton Institute there was also a case of an Indian refusing to graduate, a refusal

interpreted by the school authorities as due to a sense of sin, of unworthiness to receive the certificate of the institution. The complacency of our cultural egoism!

One evening I, too, was given the choice of rebirth into another culture, and, unlike John, I accepted. Perhaps the consequences were less grave, or perhaps the spiritual break with the old had long since been made. At any rate, when our evening visitor suggested to John and me that it might be well, in order to disarm criticism of my presence on the mesa, for me to have my head washed and get a Hopi name, we concurred. Our visitor was a man of prominence, the head man of the winter solstice ceremony, and so frankly it was decided by John and me that he, Sixtaime, should become my "father." The connection was satisfactory to all three of us, to John because, as the neighbors began to take notice of me, their questions also began to be disturbing, particularly as the rumor had unfortunately gone abroad that I had books about the ceremonies; to me because the necessary rite would not only be of interest in itself, but gave promise of future privileges; to Sixtaime because his clan would get a new child; if only a white child.

Early the next morning, but not in accordance with the rule before sunrise, Sixtaime came into my room to fetch me and lead the way across the plaza to his sister's house, a Water clan house. Sleeping pallets had been rolled up and put away, and the household of three generations, mother, daughter, and daughter's husband and children, and two clanswomen from outside were sitting against the wall on box stools and chairs. In the middle of the room was a chair for me, and on the floor near by the large pottery bowl in which my head was to be washed. There was some water in it, and the yucca roots lay at hand.

I sat down, and took out the one hair-pin that held up my hair. Sixtaime talked a little with the others; as I knew English talk was not expected, and any Hopi formulas which might be in order I did not know, I said nothing. Chii, Sixtaime's sister, my aunt to be, left the room to bring in the ear of corn that was to be an essential part of the rite;

then she spread a sheepskin by the bowl, and, kneeling on it, stirred the yucca roots vigorously in the water. The suds mounted, a pretty sight. Chii beckoned me to take her place on the sheepskin. I knelt, facing east, and with the bestalked corn-ear as a dipper Chii put some suds on the top of my head, dabbing twice with the corn-dipper. She did this four times, praying the while. Over against the wall Sixtaime sang a low song, the *asnaya* ritual song of his clan. Now Chii's place on my right was taken by her daughter, Naboi, also, in accordance with Hopi kinship nomenclature, my aunt. The dipping rite was repeated without prayer. It was the turn of Öte, the grandson, a boy of eight, and then of his sister, a year-old baby, whose hand was made to clasp the cornstalk by her mother and directed in the proper way. The baby was followed by Agnes and "Nettie's mother," the two clanswomen from other houses.

My "father," aside from his song, took no part in this washing, nor did the husband of Naboi, who belonged, of course, to another clan; besides, head-washing is always a woman's function. Now I think of it, it is a puzzle why Öte, "my little father," took part. I did not think to ask about it at the time. At Zuffi one might have suspected that the little boy was destined to be a *klathmana*, one who changes his sex because he prefers the work and interests of women; but among the Hopi there are none of these men-women.

The ritual washing over, my aunt proceeded to give my head a thorough washing, also my face. Here I misbehaved, I suspect. The water running down my neck I ignored, but I wiped my eyes. Fortunately, however, not too much, for Chii had now to rub my face with corn-meal, and the skin had to be wet for the meal to stick. With the washing they had washed away my "old name and life." Rubbing on the meal meant I was to start anew; I was being given new life.

Chii rubbed my face and chest, and my right hand she filled with the corn-meal from her small glass bowl. On top of the meal in my hand she laid the ear of corn, stalk outward. "Nettie's mother," who had been the last to en-

gage in the washing rite, now stepped up, knelt by me, took the ear of corn, and with a circular motion waving it four times toward me she said in Hopi, "Talasveñsi, thus named, may you live to be old and your life prosper." She replaced the corn-ear in my hand for the next to use in a similar way. Agnes seemed not to have thought of a name in advance, and she knelt there with bowed head for two or three minutes, trying to think. Finally she thought of Yuyuhuñöma, and pronouncing it, she repeated the formula of blessing. In the reverse order that was being followed it was the baby's turn; but this time the baby was passed over, and the little boy took position, naming me Suñawaimana, Pretty Girl. There was a little laughter over this, but whether the joke was on me or on the little boy I had to guess. To these names, following the ritual, daughter and mother of the house added Kümayaunöma and Kumawaisi.

"Thank you for us all; it is done," said my aunt, and with a smile to each on my part, my "father" led the way back across the plaza and on beyond to the shrine at the edge of the mesa, where live in stone some of the guardians of the town, chiefs, like Mountain Lion or Bear or Sun, who had said of old that they were withdrawing from their disobedient people, to live somewhere else, and yet to live, too, in these stones. "Pray to us, and we shall hear you," they had said. Into this *pahoki*, or place for *paho*, or prayer-sticks, Sixtaime indicated that I was to sprinkle the meal I still held in my hand. Guessing at the correct ritual, I held the meal to my mouth to breathe from, and then with a fourfold sweeping gesture sprinkled it into the shrine. The proper prayer I did not know, so Sixtaime prayed for me as I sprinkled, formulas much like those used in the naming rite; but in this case it is said to be the sun to whom one tells one's name, and from whom one asks for long life and prosperity.

Back in my house,—that is, the house of what would now be considered my own clan, the Mustard clan,—Sixtaime told the household my several names: Talasveñsi, or Corn Pollen; Yuyuhöñnoma, or Cloud-Covered Rain-Streaks; Suñawaimana; Kümayaunöma; and

Kümawaisi, the last two names referring each to the corn-meal that is rubbed on the face. Yuyuhuñnōma appeared to appeal to them most; that was the name they thought would "stick." I, too, liked it best. It describes, as one may suppose, the familiar phenomenon of a heavy rain-cloud fringing along its lower edge into slanting streaks of rain, and a phenomenon that is commonly expressed in Pueblo Indian art by the design of a semicircle over parallel straight lines.

For Yuyuhuñnōma and all these other names, I said to John, who was interpreting, I wanted to thank my "father," and I would thank him in Zuñi fashion. So taking his right hand in mine, I raised it toward my mouth, breathing in from it. Without unclasping my hand, my "father" drew it in turn toward his mouth and breathed in. This hand-clasp at Zuñi, and probably elsewhere, is not, directly at least, a gesture of thanks; it serves as a greeting or farewell to priests or doctors. However, knowing the elasticity in application of Pueblo Indian patterns, it occurred to me just then as a suitable expression of feeling on the part of a visitor from Zuñi. Giving thanks at all was an innovation, too, for the thanksgiving was properly the other way around. My "father" and his "sisters" were supposed to give thanks to me for becoming their child; nevertheless, it seemed to me at the moment that some expression of gratitude was due my "father" from me as a white. Too thorough an affect of assimilation is, after all, not acceptable, as I had lately learned from the story about a certain white visitor at Hano whom they had liked very much in the beginning, and "then did n't like any more" because she began to dress as a Hopi girl. Moccasins were all very well, I was told (I was wearing moccasins), but when it came to wheeling the hair, hair-wheels were for Hopi girls, not for white girls.

Well, relevant or not as was my Zuñi hand-clasp, it served to remind Sixtaime of a visit he had once paid Zuñi. He talked about it. Finally he said that now he, too, would give me a name, a Zuñi name, and he took from me the ear of corn and, waving it in front of me, named me in Zuñi Utean E'le, Flower

Girl, a name, as John interpreted, which referred to all the blossoms of Zuñi, the blossom of every plant that grew at Zuñi.

To Zuñi in two days I was scheduled to return. Meanwhile the next day I carried in to Nettie's mother, who was preparing to feed her working party on the return from the fields that afternoon, a basket-placque heaped with corn-meal,—one always did that for one's aunt on such occasions,—and just before leaving the mesa very early in the morning I called on Chii and her household to say good-by. This time we all talked English, fairly fluent English at that. The buggy was driving off when "my little father" came running after us with the present of a little pottery bowl. For some reason the large bowl in which my head had been washed had not been given to me, according to rule, and Sixtaime had been apologetic about the omission; they would repair it, he said, when I came back to them, and this little bowl was, I suppose, an earnest of that expectation. It was a pleasant departure into the translucent desert.

Back in Zuñi I returned John's picture to Flora, telling her the story of my visit, and incidentally showing her the ear of corn which I was to keep as "my mother" until I died. "Yes, we do that, too," said Flora. When he first visited them, John's head had been washed by her household. On that it seemed to occur to her that I might wonder why they had never performed the rite for me, also a stranger and their friend. "But because we are what we are," she said, referring to the high position of her family in the hierarchy, "they would not let us wash the heads of white people—or of Navaho." I was unmerciful.

"The Muki would not wash the head of a Navaho, either," I observed; "but they wash the head of a Melika—as yet."

Flora admired my new Hopi names. Then I told her that I had got besides a Zuñi name—"your own English name in our Zuñi language—Utean E'le, Flower Girl, or Flora. That name came to you from the Romans; it came to me from that Muki man of the Water clan who became my father."

His Absolute Safety

By SANDRA ALEXANDER

Illustrations by John R. Neill



CYNTHIA WARING opened her eyes as Honora came into the room with her early cup of tea, and stretched her arms high above her head.

"Leave the windows, Honora," she commanded yawningly. "I want to smell it." She turned on her side and looked out through the frame of ramblers, out through the branches of old trees and beyond to the sound, sparkling as only salt-water can on a clear spring morning. She took a deep breath, and closed her eyes to taste it more completely.

Honora put the tray down on a table beside the low bed and fussily made straight a rug. She seemed on the verge of saying something, but Cynthia opened her eyes and voiced it for her.

"It 's good to be back, Honora."

The woman nodded her prim head, with all the privilege of an old servant. Evidently she did not trust herself to speak; and yet emotions were the last things in the world one would have accused Honora of possessing.

"Yes," Cynthia went on lazily; "it is good to be back. The old place has n't changed very much. I think we 'll settle down this time, Honora, for good. That would please you, would n't it?" Still Honora did not speak. Cynthia went on: "Ten years is a long time to be away from home. My conscience hurts me in its sentimental spot; it does, Honora."

"Cook says the Dunlaps still live next door." Honora spoke for the first time that morning.

"The Dunlaps? Yes, of course." There was no need to tell her the Dunlaps still lived next door. How well she knew it!

She drew herself to the side of the bed and took the mules Honora held out to her. She walked over to the window.

No, it had not changed, unless it was more beautiful than she remembered. Had the sound always melted away in the distance like that? And was the shore that marvelous shade of green? She had forgotten. And ten years in one's hardy border did make a difference, of course. The delphiniums were giants. Evidently the people who had taken the house had done themselves rather well as to a gardener.

"Cook says Mrs. Dunlap's death was real sudden," Honora contributed again a little later, as she wielded an expert brush in and out of Cynthia's red hair.

Cynthia bent her head away from the woman's eyes.

"I think I 'll have a blue muslin frock this morning, Honora," she said by way of answer.

"Blue muslin, ma'am!"

The shocked amazement of the woman's tone made Cynthia bite her lip to keep from laughing aloud. She nodded her head at the prim image confronting her in the glass. Honora resumed her brushing.

"We have n't a blue muslin ma'am!"

Cynthia straightened her face.

"Oh, we have n't a blue muslin—not a blue muslin with ribbons? Dear me! Well, we must get one right away. Something about the sound seems to call for it. A white frock will do; and you might hurry, Honora."

A little later she went slowly down the shallow stair and out through the broad front door. The irregular stone terrace, with its tubs of fat hydrangeas and the tightly stretched awnings flapping above, seemed something she had missed for years. It was good to be back. She had been teasing Honora this morning, but she had spoken more truly than she thought. How had she stayed away so long? She stood still and looked at the sound again. The peace and beauty of it made her heart ache. She went on

down the flagged path and stopped by the iris bed.

"A garden is a lovable spot
God wot,"

she quoted soberly. How they had grown! She remembered when she had set them out. It was the month after her husband had died. She remembered how she had felt as she stood and watched the man dig the trenches; sad and sweet. Yes, she had felt sad and sweet, not sad because he was dead, but sad because she felt sorry for herself. She smiled whimsically, and, stooping, broke a stalk of the purple stuff.

She went on a little farther to where the hedge was lower and looked over at the place next door. It had not changed either. She stood still, staring, a little smile around her mouth. "Nothing has changed," she told herself happily. And as she watched, a man came out from between some thick evergreens and made for the boat-house at the edge of the lawn.

Her breath quickened, but she kept perfectly still. He must see her. She waited motionless, her eyes on him until he looked up.

"Good morning!" she called, and waved the iris stalk at him. The man came to a sudden halt. Cynthia laughed. Her laugh went as clear as a little chime across to him. He took an uncertain step or two and then came hurriedly and stood on the other side of the hedge. Cynthia shook the stalk at him again. "Boo!" she said.

"Why, it's Cynthia Waring!" the man said, as though it were the strangest fact in all the world.

"Of course it is. How do you do, Kenneth?" Cynthia extended one hand primly across the hedge top.

"When did you get back?" he demanded.

"Last night," Cynthia replied, her eyes dancing.

"And you did n't let any one know?"

"No; I remembered I went away rather suddenly, and so—" She shrugged her shoulders.

"Well! well!" said the man, heartily. To Cynthia it seemed forced. She looked at him intently for an instant and lowered her eyes.

"Are n't you glad to see me, Kenneth?" she said presently.

"Of course I am. Welcome home—er—all that sort of thing." He raised his hand and pushed a lock of hair back from his forehead. Cynthia smiled. How well she remembered that gesture all these years!

"Thank you. Is that all you have to say to me?"

"I'm so surprised I can't seem to think of anything."

The old Kenneth could have thought of something to say. She moved her shoulders restlessly.

"Yes," she said finally, "I suppose you are surprised. Ten years—that's a long time."

"Has it been ten years?" The man considered it. His astonishment seemed almost as great as it had been at her appearance there on the other side of the hedge.

Cynthia's hands plucked nervously at the little green leaves of the hedge that divided them. Neither seemed to have any desire to pursue the subject further.

"You've been around the world, have n't you?" he inquired presently in the brisk tone one uses when bent upon making a conversation.

"Once or twice," Cynthia said, and looked anywhere but at him.

"That must have been interesting."

"Yes," said Cynthia, "it was—quite."

Then they were both silent. Presently Cynthia spoke again. "And you, Kenneth—what about you?"

"I? Why, we just stayed on here. You—you heard about Charlotte?"

"Yes, in France. I'm sorry—" She stopped. She had n't been sorry; why say so?

The man did n't notice her pause.

"Two years ago. It was quite sudden," he went on soberly.

"So Honora told me this morning."

"Oh, you still have Honora?" He seemed glad to change the subject.

Cynthia was glad, too.

"Oh, yes, I managed to keep her somehow or other," she informed him. "Honora has the unique distinction of having served notice all over the world. Once she resigned from my service in mid-ocean." Cynthia laughed, and the man laughed with her.



"She went on a little farther to where the hedge was lower and looked over at the place next door"

"Good old Honora!" said the man. The conversation again came to another halt. Cynthia sighed.

"How are the children?" she inquired rather desperately.

"Fine! Alix is quite a big girl, and Ken is at Harvard."

"Not really?" She looked at him meditatively. He was older, she told herself. And why not? Ten added to forty made fifty. She had n't thought of it before, at least not in that way. Ten added to twenty-four made— She shivered a trifle.

"I had forgotten I had n't breakfasted." She held out her hand. "Come over and see me—and send the children," she added.

"Oh—er—thanks. I will. They'll be glad to come."

She turned, and walked back to the house. What a hopeless farce that had been! How often in the last ten years she had planned this very meeting—the perfect understanding of it! They had each said and done all the inane things possible. She had n't said a single word she had meant to say, not a word she wanted to say. Stupid! He had been so

constrained. There had not been the slightest adjustment. Oh, well, it was hardly fair to judge him. Even after short absences harmonies must be adjusted, and ten years were, after all, ten years. Before she reached the house she had forgiven his awkwardness, forgiven him everything. She had recovered her humor of the morning.

It was with her the rest of the day as she went about the house poking into corners and doing a hundred needless things. It was with her as she cut and arranged flowers in her long, dim drawing-room. It was with her as Honora hooked her into a tea-gown. And it stayed until she heard his step on the terrace outside the French windows.

She had known all along he would come at that hour and that way. She put aside her book and went to meet him. He took both the hands she held out to him.

"I've been thinking about you all day," he stated. "I must have behaved queerly this morning. To tell the truth, Cynthia, I was absolutely flabbergasted—"

"Never mind," she interrupted quickly.

"It 's a fact. Somehow or other I could n't get hold of myself; never felt such a blank fool in all my life before."

"What does it matter? Come and sit down here beside me. Tell me, you are glad to see me, Kenneth?" Something of all the yearning of those years was in Cynthia's voice.

"Why, of course," he said heartily. "Always glad to see old friends." He looked around the room. "By Jove! this does look familiar! I have n't been over here since you left. Did n't like that rotten bounder who took the place; played the worst golf I ever saw."

And although quiet seemed creeping up all around her heart, Cynthia forced herself to answer lightly:

"That damned him, of course."

He squared around again and looked at her.

"Why did n't you let me know you were coming home?" he demanded.

Ah, that was it—he did n't like this surprise. Manlike, he would make her suffer for it. The relief of it brought the blood back to her face.

"Would it have made so much difference to you, Kenneth?" she asked softly.

"Why, yes; I might have helped put the place in shape for you. There must have been quite a lot—"

"No; thank you just the same. It was no trouble." She got up suddenly and tugged at the bell-cord. "What will you have to drink, Kenneth? Honora can still make a mint cup."

"By Jove! yes; have n't had one in the Lord knows when."

So she gave the order and came back; but she did not take her old seat. She sat down across from him, and they struggled to find something to say to each other.

Honora came in presently and left them alone together once more.

"There 's something I want to tell you, Cynthia," he said when he had proved to his own satisfaction that Honora's hand had not lost its cunning.

"Yes?"

He cleared his throat.

"It 's this—about us, you know—and—Charlotte—" He stopped and looked at her. He wished she would help him out, but she sat very still, and of course there was no way he could

know that her hands lying quietly there in her lap had become suddenly like ice.

He began again:

"I want you to know that you were right, absolutely right all along when you insisted my duty was to Charlotte and the children. I saw it myself after you had gone. Thank God it was n't too late! You—you see what I mean, don't you, Cynthia?" She waited so long to answer he hurried on: "I must have been mad; that 's the only way I can account for it. After it was all over, I told Charlotte. Charlotte was a fine woman, Cynthia."

Cynthia spoke now and looked at him.

"You told Charlotte when—when it was all over?"

"Yes, I told her of my mad infatuation for you. I told her the attitude you had taken,—what you said about her and the children,—and then your going away so suddenly. I told her everything." The man's voice actually trembled.

He had told Charlotte, while she—but Cynthia could not think.

"You understand, don't you, Cynthia?" he asked again. "I 'm willing to take all the blame; I did take it."

Blame? Where had there been any blame? And then she did understand.

"Yes," she said slowly, "I understand you, Kenneth—perfectly."

And she did understand. She understood what his attitude this morning should have prepared her for; but, dear God, was it for this she had come home at last? She got up, and went to stand by an open window. She felt she must breathe again. Back of her he went on:

"If you had gone with me when I wanted you to, it would have meant a smash. We were almost certain to have been miserable after a little. But, thanks to you, we were saved all that. Your common sense saved us; you even went away without letting me know. It was a good thing, too, because I would have been mad enough to have stopped you, or at least to have tried to do it. But, as it was, the whole thing blew over. I don't think any one ever suspected unless it was Honora."

"You have no cause for alarm." Cynthia's voice came level and calm.

"And I have the consolation of knowing that I did my duty; I made Charlotte happy."

Was it a huge joke? Was this the Kenneth she knew? He had the consolation of knowing he had made Charlotte happy! Would n't he sweep her up in another moment and kiss her numb heart back to life! But no; he went on:

"Sometimes I even wished I knew where you were, so I could write and tell you to come home. Charlotte even suggested it once—"

"Please—" she said, and came back and sat down, facing him. He stared at her uncertainly while her eyes searched his face.

He cleared his throat again and set the empty glass he held down on a little table, drew an immaculate handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his hands. Decidedly it was time to change the subject.

"It seems like old times to have you back—" He stopped and frowned. That was a false note. Old times still meant the thing they had just been talking about. "I mean when Waring was living, and we played bridge over here in the evening, you and Waring and Charlotte and I."

With more curiosity than any other feeling, for every other feeling was dead, Cynthia looked at him.

"Does it?" she said. Was that really what this room meant to him, all it meant, when it was here he had held her in his arms and told her he loved her and begged her to go with him?

"You were in France, were n't you?"

"Yes," she said; "I was in a canteen at Bar-le-Duc." She could hardly turn her eyes away from him; he fascinated her.

He nodded his head, ponderously. "I thought I heard it somewhere or other. I was in Washington myself. They made a lot of fun of us; called us 'swivel-chair majors'—all that sort of thing. But it was no joke, I can tell you; I was at my desk every morning at nine o'clock!" He said it with pride.

Cynthia remembered, as she listened to him, that she had not been at her post at nine o'clock every morning. She remembered sickly the ache of her bruised and swollen feet after she had

danced half the night through with lonesome, homesick boys, the endless dishes she had washed, and the miles of floors she had swept after that dancing was through. No, she had not been at her post at nine o'clock. But she told him none of this. Somehow she could n't imagine herself telling this Kenneth anything.

He went home presently, not the way he had come, but out through the front door. It was more fitting, she thought, as she accompanied him. Then she came back and looked at her room.

It had changed. In just that little while it had changed forever. It was only an old room, rather dull and faded. The hangings should be done over, she noted, with a detached sort of feeling. No, there was nothing there that she remembered, nothing of what she had seen that morning when she had filled it with flowers. Something had gone from it; something had gone from her, too. She felt it a curious lack.

Just there it was he had stood and held her in his arms when the final madness came—the madness they had both fought so long. She had not time to build a defense; and, then, she loved him. There was no being false to that. Yes, it was there she had told him in answer to his eager questions. They had been gloriously happy for a little. Perhaps it was infatuation; perhaps he was right, after all. Certainly it had swept them both away. And yet infatuation did not last through years, and, when it was done, make one suffer as she was suffering now. No, it was love she had given him, and love of which he had just robbed her.

And did he think her love nothing that he had not taken it into account? And she had not got over it; she had not tried. She had treasured the fine frenzy of it all those years in the way women do; so that men had said in far-away India or Italy, wherever she had happened to be, "The beautiful Mrs. Waring has a light in her eyes." They had said that, and gone softly when they had seen it. When Charlotte had died it had taken all of her strength to keep from running home, just as it had taken all of her strength to go in the first place. But no, she had waited never doubting.

Love had grown into something akin to an anchorite's hair shirt, something that flagedellated, but gave ecstasy.

He was right. She had reasoned for them both and gone away. Hers had been the final decision; but now, to insult her with this! Infatuation he had called it—something to apologize for. To laud her for the things her reason had impelled her to do, not her heart! And he had told Charlotte when it was all over. He had not even been true to her memory. And Charlotte had died, he said, admiring her; but she knew Charlotte. It was much more likely Charlotte had died feeling smugly sorry for her. Oh, yes, she knew Charlotte!

The absolute safety of it for him, due first to one woman's renunciation of her very soul and to another's generosity! And yet not generosity. There was nothing generous in permitting conventions to fight one's battles. Charlotte had known she had held all the cards except one, and as years had gone by, she had slowly, inexorably destroyed that one. She had made it just hard enough for him to realize his sin and repent. He had achieved peace through absolution, and then came the beginning of the padding. Charlotte had

known how to supply that—comfort, the children. Oh, yes, she could see it through all the years.

And this was the man who swore to love her always. There never was woman loved as she was loved, so he had said. He would storm high heaven for her, go through hell. Yes, but not through years of ease. He could not do that. Hell would be an adventure, but comfort was a soporific warranted to dull the highest passion.

She remembered now all the fine orthodox things she had talked about his duty, his home. Only men lose their reason in times like these and are unable to see the other side; it had been left for her to see it, to make the sacrifice and go. And now this was the end.

IN return he had pleaded love. Laws were not made for such as he and she, he had said. Their love transcended everything. Prove it, go away with him. He was willing to give everything he possessed for her. They must go. They would go to Egypt—Egypt in the purple dusk, the Nile, Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo, where they would sit with their coffee after dinner and watch the world pass by. He had held her in his arms and talked of Egypt.



"Something of all the yearning of those years was in Cynthia's voice"

Suddenly Cynthia laughed. She had never been to Egypt. With all her going up and down the world she had never been there. She was saving it for the last—for him. Often when she had seen its sun-scorched coast dim from the deck of her steamer plowing up and down the Mediterranean, she had looked and exulted. "Some day!" she whispered to it. So she had waited for it. Together they would live and dream its everlasting age-old romance. She did not know how or when it would come, what would be the circumstance; she only knew if she were true, if she believed and waited, it would come at last.

But now love was dead. There was nothing to wait for any longer. She would never see Egypt, never! She would flee from it as from the plague. "Egypt!" she whispered; and sobs came, dry shakings of her whole body. What a fool she had been! What a simple fool! To think that love would last! To feed on dreams for so long! Why had she not taken the gift when it was offered? Once in a lifetime, she told herself, only once; and she had thrown the glory away!

As days went by she walked or drove, or sat in her garden and looked with dulled heart. It seemed that life was over. Was there anything worth going on for? She came to realize the terrible waste of those past years. The realization was agony. She came to resent it. She was thirty-four. Soon she would be old, and never know anything but a promise of happiness.

And then again habit was too strong. All this was not true; the old Kenneth was there, waiting around the corner of the world for her. But he came and sat, with his fat, black cigars, and talked of town and the children and his golf. And it was n't the Kenneth she had known; he was dead. This was a prosperous, middle-aged, rather dull person, well satisfied with himself, a credit to his club, the perfect citizen. He had to be careful what he ate; he had a blood pressure. He discussed it as though it were a patent of respectability.

They sat and talked of the weather, a school for Alix next autumn, and whether Ken should be allowed to go in for law, as he wished. She kept her eyes and hands busy with fine sewing. She

did not suffer any more; there was just a dull pain where the agony had been. And as she saw more of him, listened to his platitudes, there was born a humor of it all. She tried to picture his bewilderment if he but knew what was going on behind her cool detachment, if he knew that she thought he had no soul, that he stood for death and stupidity and stagnation. What would he say if she told him suddenly that his life was merely a matter of digestion?

And then she wondered if she could have saved him. This, too, she came to doubt in time. His love, if it had been love even in the beginning, had been due to her actual bodily presence; there had been nothing fine or ennobling about it. She saw it clearly now.

His pride in the children suffocated her. She never saw them unless she came upon them by accident. She remembered Alix as a fat, roly-poly baby of four or five and Ken a noisy youngster a few years older. It was strange to see them so nearly grown. And, she noticed, rather amused by it, that Alix had Charlotte's round, moon-like face and the same small, selfish mouth. Ken bore no resemblance to his mother. He much resembled the Kenneth she had first known when she had married and come to live next door. He even possessed the same trick of pushing back that tumbling lock of hair which fell down his forehead at unexpected intervals.

She came upon him one day on the little beach which bound the two houses on the sound side. He was lying flat on his back in the shade of a rock, his arms folded under his head, and a book, its pages ruffling in the wind, beside him. She would have passed on; but at the sight of her he jumped to his feet and snatched the little book out of sight.

Cynthia was faintly amused. She stopped, and lowered her parasol.

"Poetry, Ken?" she inquired, with a little smile.

The color came under his dark skin, and he hung his head.

She folded the little parasol and sank down on the sand.

"Let me see!" she commanded, holding out her hand.

The boy brought the book to light, suffering tortures meanwhile. Cynthia

had expected Tennyson, or at the very worst Robert Service.

"Why, it's Verlaine!" she said in some surprise.

"Yes," he replied, still more embarrassed.

She opened the little book and read half aloud to herself and half to him, "Clair de Lune":

Your soul is as a moonlit landscape fair,
Peopled with maskers delicate and dim,
That play on lutes and dance and have an air
Of being sad in their fantastic trim.

WHEN she had done, she handed it back to him. All the amusement had gone out of her face. "I have a fuller edition," she told him. "Perhaps you would like to see it sometime."

"It's awfully good of you," the boy stammered.

"Oh, no." She rose to her feet. "Thank you, Kenneth." And she was gone, leaving the boy to stare after her wonderingly.

And that was the beginning of her friendship with him. All through the summer months they were much together. He had the soul of a poet, she discovered, this shy boy, with his tumbling dark hair and ardent blue eyes. The discovery came slowly as he yielded up to her quick sympathy his dreams and hopes, all his boyish fancies. They talked about all the dear, old lovely things—things she had once believed in. Would he lose it, this love of beauty and of the things one could not touch with the hands? Would the moon come to mean a planet necessary to the solar system and nothing more? She often asked herself these questions.

"It's not law that I want really," he confided one day, stretched at her feet on the little sandy beach. They had just been reading "Gertha's Lovers," taking turns at its lovely limpid prose.

"No?" She looked down at the earnest young face.

"No; I want to write."

"I think I knew it, Ken," she said gently.

He looked up at her.

"Yes, I suppose you did. You—you know everything." He stopped, shyly embarrassed.

"Can you see dad?" he went on presently.

Cynthia nodded her head; yes, she could see him.

"He'll jolly well throw a fit. But I mean to do it. This law course is only a stall. It'll do to start with; it's better than any other profession for my purpose. I've—I've thought it all out, and when I'm free—" His voice died away completely. He had forgotten she was there. He was in the future, dreaming.

KENNETH watched their growing intimacy with heavy amusement. One night she dined with them; it was her weekly custom. She refused Kenneth's escort home, saying that Ken would go, that he wanted a book he had left there earlier in the day. And the older Kenneth had flung one arm around the boy's shoulders and said laughingly:

"Do you know, Cynthia, I believe this youngster of mine is in love with you!"

And Cynthia, with one look at the boy's stricken eyes, had mastered an almost insane desire to bury her nails in the man's fat, amused face. But she turned away, and made no reply beyond:

"Are you coming, Ken?"

He went with her to her own front door and did not speak a word.

Then for days she did not see him. Finally she sent for him.

"I don't think you're treating me very well, Ken," she said lightly. That was the tone she meant to take about the whole thing.

He looked at her, but did not answer.

"One must have one's little family jokes, you know. Of course I realize my age; but still I think it hardly polite—"

"Oh, don't!" he said.

Cynthia stopped, startled; it had been almost a cry.

"I had no idea you were taking it so seriously," she went on. "I'm sorry—"

"Oh, Mrs. Waring, it is n't that!" His young face was very white. "It's that he should laugh!"

"But, dear, he thought—" she must say something in Kenneth's favor; it would never do to widen the breach—"he was only joking."

"No," he exclaimed violently. "He knows—"



"All through the summer months they were much together"

She sat down beside him. She was troubled. She tried to look into his face, but he bent his head away from her.

"I 'm sorry—" she began again. What could she say to comfort this boy? He hardly heard her.

"And you knew—you must have known all along that it 's true—every bit of it! I—oh, I do love you!" The last two words were whispered.

Involuntarily, her hands went out to him, but she drew them back again quickly.

"How could any one help loving you!" he cried. "You—you are so wonderful! You 're like all the beautiful things I read about and—and dream. You 're like something all shining—I don't know how to say it. You 're like scent and moonlight and poetry! Things seem funny to you, and you laugh when other people don't laugh. And when I look at you, and your eyes shine so, it—it hurts me here." He stopped, and put one hand to his throat. "Oh, how can I tell you what I mean! You 're all the lovely things in the world—"

"Dear Ken!" Cynthia's eyes filled with tears.

"I 've been so miserable these last days! I—I thought I 'd go away. I tried, but—but I could n't. I knew it would n't make much difference to you, you—you 're so used to having people love you—" He suddenly buried his head in the pillows of the couch.

Cynthia leaned over him yearningly. She longed to comfort him, to put her arms around him. But, no, in that way one comforted a child. He was n't a child any longer.

She waited until he was quieter.

"You 're wrong, Ken," she said after a little, when his shoulders had ceased heaving. "Not many people love me, and no one in that way."

He lifted his head and stared at her.

"And I 'm very proud, dear, that you care. You make me very happy." She took his hand and put it gently against her cheek. They sat so for a little while in silence.

What could she tell him? That her own heart had again come to life, that the whole world seemed desirable once more to her bruised consciousness? How would that help him? And then

out of the depth of her own experience came a light. If only she could make him see it!

"Love comes so seldom without disappointment," she said presently; "but if one can love and dream, make one's self content with that, almost anything is possible. Do you know what I mean, Ken?"

"I—I don't know exactly."

"I mean that love enriches one's life; I mean that love in itself is enough to make one happy—just to love and dream, to make one do one's work far better—"

"Yes," he said suddenly and eagerly, "I know that is true. Why, just since I 've known you I 've—I 've begun—" He put one hand in his blazer pocket and searched. "I had it here," he said; "must have lost it."

"You shall show it to me some other time. What I want now is to know that you will go on; that you 'll work to carry out all the brave things we 've talked about so many times. Will you, Ken?"

"I will," he answered solemnly.

"Then there 's no need to be unhappy about anything," she said triumphantly.

He stared at her a little and then he smiled.

"I—I believe you 're right. I am happier, much happier than I 've been in a long time."

"Why, of course," she said, and they smiled together.

He went home after a little, leaving her to wonder at the change within herself. There was a change; she knew it; a resurgence of happiness. It was as though the dead had come to life. That this boy's love had been given her when she had lost faith seemed some strange and wonderful miracle. The very pureness of it made it a gift without price.

And so she mused, sitting there in the twilight.

"MR. DUNLAP, ma'am." Honora came in softly and turned on the lights. Cynthia came to herself with a start. She had been away, a long way off, in a strange country.

"Will you tell him I 'm here, please."

He came in almost jauntily, and shook the hand she held out to him.

"How are you?" he said ponderously. "I'm quite well," said Cynthia, and she noticed that he held a thin sheet of paper in his hand.

He waved it at her.

"This belongs to Ken, I think; I found it on the lawn on my way over. It seems to be poetry, although I don't know very much about such stuff." He stopped and laughed. "Seems to be dedicated to you, too. There's something in it about Helen of Troy, an unfavorable comparison I should judge."

Cynthia put out her hand quickly, but he was looking quizzically at the slim sheet, and did not see her gesture.

"Well, we all have to go through with it—puppy love." He laughed again.

It was as though he had struck her.

"Don't!" she cried sharply.

He looked at her, surprised at the sudden passion in her tone.

"I dare say you are annoyed. I'll send that boy away. He ought to be at a camp, anyway; he moons around too much, books of poetry underfoot and all such nonsense."

"Will you give that to me?"

"Certainly."

She held it in her hands for a moment, this little tribute of a boy's love. Tears welled up. She did not read it; Kenneth's summing it up had made that impossible. Then she tore it into tiny bits and dropped it into a paper basket.

Kenneth was watching her.

"That's the best place for it," he agreed, and sat down heavily.

Cynthia moved restlessly around the room. She wished he would go and leave her alone with this strange, new peace.

"I can't say I blame the boy. You know you are a beautiful woman, Cynthia."

She stopped short and looked at him intently.

"Please—not between us, Kenneth!"

"And why not, I'd like to know?"

"We've passed all that."

"Do you think so? I've been wondering—" He looked at her standing there straight and tense before him. Cynthia had always been unapproachable in some mysterious way; never more so than now, and yet, he told himself, she had never been more desirable.

Hang it all! he wanted this woman. He believed he had always wanted her.

"As I said before, I've been doing some thinking lately. I don't think it would be a bad idea if you and I married."

She was n't unprepared for it, and yet the exquisite irony of it caught her off her guard.

"Never!" she said violently.

"Hold on a minute; don't answer too soon. Let me finish! We're both old enough to know what we're about. Look at it this way—we're growing older all the time, and we're both lonesome. And here are the two places next door. And, then, there's Alix. She's growing up and she needs a mother. Governesses are all right in their way, but what she really needs is a mother. What do you think, Cynthia?"

She longed to tell him what she thought. She wanted to laugh—to laugh until she was utterly exhausted. She longed to tell him that Alix had a mother—in him. She wanted to tell him that he might be getting old, and that life held no more romance for him; she was different. Not when she felt as she had a little while ago before he had come and settled himself there to make a mock of love. And then she felt very sorry for him. He had missed so much, after all. So she answered him very gently.

"I'm sorry, Kenneth, but it can never be. I could never marry you; it is too late."

"Too late? What do you mean?"

"I have very foolish ideas about marriage, Kenneth, foolish and old fashioned. I believe two people should love each other."

He cleared his throat in evident relief.

"Oh, if that's all that's worrying you! Why, hang it all! Cynthia, I do love you."

She smiled, and shook her head.

"You don't, Kenneth. It's just—I don't know how to say it—it's just because I'm here—because you think you need me."

"I tell you I do love you."

"We can't argue it. You don't love me, and—and I don't love you."

"You did once," he reminded her.

She stopped and looked at him. Yes, that would be the argument he would use, all he was capable of using. And she had loved him once, although two months ago he had chosen to ignore it, had chosen to ignore her sacrifice.

"Yes, I loved you once; that's true."

"Well—"

"I loved you so that I made the supreme sacrifice for your happiness, or what I believed to be your happiness, and I see that I was right."

"Don't you think if you took time and thought it over you might look at it differently?"

"Love is never a case of expediency."

"Oh, I have no patience with your analyzing, Cynthia."

"Sometimes I have no patience with it myself."

"Leave my side out of it. What do you intend to do with your life? Have you thought seriously about settling down? It seems to me it's high time you did."

"Settling down?"

"Yes, you ought to settle down. You don't seem to have done anything during these last ten years except idle around from place to place, and about all it has done is to make you restless and unhappy."

She sat considering it for a moment.

"Yes, I believe you're right; perhaps I have idled, as you say—and—and just waited to make something of my life."

"Well, don't you think this would be a good chance—to marry me and settle down—stop all this nonsense?"

"No, I shall never marry you, Kenneth. It's too late; all that is past and done. I can see it very plainly now."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I? Why—" She stopped, and crossed over to the window again and looked out. What did she intend to do? Did it matter so much what she did? She was happy again; that was enough. Life still seemed desirable. Perhaps it even held for her the things she had once wanted. And suddenly it came to her that there was Egypt. Yes, there was Egypt! She laughed softly.

"What shall I do?" she repeated.

"Why, there is a place I must go—all my life I've wanted to go to Egypt. I've never been, because I was waiting to take something with me. I thought it was a person, but it isn't."

"What are you talking about? What's Egypt got to do with your settling down, with my asking you to marry me?"

"Everything, Kenneth," she said; "everything in the world."

Memory

By ROBERT NATHAN

Ah, love me, love me, for my youth is flying,
Age's old knuckles knock upon my heart.
The hour is late, the fire of faith is dying;
Stay with me, love, while other guests depart.

Stay with me, beauty, for silence now and sorrow
Stir in the corner; memory awakes.
They will be there to sit with me to-morrow;
Stay with me, love, until the morning breaks.

Ah, love me, love me! I can feel September
Creep into winter, I can feel the snow.
You only, loving me, make me remember,
You only, singing, make the darkness glow.

Let me believe I hear my lost youth crying,
His voice in your voice, while the fire is dying.

Scuttling the Philippine Ships

By JOSÉ P. MELENCIO



ILIPINO-AMERICAN relations may be said to have entered a new phase when the Merchant Marine Law of 1920 was passed by Congress, carrying with it a clause providing for the extension of the coastwise laws of the United States to the Philippine Islands. The era of good-will and mutual understanding that has been existing for a decade received a severe jolt. The Filipinos, ever jealous of their national rights, see in the legislation a sinister attempt on the part of commercial interests to incorporate the Philippines with the American territory. They see behind its glittering assurances of prosperity the hand of the imperialist, who desires to see the Philippines perpetually retained for purposes of his own.

The Filipinos will of course be obliged to comply with the law when it goes into effect; that is their obvious duty as worthy colonists. But this does not prevent them from making articulate their feelings about it; much less does it prevent them from protesting against its application. The right of protest and petition is their constitutional right.

Congress may have acted in perfect good faith. It may have been actuated by the honest belief that by favoring the American merchant marine it was also favoring the interests of the Filipino people. This, the Filipino people submit, is an erroneous belief, and they claim that their position is entrenched on solid ground.

Section 21 of the Merchant Marine Law provides that on February 1, 1922, the President of the United States shall declare the extension of the coastwise laws to the Philippine Islands if, after full investigation, he should find that an adequate shipping service has been established, and that reasonable rates exist. The extension of the law, however, may be postponed "for such a time as may be necessary for the establish-

ment of adequate shipping facilities." The Shipping Board is directed prior to the expiration of the year 1922 "to have established adequate steamship service at reasonable rates and to maintain and operate such service until it can be taken over and operated and maintained upon satisfactory terms by private capital and enterprise."

What, then, are the salient phases of the proposed extension? They are these:

It is absolutely certain that the coastwise laws will be extended to the islands some day. If not on February 1, 1922, they will be extended some time thereafter. The statute provides the President "*shall declare the extension,*" the time to be determined by him. The ultimate recipients of the benefits alleged to accrue with the extension of the coastwise laws will be a few persons, a few ship-owners, not the bulk of the American people. The extension would create a monopoly in favor of American bottoms. It means that only American ships can ply between American and Philippine ports. For the purpose of American commerce, the Philippines are therefore virtually made an adjunct of the federal territory.

The discrimination extends to Philippine citizens. If a Filipino desires to engage in the business of transporting goods from the Philippines to the United States and *vice versa*, the law would prevent him from so doing unless he surrenders his citizenship and takes up American citizenship. His own merchant marine, now fast developing, will be a thing of the past. It will lose its distinct nationality. It will no longer be his. It will have to be owned by American citizens and become a mere appendage of the merchant marine of the continental United States.

One of the grievances of the American colonies against Great Britain was based upon her exclusion of American bottoms from the carrying trade with Great

Britain herself. This and other similar discriminations resulted in that destruction of American trade, which was made an item in the complaints recited in the Declaration of Independence and advanced as a justification for the cause of which that immortal document is the exponent.

Throughout the eighteenth century the British Government banned all carriage between England and her colonies except by English bottoms. But England discarded that policy years ago. Instead, she threw her home ports wide open to the ships of the world. As a result, her position among the nations was strengthened to an unprecedented degree.

The objections of the Filipinos to the extension of the coastwise laws are readily stated. They contend:

First, that the extension is unnecessary. For reasons of national gratitude the preference of Filipino shippers would always be for American bottoms, circumstances being equal. No legislation from this side is necessary to compel them to give their goods to American bottoms for transportation when it is known that the rates charged by those bottoms are lower than or equal to the rates charged by foreign bottoms, and when the service afforded is satisfactory.

Secondly, the extension of the law would be injurious to Philippine trade and commerce. The benefits alleged are conjectural, while the damages will be of stupendous proportions. If the famous Navigation Act of Cromwell in 1651 made England the mistress of the seas and put her rival, Holland, out of business, it, however, wounded the feelings of her colonies and deprived them of the chance to vitalize their economic life through their own resources, genius, and enterprise.

The law indirectly makes the Filipinos pay for the maintenance of American vessels plying between the United States and the Philippine Islands. This should not be. It finds no justification whatever. It is inconsistent with the primordial policy of treating the Filipino people liberally and generously.

The immediate effect of the application of the law would be to isolate Manila from other steamship lines. Hong-Kong and Singapore are free ports. If

Manila is to be made a distributing center, able to compete with them, it must have equal advantages, which it certainly would not have if the shipping between the Philippines and the United States were monopolized. In this event, Philippine goods will be unequivocally placed at the mercy of American ship-owners, to be transported only at their will and advisability.

If it can be guaranteed that sufficient ships will forever be available, and that the rates will forever be reasonable, there would perhaps be less reason why the extension of the law should be opposed. Such a guaranty, however, cannot be had. The volume of Philippine-American trade will never be stationary. It is destined to increase year after year, and the time will not be far distant when American bottoms alone cannot accommodate it. In this sense, ocean accommodations for the Philippine Islands will be restricted by the extension of the law when it is to their advantage always to have ampler and ampler accommodations. This can be attained only if the economic forces are given free play; that is, by allowing vessels of all countries free competition.

Establish a monopoly, and in no time rates will go skyward. Higher transportation rates will mean increased cost of marketing; hence increased market prices, and therefore fewer profits. Under the new law the time may come when because of increased freight rates the Philippines cannot successfully compete with other Oriental countries now having trade also with the United States.

Even now the rates charged by the vessels of the United States Shipping Board are much higher than those of other lines. This is shown by the fact that for one bale of hemp from Manila to San Francisco the charge is \$1.50 gold as against \$1.25 charged by others; and for one ton of tobacco leaf, \$15 gold as against \$10 charged by other vessels. In Porto Rico, where the American coastwise shipping law has been in force for many years, that country being much nearer to the United States than the Philippines, the freight charged by American bottoms from Porto Rico to New York is higher than that charged from Manila to San Francisco.

The construction of vessels in the United States costs more than in any other country. This alone will have a great deal to do toward making the rates in American bottoms higher than those charged by other lines. The cost of maintenance of American vessels is also higher than the cost of maintenance of foreign vessels; it is said that this is the reason why Captain Robert Dollar has made it a point to register his boats under the British flag.

A monopoly on land is the natural sequel to the monopoly on sea. A sinister precedent will have been established in favor of commercial expediency. More legislations like this will come, especially when the commercial value of the Philippines to the United States is more fully realized.

Not only that. The extension of the law will inevitably make the cost of living in the Philippines much higher, and the Filipinos who have to live and do business in their country are justified in considering how they are going to fare under the altered conditions, and take action accordingly.

True, America must have easy access to the raw material available in the Philippines, but the way to get it is to establish superior and more advantageous steamship service across the Pacific to beat England and Japan at their own game. A certain class of commerce will not go to a certain port just because there are ships ready; neither will it go to a certain destination just because the trade and market for the goods are there, unless there is expectation of greater profit than in other ports. In short, commerce cannot be built up by artificial means.

Thirdly, the objection of the Filipinos is that the Philippine clause of the Merchant Marine Law was passed against the will and over the protest of the Philippine Government. When the section was being considered, Congress had before it many protests from the Philippine Islands, principally from the council of state, from the Philippine legislature, from the Philippine chamber of commerce, from American merchants, and from other mercantile associations in the islands. The secretary of war and the chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs,

as well as the acting governor-general of the Philippines, also registered their objections in due time.

Despite all these, the clause was inserted. The principle of consent of the governed was therefore wantonly disregarded.

"Courtesy, at least," said the Hon. Pardo de Tavera, "should have compelled the United States Congress to consult the Philippines previous to the enactment of the law."

But the unkindest cut of all is that the extension of the coastwise law would be a jab against the autonomy of the Philippine Government. From the year 1900 the Philippine Government has regulated both inter-island and foreign shipping in so far as they affected the Philippine Islands. This power would not only be encroached upon, by the proposed extension of the coastwise law, but would be completely abrogated. Both inter-island and foreign shipping will be under the control of the instrumentalities in charge of the application and enforcement of the coastwise laws.

The feelings of the Filipinos are hurt. And naturally so, because, as Senator Thomas has said on the floor of the Senate:

As regards the Philippines, it is perhaps a pertinent question whether they should still be considered as an American possession. We are trying to give them self-government; they expect to enjoy complete independence of the United States in the course of a comparatively few years, and we are constantly justifying that anticipation. I should like to see them emancipated tomorrow, if it were possible; I hope their emancipation will not be delayed one instant beyond that period of time when it seems safe to make the experiment.

Clearly, the proposed extension is against the spirit of the Jones law of August 29, 1916, which embodies the primordial and consistent policy of the United States gradually to loosen the ties between America and the Philippines and then make the islands a sovereign country. "We cannot and we must not remain half-free and half-annexed," was the way Senator Palma put it before the convention of the Nacionalista party at Manila.

This would practically be our status the moment the coastwise law of the United States became operative here, for our coasts and our ports would then be considered as integral parts of America. To me the application of the law in the Philippines has only one aspect—the political aspect. It might be that the application of the law here is economically advantageous, and then it may be not. To me this is immaterial. What care we if we pay one peso more or one peso less for the products we export or for the products we import? What should concern us most is the loss of our national independence, the paralysis of our national aspirations, and the practical withdrawal of the promises made to us.

The Philippines "Free Press":

If the law does not exactly make of the Philippines a commercial vassal of the United States, it certainly does not tend toward either economic independence or that political independence which time and again has been solemnly promised to the Filipino people.

It seems, indeed, as if henceforth the United States would utilize the islands for the furtherance of her own trade interests primarily, while, in fact, the policy has always been and should continue to be one which places the interests of the Filipinos first.

That the legislation "smacks strongly of Spanish colonialism" is the indictment of the measure by the Hon. Chas. Emmett Yeater, Vice-Governor-General of the Philippine Islands.

Lastly, the extension of the law may react against American trade itself. If canned milk, for example, may be brought from Europe at cheaper rates and sold in the Philippines at a lower retail price than a similar American product, foreign goods will replace those from America. Mr. Quezon declares:

The increase of freight rates may rise up so high that with all the protection given by the tariff laws to American goods, exports from Europe to the Philippines may increase

at the expense of the exports from the United States, and, conversely, Philippine hemp, oil and tobacco, if not the sugar, too, may find a more profitable market in Europe than in the United States.

Said a committee of American business men in the island in a resolution:

While we sympathize with the efforts to build an American Merchant Marine, we are at the same time convinced that the application of the American coastwise laws to the Philippine Islands would retard instead of aid the accomplishment of that purpose. We are convinced that it would reduce the volume of commerce between the Philippines and the United States, which has increased from something like five per cent. in the beginning to about sixty-five per cent. of the total commerce of the islands, and while we have no authority to speak for the Government of the Philippine Islands, we would much prefer that such government, by direct appropriation from its treasury, should subsidize a sufficient number of American steamers plying directly between the Philippine Islands and the United States to assure the rapid and regular transportation of passengers and freight.

The conclusion is unavoidable. The Philippine clause of the Merchant Marine Law should be repealed. The interests of America's protégés should be placed above those of the pocket-book of her shipping adventurers. This is the only course consistent with her vaunted policy of altruism.

Every Filipino would like to see the American flag fly proudly in every harbor and the ships of her merchant marine dot the seven seas. He would like to see this institution so fostered that it would be impregnable to competition. In fact, he rejoices at every achievement of American genius, and would like to see America excel all other nations in every enterprise. But he is not willing to see the interests of his own country jeopardized, and he knows that every fair-minded American will not expect him to do otherwise.



The Hudson's Bay Company and the Pacific Northwest

By KATHARINE BERRY JUDSON



OLD OREGON," or "the Oregon Country," as that vast stretch was called in the days when four nations claimed it and none owned it, was a glorious country. Romance and beauty, aside from all other interests, had a powerful influence in the contest over Oregon.

It is a glorious country yet. Beauty and romance still live on the densely forested mountain-sides, above which tower snowy peaks, ever gleaming white; in the dashing torrents thundering down to join the sweep of mighty rivers; in the broad stretches of salt-water bordered by long lines of mountains, behind whose jagged sky-lines the setting sun leaves marvelous shadows in the soft light of that North country.

It was a vast country. A thousand miles its southern border stretched, from the crest of the main range of the Rockies, over many a lesser range, over deep valleys, over the jagged, cut-rock country so desolate that even game could not live there and early travelers of the Oregon trail "had only songs for supper." On it swept westward, over a seeming desert of semi-arid country, but needing only water to blossom into richness; again over a mountain-range dotted with great snow peaks, and through the tremendous forests of the Pacific Northwest. Its eastward border was the crest of the Rockies, trending sharply to the northwestward. At the north there was no line whatever, though later Russia drew that well-known line of "fifty-four forty." All of what is now British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana west of the Rockies, and even a tiny bit of Wyoming, was once "the Oregon Country."

The fur-trade really made it known. First came the Spanish explorers up

from Mexico, doing little but sail up and down in their slow, leaky vessels; then Captain James Cook, in 1778, with his English and Yankee officers happily unaware of the Civil War raging on the other side of the continent. And Cook started the fur-trade. His men bought quantities of furs, preparatory to their venture into the Arctic. They needed them, for they were just from the South Seas, having only just rediscovered and named the Sandwich Islands. They sold the furs in China for a small fortune, and both John Bull and Jonathan, their war being ended, started for the fur-trade of the Pacific Northwest.

John Bull was first, and America's first claim to any part of that great Northwest came from the daring venture of Captain Robert Gray, in 1792, in sailing the *Columbia* through those terrific, crashing waves beating upon the bars which blocked the mouth of a mysterious "bay." No man had yet dared them. When Gray did cross them,—they ran seven miles north and south, and were three miles wide,—America registered her first claim to any point on the Pacific Ocean.

Up and down the coast sailed the British and the Americans. They prowled around the inlets and harbors, guarding against unknown rocks and treacherous currents; against treacherous winds, dealing with still more treacherous Indians, many of whom, on that Northern coast, were head-hunters and cannibals. They struggled with storms and tempests and with ice-imprisonment in Alaskan waters; they battled with Oriental hurricanes and with Chinese pirates on their voyages to China with their furs, with only occasional breathing spells in the quiet waters and sunny skies of the Sandwich Islands, which quickly became a rendezvous for all the vessels, whalers included, of the Pacific Ocean.



Dr. John McLoughlin

Then came the days of land trading-posts, when John Jacob Astor, in 1811, founded Astoria on the steep hillside and amidst the tremendous trees of a point just inside the bar of the Columbia. One has only to look at the trees of that region to-day to know with what they wrestled. So when ship after ship failed to come, and the War of 1812 broke out, the Astorians sold out to their rivals, the North West Company of Montreal, who had wisely flung out one trading-post after another, in military fashion, on that long, long trail from Montreal across the continent, over plain and mountain. There was nothing to do but to sell out.

The first effort of the American fur-trade in Old Oregon had failed. The Canadian effort, however, met failure, too. Their supplies were hampered in crossing the continent, and their trade interfered with by their rivalry with the Hudson's Bay Company, ending with actual bloodshed in the Red River

Valley and the order of Parliament that the two companies merge. And so they did, under the name of the older and more famous of the two companies.

Romance lived in that old-time fur-trade. Everywhere, even to-day, are heard the echoes of those old days when the blue-coated, brass-buttoned Hudson's Bay Company men followed the forest trails. In summer it was through the dim, cool light sifting down through tall fir and hemlock, whose green canopies were often one hundred and fifty feet or two hundred feet above them. In winter, on snow-shoes, they plunged through the same forests, heavily laden, or with pack-ponies, when every bump of the baggage-laden Indian horses against the tree-trunks brought down masses of wet snow upon the cold and drenched men beneath them.

The river trade was more romantic, with its many portages, or the long stretches of foaming rapids down which the skilful *voyageurs* shot their canoes.

Echoes there are even yet of the brigade of boats which came down the Columbia to Fort Vancouver in June, when the river was at its flood and all the world was beautiful. And over that brigade floated the red flag of Great Britain's commerce, and on the lower folds of the red the white half-monogram, HBC, of the famous old English fur company.

It is now just two centuries and a half since, in 1670, to Prince Rupert, a cousin of Charles II, and his fellow-adventurers was given that great parchment charter, still hanging with its immense leaden seal on the walls of Hudson's Bay House in London. It gave these adventurers the right to all trade in the lands whose waters drained into Hudson's Bay, and for two centuries and a half it has been the foundation of a great British trade. The days of chartered monopolies were over in 1857, when the Sepoy Rebellion ended the East India Company's monopoly, though the Hudson's Bay Company is still a power in British commerce.

A century ago, when the great company came into Old Oregon, it was at the height of its power. It was on the eighth of November, 1824, that Governor George Simpson and Chief Factor John McLoughlin, in two light canoes, with square sails spread to the pleasant breezes, came down the Columbia with their singing *voyageurs* and landed at old Fort Astoria.

The old fort was much the same as it had been for years under the Canadians, though larger than when the Americans left it in 1814. It was a rectangle, the back walls of the buildings forming part of the palisade, and the gate opening toward the river, a hundred yards away.

But winds are chill at the mouth of the Columbia, and rain and the soft, dripping Oregon mists made moldy the furs, and the boards in the fort yard became so slippery with mold and slime "that if a man as much as steps upon a piece of wood, he measures his length in the mud." Sails rotted and ropes gave way in that incessant dampness.

The new chief factor had but little liking for agriculture, but even fur-traders cannot starve and still trade, and all food shipped from England to that distant coast, whether by trail or around

the Horn, was far too expensive. The new management took quick action.

Ninety miles up the Columbia, in an entirely different climate, near one of the mouths of the Willamette River, were two prairies, one almost above the other, quickly picked out as just the place. And Fort Vancouver was built on the upper prairie, almost a mile from the river. It was a noble site, with a magnificent view out over the mighty Columbia, miles wide in flood-tide, the islands in the river, and the densely forested hills rolling back on all sides, crowned by the snowy peak of Mount Hood.

The genius of the Hudson's Bay Company was expressed in the quickness with which they seized upon the possibilities for agriculture. Their success as fur-traders actually depended upon it. Yet their success as farmers was misconstrued by every fur-trader, missionary, or settler who saw it, a misconception emphasized again and again upon the floor of Congress in the charge that the company was holding "the Oregon Country" for the British crown.

The building of that first Fort Vancouver, in the spring of 1825, was no easy matter. Indian jealousies were aroused. The tribes nearest the fort held the approaches to trade, and red-skinned tribesmen stood on the river-bank, *cooing* at one another,—"*coo* being the most opprobrious word in the Indian language," as one trader put it,—on the alert for a pot-shot at any bronze skin. There were not men enough to guard the old fort, with all its trading goods, and to build the new. Yet in some way the new chief factor, capable, energetic, imperious to the point of domineering, accomplished the task. The new fort was built.

But the gates were still lacking when the Indians decided upon an attack. Council after council was held in the forests. But McLoughlin acted first. The great white chief called a council of all his red brother chiefs. One by one, at the time set, solemnly and in much paint, the Indians entered the gateless yard and formed the usual semicircle, squatting on the sides of their heels. But McLoughlin was a *very* great chief. To convince them of it, he kept them

awaiting him one full hour. During that hour a recently arrived Scot, armed with his bag-pipes, marched up and down that yard in full Highland costume. Charmed, fascinated, the Indians watched the Scotchman as he strode about bare-kneed and in plaid, with the wailing pipes. When the tall, white-haired chief factor did finally appear,—White Eagle Chief they called him, because of his flowing white hair,—the Indians promised friendship. There was no attack on Fort Vancouver then, and never another threat of one.

By the middle of April old Fort George (Fort Astoria of the Americans) was abandoned, and the goods were safe at Fort Vancouver. But the fort was nearly a mile from the river, and up the hill, and all water for the fort had to be carried from the river, and all the furs and the trading goods carried back and forth. In 1828 it was decided to build anew on the lower prairie, even though its lower edge was frequently inundated in the spring. This second Fort Vancouver was the one well known to missionaries and settlers. At this second fort, too, occurred that display of Indian pomposity, as told by the artist Kane, of Chief Casinove, when he came to trade his furs. Paddled to the landing by his slaves, he walked to the fort over a carpet of the furs he had brought. He returned to his canoe on a carpet formed of the trading goods received in exchange. Poor old chief! Fifteen years later, he, left alone of all his tribe by the epidemic, ate his meals at his own table, in grave dignity, in the great dining-hall of Fort Vancouver.

But it was in the first fort, up on the hill, that one August night in 1828, Dr. McLoughlin heard a great banging at the locked gate and clamorous Indian voices calling out that they had an American prisoner. An *American!* It was fourteen years since Astoria had been sold to the Nor'westers, and save for the American commissioner, to whom a formal restoration of the post had been made in 1818,—on a British war-ship, though,—and an occasional fur-trader at the mouth of the river, not an American had been seen. There was nothing to keep them out, for under the treaty of 1818—a commercial treaty, contain-

ing a joint-occupancy paragraph—they had a perfect right to come.

McLoughlin ordered the gates opened, and in came the Indians with an exhausted American, the only one, he said, when he could speak at all, saved out of Jedediah Smith's party of eighteen men who had gone from the Snake River country into California, and, finding no opening in the mountains to the eastward, had traveled northward up the coast until, on the Umpqua River, in what is now southern Oregon, they had been attacked by the Indians. Smith and two men had left in a boat before the attack, but were supposed to have returned. This man escaped through the woods, with the Indians in full chase.

Jed Smith's name was not a new one at Fort Vancouver. Three years before, he and his men had come up from the Snake River country into what is now northern Idaho, and had appeared at Fort Flathead, encamped near by for several weeks, and had triumphantly informed the British traders that the country was American and that the Americans were coming to claim it.

"In case the Americans come to the Flathead country," wrote McLoughlin, August 10, 1825, to the clerk in charge of the fort, "they must be opposed as much as we can, but without, if possible, wasting property, as the right to remain there will be decided between the two governments." It was a characteristic direction.

And now this same Jed Smith, if he was still alive, was somewhere in the region of the lower Columbia, and one of his men was appealing to the Hudson's Bay Company for safety.

The Indians were well rewarded for bringing in the American in safety, and at daybreak Indian runners were sent out with tobacco to chiefs in the Willamette and down the Columbia, ordering them to go in search of the white men, and telling them, if any Indians hurt these men, they would be punished. This was the order of the White Eagle Chief, who insisted always upon the prestige of the white man. McLoughlin equipped a strong, well-armed party of forty men for the further search, "but as the men were embarking, to our great joy, Smith and his two men appeared."



Trail to Emerald Lake, Field, British Columbia

For the safety of every white man in the country, his own officers included, McLoughlin then sent a strong, capable party of armed men into the Umpqua country, invited the Indians to bring their furs to trade, and then laid aside those marked with the private marks of Smith's party. The others were bought, but the Indians holding the marked ones were informed they had got those from the Umpquas who had murdered the Americans, and must look to them for compensation. All furs were taken back to Fort Vancouver, with some of Smith's horses that had been recovered, and since Smith had no way of getting his furs back to his own people, he sold them there. McLoughlin paid him

thirty-two hundred dollars for the furs, and charged him nothing for the expedition to the Umpqua, since that was done as a general policy. As for the Indians, "We could not distinguish the innocent from the guilty," wrote McLoughlin, afterward. But the Indians themselves knew, and "a war was kindled among them, and the murderers punished more severely than we could have done."

From August, 1828, until March, 1829, Smith remained as a guest at Fort Vancouver, his men being housed outside the fort, in the little village of working-men. In March, with the east-bound express for over the mountains and Hudson's Bay, Smith was escorted

in safety back to Fort Flathead, whence he knew the way to the Snake River country and the rendezvous of his own people.

Smith's report on the crops of Fort Vancouver, four years after McLoughlin's arrival there, tells its own story of energy. In the crop of 1828 were seven hundred bushels of good wheat, fourteen acres of corn, the same acreage of peas, eight acres of oats, four or five acres of barley, a fine garden, with some small apple-trees and grape-vines. There were two hundred head of cattle, fifty horses, three hundred head of hogs, and fourteen goats. Gunsmiths, carpenters, a cooper, a tinner, and a baker were employed. A good sawmill was on the bank of the river, five miles above the fort, and a grist-mill, which was worked by hand, but intended to be by water. Two coasting vessels had been built, one of which was then on a voyage to the Sandwich Islands. The heaviest cannon Smith saw there, for protection against a possible Indian attack, were twelve-pounders; but the guns at Fort Vancouver were never used except for salute.

It was four years before another American appeared, and again it was a rival trader. This was Nathaniel Wyeth of Cambridge, Massachusetts, with a small borrowed capital, plans that looked well on paper, and a few untrained, undisciplined, and discontented men. Wyeth had sent a ship, the *Sultana*, around the Horn. She carried trading goods, and was to return with furs and fish, for Wyeth's plans included salmon-fishing as well as fur-trading. From time to time, as he crossed the continent, his men deserted him, until by the time he reached the Rockies, in company with regular American fur-traders, only eleven were left, and they ragged and half starved. Indian runners gave notice of their coming to Fort Walla Walla, at the junction of the Snake and Columbia rivers, and the word was quickly passed on to Fort Vancouver. The order was sent to Walla Walla to treat them with every courtesy, to supply their needs, but not to sell them trading goods.

In a Hudson's Bay Company boat, manned with recommended Indian boat-

men, the rival American traders came down the river to Fort Vancouver.

"We arrived at Fort Vancouver, it having taken us nine days to come down the river, some two hundred miles," wrote John Ball, one of the party, on October 29, 1832.

"We were a hard-looking set," he went on, "owing to our hard life, but we were most hospitably received in spite of the awkward and suspicious circumstances in which we appeared."

They went down the river to see the Pacific, to feel that they had really crossed the continent, and to learn, if they could, of the *Sultana*. They were worried about her crossing the bar. Though Wyeth did not know it until he had recrossed the continent, the *Sultana* was wrecked long before she reached the Columbia, and with her had gone his hopes of trade and salmon.

Meanwhile the entire party—one died after reaching the fort—were at the mercy of their British rivals. Ball's journal continues:

The next day [November 17] Mr. Wyeth and myself were invited by Doctor McLoughlin, the oldest partner and nominal governor, to his own table and rooms at the fort. Others were quartered out of the fort. I soon gave Doctor McLoughlin and Captain Wyeth to understand I was on my own hook, and had no further connection with the party. We were received with the greatest kindness as guests, which was very acceptable, or else we would have had to hunt for subsistence. But not liking to live *gratis*, I asked the doctor [he was a physician by profession] for some employment. He repeatedly assured me that I was a guest and not expected to work. But after much urging, he said if I was willing he would like me to teach his own son and other boys in the fort of whom there were a dozen. Of course I gladly accepted the offer. So the boys were sent to my room to be instructed. All were half-breeds, as there was not a *white* woman in Oregon. The doctor's wife was a "Cippewa" from Lake Superior, and the lightest woman was Mrs. Douglas [afterward by parliamentary order made Lady Douglas], a half-breed, from Hudson Bay. I found the boys docile and attentive and they made good progress. The doctor often came into the school and he was well

satisfied and pleased. One day he said, "Ball, anyway, you will have the reputation of teaching the *first* school in Oregon." So I passed the winter of 1832-1833.

The gentlemen of the fort were pleasant and intelligent. A circle of a dozen or more sat at a well-provided table. . . . There was much formality at the table. Men

types: the stately, white-haired McLoughlin, physician and fur-trader; James Douglas, afterward Sir James, whose tact and courtesy were much needed in the troublesome days of later American colonization; Tom McKay, McLoughlin's stepson, eccentric, but quarter Indian and influential with the



Totem posts, Alert Bay, British Columbia

waited on the table, and we saw little of the women, they never appearing except perhaps on Sunday or on horseback. As riders they excelled.

That dining-table at Fort Vancouver was an unusual one for a fur-trading post in the wilderness. Seated around it were well-dressed, cultivated gentlemen,—they wore evening dress for dinner,—many of them with university training in England or Scotland. They were men who not only knew something of the world of books, but had traveled over much of the world and through the wilds of the great lonely land of Canada, and now found themselves out on an unknown coast in the Indian country of the Columbia River. They were of all

natives, for Tom was the son of that Alexander McKay who had been Alexander Mackenzie's first officer in that effort of 1793 to find the Pacific by way of the Peace River. There was Captain McNeill, a year or two later, who found fur-trading pleasanter and more profitable with the great company than as an independent American trader competing with them. David Douglas, the botanist, was well known at that table, and Dr. Schouler, the scientist. Kane, the artist, knew it well and painted many Indian chiefs of that region. Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, the missionaries, knew it to their own pleasure, and other missionaries. The traders who came down to the fort every summer from interior posts looked upon it as a

return to civilization. And now came these two Yankees, fresh from the overland trail, acknowledged competitors with this great company, beggared, but honored guests. "Below the salt," at the lower end of the table, sat the postmaster, so-called, and other minor clerks, in their uniforms of navy blue, with brass buttons.

The assemblage would have done justice to London itself, and so would the table, with its abundance of game, wild fowl, vegetables, and fruits, served in courses, followed by wine. Wine was the one luxury they demanded. Only the roast beef of old England was lacking. The cattle were needed to break the new land, and neither for the eight years preceding nor for the five years following Wyeth's appearance on the Columbia was it served. Venison took its place.

After dinner, except when the "home ship" was in and letters and reports had to be written, or when the "brigade of boats" had come in, came the withdrawal to Bachelors' Hall, as the great sitting-room was called. Here, seated before the great fireplace, or grouped about the room, under the decoration of antlers and stags' heads, while the blue smoke curled from their pipes, these exiles discussed with animation both European and American politics, the literature of the day, and the general news of the world, even though always a year behind, as well as the prospects of the fur-trade, the probabilities of the crops, and the possibilities of war somewhere in Europe.

"They raise at this fort," wrote Wyeth, whose account of his reception tallies with Ball's, "6000 bushels of wheat, 3000 of barley, 1500 potatoes, 3000 peas, a large quantity of punkins. They have coming on apple trees, peach do. [ditto] and grapes."

The dress-suits worn at dinner had something to do with the apple-trees. Putting his hand into his pocket one evening at dinner, Captain Simpson of the home ship, just arrived at the Columbia, found a few apple-seeds. Then he remembered. On the last evening before he sailed from London, at a dinner party given in his honor, a lady had said, as she ate the fruit at dessert:

"Captain, you are going to that wild Northwest Coast of America. Here are some apple-seeds to take with you." And the captain had put the seeds into his pocket. Eight months later, after rounding the Horn and crossing the bar, he found the seeds still there. Tenderly were they nursed and guarded until the first apple-tree of Old Oregon bore its fruit, one green apple, the seeds of which were carefully saved, as were the seeds of all fruits, and planted.

"The Company seem disposed to render me all the assistance they can," wrote Wyeth, truthfully; but personally, as a man, not as a trader. Yet, as their own notes show, they saw clearly he would hang himself, and they made no effort to check any effort he made, or any plan. He went back to "the States" in 1833, with a few of his men, across the mountains and plains, having "blue devils" most of the way, according to his own letters, many of which were so blue he never mailed them at all. But he planned a return to Oregon, and two years later he went back, still with a small borrowed capital, still with plans which looked well on paper, but would not pan out. American traders in the Rocky Mountains, on his outward journey in 1834, refused to receive the goods ordered by them which he brought to them. In defiance he built Fort Hall, which the Hudson's Bay Company afterward bought from him at a fair price. This time Wyeth's vessel arrived, but the Indians refused to trade with him, although McLoughlin, as the doctor himself reported to his company in London, did not even put up his prices to meet the better prices offered by Wyeth for furs. Even the salmon conspired against him, for the run was about half the usual number, and the Indians would not bother to do more than fish for themselves and for Fort Vancouver. Those barreled were spoiled in large part because of ignorance in putting them up.

The second American business invasion had failed. But with Wyeth that second time came Jason Lee, the missionary, with his nephew Daniel, to whom McLoughlin gave his usual welcome. They went into the Willamette Valley, virtually at his direction, as he had to have every white man where he

could protect him. The death of one white man, as McLoughlin told Wyeth, was likely to set the whole country-side ablaze in an Indian war. As a matter of fact, the epidemic that came into the lower Columbia in the late summer of 1829, through an American ship, spread farther up the river and into the Willamette, destroying whole villages, and even tribes, in the course of a few years. After 1834 there were few Indians in that immediate region left to civilize.

Then came other missionaries. The irrepressible Peter Skeen Ogden, one of the company's traders, then away up in western Caledonia, British Columbia now, wrote to John McLeod, February 25, 1837:

Amongst the many good things their honors from Fenchurch Street sent us last summer, was a clergyman and with him his wife, the Rev^d Mr. Beaver, a most appropriate name for the fur trade, also Mr. and Mrs. Copperdale to conduct the farming establishment, and by the Snake country we had an assortment of American missionaries the Rev. Mr. Spaulding and Lady, two Mr. Lees, and Mr. Shepherd, surely clergymen enough when the Indian population is so reduced but this is not all, for there are also five more gent. as follows—2 in quest of flowers, 2 killing all the birds in the Columbia, and one in quest of rock and stone. All these bucks came with letters from the President of the U. States and you know it would not be good policy not to treat them politely. They are a perfect nuisance.

To Mrs. Spaulding and Mrs. Whitman that autumn of 1836, after that long, wearisome journey over the plains and mountains, was like coming home even when they reached Fort Walla Walla, and that was a semi-arid country. Their Indian horses, long used to the wilderness, shied at the cackling of hens and the quacking of ducks and geese. Then they came down the Columbia in the comfort of a Hudson's Bay Company boat, a mere bateau, it is true. And it was even more like home with sheep and cattle and horses grazing under the trees, the granaries full of grain, the apples still hanging in the orchard. They found themselves in civilization, sleeping in beds made of wood slabs covered with skins, and resting

in home-made chairs, yet sitting at that well-bred dinner-table, with its well-served meals. Two clerks afterward commented upon being summarily turned out of their rooms for the missionaries. It was the real beginning of the American invasion of "the Oregon Country," not of trade, which had failed, but of settlement.

Life at the fort was busy. At early dawn the bell rang for the working parties, and the sound of hammers, the click of anvils, the rumbling of carts, with tinkling of bells, gave evidence that all were busy. On certain days the fragrant odor of freshly-baked bread from the great brick ovens in the yard gave other evidence of comfort. From eight to nine for breakfast, from one to two for dinner, with work stopping at six, such were the working hours. The men were all under contract.

The two great diversions of the year were the coming of the "home ship" in late summer, to carry back to England the furs, and the coming down of the furs in June with the "brigade of boats."

For weeks before the coming of the "home ship" every possible chance of disaster or of a quick voyage was discussed. Then came the day with the noisy shouts of children on the watch, mingled with the voice of the watchman, "The packet! The packet!" Seldom did the ship come up the river at once; an express canoe brought up the mail.

Work stopped automatically. The officer in charge of the mail or express went to McLoughlin's cottage, which was quickly thronged with clerks and officers from all over the place. Windows were full of heads, and a group around the door peered in as the chief factor shook hands with the officer bringing the mail, welcomed him, made an inquiry or two about the ship, and dismissed him with a wave of the hand—to the kitchen! It was a welcome dismissal to a man just off an eight-months' voyage. The mail was keenly read, for many of these men were from the same neighborhood in Canada or Scotland, and home news could be passed around. But for those whose mail had missed the ship! For the homesick who received no letters! There was sympathy enough



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for such, but it did not always ease the grief. No more mail would come until the brigade in June.

But the great event of the year was the coming down of the furs from the upper country. Fort Vancouver knew just when to expect these men. The watchman was on the alert.

"The brigade! The brigade!" was his shout as his eyes caught the first faint glimpse of the canoes on the river, a mere line of tiny, dark specks. And from Chief Factor John McLoughlin, six feet four inches, snowy-haired, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, down to the little Indian and half-breed children playing in the meadows and among the wild flowers, every one rushed to the river-bank, listening, as from the line of black specks, larger now, came the faint sound of song.

Down the broad blue river swept the canoes, sometimes twenty abreast and in perfect line, led by the single canoe of the officer in charge. The Union Jack of commerce floated from his masthead, with the company's half-monogram on the lower red folds. The *voyageurs* were dressed in their finest, fringed buckskin

suits, hats almost covered with plumes or with bunches of bright ribbons, their beaded Indian pouches dangling from their gay sashes. Brightly colored handkerchiefs were knotted about their throats.

It was a beautiful sight, as well as a striking one. The broad, green plains around the fort were bright with new crops of wheat and rye, while the charming islands of tender green out in the river contrasted sharply with the dark forests which came down everywhere to the water's-edge. To the southeast, above the dense forests, towered the gleaming, snowy crest of Mount Hood. The wide river sparkled in the June sunshine as the gay fleet of canoes came down, flags and plumes and ribbons fluttering, the dark-skinned, black-eyed boatmen singing together some gay *chanson* and singing in time to the dip of the paddle:

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Miron-ton, ton-ton, mirontaine.

Napoleon, said to dislike music, was also said to roar that song when he sprang into the saddle for a new cam-



White Man's Pass and hoodoos, Canmore, Alberta

paign. France knew the song well, but the New World knew it better. From St. Anne's on the St. Lawrence, where the *voyageurs* said farewell to civilization, to the mouth of the Columbia, the very wilderness knew that refrain, "Miron-ton, ton-ton, mirontaine." And it was one of McLoughlin's favorites.

Nearer and nearer they came, clearer and louder grew the song, as the canoes, still out in the middle of the river, wheeled in perfect alinement, and swept side by side in toward the river-bank. Then came a shout of welcome from the shore, and a shout of exultation from the *voyageurs*. The danger and loneliness of the year were past. For a fortnight, at least, there would be no more danger, no loneliness, no cold, no hunger, no work.

A good time, indeed, these handsome, wild-looking *voyageurs* had, loafing about in the summer sunshine or on the river-bank, while busy officers and clerks sorted over the newly arrived furs, ordered them beaten, dusted, counted, and made into bales. Then from the

storehouse came all supplies, from vermilion for Indian faces to bullets and traps for Indian furs, not forgetting the food supplies to be taken back.

Then came the late afternoon of departure, when the white-haired Dr. McLoughlin, majestic and genial, stood with his officers around the table in the famous old dining-hall, and drank the parting-cup, following the old Scotch custom. For, of the out-going officers, year after year, some followed the long trail to Hudson's Bay, thence back to England or Scotland on furlough, while others, by canoe and trail, voyaged far north into the interior, often a "service of danger."

Then out went the brigade of boats. Again all were on the river-bank. The fort cannon fired a salute, which boomed and echoed among the forested hills. *Voyageur* rifles answered it. All was ready. Gay still, in plumes and feathers, the *voyageurs* stepped into the canoes and took their places. Officers and passengers took theirs, and many an American, as years went by, was numbered

among these passengers. At a pistol-shot every paddle touched the water at the same instant, every voice took up the chorus, and they were off again. Out they swept into the river, singing in time to the dip of the paddle, wheeling in midstream in perfect order, off again for another year of danger and hard work. Up the broad, blue river, in full chorus, ribbons fluttering and plumes waving, on they paddled until, in the softening light of evening, one could see only small specks upon the river. Such was their going. The shadows around the base of Mount Hood deepened into blue. Children and clerks and officers scattered. In the quiet dimming of the long Northern twilight all was silent save for the ripple of the river and the echo of a song.

AND it was into a country whose Indians were under the control of the imperious ruler of Fort Vancouver, into a glorious country claimed by both British and Americans, that the first Americans began to drift shortly after the arrival of the missionaries. The first settlers of the fertile Willamette Valley—the Columbia was too densely forested for farming—had been old servants of the company, dreading the cold of eastern Canada, begging to be allowed to remain in that equable climate, and allowed by McLoughlin to stay, provided they had saved enough money to begin farming, were law-abiding, and were kept nominally upon the company's books, as the company was under bonds to return them, upon the expiration of their contracts, to their own homes. There were eight there in 1832 when John Ball went down for a while. Then, with the coming of the missionaries, and the drifting in of American fur-traders with their Indian wives and half-breed children from the exhausted Snake River country, they increased rapidly. Yet for a long while, until 1842, in fact, it was thought that women and children could not cross the plains and the mountains. When they did, the immigrants came first in hundreds and then in thousands, and all of them bitter against the Hudson's Bay Company from misrepresentations heard in "the States," for which Senator Benton and Senator

Linn, both from Missouri, and both reflecting the bitter jealousy of the American fur-traders—St. Louis was the center of that trade—were responsible.

McLoughlin wrote to Sir George Simpson, April 2, 1845.

I had a conversation yesterday evening with one of the principal men among the American immigrants. One of them said, "I came here strongly prejudiced against the Hudson's Bay Company, and expected I would have to fight them, and that there would be an English man-of-war here to drive us away, but instead of all that all the immigrants are treated most kindly by the Hudson's Bay Company, and we found, when we got within reach of their establishments, boats with provisions to relieve our wants and to transport us to the place of our destination."

Lieutenant Neill M. Howison, of the United States Navy, who was on the Columbia in 1846, wrote:

They would arrive upon the waters of the Columbia after six months of hard labor and exposure to innumerable dangers . . . in a state of absolute want. Their provisions expended and clothes worn out, the rigors of winter beginning to descend upon their naked heads, while no house had as yet been built to afford them shelter; bartering away their wagons and horses for a few salmon offered by the Indians, or bushels of grain in the hands of rapacious speculators, who placed themselves on the road to profit by their necessities, famine was thus staved off while they labored in the woods to make rafts, and thus float down stream to the Hudson's Bay Company's establishment at Fort Vancouver. Here shelter and food were invariably afforded them, without which their sufferings must soon have terminated in death. . . . But throughout the winter these enterprising people were, with few exceptions, dependent on the Hudson's Bay Company for the bread and meat which they ate and the clothes which they wore. Stern necessity and the suffering of clamoring children forced them to supplicate credit and assistance which, to the honor of the Company, be it said, was never refused them.

It was in 1844 that Joseph Watt, with a party of immigrants, landed at Fort Vancouver, having been brought down

the river from Walla Walla in a company bateau by Joseph Hess, an immigrant of the year before. Hess told them, for their last food was eaten, that the company would supply them, that the "good Doctor" never turned any one away. The supply of the boat was in itself a proof of goodness, for with the goods brought overland, and the children, those last two hundred miles of rough trail, amidst robber Indians, would have been more than they could have stood. Upon landing, they soon found Dr. McLoughlin in his office. Watt wrote afterward:

He was a tall, broad-shouldered, portly and dignified old gentleman, his hair long and white as snow. Face cleanly shaven, ruddy and full; and of a rather nervous temperament. He met us pleasantly, made us welcome, enquired as to our journey down the river, and particularly of those left behind. . . . He told us he furnished the boats free of charge to certain parties to bring immigrants down the river, limiting their charges to keep them from taking advantage of necessity.

We were all out of provisions. He . . . told us in the year before, and in fact previous years, he had furnished the people with all the provisions and clothing they wanted, but lately had established a trading house at Oregon City, in the Willamette Valley, where we could get supplies; but for immediate necessity, he would supply provisions at the fort. Several of our people broke in, saying, "Doctor, I have no money to pay you, and I don't know when or how I can pay you."

"Tut! Tut! Never mind that; you can't suffer," said the doctor.

The account of each man was sent to Oregon City, and he was told he could settle when he raised wheat. Wheat was in demand by the Russians at the north, and the Hudson's Bay Company had a contract to supply it. Cattle were furnished the settlers to break the hard, matted soil of the prairie; plows and tools, food and clothing, were loaned, as well as seed wheat and vegetable seeds. Work was supplied to men until the Sandwich Island market

was glutted with shingles that were made by American workmen.

Eighty thousand dollars were owing to the Hudson's Bay Company by the settlers when McLoughlin resigned in 1846, the year the boundary was settled, an amount far in excess of that expected or wished by his company. They held him responsible for its payment. Some of the Americans never did pay up; others did, with gratitude. Yet his resignation was not due, as often stated, to his friendship for the Americans, even though he afterward went into the Willamette Valley and took out naturalization papers. His correspondence at Hudson's Bay House shows it was due to differences of business judgment between himself and Sir George Simpson, especially on the matter of the coasting trade—of trading forts on land, as against trading ships, with no forts on the northern coast. Also it was due to the intense personal bitterness arising out of Simpson's attitude when McLoughlin's son John was murdered at Fort Stikene, Alaska. Both were capable men, each self-willed. But Sir James Douglas, following McLoughlin as one of a board of management, and ever loyal to his old chief, stood between him and the company, and secured for him a justice he might not otherwise have received, because of the personal bitterness which had developed.

On one hand, charges of treason were made against him by British naval and army officers, and on the other, many of the Americans were bitter against McLoughlin because he represented "a British monopoly," which they claimed had tried to keep "the Oregon Country" for Great Britain.

"Doctor McLoughlin!" wrote Joseph Watt in after years. "Kind, generous, large-hearted Dr. John McLoughlin! One of nature's noblemen, who never feared to do his duty to his God, to his country, his fellow-men, and himself, even in the wilderness!"

On Dr. McLoughlin's tombstone at Oregon City, in the Willamette Valley, erected by American citizens, one line reads, "The Pioneer and Friend of Oregon."

Marie's View of It

By ELISABETH HOLDING

Illustrations by George Giguère



HE sisters were up-stairs in the cool, old-fashioned chamber leisurely making ready for bed. Amelia stood at the bureau, brushing her shining hair by the light of a dim lamp; Marie sat in a low arm-chair, unlacing her boots and talking vehemently.

"I do despise that sort of talk," she cried. "Melie, if you're *sensible* and *prudent* and *cautious*, as they want you to be, you'll simply miss *everything*. Being sensible means not wanting anything much, and being prudent means not trying to get what you want, and being cautious means not taking what you want even when you can get it. If you like him, 'Melie, and don't mind getting married, go ahead and take him."

"It is n't just what I want at this moment, Marie; it's a question of my whole future life."

"Darn the future!" cried Marie. "I'm not going to waste any of these years—these *good* years. After I'm thirty, I sha'n't care what happens. I'm going to spend *now*, and pay for it when I'm old."

It was a plan that did not appeal to the sleek and pretty Amelia, thrifty by nature, liking to savor life slowly, who was not greedy to swallow it whole at one meal, but who wanted rather to store it up on her neat little shelves and to use it, spread thin, through years and years. She was a gourmet, perhaps, but not a glutton, like the lean, fierce Marie. There were times, though, when she envied Marie her feast.

"I'm not in a hurry," she said. "I'm only nineteen; there's lots of time ahead of me. I'm going to give myself the rest of this summer to make up my mind."

"But are n't you afraid he'll go away or die—or something?" asked Marie. "I should be. If I liked a man, I'd marry him *instantly*."

"I'm not afraid of his going away," Amelia answered. "Anyway, if he wants to go, let him."

"You're really not a bit in love with him!" said Marie, reproachfully.

"I *could* be, if I wanted; but I'm not going to be until I'm sure I want to be."

"Well!" said Marie. "When I fall in love—Gosh!"

She leaned her head back against her clasped hands and stared up at the ceiling. A thin, dark young creature of eighteen, not pretty, but in her awkward immaturity giving promise of something rare to come; a sulky face with childish mouth and puzzled eyes, the face of an inquirer, an adventurer, that mingling of carelessness and earnestness that makes a Drake, a Parsifal, a Columbus.

"I don't believe you ever will fall in love," said Amelia. "You'd expect so much of a man that you could n't help being angry with him all the time."

"Perhaps," said Marie, with a sigh. "It's very likely I'll never be suited. Or maybe no one will ever like me. I've never had any beaux, have I, 'Melie?"

"No," Amelia answered, not without a tinge of complacency because of the very many she had had. "Still, you're young yet; there's no hurry."

Who could convince Marie of that, though—Marie in such a panting hurry to live, to be born!

"Oh, Lord!" she sighed, beginning to braid her heavy, black hair. "No one seems to understand!"

"I try," said Amelia; "but we're very different, are n't we?"

Neither of them could see, though, how immeasurable the difference even at that instant, at that time in life when they were most alike, still bearing the impress of their identical training.

They had, definitely enough, "chosen" their futures, confident that what they had selected would be delivered. Amelia

looked for a few years more of very agreeable maidenhood, and after that the extravagant and indulgent admiration of a husband with a good income. She pictured lovely clothes, a charming home of her own, a sort of perpetual holiday, which she would deserve by being good and pretty. There was already a promising applicant upon whom she was deliberating during this annual summer visit to their great-aunt's farm. She was glad of the opportunity for calm, untroubled meditation. Whereas to Marie the visit was, as usual, a painful infliction.

"I thought I could go on studying here," she told Amelia, "but I can't. It's *too* quiet, and I have *too much* time."

"The rest will do you good," Amelia had answered. She was never able to take Marie's studies very seriously, because the object of them changed so frequently and rapidly. Marie's ambition was simply to be illustrious. She was a student in a woman's college, a headstrong, ridiculous student who pounced greedily on half a dozen unrelated courses, who wanted to learn everything in the world and all at once, economics and church history and Romance languages, it did n't matter.

They were the motherless daughters of a business man who revered woman, and never presumed to interfere with the two angels quartered under his roof. He provided them with what he believed to be their due, money to spend, clothes to wear, whatever education they wished, a home, and an unflinching interest in their affairs, and otherwise let them alone. And they did very well under this system.

"Ready?" asked Amelia. "Shall I turn out the lamp?"

In a minute the room was dark. A cool breeze from the meadows fluttered the window curtains; little insects made their cheerful music in the summer night; the leaves of the old horsechestnut rustled—all dear and familiar sounds, and sweet fragrances of climbing honeysuckle and exquisite night blooms. The sisters lay side by side, both wide-eyed and meditative.

"What's that?" asked Marie, suddenly.

"Nothing. A motor-car somewhere."

"But it's coming here, Amelia."

They listened intently. The purring of a motor grew louder, wheels spun over the gravel, a blinding light flashed by their window, and in a minute the doorbell rang through the quiet old house.

"Who on *earth!*" cried Amelia, sitting up. "So late, and coming in a motor!"

Marie was already at the window.

"It's the station taxi," she announced.

"I'm going down to see who it is."

"Not *that* way, Marie!"

Marie was struggling impatiently into her dressing-gown.

"Bother! The sleeves are inside out! There!"

Her bare feet padded across the room to the hall.

"I'll go, Auntie," she called to the old lady standing in her doorway.

"But don't catch cold, precious. Marie child, come back and put on your slippers!"

She was down-stairs already though, and running along the hall. There was a bolt to draw back, a chain to unfasten, and a key to turn; then she flung the door open boldly and looked out at the belated visitor. He took off his hat and smiled apologetically.

In romantic luminosity the moonlight revealed him a prince from the Arabian Nights, as dark and slim as herself, but far more beautiful; melancholy, lofty, victim of some outrageous fate.

"I know it's late," he said; "I'm sorry—but it's a matter of life and death. Would you be good enough to ask Miss Ellis if she will see Stanley for five minutes?"

"I will," cried Marie, and ran upstairs again eagerly.

"Auntie, it's a man named Stanley. He has to see you for five minutes about something important."

The old lady shivered a little.

"My dear," she answered, "put on your slippers and go down and tell the young man that I positively *cannot* see him."

"But, Auntie, he says it's a matter of life and death!"

"I cannot see him, my dear. And I do not care to explain," the old lady replied with great dignity. "Please to tell him it is of no use coming to me again."

Marie was incredulous.



"'Amelia has an errand,' she said, with an inexorable glance at her sister, 'We can stroll up the road a bit, and meet her later at the cross-roads'"

"How *can* you—" she began, but the old lady raised her hand.

"Hush, my dear! You know nothing about it. I cannot see him."

Marie went down-stairs again, indignant and amazed.

"I 'm awfully sorry," she said, "but Miss Ellis—can't see you."

The young man stood in silence, looking at her with clear and fathomless black eyes. The station taxi had gone, was humming down a distant road; he was quite alone in the night, surrounded by the wide fields, the woods, the vast and melancholy summer night.

"Thank you," he said at last, and was turning away when Marie touched his arm.

"Look here," she said bluntly, "what is the matter? If you 'll tell me, perhaps I can do something."

He shook his head.

"Thank you," he said again in that gentle and immeasurably moving voice; "I don't think you could."

"Tell me, anyway!" she commanded.

"I came to borrow money," he said with utter simplicity. "My wife is ill,

seriously ill. The doctor has ordered her to go out West at once. I have n't the money for such a trip, and I must get it somewhere. So, as Miss Ellis was once very kind to me, I tried here."

"Wait just a little longer!" cried Marie. "I want to tell auntie *that*—about your wife. I don't think she understood. Is it urgent? Ought she to go at once?"

"Every day counts," he answered.

She rushed up-stairs again, to argue passionately with the old lady.

"It 's his *wife!*" she cried. "She 's dying. Something must be done at once!"

She put all her ardent heart into her plea, so that tears sprang to the old lady's eyes; but they were tears not for him, but for Marie and her youth and her fervor. For was she not bringing to that withered and mild old spirit the breath of old days, of bewitching moonlight, of sublime and touching faith, of the mad generosity of youth?

"Nothing can be done, my dear child," she said. "You must n't think me heartless, but, you see, I know

Stanley and you don't. Trust in me, my dear."

"What have you got against him?" demanded Marie, fiercely.

"My dear, I have helped the young man several times before. It is always the same—something urgent. I cannot."

"And just because he's been in trouble before, you want to—to—turn him away like a dog!" cried Marie, with a sort of sob in her voice. She could n't think of telling arguments, because, after all, the chief argument was the young man himself, the chief recommendation his beauty in the moonlight.

She gave her aunt one look of profound resentment and started toward the stairs, but directly the old lady had closed her door, she turned back, and ran into her own room. Amelia was sitting up in bed.

"Oh, do tell me who —" she began, but Marie cut her short.

"Do keep quiet!" she said.

With dignified curiosity Amelia watched her while she lighted the lamp and, opening a battered old writing-desk, began struggling with the twisted lock of a little drawer. It flew open suddenly, and a shower of bills came out. She gathered them up, stuffed them into an envelop, and without a glance at Amelia hastened out of the room again.

"Here," she cried, "please take this! It may help you. It's fifty dollars of my own. Father said I could do as I pleased with it."

The young man pushed her hand back gently.

"No!" he said earnestly, "I could n't."

"Oh, don't be *silly!*" she cried, frowning. "Think of your wife, and not of your own pride."

He said "Oh!" in an odd voice, and turned away his head.

"Take it quick, please! I can't stay here, you know. Please! It's really my own. I don't need it at all. And I'd like so awfully to be a little bit useful to some one."

"No," he said in great distress; "I can't! Never mind, please; it really does n't matter."

"Your wife's health *does n't matter!*"

"I mean—I don't want—"

She thrust the envelop into his hand, and he kept it and her hand with it.

"What am I to say," he cried, "and how am I ever to thank you?"

"Don't bother. I'd better hurry upstairs again, or auntie 'll wonder what I 'm doing."

But her hand still lay in his, and their eyes met in a long look, both so dark, so young, so ardent. She was aware of a new power and beauty in herself; she knew how she looked, her thin body as straight as a rod in the scant folds of her dressing-gown, that thick braid over her shoulder, her bare feet, the moonlight ennobling her, as it did him, softening her vivid face, her brilliant glance. They stood there, both lost, both enchanted and made helpless by that radiance, by the sweet breath from the fields, by the clasp of their warm hands.

"I must go," she murmured.

He bent and humbly kissed her fingers.

"Good-night," he said.

But it was quite fifteen minutes more before she went up-stairs, and all that time Amelia, leaning out of the window, heard their low voices. Marie entered the bedroom as rapt and aloof as a sleep-walker.

"A man to see auntie," she explained to Amelia. "I 'll tell you all about him in the morning."

Their aunt, too, had something to tell. She took it for granted that Marie had talked to her sister and that both were indignant, and she began, not without hesitation, as they sat at breakfast the next morning.

"I don't want you to think me heartless or unkind, children," she began, while she poured their coffee and carefully put in the cream and sugar they liked, "and yet I can't explain without saying more against the young man than I care to say, because he has many good points. I was at one time very much attached to him. But you know, my dear girls, that there are people in this world—it is often kinder to oblige them to help themselves."

She stopped for a minute. It was contrary to her code to speak ill of any one,—she thought it ill bred and un-Christian,—but it was contrary to her common sense to allow the young man to become or to remain at all a hero or a

martyr in Marie's eyes; she knew that to be dangerous and stupid.

"Stanley came here," she went on, "two or three years ago at harvest-time. He wanted work, so I took him on to help in the fields. He did n't do well at it, but I saw at once that he was unsuited—most unsuited for any such work. I had a talk with him, and he told me a great deal about himself. He said he was a poet, and that he went tramping about from place to place, all over the world, doing any work he could find. I took a deep interest in the young man. I should never have—have refused any reasonable request of his if he had not proved—untrustworthy on more than one occasion. I am very sorry to say it, very. He was not—quite—frank. And he is undoubtedly a very careless and extravagant young man. He has appealed to me several times, but he has never—reimbursed me, as he promised."

She found it difficult to speak harshly of her old favorite despite a little quite justifiable resentment; but she was rather dismayed to see on the faces of both her nieces the most eager curiosity. They passed over his moral shortcomings as negligible; they wanted to know his age, his family, all sorts of personal details. She could not tell them, because she did not know. His talk had been almost invariably about his poems and what the good old lady called his "feelings." At least she knew how he regarded the universe.

Amelia certainly expected a long and explicit account from Marie of her conversation with this interesting young man the night before, but she was disappointed. Marie was gruff and taciturn, avoided Amelia as much as possible, and very reluctantly gave the barest outline of the amazing interview. At last, pursued by questions, she offered to weed the flower garden, and from the window Amelia caught tantalizing glimpses of her, working doggedly, in an old straw garden hat and a faded cotton frock, keeping, as Amelia put it, her secret locked in her breast.

She came in at noon, hot and tired and unsmiling. Amelia was dusting their crowded bureau-top when she entered; and flung herself down on the window-seat.

"Look here, 'Melie," she said, with a frown, "I've got to meet him this afternoon at the station, and I don't know how to arrange it."

"What is there to arrange? We'll just go out for a walk and not say where we're going."

Marie was rather annoyed at having the path of her intrigue made so smooth; she agreed, however, and said no more. They dressed with great care, Amelia in white, Marie in a plain brown linen that showed every angularity of her lank young form. They disputed over the parasol; Marie objected to it as too "dressed up," and a bore to carry, and, as usual, won her point.

Another dispute arose directly they closed the garden gate behind them.

"This is what you must do, Amelia," said Marie. "You can come with me to the station and see him, and then you must say you have an errand, and start slowly home, and I'll catch up with you."

Amelia objected very strongly.

"I don't see why you should have him alone," she protested. "He's a married man, you know."

"Can't you see that he'll want to talk to me privately? He must n't know that you know anything about the money. Do have a little tact, Amelia!"

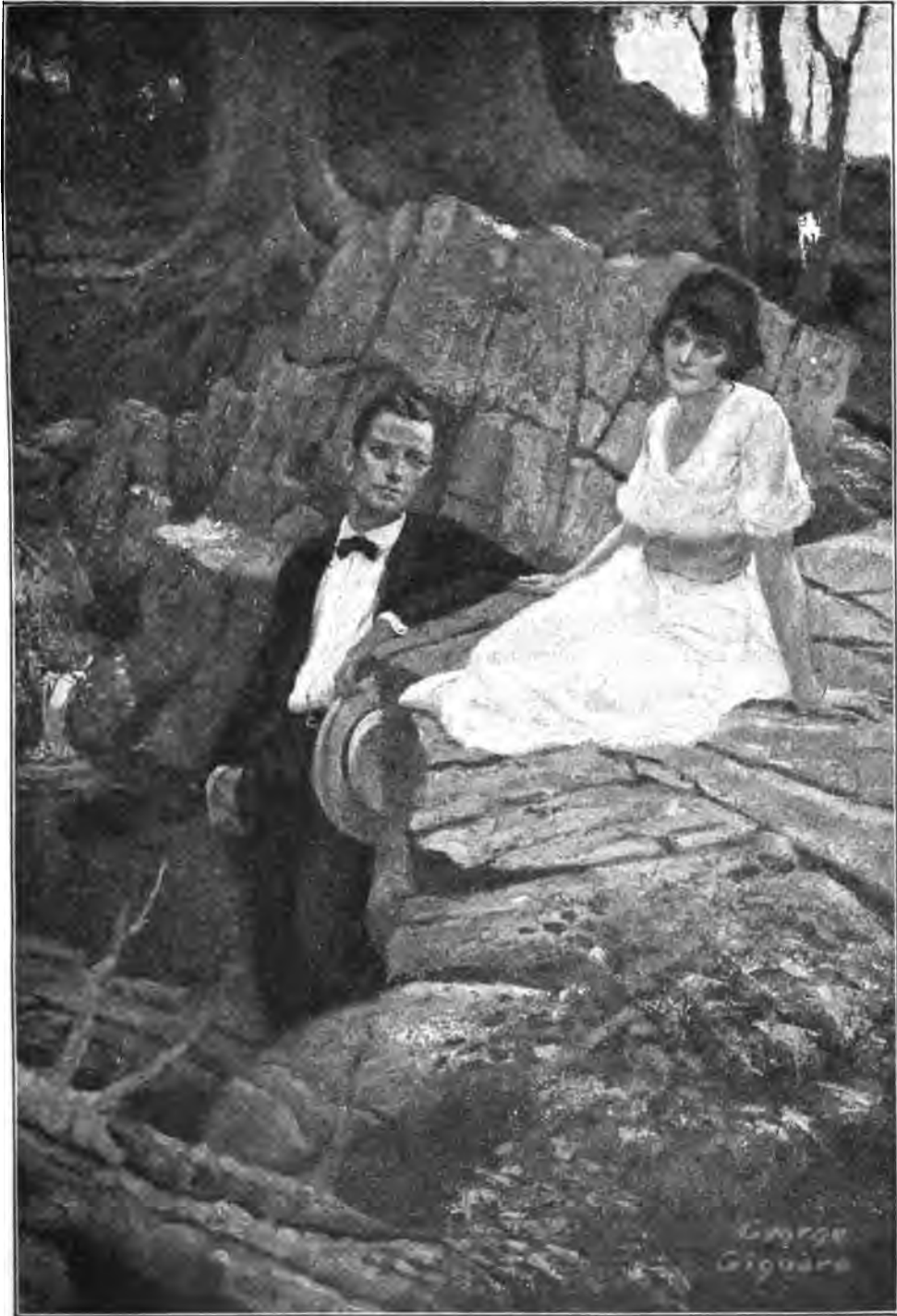
Again Amelia yielded.

He was waiting on the platform of the little station, and when he saw them, he came forward, his head bared, his soft, melancholy eyes fixed upon Marie, only Marie, with no interest at all in Amelia's prettiness.

Even in the glaring sunshine and the dust his rare charm remained. In a dark suit that fitted closely to his slender body, with a low collar and a soft bow tie, he looked every inch a poet and a hero. And his gentle voice, his innocent and mild manner, his courtesy, profoundly affected Amelia. She lingered, walked with them along the road, engrossed in observing them until Marie removed her.

"Amelia has an errand," she said, with an inexorable glance at her sister. "We can stroll up the road a bit, and meet her later at the cross-roads."

Poor Amelia, unable to devise any sort of errand, sat patiently on a grassy



“‘And after I ‘ve gone,’ he went on, ‘you ‘ll come here and never think of me!’”

bank by the cross-roads for a long, long time. The sun had begun to sink when Marie came running along the road. She was in a very good humor and inclined to be confidential, which was rare, and to be encouraged.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting so long, old 'Melie," she said, "but we were having *such* a nice talk!"

"Let's hear about it."

"Oh, he began about hating to take the money and all that, and I told him not to be silly. And then—oh, we told each other about our lives—just the interesting parts, you know. He's been everywhere; it's wonderful to hear him. O 'Melie, just the sort of life I'd like! He fought in the Boer War, he's been in revolutions in South America, he's hunted tigers in India. One day he'll have plenty of money, and the next day not a penny. No one to think of but himself; not a tie on earth—"

"But, Marie, his *wife*!"

Marie stopped short, and looked at her sister.

"Do you know, 'Melie, we both forgot all about her! Never mentioned her!"

"He should n't," Amelia answered sagely. "It was horrid. But, still, he's probably awfully unhappy with her. Poets make such awful mistakes about marrying."

Amelia, while a model of propriety, had an incurable softness for handsome young men. So much so that, after decent protest, she consented to go with Marie again the next day to say good-by to Stanley. This time she provided herself with a book, and sat comfortably under a tree while her sister and the poet wandered off into the woods.

She held out a friendly hand to him when they returned.

"Good-by," she said. "Good luck!"

He took her hand, but said nothing, and looked into her face with his soft, black eyes.

"I want," he said at last—"I really *must* see your sister once more before I go!"

He looked so miserable that Amelia found no courage to rebuke him, and the next day, against her scruples, she went once more to the meeting-place. She had talked it all over with Marie.

"This really must be the last time," she had said; "otherwise I'll have to tell auntie. It really is n't right, and you know it. A married man! And where's his wife all this time? Do you mean to say that he *never* talks about her?"

"No, he does n't, and I'm not going to bring up the subject. It would look as if I were trying to remind him of the money. I suppose she's gone out West."

"Your fifty dollars would n't take her far," said Amelia.

"I don't know and I don't care. I only know I'm awfully sorry for him. He's lonely and wretched. No one takes any interest in his work except me. I *love* to hear him read his poems aloud."

"So should I."

"Well, you can't. He's too shy."

Amelia had had a certain experience with affairs of the heart, enough, anyway, to warn and alarm her. She argued and reasoned all the way home, because she saw very clearly that this thing was not at an end.

"If you won't promise not to see him again, I'll tell auntie," she said sternly.

Marie looked at her with scorn.

"Tell her," she said, "and see what happens."

After that poor Amelia dared not say a word. She knew her sister to be capable of anything and everything. She tried pleading, weeping, exhorting.

"I'm going to meet him again tomorrow," said Marie. "Tell auntie if you like. It won't stop me."

"This once more, then," Amelia agreed, drying her eyes. "O Marie, you're such a terribly *difficult* girl!"

Pride forbade Amelia to countenance this meeting; she started out with her sister, but as soon as they were out of sight of the house, she stopped.

"Go on alone," she said; "I don't want to see that man again."

Triumphant and radiant, Marie hastened along the road; her sister watched her with forlorn tears in her eyes. Marie running toward her destiny!

Her poet was waiting for her, standing, somber and patient, under a tree. But no sooner did he see her face than his somberness left him. She was so lovely, so flushed, sparkling, irresistible! Their hands met in a fervent clasp, and a long one.

"I'm going to show you a new place to-day," she told him—"a place 'Melie and I discovered years ago."

She went on before him, along a little path that led down hill through a glade of silver birches. Ferns lined the way, and fragile little flowers; it was a sweet solitude, dim, cool, and fragrant. At last Marie stopped. They had come to a steep decline, where the path ended in a great boulder.

"The rest is a scramble," she said, "but it's worth it. Look! Is n't it lovely?"

He climbed on to the boulder beside her, and with her looked down upon a little pool, like a steel mirror, darkly clear, image of austere tranquillity, a place of unaccountable fascination.

"I wish you'd never been here before," said Stanley; "I wish no one had ever seen this place before to-day." He had jumped down, and stood below her, at the foot of the boulder. "And after I've gone," he went on, "you'll come here and never think of me."

She did n't answer, but looked down at him, her eyes soft and luminous. Passion kindled in his. She gave a little sob, stretched out her arms, and slipped down into his embrace. They clung to each other with throbbing hearts.

"Darling Marie!" he whispered, "I love you so!"

"And I love you," she answered. Her arms tightened about his neck, and she buried her head in his coat, sobbing.

"Don't cry, my love!" he entreated. "Look up, won't you, my sweetheart? Don't cry; there's nothing to make you sad, surely."

"I'm not sad," she answered, but the tears would not stop, though she smiled at him. "It's only—I can't explain."

He kissed her again, straining her against him, looking down at her dark and ardent face. He was waiting no doubt for ardent words; but, drying her eyes, she spoke in a voice suddenly become matter-of-fact.

"It won't do to have my eyes red. 'Melie would be sure to notice. There'll be an awful row, anyway. She's going to tell auntie about my meeting you."

"But, Marie, does that mean we can't meet again?"

"Oh, no. They can't stop me. It

only means—oh, an awful lot of unpleasantness, rows, you know, and crying. I do hate that sort of thing so."

"But you'd come just the same?" he asked. "You'd defy them—just for me?"

Something in his tone grated on Marie.

"Not 'defy,' exactly," she said, with a quick frown, "and it is n't especially for you. It's simply that I won't be interfered with—ever."

He looked at her with a more respectful admiration. Here was a girl able to hold her own with the most exacting, the most spoiled poet that ever lived.

"Marie," he said seriously, "I don't want you to endure any sort of unpleasantness on my account. I'm not worth a minute's discomfort to you. I have n't any claim, any merit, except that I love you so, my dear sweetheart."

She melted at once, and smiled at him. But he remained grave.

"I love you so much that I—don't think I can go on this way. Why should we, anyway, Marie? If we love each other—only, are you *quite* sure, *absolutely* sure, Marie, that you *do* love me?"

Her eyes met his, candidly and nobly.

"No," she said, "not absolutely sure. But sure enough to—to risk everything for it."

"But I don't understand, my darling girl—"

Her dusky cheeks turned slowly scarlet, but she would not lower her eyes.

"I mean," she said, "that you're right about not going on this way. I think—it ought to be—either not meeting at all, or—or—going away together. No! Please don't kiss me! Don't touch me at all! It disturbs me. I want to make up my mind."

"Whether you love me?"

"No; I know that. Whether I'll go with you or not. I thought I made up my mind last night that it would have to be settled one way or the other. But I have n't been able yet—"

"But if you know that you love me, sweetheart, is n't that enough?"

"No," she replied sternly, "it's not. No, Stanley, I want—just another day. I'll meet you here on Sunday, and I'll tell you then. I'll *know*."

"Marie," he said, "I'd like to go on my knees to you. You're the finest, bravest—"

She cut him short with a vigorous, boyish sort of hand-clasp.

"Good-by," she cried. "See you on Sunday. Don't come with me; I'd rather go back alone." She scrambled up the hillside, as awkward and swift as a young colt.

She was surprised and disappointed with herself because she slept that night quite as usual. She had intended to stay awake and think. But she waked up very early in the morning with a weary and confused mind, as if she had been thinking all night long in her sleep. Amelia lay tranquilly beside her, rosy and innocent. It was impossible that, in similar circumstances, Amelia would hesitate for an instant, would even contemplate the course which she contemplated.

With a leaden heart she watched the awful majesty of the dawn. It was the sort of sky one sees in old paintings. She had a confused, childish idea that those lofty, crimson-tinged clouds and the brilliant, spear-like shafts of light from the sun were a particularly fitting background to the sudden appearance of an offended Jehovah. She had never before felt so wicked or seen so clearly the depth of the abyss before her. The problem presented itself to her in stark simplicity; she saw it like some antique tragedy, a deadly struggle between love and virtue. She never attempted to justify the former; she unhesitatingly called the thing a sin. The question was, whether to sin or not, whether she should give up everything for love. She was not much of a reader. Modern fiction was unknown to her; in all the old-fashioned novels she had read the heroines who made this sacrifice accepted shame and misery as a necessary consequence, acknowledged themselves sinners.

Then there were those women whose very names enthralled her—dark Francesca in hell, Héloïse, Nicolette, Guinevere. She meditated on queens flinging away their majesty, proud women gladly humbled. She envisaged herself giving up her college course, her inheritance from her aunt, and Amelia's companionship, her equivalents. As much as any of these illustrious women, she would be giving up everything, begging herself for love, losing her soul.

And while she tried to deliberate this tremendous question, there was life going on as usual. She got up at the usual time, dull and wretched; there was no opportunity to adjust herself, not a quiet moment alone; she must dress and go down-stairs. When she did n't eat, there were kindly questions and insistence; when she became rebellious and sullen, her aunt and her sister were ingeniously conciliating. They tried to relieve her, suggested a tonic, followed her about, urging her to rest. She felt like a person who had a secret knowledge that the end of the world was near and who looked on at the activities of mankind with irritable despair.

The long day wore itself away, and Sunday came. They all went to church as usual in the morning, Marie driving the old surrey, Amelia and the old lady on the back seat. She sat through the service like a statue, heard the solemn commandment read, repeated it herself, clearly and firmly—God Himself telling her she *should not* run off with a married man.

She drove them home, but did not get out of the carriage herself.

"My head aches," she said. "If you don't mind, Auntie, I'll stay out in the air."

"Don't be gone too long, pet," the old lady answered, "and keep Billy out of the sun as much as you can."

So she left them at the front door and drove off down the road, sitting up stiff and straight in her Sunday dress of white linen. The old horse trotted along, the carriage bumped and rattled. They watched her out of sight, and then went into the dim, cool house.

Dinner was ready at two o'clock, but Marie had not come home. They waited half an hour, an hour. The old lady grew very anxious, although on Amelia's account she tried to hide it.

"Eat a little dinner, my dear child," she said, "and then afterward perhaps you'd better walk over to Clifford's and borrow their horse and buggy. Don't worry, my dear; you know how often she is late."

Amelia had her hat on, ready to start off on the long walk to Clifford's farm, when the carriage flashed by the window in the direction of the barn, and a few



"'Well, I 've come back,' said Marie, putting down her dusty bag. 'He was n't married, after all'"

minutes later Marie walked into the dining-room.

"I went to meet Stanley," she said brusquely. "I 'm going away with him to-night. There 's no use talking to me. Amelia, you 'd better tell auntie what you know." And without another word she went up-stairs.

When they followed, she was moving about the room, packing her things in an old valise. She was as indifferent to them as if the room were empty. She would not even answer when they spoke. The old lady talked to her gently, with a gallant effort to hide her frantic alarm. She urged religion, affection, worldly policy, the love of the dead mother, every argument she knew; entreated her to wait even for one day, and at last, all her patient love and wisdom ignored, sat and watched in silence. Amelia lay face downward on the bed, sobbing hysterically: "O Marie! you *can't!* you *can't!*"

Marie went on, folding ribbons, opening and closing drawers, walking back and forth from closet to valise. Then putting on her hat and coat, she picked

up the bag and went out, pushing aside her sister, silently removing the trembling old hands that tried to detain her.

She hurried along the road with eager feet that stumbled a little in the thick dust, her heart pounding, her breath fluttering in a tumult of excitement. She reached the cross-roads and turned off into the little woodland path, and, panting, leaned against a tree. The last rays of the sun were lying bright on the ferns and mosses and slim, white trunks of the birches; the sky above was pale and fair, and a little evening breeze came running through the leaves with a long whisper. The birds were chirping drowsily all about her: a low, reedy whistle sounded overhead, there was a plaintive cry from a cat-bird, and far off a distant trill, very sweet and clear.

She loitered now, for she was in advance of the appointed time; she was tired, too, and beginning to grow hungry. The bag was heavy. She left it behind a tree, to be picked up on the way back, and went on more comfortably down the steep hill to the lake.

She was startled at the change the dusk had made. What she saw now was a black and sinister pool, shut in by trees, edged by rank grasses, teeming with stealthy life. There were strange sounds, splashes, gurgles, lapping; night-birds began to call; the sunny peace of the afternoons had fled, and it was suddenly night. She sat down on a stone at some distance from the water to wait.

One star came out; she could see it, solemnly bright, through the branches. The breeze blew cooler, rustled in the leaves with a louder, longer sigh. She had a terrible, bitter feeling of loneliness; she felt cut off forever from her old friendly world, felt truly a sinner and an outcast.

Far off she heard Stanley whistle, and presently he came hurrying down the path.

"Dear sweetheart," he cried, "were you frightened here all alone? I tried—"

"No," she answered, squirming out of his embrace, "but I 'm hungry. Do come on, Stanley! We 'll miss that train."

She could n't see his face, but his voice was profoundly disappointed.

"Marie, I did n't think you 'd—I thought you 'd be glad to see me!"

"I am," she cried remorsefully, for the curious pity she had always felt for him seized her now. She gave him a hasty kiss and patted his hair. "You poor old darling!" she said.

That encouraged him; he put his arm about her and held her closely.

"There 's really no hurry," he said. "Let 's sit down here, sweetheart; it 's quiet and cool, and we can talk over our plans."

She agreed reluctantly.

"All right; but I 'm tired to death of this place. I waited so long, you know."

"I only want to please you, darling. We 'll go anywhere, do anything you like. If you 'd rather—"

"I don't care, Stanley," she cried, "only—I suppose I 'm irritable. It 's been such a strain making up my mind!"

"Don't I know, dear girl? Do you think I don't realize all you 're giving up? I only wish I were the greatest poet who ever lived, to put my heart into words. I 'm so sorry, my Marie, that it

must be this way, all alone, no kindly wishes, no wedding—"

"Oh, how *can* you!" she cried, jumping up—"how can you be so *stupid* as to speak of that!"

"But, dearest girl, I did n't know you cared so much for that sort of thing—ceremonies and so forth. Really, I did n't."

"You—you talk about 'realizing,'" she went on, with a sob, "but you don't. You—you don't seem to know that it 's a—a tragedy!"

"A tragedy!" he repeated, "My dearest girl! A tragedy not to have a wedding! I did n't know. If you feel so strongly, had n't we better wait?"

"Wait for what? I told you I 'd made up my mind, and I have."

"Wait until we can have a real wedding, the sort you want."

"What *are* you talking about, Stanley? How can we have a wedding?"

"If you 've set your dear heart on one, you shall have it. I 'll make the money somehow—"

"What is the matter with you," she cried, "talking about *weddings*! Do you want to be a *bigamist*!"

He started violently.

"My God!" he cried, "I forgot!"

"*Forgot your wife!*"

"No! no! I—what will you think?—I mean—I forgot I 'd said that—about being married. You see, I 'm not—"

"Are you divorced, then?" she demanded in a curious tone.

"No, I never was married. I only said it—for your aunt—a—a sort of joke, do you see? Really, I 'm terribly ashamed of it, Marie."

"I see," said Marie. "A joke—so that you could borrow more money from her."

"Please don't be too harsh. I know it was—very wrong. But, Marie, I 've always been a careless, irresponsible sort of chap. I did n't see it in its true light. I was so desperately hard up! And, really, dear girl, I did n't know you believed it."

"Why did you think I lent you the money, then? For yourself? For—a joke?"

"Don't, darling! Please don't be so cruel! And please believe Marie, that, no matter what else I 've done, I 'd never have been blackguard enough to ask

you to run away with me if I had n't been able to marry you. I took it for granted that we were to be married directly we got to the city. I thought the only drawback was my poverty. Please, my dear girl, you know poets are n't to be judged quite as other men."

"Are n't they?" said Marie, grimly. "Come on! We 'll miss our train."

POOR Amelia at home had found it impossible to sleep in the room left desolate by her sister. Forlorn and weeping, she lay beside her aunt, her head resting on the frail old shoulder, her smooth hair brushing the wrinkled cheek.

The shutters were all closed, and a night-light burned in a basin, shedding a feeble glimmer over the great, high-ceilinged room. She stared about her restlessly. Everything was peaceful, orderly, antique: the huge, old bureau; the horsehair sofa; the mantelpiece draped with a fringed, blue-velvet lambrequin; the little bedside table, with its bottle of cough mixture, spoon, glass, and jug of water; the crayon portraits on the walls. To Amelia, used to the breezy darkness of her own room, there was an oppressive, sick-room atmosphere, a stifling sense of being shut off from the great, calm universe. She sat up with a sob.

"I think I 'll go back in my own room, Auntie," she said.

"Shall auntie go with you, pet?"

"No, thank you: I 'm afraid I 'd keep you awake. I 'm so restless!"

They kissed each other tenderly.

"Good night, pet!"

"Good night, Auntie dear!"

The clock struck twelve.

"So late!" said the old lady. "Try to sleep a little, child. You 're worn out."

She answered, "Yes, Auntie," dutifully, and started for her own room, when a sound from below made her stop in terror. Footsteps on the porch! The knob of the front door rattled, the prowling steps moved on to the French windows. Amelia came flying back.

"Auntie, what 's that!"

"We 'll soon see. Don't be frightened, dearie," the trembling old lady an-

swered. "Raise the front window, and I 'll call out. But stand well back. He might shoot."

Everything was quiet now. Amelia unbarred the shutters, and with a sudden burst of courage slammed them open.

"Who 's there?" she called.

"Marie," answered a matter-of-fact voice. "Come down and let me in."

With a queer little scream, Amelia ran headlong down the stairs to unbolt the door. Marie was standing outside, bag in hand.

"Where 's auntie?" she asked.

"In bed. O Marie!"

Marie pushed by her sister, and started up the stairs, closely followed by the fluttering, white-gowned Amelia.

The old lady was sitting up in bed in her dim, peaceful room, looking patiently toward the door.

"Well, I 've come back," said Marie, putting down her dusty bag. "He was n't married, after all."

They did n't understand; they looked at her with anxiety.

"It is—all right, then?" Amelia asked timidly. Marie looked at her scornfully.

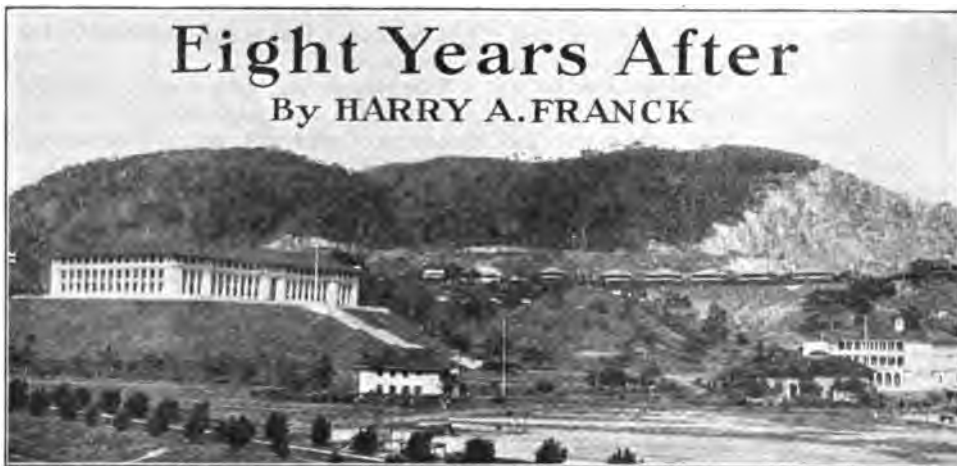
"I tell you, he was *not* married. He began to make plans for a wedding. He 'd forgotten he 'd pretended to have a wife. And at South Point I asked him to get off and send a telegram to you; there was a ten-minute stop there. And I jumped off while he was gone, and left a note for him, pinned on the seat." The matter-of-fact voice suddenly broke, and she began to cry passionately. "I just wrote: 'Keep the money for a wedding present. I despise you. You are a beast.'" She sobbed. "And I walked all the way back from South Point, miles and miles. I *never* was so tired!"

"Poor lamb! Poor Marie!" murmured the old lady. "Thank God we have you safe at home again! The pain will pass away in time, dear child—"

"Pain!" cried Marie. "There is n't any pain. I don't think I really liked him, anyway. I only wanted to do something—oh, noble and—and sacrificing. But just getting married! What is there in *that*?"

Eight Years After

By HARRY A. FRANCK



The present capital of the Canal Zone, Administration Building. Balboa school-house on right



ON the morning of June 18, 1912, I turned in my police-badge to the proper Canal Zone authorities and sailed away to South America.

It was entirely by accident that I found myself entering the same harbor of Colon again eight years later.

The changes that had taken place in the interim began to appear while we were still at sea. What had been an open roadstead when I last saw it was now a great placid lagoon inclosed behind a mammoth stone breakwater, through the narrow entrance to which we steamed slowly and dropped anchor. Pilot, doctor, and custom inspector, all as American as if their habitat were Sandy Hook, having performed their duties, several tugs took us in tow and jockeyed our great freighter in toward the wharves. The tugs seemed incongruous in the tropical sea we had been sailing all winter, on which steamers habitually trust not only to their own locomotion, but to the guidance of their own captains in port or out. But the wharves were still more amazing. In the place where there had been a few aged landing-places eight years before, great pier warehouses of reinforced concrete stretched out one after another into the edge of the immense harbor. These in turn sank into insignificance as we slipped up to the mighty coaling-station.

In the other ports of the Caribbean the coaling of a ship had meant hour after hour of singsonging negro men and women jogging in endless chain up and down a gang-plank, the very sun shrouded by the sooty pall that arose from their exertions. Here a score of electrically operated cars slipped noiselessly down upon us and poured several hundred tons of coal into our bunkers almost before we were aware that the operation had begun.

Cristobal, the American section of Colon, bore a certain resemblance to the town as I had last seen it; but they were resemblances like the few recognizable features of the boy who has grown to manhood during an absence of several years. Abutting the familiar streets of screened, clapboarded, green residences of Zone employees, there were new concrete buildings, and Cristobal had stretched far out around the curving beach on the farther side of the native town, covering with the ever-similar dwellings of "Zoners" ground that was a mere swamp and dumping-place in the days of the canal digging. Colon, however, separated by the width of a street from the American city that now completely walls it in, had changed but little. It was as clean as the powers of the American sanitary officers provided by the treaty could make it, and no cleaner; it had adopted those features of American business methods and architecture which

are indispensable to the attraction of American clients, without abating in the least the rather sour attitude toward the nation that made the ancient city the gateway between two oceans. Though they live side by side for many years, there seems to be no more likelihood of the American and his Latin neighbor finding a meeting-place than of two parallel lines intersecting.

Three daily passenger trains in each direction rumble away with American precision as in the days of construction; the first-class coaches, habitually, though not forcibly, confined to "gold employees" (which is a Zone aphorism for white Americans), still make up the Panama baggage- and mail-cars from the lower end of the train, and are separated by the grade coaches, where ebony complexions are the rule. The latter have changed from cane cross-seats to a long wooden bench along each wall; the sprightly bright yellow of the outer car walls has degenerated to the sooty drab common to our own railway trains; the coaches are seldom more than comfortably filled; otherwise there is little to remind the returning "Zoner" that ships now compete with the railroad, which once monopolized all traffic between the two oceans.

Out along a main shopping street of Colon, with its numerous displays of Panama hats that are made anywhere but in the country which gives them their name, past Monkey Hill, where many "Zoners" of the olden days have mingled with the reddish soil, to Gatun, with its permanent stone station just as we left it eight years ago, the "P. R. R." shows little sign of change except the evidence that it is soon to be electrified. From Gatun onward, however, the route has changed. That we once followed lies fathoms deep beneath the waters of Gatun Lake, around the incredibly far-reaching edge of which the trains now pass by what was known in our days as the "relocation." A few familiar names, Frijoles and Monte Lirio, for instance, give the rare stations a false similarity to those we knew; for they are the same in name only, their very sites being miles different. Not until the Chagres, with its fluvigraph and trestled bridge, emerges from the jungle does the old-timer recognize his sur-

roundings—and he loses them again almost instantly; for instead of crossing the canal at the entrance to the cut and discharging a host of travelers in the proud Zone metropolis and capital of Empire and Culebra, the train plunges on along the left bank. Paraiso, which to the "Zoner" has remained "P'reeso" through nearly two decades of American occupancy, has come into its own, prosperous and portly with its attachment to the main line; what the brakeman still boldly announces as "Peter M'Gill" is a now haughty and dignified town of considerable reinforced concrete construction and an increased importance which would seem to entitle it to its legitimate appellation of Pedro Miguel. But Miraflores! It, too, is still there, yet to those of us who knew the canal only in the building it is gone. The post-office where an old friend once penned the tropical tales that hindered messenger boys in the cold and dismal North from keeping their appointments, the police station once presided over by the traveling companion of an Andean journey, all Miraflores familiar to us of the digging generation, lie now forty feet beneath the man-built lake of the same name.

The tunnel through a mole-hill still forms the exit from the reconstructed town of the flowery name, however, and the jungle beyond, with its white lighthouse among the palms, has changed but little. But the familiar by no means keeps pace with the strange and new. Where the eye expects to fall upon the Corozal hotel, in which an appetite sharpened by sleuthing through the bush was often assuaged, there is nothing but the suggestion of a foundation; and where once stretched cosmopolitan laborers' quarters or open fields, are the long rows of stables and corrals of an outfit of cavalry. Still farther on, where the Pacific begins to break upon the horizon, the railway that once dashed straight across the flatlands to Panama City swings now in a wide circle that brings it into the bustling port and the new Zone capital; but here the changes are so great that they require more leisure than a train journey permits, if they are to be so much as noted.

Not even the canal-diggers of eight years ago would know the Pacific end of

the waterway should they come upon it unprepared. On the canal side of Ancon Hill, where a single shack stood in 1912, a populous city has grown up—a city with concrete houses and large office buildings, roofed with red tiles, a mammoth administration building that is instantly recognizable as a first cousin of those in Washington, with broad boulevards and excellently proportioned open spaces leading up to it. Ancon, once little more than a hamlet, and almost the entire collection of American residences at this end of the canal, has grown around the flanks of its hill until it has joined this new capital of Balboa Heights; down at the edge of the waterway, on ground that was once no ground at all, but merely the dumping-place for the hundreds of daily train-loads of dirt and rock that the giant steam shovels tore out of Culebra cut, is as teeming a port as that of Cristobal, with similar immense pier warehouses of reinforced concrete, another mammoth coaling-station, docks and shops in which anything may be done to ships which the mishaps of the sea require. Nor is that by any means all the change that may be seen from the crest of Ancon Hill. Just over the edge of it, somewhat above the level of the mere civilians who dwell below, is the haughty town of Quarry Heights, sacred to army officers and their still more socially immaculate families, on land that in our days was a mere place for gathering rock. Farther out many flat acres at the edge of the sea, most of which did not exist at all eight years ago, hold a military city with all that pertains thereto. In the digging days the several little islands off this Pacific entrance to the canal-to-be could be reached only by miniature ocean voyages, and were patrolled by a single Zone policeman known to his fellows as the "Admiral of the Pacific Fleet." To-day a great stone causeway bears a stream of trucks, automobiles, and motorcycles out to them, and elevators run up and down through the solid rock to carry the hundreds of uniformed defenders to their places in the hidden batteries that protect our rights to the "Big Ditch."

Panama City, like Colon, is readily recognizable as the place we left it in the year the cut was finished. But it shows

a few more signs of advancement, as befits the capital of a sovereign republic. The first rails of what optimists believed would some day be a street-car line were being laid through its main street when last I saw Panama, and pessimistic "Zoners" laughed sardonically at the idea of "the old Spig town" ever reaching that eminence of modernity. To-day electric tramways not only ply through all Panama City, but reach to Balboa, and, crossing the hunch-backed bridge across the "P. R. R.," scream on across the plain to the beach in the opposite direction, where "Zoners" still occasionally come of a Sunday; while other branches penetrate still farther into the country and make suburban towns of what were once mere isolated villages, roofed with thatch.

If the visitor to the Canal Zone of today has an even choice, he will probably do best to make his journey through the canal from the Atlantic Pacificward. It will probably mean early rising, for the pilots usually like to have the ship in their charge under way by six, and to see this accomplished one must join them in the new three-story custom-house by the first peep of dawn. As he strides away across the wharves to the launch that is to set him on board, the uniformed official ship's guide picks up and trails in his wake, like a magnet dragged through a heap of iron filings, a dozen or a score of negro helpers, West Indians with exceedingly rare exceptions. By the time these have followed him over the rail of the vessel waiting to be "put through," the latter is moving toward the interior apex of the placid lagoon harbor. The pilot stalks back and forth on the bridge with a conscious knowledge of outranking all on board, including the captain himself; his helpers sprawl about the main deck in the attitude of men who believe in making the most of leisure moments, even though their life is chiefly made up of them. Off to the left, beyond the coaling-station, opens up the beginning of what was to have been the French canal, wreckage of machinery brought by De Lesseps still rusting here and there along the jungle-clad bank. For a few short miles the real canal remains flat and featureless; an uninformed traveler would probably take it for a natural

river entrance. Then all at once there stand forth on the horizon close ahead Gatun's three mammoth locks, rising one above the other like the steps of some superhuman stairway reaching to a gigantic throne unseen in the tropical morning mists.

An enormous arrow, red-lighted with electricity by night, indicates which of the two chambers the ship is to enter, by majestically descending from its upright position in one or the other direction. Massive stone walls, rising even higher than our main deck, soon shut us in. On their summits, on each side, men are efficiently, yet unhurriedly, going through their customary day's work. Other groups of negroes catch the lines thrown to them by those on the ship's deck, attach them with leisurely quickness to great steel hawsers, which are swiftly hauled on board and looped over bollards, fore, aft, and midships. These hawsers protrude from turrets on curious, double-headed electric engines, three of which attach themselves to the ship on each side and guide it with what seems the delicate touch of long experienced nurses through the operation that follows. "Gold employees" conduct the engines; a white American or two may be seen giving orders along the tops of the locks: with those exceptions the visible manipulators are the same happy-go-lucky blacks from the West Indies who once completely strewed the landscape of all the Zone.

Perhaps the most surprising feature of the whole operation, especially to those of us who recall Gatun locks as mighty chasms filled with uproar and seeming chaos, with whole trains of cars and hiding-places for a dozen criminals, is the perfect clockwork with which it is carried out. By the time the hawsers have

been attached, the mammoth steel gates which, in the building, appeared capable of making the earth tremble at every slightest movement, have swung in together as noiselessly as velvet curtains, and water from a dozen unseen sources is silently welling up beneath us, raising the mighty ship imperceptibly yet swiftly, with the ease of the lifting of a pillow, until the deck that had been on a level with the lower lock-top looks down upon it as from the roof of a two-story building. From the bridge one may recognize the exact moment when the two levels of water coincide on opposite sides of the gate ahead, and at that same instant, as automatically as if its movements were ruled entirely by nature's forces, this swings silently open. A sound that is more nearly a gigantic purring than the usual discordant uproar of machinery arises from the six engines as they begin to move leisurely forward. One by one they reach the steep inclines between the different lock levels, only to march up



The Pacific fleet. The Texas in West chamber, Pedro Miguel Locks

them as easily as a fly climbs a house wall, keeping their hawsers taut by a turn of the turrets during the operation.

Three times this is repeated before the temporary deck-hands cast off the steel lines, and the ship glides motionlessly away across Gatun Lake. To those of us who knew it as a mere pond, Gatun

Lake of to-day is incredibly mammoth. The mere statistical fact that it has risen, by the command of man, eighty-seven feet above the level which nature set for it, that it covers one hundred and sixty-four square miles of territory, reaching far outside the ten-mile strip of land granted us in perpetuity by the treaty, means less than the vast expanse of blue-gray, studded with dead tree-trunks

hundred steam-shovels snorted and strained, where a dozen railroad tracks carried as many long rock-bearing trains away to the present site of Balboa at brief intervals through eight hours a day, six days a week, for more than five years? No wonder the modern visitor to the canal strives in vain to picture the swarming cosmopolitan hordes which once filled the cut, feverishly toiling to rend a mountain chain in twain, or confesses his inability to account for the vast amount of time and money that was expended on so simple an undertaking.

Grass has grown down the sides of the canal walls to where they disappear beneath the water, or the bare rocks has become rusty and aged of appearance, as if they were mere natural cliffs. Here and there the hills towering sheer above excite a mild interest from the travelers



The Prado, Balboa, looking toward Administration Building from Sosa Hill

much farther than the eye can see in any direction, does to the senses.

For a space inland the lake is free from protruding trees, though these speckle the horizon on every hand; then it narrows and turns gradually to a merely wide waterway at the point where the Chagres pours its varying flood into it. A few more turns of the propellers, and the ship slides quietly into the beginning of the great cut.

If the rest of the Canal Zone of to-day is strangely leisurely, peaceful, and orderly to those of us who helped to make the dirt fly and went our way when the task showed signs of nearing completion, I know no language capable of expressing our astonishment at the change that has been wrought in the cut. Can it be possible that this placid ditch, flooded with blue water from the lake for a little distance, then with a muddy brown, is the same as that mighty chasm in which a

ers who know naught of the glorious days when Culebra was synonymous with mankind's greatest single undertaking, but it is such an interest as one might have for the pretty banks of some inland river.

Ships frequently tie up at the foot of the cliffs of Empire, for the slides are still troublesome just beyond, and two ocean liners cannot pass the narrower places at the same time. Out of the chasm ahead looms perhaps a Peruvian steamer, then an Australian, followed by one bearing the flag of Chile. Then from a signal station high on a jungled hill a cryptic sign is flashed, the shore lines are cast off by negroes who lounge out their lives in a little shanty at the foot of the cliff for this very purpose, and our ship glides on. Now the pilot is restless with attention; his eyes roam ceaselessly from one side of the bow to the other. His low-voiced yet distinct

commands, repeated by the wheelman to whom he addresses them, fall in constant swift succession.

It is the same spot where many steam-shovels were buried during the digging days, the spot which experienced "Zoners" of long ago grew accustomed to eye suspiciously as often as they passed along the bottom of the cut. Towering Gold Hill has fallen into the canal so continuously that it now slopes away at barely forty-five degrees, yet its loose soil continues to menace the world's commerce. A mammoth hose plays a constant stream of water upon it, washing the earth down into the canal, from which it is dredged and carried away. But even here the cut presents a peaceful scene compared with the uproar of digging days. Instead of a score of steam-shovels swaying on their rails as they bit great chunks out of the rocky hillsides

and tumbled them on to trains of flat cars, there are merely two amphibian dredgers, toiling day and night, to be sure, as long as there is important work to do, but at that leisurely, comfortable pace to which the Zone has settled down.

Beyond the slides, past which ships crawl cautiously with often not six inches to spare under their keels, the hills grow lower, and are here and there speckled with reddish cattle. For the opinion of "the Colonel," as the commander-in-chief of our digging days was invariably known, that the Zone could best form a protection for the canal by giving the jungle free play again, has been modified to the extent of pasturing on it stock enough from the acclimated herds of Colombia to supply not only all the Zone with meat, but eventually to provision all passing ships.

Down the single step at "Peter M'Gill," across Miraflores Lake, and

down two steps more to the level of the Pacific, the ship passes as calmly as it climbed at Gatun. High above the locks at all three stations stand great operating-towers that are veritable stone mansions. In them are miniature locks exact in the slightest detail, and the pressing of a button not merely opens one of the massive water-gates or draws into place a mammoth protective chain



The playground at Balboa

in the real locks below, but duplicates the action in the toy model before the operator's eye. It is easier for the layman to understand the automatic perfection with which even the largest ships are carried from ocean to ocean when he has seen how completely science has girdled round every step of the operation with protection against human fallibility.

If it has changed immensely in its material aspects in the eight years since the water was turned into the cut, the Canal Zone remains the same model community, a species of socialism under a benevolent despot, which it was under "the Colonel." Its employees, from the governor down to the last negro watchman who chooses to live on the Zone rather than over the line in more easy-going Panama or Colon, are looked after in every detail with a parental care. Here are no mad quests for a house to live in, no exactions of landlords, plumbers,

furniture-dealers; the employee reports for duty, mentions his family status, and receives a slip of paper with which he enters at once into full possession of the quarters to which his rank entitles him—quarters furnished down to the last salt-spoon and pillow-case. If a fuse burns out, he has only to notify the proper authority; there is no imploring of aid, no struggles with insolent, indifferent workmen, no bill to be paid at the end. His food, his clothing, every necessity of life he may have from the government commissary without fear of profiteers or commercial trickery, and he may pay for them with futures on his labor, tickets from a coupon-book which take the place of money. Every eventuality in the "Zoner's" life has been foreseen by his guardian, Uncle Sam; every accommodation which human foresight can devise protects him against trouble and annoyance. Buses, with responsible persons in charge, are even provided to gather up the children for school and bring them home again; so long as he remains in the inhabited portion of the Zone the "Zoner" can scarcely want for a drink of water without finding it ready for him within easy reach. Small wonder a few years of this life robs many a man and woman of the initiative and foresight necessary to front the cold, unofficial world.

The faults of the Zone are those you would expect under such conditions. With everything provided in abundance and payment seldom required, little care is taken of what belongs to no one in particular. Waste, natural to the average American and well-nigh universal among government employees, comes to be an unconscious failing among the most circumspect of "Zoners." For every electric light that is in actual use ten blaze on, often through the whole night; Zone towns light up the heavens above them even on evenings when almost the entire populace is known to be absent from them; lighthouses tucked away in the jungle wink solemnly all through the blazing tropical day; the free ice that uselessly melts away on the Zone is beyond computation. Those who should know assert that there are four persons employed wherever one is needed, that sinecures are sometimes

given to the favorites of politicians, or that higher officials have not the heart to drop unnecessary subordinates so long as it is no money out of their own pockets. But these things are seldom seen on the surface; they are probably minor faults which on the whole scarcely sum up to any great importance. After all, who minds the mere wasting of public funds in these days?

On the whole there is evidence that the Canal Zone is conducted in a manner as near perfection as can reasonably be expected of faulty humanity. Not the least of the good signs to us old-timers is to find the men whom we recognized as most capable back in the busy days now in positions of importance, irrespective of their political complexion or their possession of influential friends. When the right man can climb from the postmastership of an obscure Zone town to "civil governor" in a few years and by his own unaided efforts, or privates of the Zone police become chief custom officials merely because they are fitted for the task, there is not much reason to grumble at the slight flaws that may be picked in what is on the whole a smooth and well-oiled system.

The Canal Zone of to-day is to that of the noisy years of construction what a staid family man approaching middle age is to a venturesome young bachelor. It has settled down. Each day's task now is definitely laid out into the weeks ahead; there is no necessity for straining oneself to accomplish it, no adventure to be expected in attacking it. Life has calmed down to the routine beloved of the average man, and with increasing age many of the same men who were in their element in the adventurous days when the dirt flew fit equally well into the new order of things. Those who do not, those who will not see in graying hairs a sign for abating the adventurous ardor of youth, have flown to new scenes of energetic, pioneer endeavor; they have gone to build railroad in Alaska, to bring South American wildernesses into touch with civilization, to die in France. The old-timers who have remained have with rare exceptions fallen in with the new spirit of the Zone; they, too, have become staid married men, with only daily tasks awaiting them.

The Rabbit-Cat

By ANNE BOSWORTH GREENE



HE long-promised yellow kitten was held up to me in the shaking hands of the old grandmother as I sat on my horse before the farm-house door.

"He ain't got no tail," she quavered apologetically. "Rabbit-cat, *we* call him. Awful' cunnin'. Won't scratch ye, will he?"

Tucking the fluffy mite inside the breast of my coat, I started cautiously down the hill, mindful of the antics of another small pussy once carried like this who had spit and clawed all the way home. The fuzzy head under my chin turned slightly now and then, gazing about with baby wonder; otherwise the rabbit-kitten never moved. He hung on tightly when my horse trotted or cantered, staring with a somewhat heightened intensity in his round, blue eyes; but the warm little body did not stir.

"You 're an angel, Bobby," I murmured, dismounting at our own farm-house. "Come in and meet your Uncle Tipey."

Tipey, otherwise Stripes, a great gray cat, was sitting placidly in the kitchen. He had been born on the farm, and though accustomed to his solitary state, was still a courteous creature and tolerant of other animals. If he met even a hen on the path to the barn, he would raise his tail in greeting, and turn out to let the lady pass! So I set the little new-comer confidently down upon the floor. At once an awful change shot through Tipey's sea-green eyes; he crouched, glaring hate at the yellow baby, then with a lashing tail stalked to the door and disappeared.

The next morning, however, as I stepped into the kitchen, there again, to my amazement, sat the big cat, blandly washing a milky mouth with a strong, white forearm, while behind him the

little rabbit-kitten hopped innocently about, actually patting the long and hitherto sacred tail. I went softly out, rejoiced at this transformation, and feeling sure that it must be due in part to small Bobby's unlikeness to his race. Had he been mere undiluted kitten, his Uncle Tipey, a tenacious beast, and evidently jealous of cat solitude on the farm, might not have endured the little fellow near him for months.

And Bobby continued to be engagingly different from his kind. His build was queer, being stubby and compact, with peggy fore legs and long, ungainly hind heels that lifted him higher in the rear than in front. His back line was straight, with no cat curves or slinkings, and at its end stood up a puffball of a stub, a fluffy, round thing like a cotton-tail's, carried high and triumphantly above his back. It was an ill moment indeed that made our Bobby's tail droop. As he trotted stubbedly along on those peggy legs, he had the look of a plucky terrier; in fact, we could never decide whether he was more like a dog or a rabbit, for he developed noticeably dog-gish ways, answering his name-instantly, and coming at a cordial trot if one snapped one's fingers at him.

"Boo-boo!" some one would call (his name had soon dwindled to this absurdity), and he would promptly look up, though there was little to be read in his pale, now lemon-colored eyes, monotonous and unemotional as a rabbit's. If he was absorbed in some mischief and did not immediately obey, "Boo-Boo!" was roared at him irately, and he came at once. When one shouted louder than usual, he often remarked, "Pr-oo?" inquiringly, and with every sign of pleasure as he trotted across the floor, although any ordinary feline would have fled in fright if thus addressed.

On summer mornings, as I opened the porch door to the fresh air and the

mountain view, a tight, orange-colored ball would uncurl from the mat into a profound stretch.

"Morning, Boo!"

"Pr-oo?" he would respond, putting his paws as far up on one's skirt as he could, and hinting for a shoulder. The little fellow had a passion for being carried. Much as he liked to go to the barn, he would wait patiently for a ride, and whoever went out, no matter how laden with milk-pails or calf-feed, was usually decorated with a yellow bunch on one shoulder. Boo-boo enjoyed the barn, we concluded, for no particular occupation that he found there; he did not care especially for hunting or for mice *per se*, though I occasionally saw him on the path playing tolerantly with a pitiful little baby mouse not an inch long, being too indolent and easy-going, evidently, to attempt the capture of adults. Uncle Tipey, on the other hand, did barn duty devotedly, spending much of his time crouched on a high beam, staring intently into the hay. I have even seen him fish casually down a crevice with a masterful forearm and bring up a victim on one claw, such was his scornful prowess.

But Boo-boo had none of these cruder ambitions. In his consistently doggish way, he liked society and variety. He liked interfering in human pursuits: posing with bland assurance on the round of a ladder just as some one was backing embarrassedly down with a huge forkful of hay; winding fervidly around one's ankles while one was suspended delicately over the edge of a deep grain-bin; and once, as I sat laboriously milking my pet cow, approaching from the rear and beginning to sharpen his claws on my back.

"Boo-boo!" I exploded as loudly as I dared without frightening the cow, which happened to be in an ideally peaceful frame of mind and was "letting down milk" wonderfully. Boo stopped his sharpening and stood there on his hind legs, his claws still sunk in my coat, peering round at me and purring sweetly, his little round face so pleasant, so unmoved! What was one to do with such an unimpressible little pest of a cat?

Doubtless our cows and horses echoed this sentiment, for Boo-boo feared none of the animals, even the most horny and

bristly of them. Strolling along the cattle stanchions, he would pick out a promising back, step on the beast's head, then walk along the ridge of her neck, down her spine, and settle deliberately in some hairy hollow, folding his paws under his breast and blinking impish satisfaction from slits of yellow eyes. Not, I think, that he especially cared to sleep on cows' backs; it was merely something amusing and new.

Early one morning I entered the horse-stable and was petrified to see a yellow ball on the round, blanketed hips of our hackney stallion, Goldcoin, an emphatic animal, which, I am sure, had never been slept on before. The horse looked around at me inquiringly, whereat Boo-boo awoke, rose, and stretched fearfully fore and aft, giving a couple of heartfelt clutches through the blanket as he finished. Poor Goldcoin, suddenly hollowing his back under these pricks, clattered his feet in alarm; but his tormentor sat there looking unusually blissful, and blinking benignly down at me from that impressive height.

Our Shetlands, too (for this was a pony-farm, and in winter thirty or forty of them were herded in yards behind the barn), knew all about the rabbit-kitten's absence of nerves. Their coats at this season grew into thick mats, and a warm, woolly pony-back made the best of grand stands on a cold morning. As we distributed hay in long windrows before the ranks of expectant little noses, Boo-boo would wander abstractedly about the snowy yard, gazing up to find an adequate cushion for chilly toes, and un-faillingly picking out old Julia, a fat, benevolent mother pony whose back was not only well padded, but nicely hollowed with years. Leaping up with an announcing "Pr-oo!" he would fit himself into depressions in Julia's anatomy, while she, too kind to defend herself aggressively, wriggled her skin in increasing distaste, finally trotting briskly around the yard to rid herself of this undeserved burden on her spine.

But it was rarely dislodged. Boo merely hung on, with a delightfully disturbed expression on his usually unperturbed little face, burrowing more and more into Julia's coat, till she gave up and stood disgustedly still, head raised

and eyes half shut, evidently praying for patience. Sometimes one or two of the young ponies, an investigating brood, would approach, poking at this queer yellow growth on their Aunt Julia's back; whereat the fungus would shoot out an amused paw and pat the black muzzles, then settle down again, unresentful. If they actually nudged him off, he blinked upward dazedly a moment, then jumped on another traveling bed that promised well. But he always began with old Julia, and we never ceased to wonder how, from his kitten level, and in that forest of furry legs, he could unfailingly pick her out.

He developed more and more into an endearingly talkative little person, with round, humorous eyes, and a habit of being extremely vocal when impish and bad. His almost absurd honesty in this respect, indeed, was another of his dog-gish qualities. When he was about a year old, his pet villainy was that of jumping upon the dining-room-table; but he always gave us deliberate notice, a loud "pr-oo!" as if to say, "See me!" and then made his leap. On one occasion (there was creamed chicken that day) Boo had been observed sniffing busily as he trotted about the room, a restless little being always, and as I came in, he crouched, throwing me an unutterable look, and with a cheerful, indeed a proclamatory, "Pr-oo!" vaulted gaily upon the table, an obvious case of sinning *pour la galerie*.

It was the same with the bird's nest in the grape-vine. A little brown bird had foolishly placed her nest by the old wall at one end of the terrace, which was our outdoor living-room and where most of our summer meals were taken. Boo-boo was, of course, an attendant upon those meals, sitting dreamily on the wall and listening to the humming-birds in the foxgloves beside it, or sprawling, on a hot day, lazily on the grass. One noon he caught sight of the mother bird slipping into the wild grape-vine that smothered one end of the wall, and followed craftily. My daughter sprang after him.

"No, Boo! You sha'n't!" For there were three eggs in that nest. We peered anxiously into the tangle. Boo-boo stood on a bit of grape-vine, looking

gravely down with the expression of an observant naturalist. Six inches below his whiskers the bird crouched motionless on her eggs, her little heart doubtless beating in terror. "Boo!" I gasped imperatively. He looked around mildly, then backed himself out of the hampering vine and followed us obediently to the table, sitting down on his stub and staring intently up at me. Was it reproach for my suspicion of his immaculate intentions in those unemotional eyes? Was it mere expectation of bread with butter on it, his favorite treat? I do not know, but for weeks afterward, at meal-time, this brief drama was repeated. Boo-boo, with a conscious glance at me, would walk straight to the grape-vine, have a stare at the sitting bird, and back out again on request! Apparently he never thought about it at any other time, or wanted to be there unless we were; as ever, he required an audience to stimulate him into sin.

He made a great point, as he grew older, of his friendship with the collie, a beautiful dog, the guardian of every creature on the farm. The two yellow things, large and small, often came trotting down the hill to meet us on our return from a ride, invariably halting on a certain thanky-marm, where Boo would twist himself extravagantly about his friend's legs, while Goliath, giving the devoted one a hasty and parenthetical sniff, as if to say: "Yes, yes, you're very nice, but I'm watching for my mistresses," would fix his eyes determinedly on the turn in the road. When the horses appeared, Boo-boo prostrated himself in the dust before them, rolling over and over in rapture and ruining the looks of his orange coat, the horses, meanwhile, stepping over him with touchingly worried expressions, or even turning out into the grass to avoid him; for he never dreamed of getting out of their way. All his petted young life, indoors and out, large-sized beings had taken time to lift themselves patiently over him; so while the collie leaped to kiss the horses' noses, an endearment they dodged with distaste, Sir Pussy groveled luxuriously before us, jumping up after we had passed, to rush madly ahead and grovel again.

In winter, when evenings are fire-

lighted and long, the rabbit-kitten became a treasured comedian. "Pr-oo!" he would suddenly remark out of a complete silence and apropos of nothing whatever, making a rush at a mythical mouse on the wall-paper, and reaching up to claw it viciously. "Pr-ow!" (a quite different signal), and he had dashed into the next room to assault an equally imaginary victim residing in the upper panel of a door. One of these points of attack, on a special door, was known, in fact, as "Boo-boo's spot." A bit of white paint had flaked off, just beguilingly above kitten reach, and in its direction the wild "pr-oo's" and "pr-ows" were oftenest aimed. Walking deliberately in and glancing about with inscrutable, lemon-colored eyes, he would pause fatefully, twitching his stub of a tail; the pale eyes would turn suddenly black, like two fiery coals. Then, with an unprecedentedly furious "Prrrrr-oo!" he would give one of his strange, uncat-like leaps, flying tail-first into the air, and assaulting the spot with a thudding kick from one of the rabbit heels.

Tipey, by this time his benignant friend, would sit contemplating these gambols with pensive, sea-green eyes, touched of late with admiration and approval. Sometimes he kindled, too, with elderly ardor, his eyes darkened imitatively, and he and Boo would fly up together, a frantic cat fountain of gray and yellow, then roll over in a frenzy of kicks and bites which not infrequently ended in a disillusioned squall of temper on Tipey's part, and an attempt at dignified withdrawal from the fray.

At all possible seasons our doughty stub-tail escorted us on tramps about the farm, in summer even going with us into the wilds of an enormous pasture to help bring back the cows. He trotted gallantly along, apparently as much at home as we were, achieving phenomenal leaps over raspberry-bushes and thistles, or threading his way indomitably through hemlock-thickets and brush, in which the cattle loved to hide. If we were on horseback, he followed the more gleefully, making it a point of honor to keep up with his chum, the collie, or at least to keep him in sight, no slight undertaking

on these hunts, for Goliath, when his mind was on his job and not distracted with woodchuck holes, was a whirlwind on his feet.

Even in light snows Boo-boo still accompanied us on strolls to our woods or on sunset climbs to the high knoll. But the winter when he was two years old was a severe one, with deep snow that covered the landscape for months, sadly curtailing the little fellow's expeditions. One bright, blue-and-white morning, however, as my daughter and Goliath and I, bound for a winter picnic, crossed the slope of a neighboring pasture, topping the drifts and trudging serenely over buried fences, a faint cry sounded behind us. Goliath stopped, pricked his ears, and stared; and there, far away, was a yellow dot bobbing pathetically along in our snow-shoe tracks, now and then stopping to let out a despairing call:

"Wait for me!"

"It 's Boo!" I exclaimed. "The scamp! What shall we do with him?"

Boo-boo, presently catching up with us, answered my question by remarking with extreme brevity and directness, "Pr-oo!" and by clutching his way up to my shoulder, where he wheezed and carded wool with immense energy. We began to laugh.

"Settled, are n't you, Boo?" I said. "All right; stick on," and we tramped along through an orchard, over hidden walls, and into an untrodden, white wood-road, my furry shoulder-knot riding peacefully until we went slowly up a steep pitch in the woods, when he grew restless, and I put him down.

"Come along, dog-cat," I said, missing the soft warmth on my neck; "you won't get lost here."

And he trotted complacently in our broad, goose-like tracks, his stub high with enterprise, Goliath, much amused, casting humorous glances downward at the small companion that paced so dauntlessly beside him. It was an exquisite winter morning, with a sky full of color, and a deep-blue frill of mountains showing through the thin lavender of the forest branches. We climbed with difficulty a stone wall uncovered with snow, little Boo skipping over gaily on his rubber pads, and came at last to a valley

and a sunken brook. There we built a gay red fire on green spruce branches laid on the snow, Boo-boo, very much in the midst of everything as usual, nearly backing his precious stub into the blaze, and insisting on occupying my lap during all the cooking operations. Doubtless it was great joy for a deserving little person to be for once lifted on a level with delicious matters usually carried on, at home, at least a yard above his head; so I let him stay, whereat he purred like a furnace. Having, unfortunately, only one lap, I was obliged later to use him as a plate-holder; he sniffed inquiringly up at the attractive burden of chops and fried potatoes resting almost on his ear, but made no objection, waiting calmly beneath it till our meal was done.

And he trotted homeward again after us at sunset-time, over the snowy hills, wriggling perversely down when we attempted to carry him. In the dusk of the deep woods, however, as we were passing a pile of hollow logs, he stopped, looking uncertainly about and jerking his stub. Then, ducking his head, he suddenly crawled into one of the logs! It was a long log, its farther end pushed against a stump, so that the interior was dark; and in that gloom, far out of reach, glowed two fiery balls. Babs and I looked at each other in dismay.

"Boo!" I said imploringly. "Boo-boo, come!"

The two balls glowed steadily, unmoving. Again and again we called without result; then sat upon the stump conferring anxiously, while the dusk deepened, and Goliath stood guard over the end of the log. At last my daughter, smiling, approached it again.

"BOO-boo!" she shouted harshly.

"Pr-ow?" said a sad little voice far within, and out he walked obediently, though looking forlornly up at us, and still twitching that temperamental stub. I bent, and picked him up, thankfully; and the rest of the way, whether he would or not, he rode.

Dark places, we found, had a charm for him. A cupboard-door slightly ajar was irresistible, and into its gloom he would disappear, startling the next person who opened it. He would be found sitting idly in the dusky space behind a solid piece of furniture, or squeezed

futilely between the wall and a picture set against it, bleak lurking-places an ordinary cat would not have tolerated. When thus discovered, he eyed us vacantly or murmured a faint "pr-oo" of protest. *Why* must he be disturbed in this nice new hole he had just found?

We often wondered about the possible scientific aspect of this tendency. Did it come, perhaps, from the rabbit ancestry at which the grandmother had hinted? Might it be a survival of a racial fondness for burrows?

Whatever his heritage, however, the rabbit-kitten had a sense of humor all his own, totally unrabbity or even uncat-like. Dogs are very often amusing, magnanimous dears, who only moderately mind being laughed at; but pussies, as a rule, are far too dignified and self-conscious for humor. Our Boo-boo, on the contrary, was a deliberate buffoon. Merely to see him enter a room, in certain of his moods, put the family into helpless laughter. Though no longer a kitten, he kept his round face and his chubbiness, and was as impassionedly playful as ever. As of old, victims lurked behind doors or hid in dusky corners; but, triumphant over all, still reigned the spot, the vision supreme.

"We must n't ever have it painted over, Mummy," announced Babs, solemnly, one day after a prolonged exhibition of antics on Boo's part before this treasure. "If they paint the door, they 've got to paint around his spot."

On our return one spring from a visit to town, we brought each of the pussies, distrusting their hunting abilities now that the nesting season had come, the present of a collar with silver bells. Buckling them on, we stood back to watch the effect. The two cats sat down suddenly, side by side on the grass, vainly trying to see under their own chins. Not succeeding, they each lifted a concerned hind leg and scratched perplexedly at the collars, which of course whirled resultlessly around. The older cat labored long at the constricting band, revolving it in a kind of furious patience while the bells rang and rang; but Boo-boo, after a careless scuff or two, gave his head a little toss, rose, bestowed a humorous pat on a dandelion blossom beside him, and went his light-hearted way.

When he had reached his fourth year, however, and my daughter her fourteenth, a move to town for the winter months became necessary for educational reasons not included even in Boo-boo's philosophy. So one sad day he and Tipey found themselves to the neck in bags of cerise pongee, a frightful combination with Boo's orange fur, crammed down in their mistresses' laps in the midst of a joggling and a roaring never experienced before in all their happy farm lives. After a time poor Tipey wriggled into a dark corner and hid his head; his younger comrade, having absolutely no cat policy or guile in his whole little composition, looked up at me with appeal, and struggled to draw one paw from the tight bag.

"Do let him out!" said Babs, impulsively; so we released a tousled, but collected, little being, who reached a decisive paw for the window-sill and climbed promptly upon it. He looked out for a moment, unrecognizingly, at the landscape and the whizzing telegraph poles, peered about him at the heads of the passengers, then, folding his paws comfortably under his breast, as he always did at home, subsided upon that joggling, rattling window-sill, and purred.

Babs and I stared at each other, astounded.

The popcorn boy came intoningly through the car. Boo arose, yawned, and stretched, making a pictorial hump of himself against the flying scenery. Then he sat down in his spot of sunshine and gazed at us, sniffing.

"Popcorn, eh?" and a fat yellow lump bumped down in my lap, wheezing delightedly as he crunched a proffered grain.

When the popcorn had disappeared, Boo-boo reached confidingly up to my shoulder and sharpened his claws mightily, always a sign of satisfaction. The passengers were laughing at him, but he finished his sharpening undismayed, then hopped upon the window-sill again, and made one of his exasperating starts at face-washing, sitting bolt upright and polishing and re-polishing the extreme end of his nose, which did n't need it, but totally forgetting his shirt-front and

his ears. He was always a slack little thing about his looks.

Now a complacent city-dweller, Boo-boo takes his winter sun-bath behind a fern, some pink begonias; and a pot of ivy, in a window which, though warm and sunny, overlooks the, to us, tragic fact of roofs and chimneys, with not a tree or a blade of grass or even a snow-drift in sight. He sleeps for hours, his paw clasped tightly round the end of his nose or stares admiringly up at the arching fern. His ungeographic little rabbit soul is apparently serene within him. When first set down in the apartment, however, he withheld judgment, sniffing exhaustively about before he decided it would do to live in. He at once noticed the lack of a spot to play with. For days he walked pathetically round the edges of the rooms, rubbing pleadingly against doors, lifting an anticipatory stub, getting so obviously ready to have his eyes go black, and then the mood would fall flat. There *was* no spot; and even Boo-boo's willing afflatus refused to descend. At last, by tireless search, and just as we were threatening to make one for him in the nice, new paint, he found a tiny speck upon a cupboard-door, an unimpressive substitute, to be sure, for the glorious original; but he at once began a few tentative coquettings beneath it, and at twilight I found him performing all the old marvels of aerial contortion.

Sometimes a restlessness seizes him (is he remembering our pasture walks?), and he trots about the house at will. He visits here and there, a funny little cat missionary, having already made a successful convert of one of our neighbors who previously abhorred the whole feline race. His dealings in this are as direct and doggish as in everything else. Every afternoon at about five o'clock, a correct calling hour, he bumps loudly and devotedly down the stairs on his long rabbit-heels, seats himself on the door-mat of the person who does not like cats, and rings his little bells. He pauses and listens. If no one comes, he rings his bells diligently again. Then the door opens, a melted voice murmurs:

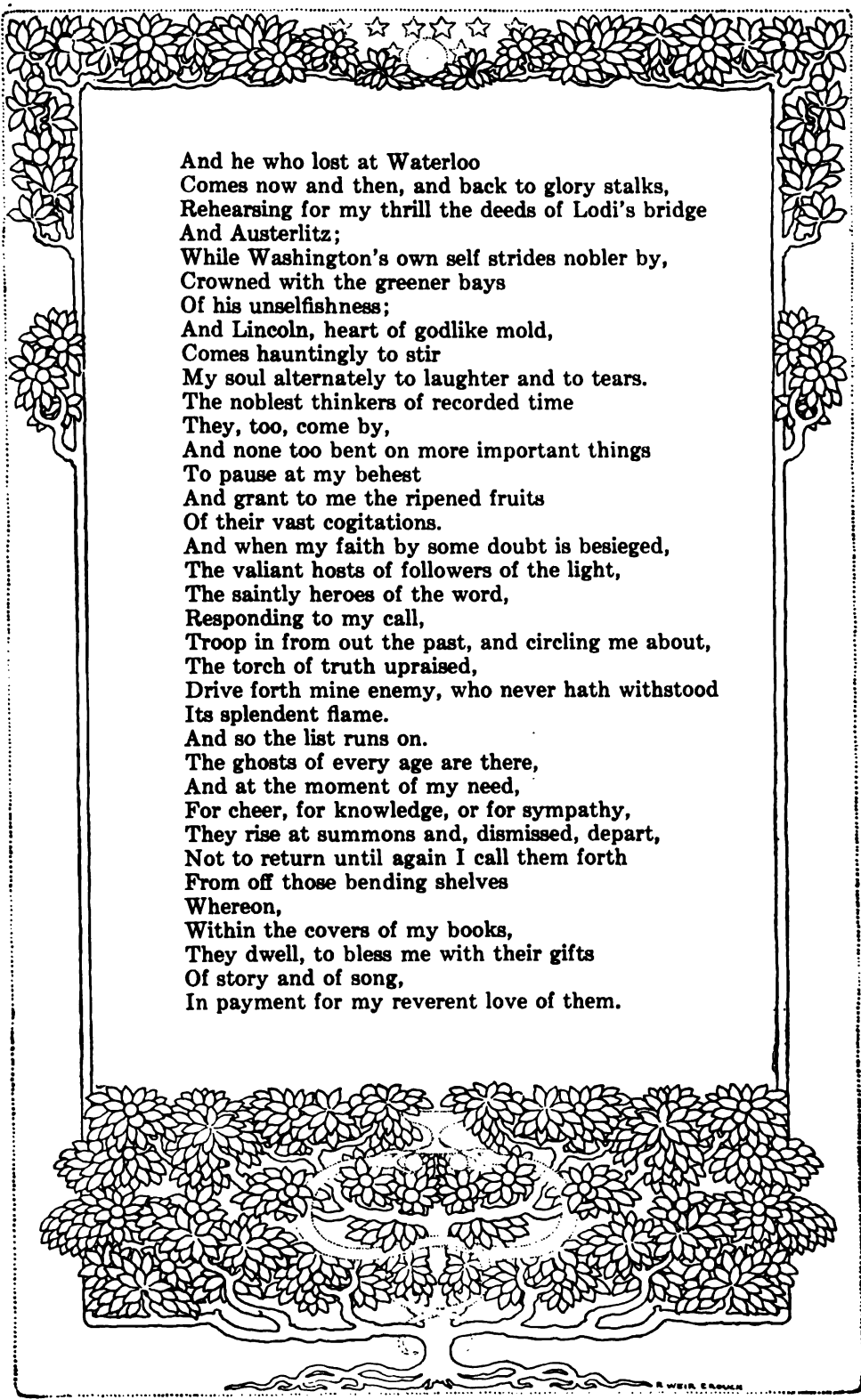
"Yes, Boo-boo, come in!" and I have one last glimpse of a triumphantly entering yellow stub.



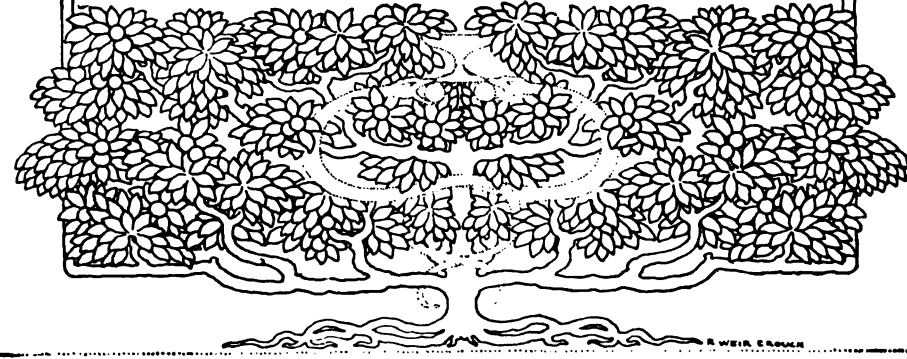
My Ghosts

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

My house is filled with ghosts—
Ghosts of all sorts that sing and dance,
And fill the halls with laughter gay,
And other ghosts that are content
To be philosophers,
And point the way to peace and happiness.
Grim ghosts are there,
Wan specters they of tragedy,
Despairing in their mien,
Compellers all of gloom,
Who fill me full of horror as they pass;
The which, when grown too tense
With contemplation of their evil ways,
I turn away from, summoning
Some ghost of lyric song to ease the strain,
And find serenity
The while he, smiling, sings to me.
The ghosts of all the famous folk of history
Are there:
Wise Solomon and Charlemagne
And Pericles and Plato; Socrates,
And all the singers of the glory that was Greece
And Rome;
Columbus, Cabot, and their crews,
And Raleigh, brave pathfinders to our newer world;
Sad Louis, and Robespierre of greenish eyes,
The pallid Nemesis of kings;



And he who lost at Waterloo
Comes now and then, and back to glory stalks,
Rehearsing for my thrill the deeds of Lodi's bridge
And Austerlitz;
While Washington's own self strides nobler by,
Crowned with the greener bays
Of his unselfishness;
And Lincoln, heart of godlike mold,
Comes hauntingly to stir
My soul alternately to laughter and to tears.
The noblest thinkers of recorded time
They, too, come by,
And none too bent on more important things
To pause at my behest
And grant to me the ripened fruits
Of their vast cogitations.
And when my faith by some doubt is besieged,
The valiant hosts of followers of the light,
The saintly heroes of the word,
Responding to my call,
Troop in from out the past, and circling me about,
The torch of truth upraised,
Drive forth mine enemy, who never hath withstood
Its splendent flame.
And so the list runs on.
The ghosts of every age are there,
And at the moment of my need,
For cheer, for knowledge, or for sympathy,
They rise at summons and, dismissed, depart,
Not to return until again I call them forth
From off those bending shelves
Whereon,
Within the covers of my books,
They dwell, to bless me with their gifts
Of story and of song,
In payment for my reverent love of them.



Lost Ships and Lonely Seas

IV.—The Adventures of David Woodard, Chief Mate

By RALPH D. PAINE

Illustration by George Avison



LONG before the art of Joseph Conrad created *Lord Jim* to follow the star of his romantic destiny to the somber, misty coast of Patusan, an American sailor lived and dared amazingly among the sullen people of those same mysterious islands of the Far East. He was of the race of mariners whose ships were first to display the Stars and Stripes in those distant waters and to challenge the powerful monopolies of the British and Dutch East India companies. Only seven years earlier, in fact, at the end of the War of the Revolution, the ship *Empress of China* had ventured on the pioneering voyage from New York to Canton. The seas still swarmed with pirates and other gentlemen of fortune who called themselves privateers, and every merchantman carried heavy batteries of guns and crews who knew how to use them. Amid such conditions were trained the sailors who were to man the *Constitution* and the other matchless frigates of 1812.

The good ship *Enterprise* sailed from Batavia for Manila on the twentieth of January, 1793, and laid a course to pass through the Straits of Massacar. Head winds and currents kept her beating to and fro in this torrid passage for six weeks on end, and the grumbling crew began to wonder if they had signed in another *Flying Dutchman*. Food was running short, for this protracted voyage had not been expected, and while the *Enterprise* drifted becalmed on the greasy tide another ship was sighted about five miles distant. Captain Hubbard ordered the chief mate, David Woodard, to take a boat and five seamen and row off to this other vessel and try to buy some stores. The men were

William Gideon, John Cole, Archibald Millar, Robert Gilbert, and George Williams. Expecting to be gone only a few hours, they took no food or water, and all they carried with them were an ax, a boat-hook, two pocket-knives, a musket, and forty dollars.

It was sunset when they pulled alongside the other ship, which was China bound and had no provisions to spare. A strong squall and heavy rains prevented them from returning to the *Enterprise*, so they stayed where they were until next morning. Then the wind shifted, and blew fresh from the southward, to sweep the *Enterprise* on her course, and she had already vanished hull down and under. Stout-hearted David Woodard guessed he could find her again, and his men cheerfully tumbled into the boat after him. The skipper of the China ship, a half-caste, with a crew of Lascars, was a surly customer who seemed anxious to be rid of his visitors and offered them no provisions or water. All he would sell them was a bottle of brandy and twelve musket cartridges.

They tugged at the oars all day long, or tended sail when the breeze favored them, but caught never a glimpse of the missing *Enterprise*. At nightfall they landed on an island and found fresh water, but nothing to eat. A large fire was built on the beach in the hope of attracting the attention of their ship, but there was no responsive signal. It was the land of Conrad's magic fancies, where "the swampy plains open out at the mouth of rivers, with a view of blue peaks beyond the vast forests. In the offing a chain of islands, dark, crumbling shapes, stand out in the everlasting sunlit haze like the remnants of a wall breached by the sea."

The chief mate and his five hardy seamen tightened their leather belts another hole, and shoved off again in the small open boat. For six days they sailed the straits, blown along by one rain squall after another until they could see the shore of Celebes. Hunger and thirst compelled them to seek the land and risk death at the hands of the savage Malays. It was their hope to proceed by sea to Massacar, which they reckoned lay about three degrees to the southward. They must have had a little water during these six days, but David Woodard's statement that the rations were a few coconuts is entirely credible. Many a boat-load of castaways has died or gone mad after privations no more severe, while, on the other hand, a crew of toughened seamen, in the prime of their youth, is exceedingly hard to kill.

Toward a cove on this unknown, hostile coast of Celebes the gaunt sailors wearily steered their boat, and beached it in the ripple of surf. They had no sooner crawled ashore than two proas skimmed in from seaward, dropping anchor and making ready to send off a canoe filled with armed Malays. Woodard shouted to his sailors, and they pushed the boat out and scrambled in, hauling clear of the proas and heading for the open sea. Four miles beyond, after they had rounded a green point of land, a feathery coconut grove ran to the water's edge, and they could go no farther. The mate left two men to guard the boat, and the three others went with him, but they were too weak to climb the trees, and had to hack away at the trunks with the ax. Two of these sailors were mere lads who had never learned to swing an ax, and they made such bungling work of it that Woodard sent for two of the men in the boat, leaving Archibald Millar alone with it. They were busy gathering coconuts to take to sea with them when poor Millar was heard "to scream aloud in the bitterest manner." The mate ran to the beach and saw that his precious boat was filled with Malays, who were pushing off in her. On the sand lay Millar, who had been hacked to death with creeses.

The chief mate and four sailors were therefore marooned without any re-

sources whatever, but they talked it over and agreed to try to get to Massacar by land. Leaving the swampy coast, they slowly toiled toward the blue mountains, and hid themselves in the jungle until night. Then with a star for their guide they bore south, but progress was almost impossible, and they lost their bearings in the dense growth. After blundering about in this manner for several nights, they turned toward the sea again in the hope of finding some kind of native boat. They had existed for thirteen days since losing their ship, and it is evident that the indomitable spirit of the mate kept the other men going. "Woodard was himself stout in person," says the old account of it, "and much accustomed to fatigue and exercise, whence he felt less exhausted, particularly from keeping up his spirits and having his mind constantly engaged."

At length they came to a deep bay between the mountains, and lay all day in a leafy ambush, while they watched the Malay fishermen in their canoes. Three of the sailors were taken desperately ill after eating some yellow berries and thought they were about to die, but the mate could not tolerate this sort of behavior, "although his comrades now resembled corpses more than living men." He used rough language, heartily damned them as worthless swabs if a stomach-ache was to make them lie down and quit, and then went in search of water for them until he found some in a hollow tree. But his strength and courage could haul them along no farther, and reluctantly he admitted that they would have to surrender themselves to the natives.

And so they went down to the beach of the bay, wondering what their fate might be, John Cole, who was a stripling lad of seventeen, blubbering that he would sooner die in the woods than be killed by the Malays. The canoes had gone away, but three brown-skinned girls were fishing in a brook, and they fled when they saw the tattered castaways. Presently a group of men came down a forest path, and Woodard went forward to meet them, raising his empty hands to ask for peace and mercy. The Malays stood silent for a long time, and



Woodard raised his empty hands to ask for peace and mercy

then the chief advanced to lay down his creese and ceremoniously accept the strangers as captives. They were given food and conducted to a little town of bamboo huts, there to await the pleasure of the rajah in what Woodard called the judgment hall, while all the villagers gathered about them.

Presently the rajah strode in, tall and straight and warlike, a long, naked creese in his hand. These were the first white men who had ever been seen in his wild domain. He gazed admiringly at the stalwart chief mate, who looked him straight in the eyes, while the people murmured approval of the captive's bearing, for "he was six feet and an inch high, strong in proportion, and the largest-boned person they had ever beheld." These were two bold, up-standing men who stood face to face in the judgment hall, and the rajah, after consultation with his chiefs, gave each of the five American sailors a betel-nut to chew as a token of his gracious inclination to spare their lives.

For twenty days they were held closely as prisoners in this forest settlement, during which time two old men arrived from another town and displayed a lively interest in the situation. They departed, but soon returned with a Mohammedan priest called Tuan Hadjee, who was a bit of a linguist in that he spoke a few words of English, some Portuguese, and a smattering of the Moorish tongue. He was a man of the world, having journeyed to Bombay and Bengal on his way to Mecca, and displayed a letter from the British governor of Balambangan, on the island of Borneo, that he was a good, trusty person and that he was empowered to assist all distressed Englishmen. This Tuan Hadjee lived up to his credentials, for he offered the rajah a hundred dollars in gold-dust as ransom for the five seamen, which price was haughtily refused, and the kindly priest went away to see what else he could do about it.

Nothing more was seen of this worthy pilgrim, and the Americans were set to work in the forest to clear the fields or to gather sago. After two months they were left unguarded by day, but shut up every night. Week after week dragged by in this wearisome drudgery, but they

kept alive and their spirit was unbroken, although the food was poor and scanty and the tropical heat scorched their very souls. At the end of half a year of this enslavement, another rajah, who seems to have been a kind of overlord of the region, summoned them into his presence at a town on the sea-coast. There Woodard almost died of fever, but a woman befriended him. At her first visit, the chronicle declared:

She looked at him some time in silence, then went to the bazaar and bought some tobacco and bananas which she presented to him, as also a piece of money. Seeing him scantily clothed, she asked whether he had no more clothing and whether he would have some tea. Then carrying one of the other sick men home with her she gave him tea and a pot to boil it in; she likewise sent rice and some garments, with a pillow and two mats. This good woman was of royal blood and married to a Malay merchant. These were not her only gifts for she proved a kind friend to the seamen while they were at that place.

Another house being provided for the five men, Woodard, unable to walk, was carried thither accompanied by a great concourse of young females who immediately on his arrival kindled a fire and began to boil rice. His fever still continued very severe and on the morning of the fourth day of his residence an old woman appeared with a handful of boughs, announcing that she was come to cure him and that directly. In the course of a few minutes four or five more old women were seen along with her, according to the custom of the country in curing the sick. They spent the day in brushing him with the boughs of the tree and used curious incantations. The ceremony was repeated in the evening and he was directed to go and bathe in the river. Though he put little faith in the proceedings the fever abated and he speedily began to recover.

From a Dutch port, seventy miles away, the commandant came to see Woodard and invited him to return with him. The chief mate refused, because he was afraid of being compelled to join the Dutch military service, and begged to be sent to Massacar, whence he could make his way to Batavia. At this the commandant appeared offended and displayed no more interest in the fate of the wretched castaways. Soon after

this they were carried back to their first place of imprisonment, but Woodard had seen the sea again and he was resolved to risk his life for liberty. Eluding his guards, he took a spear for a weapon and followed a path all night until he reached a beach, where he found a canoe and paddled out to sea. Rough water swamped the ticklish craft, and he had to swim half a mile to get to land again. Back he trudged to his hut on the mountain-side and crawled into it before dawn.

Undiscouraged, he broke away again and made for a town called Dungalla, where he had a notion that his friend, Tuan Hadjee, the priest might be found. He somehow steered a course through the forests and ravines, and fetched up at the stockade which surrounded Dungalla. As a disquieting apparition he alarmed a sedate old gentleman, who scampered off to tell the villagers that a white devil was sitting on a log. This person turned out to be a servant of Tuan Hadjee, who warmly welcomed the chief mate and entertained him in his house. The rajah to whom Woodard belonged got wind of his whereabouts and wrathfully demanded that he be sent back. The prideful rajah of Dungalla refused in language no less provocative. Woodard smuggled a message through to his men, urging them to escape and join him. This they succeeded in doing, and the people of Dungalla were delighted to receive them. This episode strained the relations between the two rajahs to the breaking-point, and war was promptly declared.

Inasmuch as they were the bone of contention, the five seamen offered to fight on the side of the rajah of Dungalla, so they proceeded to imperil their skins in one of those tribal feuds which eternally flicker and smolder in the Malaysian forests. Woodard was placed in command of a tower upon the stockade wall, where he served a brass swivel gun and hammered obedience into a native detachment. His sun-blistered, leech-bitten sailors, clad only in sarongs, held the outer barricades with creeses and muskets and were regarded as supernatural heroes by the simple soldiery of the rajah. A drawn battle was fought, with about two hundred

men on each side, and many were killed and wounded. After that the war seemed to be getting nowhere, and the chief mate lost all patience with it; so he bearded the rajah, and flatly told him that his men would fight no longer until some assurance was given that they would be conveyed to Massacar.

The rajah was stubborn and evasive and brusquely commanded the high-tempered Yankees to return to their posts on the firing-line. Woodard parleyed no longer, but marched back to his watchtower, sent for his seamen, and told them to turn in their muskets. Before the astonished rajah had decided how to deal with this mutiny the five mariners broke out of the town under cover of darkness and stole a canoe, carrying with them as much food as they could lay hands on. They were delayed in a search for paddles, and a sentry gave the alarm. Twenty soldiers surrounded and dragged them back to the rajah, who locked them up while he chewed betel-nut and meditated on the case of these madmen who refused to be tamed. Just then the priest Tuan Hadjee was sailing for another port, and vainly begged the royal assent to taking the sailors along with him. The wrathful refusal so annoyed the impetuous chief mate that he organized another dash for freedom. Captivity, privation, and disappointment seemed to daunt him not at all.

This time the five sailors surprised the sentries at the gates, deftly tied them up, and lugged them to the beach. There a larger canoe was discovered, and the fugitives piled aboard and hoisted the sail of matting. Unmolested, they moved out of the star-lit bay and skirted the coast until sunrise. Then they hauled in to hide at an island until night. While making sail again, one of the men carelessly stepped upon the gunwale of the cranky craft, and it instantly capsized half a mile from shore. They climbed upon the bottom, managed to save the paddles, and navigated the canoe back to the island by swimming with it. There they rekindled their fire, dried and warmed themselves, and were ready to try it again. They had lost the sail and mast, but they paddled all night and began to hope that they had gone clear of their troublesome rajah.

In the morning, however, a proa swooped down like a hawk, and again the unlucky seamen were taken captive. They told the Malay captain that they were bound to the port for which Tuan Hadjee had sailed, as he was a friend and protector of theirs, and asked to be landed there. Apparently the amiable priest had some power and influence even among the cutthroats who manned these proas, for the captain agreed to do as he was asked, and he was as good as his word. In this manner the mate and his men were carried to the port which they called Sawyah. There they found Tuan Hadjee, who gave them a house, with fish and rice to eat, while they endeavored to unravel the strands of their tangled destiny. Tuan Hadjee, the benevolent priest, entertained them with tales of his own career, which had been lurid in spots. He was now sixty years of age, with a girl wife of sixteen, and a man of great piety and much respected, but in his younger days he had been a famous pirate of the Island of Mindanao. Among his exploits was the capture of a Dutch settlement in the Strait of Malacca, when he had commanded a proa of ten guns and two hundred men.

He had been in a fair way to becoming one of the most successful pirates in those seas, but while chasing a merchant vessel his proa had turned turtle in a gale of wind, and he thereby lost all his property and riches. After this misfortune he had forsaken piracy and led an honorable life. He was an excellent host and companion to the exiled sailormen from far-away New England, and even gave them the use of an island in the bay where there were fruit and wild game and a pleasant house to live in, but they were no more contented.

After several weeks the priest announced that he had some business to attend to at another part of the coast, but would return in twenty days and then attempt to send them to their own people. While he was gone, a merchant proa came into port, and Woodard discovered that she was bound to Sulu, in the Philippine Islands, whence he felt certain that he could find some ship that was trading with Manila. In high hopes the five sailors arranged a passage and went aboard the proa.

Alas! the skipper of this proa was a conscientious Malay, according to his lights, and the gossip of the town led him to draw his own conclusions. His inference was that these white men belonged to Tuan Hadjee and were bent on running away during his absence. Nothing was said to Woodard and his companions, and they happily sailed away in the proa with visions of deliverance. But the captain had been at pains to find out the destination of Tuan Hadjee; wherefore he shifted his helm and bore away, to turn his passengers over to their proper owner. To their amazed disgust they sailed into a little jungle-fringed port called Tomboa, and there, sure enough, was Tuan Hadjee. The honest skipper explained the situation and sailed away again, while Woodard and his disconsolate shipmates stood on the beach and cursed their luck.

Their reunion with Tuan Hadjee was a painful episode. The reformed pirate took the view of it that they had broken faith with him by absconding while his back was turned. His language suggested the wilder days of his youth, but the chief mate had learned to express himself most forcibly in Malaysian profanity, and the interview was turbulent. Tuan Hadjee turned sulky, and the villagers took the cue. They ignored the white visitors until Woodard delivered a speech in the market-place, eloquently exclaiming that these unfortunate strangers had been guilty of no other crime than yearning to behold once more the faces of their own dear wives and children.

The feelings of Tuan Hadjee were profoundly stirred by the oration. Amid the applause of the populace, he clasped the chief mate to his breast and vowed that while a mouthful of rice remained to him, his friend should have part of it. Nothing was said, however, about setting the captives free, and the energetic sailors began anew to plan a voyage on their own account. Tuan Hadjee shrewdly suspected something of the sort, and all the canoes were carried away from the beach when the sun went down.

A pirate proa came winging it into the harbor of Tomboa to fill the water-casks and give the crew shore liberty.

Woodard noticed that the men came ashore in a canoe unusually large and seaworthy, and he resolved to steal it by hook or crook. He asked the amiable pirates to let him use the canoe to go fishing in and offered to share the catch with them. To this they consented, provided he went out in the day-time and stayed inside the bay.

After fishing during an afternoon or two, he sauntered down to the beach in the dusk and gently slid the canoe into the quiet water. The proa rode at anchor only a few yards away, where the channel ran close to a steep bank. The pirates were talking on deck and in the cabin, but no one happened to glance toward the canoe. Woodard waited a little, and let the canoe drift with the tide, lying in the bottom with a fishing-line over the side as a pretext if he should be hailed from the proa.

Unobserved, he landed at a beach where his four comrades were waiting for him. They embarked and stole out of the bay, with water and food to last them several days. At last they were bound for Massacar and ready again to defy the devil or the deep sea. For three days they held on their way and began to think the luck had turned, when a small proa tacked out from the land and overtook the canoe. Woodard knew this crew and frankly told them where he was going. They ordered him to fetch his men aboard the proa, and they would be given up to the Rajah of Tomboa; but the odds were so nearly even, five American sailors against seven natives, that Woodard laughed at them. Hoisting sail, he drove the canoe to windward, and handled it so well that he fairly ran away from pursuit.

The wind was too strong for the fragile craft and they had to seek refuge in the mouth of a river, where they built a fire to cook some rice. Here they encountered two natives who had come ashore from a trading proa, one of them a captain of Woodard's acquaintance, who insisted that they surrender and return with him. Tired of so much interference, the mate knocked him down and held a knife at his throat until the Malay mariner changed his opinion. The proa chased them, however, when the canoe resumed the voyage, but night came on,

and a thunder-squall enabled them to slip away undiscovered. Eight days after leaving Tomboa they began to pass many towns and a great deal of shipping on the coast of Celebes, but they doggedly kept on their course to Massacar. They fought off another canoe, which attacked them with spears and arrows, and had no serious misadventures until a large boat came swiftly paddling out of an inlet and fairly overpowered them by force of numbers.

Captives again, the five long-suffering sailors were carried into Pamboon, where the rajah found them unsatisfactory to interview.

Woodard was examined in the presence of him and all the head men of the place. He made the same answers as before, saying that he must not be stopped and must go on immediately; thus being more desperate and confident from the dangers and escapes he had experienced. The rajah asked him if he could use a musket well, which he denied, having formerly found the inconvenience of acknowledging it. The rajah then showed him a hundred guns but he declined taking charge of them. His wife a young girl sat down by him, and calling her sister and about twenty other girls, desired them to sit down and asked Woodard to select a wife from among them. This he refused and, rising up, bid her goodnight and went out of the house where they soon brought him some supper.

In the morning this redoubtable chief mate who, like Ulysses, was crafty as well as brave, waited on the Rajah of Pamboon and very courteously addressed him in the Malay tongue, requesting prompt passage to Massacar on the ground that the Dutch governor desired to see him and that, if he were detained at Pamboon, it would be unpleasant for the rajah, whose proas would all be seized by way of punishment. This gave the rajah something to think about. The fearless manner and impressive stature of this keen-eyed mariner made his words convincing. After due reflection, the rajah summoned the captain of a proa and commanded him to take these troublesome men to Massacar with all possible haste. Woodard was worn out, his bare back terribly

burned and festered, his strength almost ebbcd, and he had to be carried on board the proa; but he was still the resolute, unconquerable seaman and leader. The accommodations were so wretched that after three days of suffering he ordered the proa to set him ashore and to send word to the nearest rajah.

This was done, and the dusky potentate who received the message did all in his power to make the party comfortable, fitting out a proa that enabled them to make the final run of the voyage with no more hardship. Tales of Woodard had passed by word of mouth along the coast of Celebes. He was almost a legendary character. It was on June 15, 1795, that these five wanderers reached their goal of Massacar, after two years and five months of captivity among the Malays. They were not only alive, every man of them, but not one was permanently broken in health.

The Dutch governor of the island and the officers of the garrison of the Dutch East India Company treated them with the most generous hospitality, providing them with clothes and money and refusing to listen to promises of recompense. They soon sailed for Batavia, where the four sailors, William Gideon, John Cole, Robert Gilbert, and George Williams, signed articles in an American ship bound to Boston and resumed the hard and hazardous toil of the sea to earn their bread. Their extraordinary experience was all in the days' work, and it is unlikely that they thought very much about it.

Woodard took a berth as chief mate in another American ship that was bound to Calcutta, and while in that port was offered command of a country ship engaged in the coastwise trade. During

one of his voyages he was strolling ashore when he came face to face with Captain Hubbard of the *Enterprise*, which had vanished in the Straits of Massacar. The latter explained that he had waited three days for the missing boat and had given it up for lost. He warmly urged Woodard to join him in his fine new ship the *America* and go to Mauritius. The former chief mate gladly accepted the invitation, for he was homesick for his own flag and people. At Mauritius Captain Hubbard gave up the command because of ill health and turned it over to David Woodard. Thus the true story all turned out precisely as should be, and it was Captain Woodard who trod the quarter-deck of his taut ship *America* as she lifted her lofty spars in the lovely harbor of Mauritius.

Coincidence is often stranger in fact than in fiction. Before he left Mauritius, Captain Woodard ran across three of his old sailors of the open boat and the two years of captivity among the Malays. They had been wrecked while on another China voyage, and were in distress for lack of clothes and money. Their former chief mate, now a prosperous skipper, with a share in the profits of the voyage, outfitted them handsomely and left them with dollars in their pockets. In later years he traded to Batavia, and met more than one Malay who had seen him or had listened to tales of his prowess during his long durance in the jungles and mountains of Celebes. In 1804 this splendid adventurer of the old merchant marine was able to retire from the sea with an independent income, and logically he bought a farm, near Boston, and lived on it; for such is the ambition of all good sailors when they cease to furrow the blue sea.



A Fortnight away from Home

By GEORGE C. FRASER



Loading at a landing on the Green River opposite Brownsville



ELLEN was to be married in May, and from the time the day was fixed she had insisted on our making a journey together before she went from home. Despite having followed for upward of twenty-five years a vocation calculated to stifle imagination and quell illusions, I had enough spirit left, when the temptation was great, to conjure a business excuse. In the spring one's fancy naturally turns southward; ours was not for the tourist-ridden resorts of transplanted Northerners, but for the old Southland and its own people. Possibly that is why my office associates were given to understand that I must "meet a party in Mobile" and be away two weeks.

We left New York the eighth of April, still slushy from melting snow, and failed to find the evidences of spring usual at this date in southern New Jersey; Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, that Garden of Eden of our Eastern slope was gloomy, only the green of the winter wheat-fields giving promise of the fruitfulness to come. On awakening in Ohio, the first morning out, the shaded slopes of the hills were covered with snow, and white patches sprinkled the fields.

The time-tables said we stopped at the junction for Mammoth Cave, a place for some reason I had always wished to visit, and at dusk we there left the through train.

A tiny engine, with a single car at-

tached, soon backed up to the station, and immediately pulled out with us as the only passengers, carrying us the nine miles to Mammoth Cave Station over hills, down into ravines, and up again, like a switchback railway. The country here is of plateau type, the summits at uniform altitude, with steep-sided valleys intervening. The courses of the smaller streams are short; most of them terminate in sink-holes, disappear into the limestone rock, and flow to the main rivers underground. To these sink-holes are due the formation of the Mammoth and other caves that have made this region famous. The surface-flood waters seep into a vertical crack in the limestone floor, dissolve the lime, and enlarge the crack into a pipe. As the water progresses downward, it finds a horizontal space between the bedding planes of the limestone, and at first by solution alone, and then by solution aided by corrosion of sand and mud carried in solution, enlarges the horizontal crack into a tunnel or gallery, pushing its way underground until it emerges as a spring on the side of some valley, to become a tributary of the creek or river flowing there. The subterranean waters obviously must flow above the underground water-level, which can never be below a plane of equal altitude with the surface-watercourses. As the surface streams degrade their courses, the water-level falls. The tendency of the subterranean waters traveling toward the streams is to seek vertical cracks and find new

channels of egress close to the changing water-level. The result is that the tunnel followed by a subterranean stream in time will be abandoned, as the water-level becomes depressed, for a new channel at a lower altitude. So it is that the Mammoth Cave consists of a series of galleries at three or four different levels. The domes and chambers, many a hundred feet high, are the relicts of subterranean waterfalls at points where the underground streams have changed their level.

Mammoth Cave itself proved a disappointment. The competent guides supplied by the management conduct visitors over any one or more of four regular routes, each defined, and none permitted to be deviated from, by laws as unbreakable as those of the Medes and Persians. We spent three hours making one of these routes, and carried away the impression of having walked miles in a mine with exceptionally large, clean, dry galleries. Few stalactites were shown us. These and the gypsum chrysanthemum-like formations, and indeed all the details so beautiful in any fresh limestone cave, were marred by the miserable method of illumination employed. Each visitor carries an oil- or gasolene-lamp emitting much sooty smoke. Points beyond the range of the lamps were illuminated by the guide throwing into the recesses of the rock bits of cotton-waste soaked in oil. Lighted waste was impaled on a nail at the end of a short stick and dexterously thrown by the guide to strike and rest upon some projecting piece of rock, often seventy-five feet and more away.

Later we walked across country a mile and a half and spent the afternoon in the Colossal Cave, much less frequented than the Mammoth Cave and consequently fresher. Here we saw the drip stone formations, slender stalactites, brown and white, round columns where stalactite and stalagmite united, the thin, translucent curtain formations, and, most pleasing of all, the glittering gypsum chrysanthemums. Bats, young and old, some of them quite white, hung by their wings from the roof in multitudes.

A brief railway journey in the evening brought us to Bowling Green, Kentucky, the long-settled seat of a thriving farm-

ing county whose prosperity was lately enhanced by the bringing in of oil-wells. The following morning dawned cloudless and warm, and early I picked a promising-looking chauffeur with a dilapidated car, hopeful it would hold together through a day's journey. The country was beautiful, the grass fresh and green, the grain already showing, the fruit-trees were in blossom, and the strawberries, of which immense quantities are here produced, beginning to form.

I really was under an engagement in Mobile, and to keep it we were compelled to take a train scheduled to leave at 1:30 A.M. Shortly before that hour we repaired to the station, to learn that our train was three hours late, though a first section, made up in Louisville, would leave approximately on time. That section carried only one sleeper, in charge of a porter who said it was "Full top and bottom." Not wishing Ellen to sit up all night, I took him aside and said an upper berth would be worth five dollars to me.

"You may believe me, Boss," he answered, "I feel worse 'n you do. If I was n't afraid some white man would git me, I would throw one of 'em out of his bunk."

There was nothing to do but to wait, so we appropriated a box from the station restaurant and sat on it until 4:30 A.M. The depot at a country division point never appealed to me as a desirable place to spend a night, but things of interest, especially to Ellen, developed every moment. Here she saw the station agent regulating the despatch and reception of trains, the inspectors examining the rolling-stock, the checkers listing the cars, the crews reporting on call and getting breakfast, a freight with two engines awaiting a clear track for an hour and a half, with the incidental cost of fuel, crews' wages, interest on goods in transit, and lack of use of facilities, all piling up, to be settled for in the end by the ultimate consumer. Altogether we found as much to talk and think about in what we saw that night as in what we observed during the day.

When we awoke at 9:30 our train was stalled on an embankment surrounded by an expanse of water, with trees grow-

ing in it. We were on the right bank of the Tennessee River opposite Decatur, Alabama, with our diner on the other shore. Pretty soon a local drew in on a branch line, and our passengers raided its "butcher" for apples and salted peanuts. I spied a farmer, a passenger on the local, with a lard pail full of fresh eggs, eight of which he sold me at the rate of forty-five cents a dozen. Next we made the acquaintance of the engineer of a freight train stalled behind ours, who kindly boiled the eggs for us in his coffee-pot, heated in the fire-box, and from his larder gave us salt and pepper.

A well-informed friend described Mobile to me as "a town that needs a lot of funerals." Its people, however, have not been willing to wait for them. Despite the inertia of conservatism springing from the city's hold on trade by virtue of its location and easy-living conditions, Mobile has waked up. The Government's expenditures on the waterways tributary to Mobile Bay and upon harbor improvements have increased the city's trade, and since the war the steel corporation at Chicksaw has brought forth a modern shipbuilding plant and a full-fledged industrial town, which tremendously augments the city's business.

A morning walking on the waterfront and steaming in a launch through the harbor impressed me with the possibilities—I am tempted to say certainty—of future development. But for the start New Orleans has and its unsurpassed docking facilities, Mobile might be expected to compete with it, for Mobile is not handicapped with such difficulties of access to the gulf as are caused by the mouth of the Mississippi.

A cool breeze from the gulf made the

season seem less advanced than the vegetation proclaimed. The palm-trees planted about the houses conveyed a semi-tropical air. Azaleas were at their brightest, two large bushes, almost trees, growing before a handsome residence, in their brilliancy looked like fire. Satsuma orange plantations were in leaf.

From Mobile a kind friend took us by motor along the coast to Gulfport. Biloxi, on a point between Mississippi Sound and the bay of that name, is becoming a favorite resort both in winter for people from the North, and in summer for Southerners seeking relief at the seaside from the heat of the interior. I suppose Biloxi and the Mississippi Sound coast generally afford the easiest and cheapest living in the United States today. The soil is well adapted to raising garden truck and forage crops for stock. Fish abound in the sound and its tributary rivers and bays. A short walk and



A typical landing-place

a little energy at almost any point will yield oysters.

Leaving Gulfport in the morning, we comfortably made seventy-five miles to Hattiesburg, and after lunch in an hour and a half covered thirty miles to Laurel, with a hard, but rough, road for the first forty miles, and an excellent gravel road the rest of the way.

Despite their marked progress during

recent years, many of even the larger cities of the South lack the appearance of finish, thrift, and civic coöperation now usual in our Northern towns. The smaller towns are frequently shabby, ill paved, and unkempt. To enter a thriving city of thirteen thousand, paved with asphalt, electrically lighted, well built, artistically laid out, with a brick hotel, a dozen or more really handsome residences, and at least two hundred less pretentious, but well-maintained, homes was a surprise. This was Laurel, thirty years ago a village of unpainted shacks housing the operatives of the sawmills that have converted the cut of hundreds of square miles of adjacent long-leaf yellow pine into boards and trim that shelter many of us as far away as New England. To the wisdom, energy, and unremitting interest of a small group of men and women from the Middle West the phenomenon of this city is due. Though they came as strangers to develop an industry, they remained as neighbors of the whole country-side. They built their homes in type, and kept them and their surrounding yards better than any others in that country. Their example was emulated. They coöperated in establishing a good school, and by way of drawing thither the highest-grade teachers in the State, arranged that each teacher, after a certain period of service and without expense, could take a summer course at one of the large universities. Intelligent and ambitious operatives in the lumber mills were attracted by the educational advantages held out to their children. The lands about the original hamlet, the first to be cut over, were sold to settlers at low prices on easy terms, and assistance toward building homes was similarly extended. As the town grew, a cotton

mill was established to give employment to the women in the families of the mill operatives. As the adjacent country became settled, encouragement was given to the improvement of live stock by importing high-grade animals for breeding purposes. A concrete illustration of the alertness to meet conditions lies in the way the hog problem was treated. Every farmer hereabouts raises hogs. When one of them wanted some cash, he would load a hog or two into a wagon, drive to town, and seek a market with the various butchers. They, knowing the farmer to be under necessity to sell, would not on that particular day have any use for hogs. Consequently, the farmer sold his far below the prevailing price. The manager of the artificial ice plant saw in this situation a chance to make a moderate profit and encourage hog-raising. At small expense he constructed a cold-storage room in



Transferring hogs to a steamer

connection with his plant, and advertised that the current day-to-day Chicago price, less allowance for freight, would be paid at all times for hogs on the hoof. The effect was not merely to convert the farmer's hog into a cash asset, but to induce the farmer to improve the breed and feeding of his hogs, because he learned, by the size of his purse going home after a sale, that a

razorback, or a hog caught running wild, commanded a lower price than one with a good Duroc-Jersey strain or even one of poor breed that had been corn-fed.

During a day's run to Waynesboro, near the Alabama line, I was entertained at dinner at a camp of convicts working a lime quarry. The superintendent, whom we met just before dinner-time, insisted on our being his guests. Our meal was cooked by a white man up for burglary, the only one of his race among about twenty convicts. It was served with dignity by a middle-aged negro under life sentence for murder. In the yard outside all the convicts were chatting good-naturedly, and on a bench in the center sat one of them, also a lifer, with a loaded Winchester on his knees, the only armed man in camp. Grace was reverently said as we sat down, the two convicts in attendance standing with bowed heads. The convicts were warmly dressed, well shod, lived in a good bunk-house, and had wholesome food. On the whole, they appeared physically better off than when free. Treatment of the prison problem in this way impressed me by its humaneness and common sense in contrast with penitentiary confinement.

Arriving at Louisville, Mississippi, a town of about two thousand people, in the late afternoon, we found the streets crowded with farm-wagons, saddle-horses, mules, and a small sprinkling of motors. People, mostly blacks, swarmed on the sidewalks and in the stores. It was pay-day, and they had come in from the lumber camps and farms to spend their earnings. The high grade and expensiveness of the groceries and dry-goods under purchase by these laborers strikingly sustained the stories one heard on every hand of improvidence and extravagance. I spent much of the evening in conversation with an elderly commercial traveler who contrasted with dire forebodings the attitude of the youth of the present day with his start in business, when he came to a Middle-Western city from the home farm and existed on his earnings of five dollars a week.

Not long ago, as the geologist reckons time, but at some period sufficiently

remote to have permitted the erosive forces to plane down the inequalities, the northeast corner of Mississippi was elevated so as to tip up the sedimentary rocks and cause them to dip southwestwardly toward the gulf. Imagine a rectangular layer-cake elevated three or four inches at one corner and reduced to a horizontal plane by cutting off the upper portion; the layers underneath would obviously come to the surface one by one in sequence from the top downward in the direction of the uplifted corner. So it is in Mississippi. Going east and north, we progressed from younger to older formations. Motoring first over an undulating plain with a sandy clay surface, supporting an un-lumbered and luxuriant growth of pines and yielding fairly well to the wiles of the farmer, we passed on to, and crossed, a narrow strip of hard clay soil, relatively level, poorly wooded, and unproductive—the Flatwoods, a natural game preserve, sparsely populated by a backward people, including, I was informed, some Acadians, remnants of those deported from Evangeline's land. Beyond, on crossing the Noxubee River, we entered the Black Prairie, a belt of rich land extending in a parabolic curve around the northeast corner of the State from the Tennessee to the Alabama lines. This highly fruitful area is indebted for its being to the outcrop of a deeply weathering chalky limestone. From Macon to Columbus our road ran through intensively cultivated farms devoted largely to stock, alfalfa, corn, and other forage crops, with less frequent cotton-fields than one would expect to find here in the cotton belt.

The ride to Macon carried me back to pre-automobile days, for we encountered numerous Springfield wagons, each with a good team driven by a farmer, his wife beside him, and the rest of the family perched on chairs in the body, with a baby or two lying on sacks in the rear, and also small companies mounted on horses or mules, many green enough to shy at our car.

Columbus, a well-to-do old town, is perched on a bluff at the head of navigation of the Tombigbee River, on the edge of the Black-Prairie belt. Here the owners of the rich black land lived

luxuriously in columned colonial houses, leaving their farms to be worked by negroes, and shipping their produce, largely cotton, on barges to Mobile. So well satisfied were they with their natural situation and facilities that it is related a substantial bonus was paid the promoters of the Mobile & Ohio to lay out and construct their railway at a distance from the town. It is well

with pleasure parties returning from rides in the country.

Seldom have I seen natural boundaries so clearly defined as in this part of Mississippi. Passing into and out of the inferior lands easterly of the Black Prairie, the pine-woods of the former terminate at a line as sharp and regular as if they had been set out by hand to mark a boundary.



An Indian mound at Shiloh

described by its sobriquet, "The Sleeping Beauty."

Late Sunday afternoon, walking about the residence portion, we stopped to admire a stately mansion surrounded by a garden with roses in bloom, and blue and delicately shaded white violets and wild strawberries growing on the lawn. The owner descended from the porch, addressed me, and after mutual introductions, invited us into his house and presented us to his wife. By their cordiality and hospitality we were tempted to pay a long call. Such courtesy and consideration were not exceptional; we encountered them often from persons both of high and low degree.

Here, as elsewhere, prosperity and its concomitant extravagance were outstanding. The restaurant and soft-drink dispensaries were filled. Motors, mostly of the higher-priced varieties, ran through town all the evening, filled

From Amory to five miles south of Tupelo good gravel roads carried us through rich farms, the prairie here more undulating than farther south. Then we had a perfect cement road into Tupelo, the county seat of Lee County. Every half-mile a guide-sign told us we were in "The Health County," conveying such maxims as: "Sit straight," "Watch that cough," "Sleep with your windows open," "When one is sick, others keep away," "Swat the

fly," "Be reasonable; you are not germ proof."

An hour and a half on the Mobile & Ohio brought us to Corinth at bedtime. In the early morning I was awakened by a fierce wind accompanying a cloud-burst and thunder-storm. The air was heavy, and the frame hotel swayed under the force of the gale. In an hour the storm abated, only to return from another direction with renewed fury and intense darkness at seven-thirty. It was curious after the storm to find the streets littered with pine-brush, for I knew no pine-forests were close to the city. Inquiry developed that there are no pines within seven miles of Corinth. News soon filtered into town that a cyclone had struck eight miles away, killing a number of people. Gradually it was learned that the tornado had followed almost exactly our route of the previous day, branching near Tupelo northwest and

northeast. The relentlessness of such a storm was most vividly impressed upon us in reading the devastation it had wrought at a hog farm we passed near Aberdeen. There hundreds of hogs were grubbing and wallowing in a low-land field, as close to, and as near a part of, the ground as could be any animal other than a mole, yet the entire herd was destroyed.

The rain had swollen the streams, flooding some of the railway tracks in the lower part of the town and overrunning the road we wished to take to the battle-field of Shiloh, so we spent the morning refreshing our recollections of that battle and the campaigns of which it was an incident.

Some one came in from Shiloh about noon, reporting the road all right save for some weakened bridges. These we were able to negotiate by careful driving on improvised tracks made of heavy timbers. A brilliant, clear, sunny afternoon emphasized the beauty of the spring foliage, especially the dog-wood, crab-apple, and wild plum, all in blossom.

The National Military Park, under the conscientious and interested superintendence of Mr. De Long Rice, is beautifully maintained. Brush and the lower limbs of the trees have been cut out from the areas where the battle raged most furiously; elsewhere the oak forest has been left in its natural state. That evening and the following morning, first alone and then with Mr. Rice, we traversed many miles of the park's good roads, easily following the course of the battle by the aid of markers at all important points. On the river-bank we were shown six Indian mounds grouped close together, about fifteen feet high, the largest eighty feet square, their angles

according with the cardinal points of the compass. Only one of these has been opened. It yielded a red stone polished figure, ten inches high, of a man squatting, with his knees hugged to his chest, the head round, high, and pointed, and the lips thick and protruding, like those of an African. Unfortunately, the nose was broken. A figure of similar type, said to be from Tennessee, I recall seeing in the state museum in Jackson, Mississippi.

As there is no hotel at the park, we were directed to apply at a farm-house for food and lodging. As always, our reception was cordial. We enjoyed the best of suppers and breakfasts, with featherweight hot biscuits, slept in immaculately clean beds, and spent the evening hearing from our host and his brother-in-law, who lived here at the time of the battle, accounts of the fighting and their treatment by the troops.



A movable corral for hogs

The owner of this farm was then living with his father within two hundred yards of his present location. The Union troops, on taking possession of the field, placed a guard about the house and barns, so that nothing was molested or taken without payment. When in the course of the battle the Confederates pushed the Federals back toward the river, their farm was fought over, and

everything except a corn-crib was destroyed. They also told of a cyclone about fifteen years ago which razed their house, destroyed their crops, killed some of their stock, and blew our hostess across a fence, happily without serious injury.

While eating breakfast, we heard a boat whistle, and on going to Pittsburgh Landing, beneath the bluff crowned by the national cemetery, found a stern-wheeled, flat-bottomed freight-boat of the old-fashioned Mississippi type headed down-stream. It carried a cargo principally of fertilizer, which spoke for itself at a distance. As there were no passengers, no woman was on board, and as in our country river boatmen are apt to be rough, I had some doubts about embarking with Ellen. We went aboard, met the captain and clerk, both courteous gentlemen, inspected the state-rooms, and found them neat. Ellen said all looked good to her, so we took passage. There was considerable delay in starting, due to shortage of help. At ten we got under way, and half an hour later tied up at Crumps Landing for two hours, and had a chance to observe the difficulty of travel southward over the soft flooded bottom of a tributary of the big river, which impeded the efforts of General Lew Wallace's command to get into the Battle of Shiloh on the first day. While moving, aided by a from three- to four-mile current, we made rapid time, but stops were so frequent and the freight traffic out and in so heavy, that during the whole day we progressed only forty miles.

We had expected to continue our journey down river to Paducah, on the Ohio, but the boat was so far behind its schedule that orders were received in the morning on arrival at Danville, Tennessee, to turn back and handle the up-river freight. A few moments sufficed to inspect the town of eight houses and two stores, and a stay here until six in the evening, when the first train went out, did not appeal to us. We fell into conversation with the post-mistress, who, on learning we came from Shiloh, asked me if I had taken my daughter to see the old battle-field where I had fought. This blow was somewhat ameliorated later when one of our fellow-travelers

asked if we were bride and groom; I felt good only temporarily, however, because it is worse, in middle age, to be taken for an old fool than for an octogenarian.

A rough ride across country by car to Clarksville and thence an hour by train brought us back to Bowling Green, where we had no intention of going again. One of the officers of our boat on the Tennessee River for years sailed the Big Barren and Green rivers out of Evansville and assured us we could complete our trip to the Ohio just as well from Bowling Green as via the Tennessee.

The boat we sought was scheduled to leave at eight the morning after our arrival, but it was six at night before we sailed. Again we started as the only passengers. The captain gave us the freedom of the boat, saying we could do everything we pleased except blow the whistle. All the officers were friendly and courteous, concerned about our comfort, and eager to give us information. On reading a notice posted in the cabin that meals cost twenty-five cents, I was skeptical as to how we would fare. On the Tennessee the price was thirty-five. But supper of excellent vegetable soup, followed by a roast, three vegetables, and a good plain pudding, all neatly served, allayed my misgivings. The kitchen, table service, and state-rooms were all immaculately clean, and save for the freight of fertilizer, there was nothing on board at which the most fastidious would be justified in complaining.

Our boat, though smaller than the one on the Tennessee, seemed a close fit for this river, her length so nearly equaled the stream's width, in its upper reaches, that in turning there was frequently barely twenty feet to spare at bow and stern. When manœvered in a from three- to four-mile current, it was always interesting to watch.

Leaving Bowling Green, we sailed between steeply rising hills in double S curves, outdoing in sinuousness the original Mæander. On one of the hills encircled by the river stands a stately colonial brick mansion, with Mount Vernon-like façade, the abode of the owner of a broad acreage of gently undulating fertile farmland.

At Brownsville, the county seat of Edmonson County, remote by many miles, and on account of bad roads more distant in time, from any railway, we stopped for two hours and enjoyed a walk with the mate. At the landing I fell into conversation with one of the residents and asked him about a nice-looking house on the hill above the river. He said it was the county almshouse and he had charge of it; that there were three inmates, and he "wished there were n't any," for the county allowed him only seven cents per meal to feed them.

Passenger-boats proceed up stream to Mammoth Cave, but we turned back at Nolin River and spent the entire day going thirty-one miles to Woodbury, where we had ended the previous day, making thirty stops en route. The boat performs a regular jitney service. Any one wishing to board her or ship freight by her ties a rag to a twig overhanging the river, and she stops, picks up what is found there, whether or not any one is in charge, and then proceeds. In order to make a landing going down-river, it is necessary, on account of the heavy current, to head up stream. The dexterity of the pilot and the ready response of the engineer to his signals make it possible to tie to the shore without accident. The only modern improvements on these river boats are the electric head-light and the donkey engine which works the landing-stage, otherwise they are the same as when Mark Twain was a Mississippi River pilot.

The river being in flood, we frequently nosed up to the bank through sizable trees, their branches sweeping our faces as we sat on the upper deck. Sometimes the boat would hold by its bow in the mud and the weight of the landing-stage on the bank, but more often a cable would be made fast to a convenient tree to hold her in position.

The stage is a unique contrivance; it is to the boat what the hand is to man. It consists of a heavy plank-reinforced gangway suspended from a boom by wire cables near the middle and controlled by guy-ropes at each side of its forward end, and by a block and tackle operated by hand to hold and elevate its other end. On approaching a landing, the negro stevedores pull the guy-ropes to point

the stage in the appropriate direction. As the boat noses into the bank, the stage is lowered from the boom, and a stevedore operates the block and tackle to maintain equilibrium as it descends.

If, as was usual in our experience, fertilizer is to be unloaded, two stevedores place the bags on the heads and shoulders of those who carry them, and two others remove them from the burden-bearers and pile them on the ground. If stock is to be loaded, rails are placed on each side of the stage, and with movable fence sections a runway is set up on the lower deck through which the stock is driven into pens built of similar fence sections, each lot in a pen separate from all the others.

Loading hogs is a circus for the on-looker, but hard labor for the participants. On finding a bunch of hogs at a landing, the stage, driveway, and pens are made ready, and then all hands repair to the corral and set up a five-foot-wide heavy canvas fence, with strong poles at intervals of twelve feet. With a man holding each pole, the canvas is extended in a circle, with an opening at the door of the corral. Two or three men fall upon the hogs with clubs and switches, kick and shove them until all get inside the canvas fence. The opening is then closed, and the whole party, men, canvas fence, and hogs, with much shouting and kicking, move slowly toward the stage. Arrived there, the canvas fence is opened again, and the hogs are coaxed, kicked, driven, and thrown on to the stage. Some one of the canvas fence-holders is invariably careless and lets a hog nose himself out under the fence. Then there is a chase.

On arising the second morning out the steward told me we were at Paradise. I believed him when he served us with oranges, fried eggs and bacon, potatoes, beans, corn, hot biscuits, corn-bread, coffee, and corn syrup, all for twenty-five cents. The river widened materially in the stretch traversed during the night; its low banks, wide flats, and distant low hills are less appealing than the more confined and rugged scenery above.

So much time had been lost by the many stops, and the boat's capacity appeared to be so elastic, that we were assured, in view of the heavy offerings

of freight, she would run into Evansville the best part of a day late. As our time was limited, we were reluctantly compelled to take to the railroad en route home.

It was eight on a Sunday morning when we disembarked at Rockport, on the Illinois Central, a typical, dingy coal-mining town. A few youths were already engaged in shooting craps on the railroad platform. As we walked about town, we encountered other groups of young men similarly engaged, and numerous small boys, in emulation, tossing pennies. The two soft-drink parlors of the town were filled with bored-looking men, silent for the most part. Singing emanated from the churches, and we would gladly have attended service, but that our train left too soon; so after inspecting a coal-mine and threading all the town's muddy streets, we repaired to the station and joined a throng, mostly women, waiting to take the train for a holiday.

Our plan was to return east, as we had come, via Cincinnati; but seeing the familiar yellow F. F. V. cars in the Louisville depot, Ellen asked that we go by way of Washington, and again we changed our arrangements.

We traversed the heart of the Blue Grass Country from west to east, mar-

veled at the richness of its farms and live stock, and enjoyed the freshness and beauty of early spring, set off by occasional fruit-trees in blossom. Leaving this, we entered a rough country similar to that which we had traversed west of Louisville, productive of coal and tempting to the oil-pro prospector.

Years ago I frequently traveled on the Chesapeake & Ohio, but my last trip by that road was made in 1901. The development of the country and its resources along the whole line in the interval is marvelous, especially the stretch from Ashland east along the Ohio and the Great Kanawha and the intervening divide. Here thriving cities are almost connected by a string of industrial plants invited to this locality by cheap coal and transportation facilities.

Night deprived us of the gorgeous view over the rolling Piedmont, unfolded when the train emerges from the Blue Ridge, and morning found us in Washington, always at this season, and even after its metamorphosis by the war, friendly and refreshing. In point of contrast in vegetation and atmosphere, the five-hour journey to New York took us through ten days, but we were happy to note all evidences of winter dissipated, and balminess in the air giving assurance of spring.



Bases of Anglo-Saxon Solidarity

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



ONE denies that the world is askew. Ships of state are pilotless and rudderless, riding God knows where. In every country internal economic and social conditions are so upset that forecasts of the morrow seem futile. And yet international political relationships depend upon these internal conditions more intimately and more wholly than ever before in history. Statesmen may still be sitting at the diplomatic chess-board, making moves in accordance with the old rules of the game. But each realizes that shaping the foreign policy of his nation is no longer independent of or divorced from home policies and problems. Things have changed. The old order upon which one could count in directing foreign affairs has given place to new and uncertain values. Just what the changes are, whether for good or bad, whether permanent or temporary, and how we are to adjust ourselves to them and take advantage of them or combat them, as the case may be, on all this we read little that is constructive. Prophets are alarmists, and critics keep telling us what we know, that our statesmen are making a mess of things internationally and that we are badly off internally because legislators and executives are passive in the face of high prices and social unrest.

Dear me! do we need to be taught that our house is not in order by having it, figuratively at least, pulled down around our ears? Politicians and professors and publicists must call a halt on their flood of complaint and denunciation and warning. The rôle of Cassandra may have been necessary to get people to pay attention, but when the public begins to say, "Well, what of it?" tirades must be changed to programs, if the piercing through the armor-plate of indifference is to accomplish any good result. "You writers on political and

economic affairs give me the willies," said a bluff business man to me the other day. "If I do not stop reading you, I'll get to thinking in circles."

Many who see the danger-signal try to heed it by shifting from fault-finding to rose-hued platitudes. We have seen this in the recent political campaign. When managers and orators felt that public opinion was growing restive under constant criticism and impatient of overdoses of "the world is going to the bow-wows," the strident notes gave way to a grand diapason of "All 's well!" Everything had been and would again be lovely in these United States, once the disturbing element of the opposing political party was snowed under by the avalanche of voters saving the republic.

In a political campaign demagogic methods may be excusable. After all, the public has the votes, and must be handled with due regard for the laws of mob psychology. But when we see the same methods applied to the presentation of a question of permanent interest and importance, and applied by men who both know better and have not the defense of electoral anxiety and expediency, it is time to protest. As an Anglo-Saxon American, whose deepest interest is in the solidarity of the English-speaking world, I want to raise my voice against the tactless and platitudinous type of article and speech one reads and hears everywhere in connection with the Pilgrim tercentenary. In my childhood, when the kitchen happened to run out of cereals or milk, the cook used to give us a dish of bread or flour and water with a liberal sprinkling of sugar to disguise its origin. To make children take "pap," everything depends upon the sugar. The ingredients and their cooking do not enter in.

I would not do all tercentenary orators the injustice of imputing to them paucity of ideas. For the cleverest of writers and preachers are among the

most platitudinous when they touch the subject of our relations with Great Britain. Why do they go no further than extolling Puritan stock and our inheritance from the mother country and declaring that no sinister influences disturb the complete understanding that exists between those to whom blood is thicker than water? Article after article, speech after speech, toast after toast, have I read or sat through, and failed to get any idea other than that it was reprehensible and "pro-German" to criticize Great Britain, that the Irish were akin to the Bolsheviks, and that the bonds uniting the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon world were imperishable. Our British hosts are assured that history text-books have been responsible for much of our misunderstanding of the British, and that when we have remedied the way the War of Independence and the War of 1812 and the British attitude in the Civil War were presented to American children, a desire to twist the lion's tail will remain in this country only among Germans and Irish. And we shall substitute "Over There" as our national anthem for "The Star-Spangled Banner," whose origin is, like the Fourth of July, extremely embarrassing for Anglo-American relations. And no matter what war may arise, together shall we stand, as we did in France. So on *ad nauseam*.

We must not be uncharitable in passing judgment on tercentenary orators. With British hosts in the audience and at the table, and considering the occasion, a graceful eulogy is the order of the day. Still, it is possible to combine constructive thinking with complimentary references to past and present, especially when we consider that tercentenary celebrations draw thoughtful, earnest people, who do not have to be treated like a movie audience or a campaign gathering. But so strongly are we under the influence of the propaganda of the recent war that our tongues cleave to the roof of the mouth when any thought comes into our head that, if uttered, might be interpreted as criticizing a British foreign or domestic policy or suggesting that Anglo-American relations need careful guiding and nursing. Still under

the spell of the war, our tercentenary utterances are "pap," uninteresting, tiresome, and not contributing, as they ought to do, something new to the great problem of Anglo-Saxon solidarity.

We might dismiss the tercentenary disappointment with a simple expression of regret over the great opportunity missed, were it not for the strong feeling that the loving-cup and patting-ourselves-mutually-on-the-back performances are positively harmful to Anglo-Saxon solidarity. They have the effect of a soporific to American believers in Anglo-Saxon solidarity and of a stimulant to the enemies among Americans of friendship with Great Britain. The man who attends Pilgrim dinners and celebrations goes home with the comfortable feeling that Anglo-Saxon solidarity is stronger than ever. It is a physical reaction from the food and lights and flowers and music and women, not a mental reaction from the speakers. Satisfied and reassured, the tercentenary celebrant thinks he has done all that is necessary to maintain and strengthen the bonds of friendship and good understanding between the English-speaking nations. The sugar is to his taste. The German-American who reads the reports of the speeches and toasts in the newspapers finds his instinctive antipathy to Anglo-Saxon solidarity confirmed by the tercentenary orator's foolish and distorted conception of it. There is no sugar on the "pap" for him. As for the Irishman, he sees redder than ever when he reads of tercentenary orators lauding Puritans for exiling themselves and later fighting England for freedom's sake and denouncing the Irish for aspiring to freedom.

Yes, I know the American of Scotch or English descent is likely to say that this is an Anglo-Saxon country, and that the Germans and Irishmen and other Europeans did not have to come here. When they did come, it was up to them to forget old ties and become assimilated with us. We have the right to justify close ties with Great Britain on the ground of "blood is thicker than water," but they have not that right in regard to their countries of origin. In 1914 this contention was put squarely before Americans of Euro-

pean origin. We forget now that it was never admitted by them, and that the remarkable union of the American nation, after we went into the war, did not mean, among Americans of other than Anglo-Saxon origin, the abandonment of affection for, of pride in, their own ancestors. They refuse to accept the brand of hyphenate, arguing that, until the country of origin became the enemy of the United States, they had as much right to feel sympathetic toward it and even help its cause as did the Americans of Anglo-Saxon origin to sympathize with and help Great Britain. Now that the war is over, these non-Anglo-Saxons say to us, "If in your tercentenary celebrations you insist on blood relationship, do not speak for the United States. We resent that and deny your right. Speak only for your own element in the American population."

We Anglo-Saxons cannot expect to denounce Ireland and even Germany and affirm our affection for and championship of England *on the ground of blood relationship*, as is being done in almost every tercentenary celebration, and expect our right to speak for the United States not to be contested. Unfortunately, this is not "our country." The United States, from the beginning, contained elements without a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood in their veins, and Germans, Irishmen, and Hollanders fought in the Revolutionary War. Throughout the nineteenth century the United States relied for her growth and expansion upon European immigration, and the large part of the Irish and German elements came to this country before the Civil War. The United States is not our (Anglo-Saxon) country either because of the great preponderance of people of our unmixed blood or because the Anglo-Saxon element founded it exclusively and made it what it is. The greatness of the United States in the third decade of the twentieth century is due to the combined aid of several different elements of her population, and it is certain that we could not have dispensed with either the German or the Irish element. And these elements are so numerous and so powerful in wealth and political influence

that it is inexpedient—to use a mild word—to ignore or affront them in our tercentenary writing and speaking. It does not help the cause of Anglo-Saxon solidarity for a tercentenary orator to denounce the German-Americans and the Irish-Americans. Quite the contrary. Thoughtless speakers who indulge in such diatribes and enthusiastic listeners who beam approval are digging the grave and assisting at the interment of Anglo-Saxon solidarity.

On a Sunday morning in January, 1915, I went to service at an Anglican church in Cairo. After the prayers for the king and the royal family, the minister prayed for the President of the United States. I knew, of course, that this beautiful and graceful custom holds in many Anglican chapels on the Continent which American tourists attend, and I suppose it was introduced in Cairo for the same reason. But in wartime, when we were neutral and when there were no tourists in Cairo, the prayer touched me deeply. It was an evidence of the close relationship between my country and Great Britain, closer than between Great Britain and her allies. I sat through a dull sermon, thinking of what a privilege it was for an American to share in the advantages of the unique position of the British Empire. Travel where I would in the world, I could use my own language and attend my own church and hear my country remembered in prayer. Common language and common faith, common laws and customs and common ideals—does the untraveled American appreciate the wealth of his Anglo-Saxon heritage and the vast privileges it confers upon him?

But on another American correspondent who was not of Anglo-Saxon origin this incident made no impression, and he did not follow me in prizing the heritage. "Language is a lucky convenience," he admitted, "but the English are foreigners to me. I feel nothing in common with them, nothing at all." He went on to say that he regarded the British as a more dangerous enemy than the Germans, and that our next war would be with them. My friend was a high-minded and intelligent American who had been to school in England and

also in France. In temperament he was more emotional than I; he loved music and architecture and handled carpets reverently. But his American blood—three or four generations—gave him no feeling of kinship with the English. I realized, when it came to the test of liking for a European country, that his sympathies were instinctively with Germany, while mine were as instinctively with England. Why? The difference in our blood and background of tradition. Later this correspondent rendered splendid service in the A. E. F. But he was fighting for the United States alone, and more than once told me that he would do everything in his power, after the war, to keep the United States from "falling in the orbit," as he put it, of the British Empire.

It will do us no good to discount the importance of our compatriots who are not of Anglo-Saxon blood. If we want to make Anglo-Saxon solidarity a national policy instead of a group cult, we shall have to find an appeal to the American public different from that of the orators and writers who speak in these days of our ancestors, our common blood, our precious Anglo-Saxon heritage. Nor is the superiority of Anglo-Saxon culture an argument that impresses many outside of our group. It smacks too much of a discredited political system that sought to replace or dominate other cultures by the *Kultur* of the *Uebermensch*. Some of the tercentenary orators come dangerously near plagiarizing the ex-kaiser.

Culture is a vague word. If it means traditions and customs and mental habits as embodied in our literature and preserved in our family life, we shall find many other American elements than the German unwilling to abandon for our culture what they brought here from the Old World. Thousands of flourishing communities exist in the United States, nurseries of splendid Americans, where the new generation is being brought up with traditions and customs and mental habits very different from those of Anglo-Saxons. From Scandinavians to Italians, elements of continental European origin are not giving up their culture for Anglo-Saxon culture. So strong are atavism, the

home circle, and the church that our public-school system does not Anglo-Saxonize the children. I used to believe in this assimilation and to write that it was being accomplished. Experience, especially with officers and soldiers of the A. E. F., has taught me that I was wrong.

If millions upon millions of Americans are ignorant of or indignantly reject the bases of Anglo-Saxon solidarity lovingly dwelt upon by tercentenary orators and writers, what are we going to do about it? We cannot tell Hans Schmidt, Giuseppe Tommasi, Abram Einstein, Olaf Andersen, Robert Emmet O'Brien, and a dozen others that they are not good Americans because they do not cheerfully accept the supremacy of the Scotch and English among us and the superiority of Scotch and English ways. Nothing could be better fitted to arouse within them a fierce determination to resist assimilation and oppose the policy of Anglo-Saxon solidarity.

Here is our problem. We of pure Anglo-Saxon stock, whose ancestors came to America in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, have never been accused of hating ourselves and being oblivious to our origin. We have overloaded the *Mayflower* and overpopulated Virginia and given William Penn a host of intimate friends. From the time of Washington Irving we have become more and more reconciled with our British cousins, and have learned to build our traditions from long before the Revolutionary War. We have become aware of our precious Anglo-Saxon heritage. At the outbreak of the World War we celebrated a hundred years of peace with Great Britain. Then we entered the war, and fought with the British against a common enemy.

Now, after the victory, we come to celebrate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. We are more than ever glad of our blood and traditions. We are immensely proud of the British stock from which we sprang. How the deeds of the British on land and sea quickened our pulses as we read of them! A privileged few of us saw and shared in them. More important still, during the war, there were times when we realized that Anglo-

Saxondom was threatened with an eclipse of glory and influence. A thing is never so precious as when you are faced with losing it. Will any reader of this article ever forget the awful sensation that came when he read the first bulletins of the Battle of Jutland? No Anglo-Saxon could be indifferent about the outcome of the war after that experience. The aftermath of the war has not dispelled, but rather confirmed, the instinct of danger felt during the war. We say to ourselves that the British Empire and the United States must face the future together. How are we going to create an irresistible public opinion in the United States in favor of a foreign policy that will embody as one of its cardinal principles the fostering of Anglo-Saxon solidarity? What are the bases of Anglo-Saxon solidarity?

I think I have proved that the elements of our population which are not Anglo-Saxon do not take much stock in Anglo-American community of blood and culture and history because they are not bases to them. Their blood is not ours, their culture is different, and American history gives them ground for antagonism to the British rather than sympathy with the British. The earlier English history they did not share. Other grounds must be sought to convince the American nation that it is a part of Anglo-Saxondom and should work for the union and prosperity of Anglo-Saxondom. The only cultural basis that has a wider appeal than simply to one of several American groups is the question of common language.

English is our national language. But this forms a strong bond only with Canada, where there is a constant intercourse among peoples and a constant exchange of books and periodicals. It is becoming a factor in our relations with Australia, also, because Australians read widely and with avidity popular American literature. But outside of a limited circle, which needs no conversion to Anglo-Saxon solidarity, few British and Americans come into personal contact, and the reciprocal purchase of books and magazines and newspapers is surprisingly small. Potentially, however, common language is

a basis of solidarity. It is an asset in favor of those who are working to bring the English-speaking peoples together.

The practicable bases of Anglo-Saxon solidarity, which tercentenary orators could present with effect to *all* their compatriots, are common laws and spirit of administration of justice, similar development of democratic institutions, common ideals, and common interests. The first two are in a certain sense included in the third and fourth, and the fourth covers the first three. One appeals to the moral sense and to self-interest, and then, to clinch the argument, shows how idealism is in harmony with interest, as in the adage, "Honesty is the best policy."

In discussing the four bases of Anglo-Saxon solidarity, it must be remembered that the problem involves the direct relations between each two of the members of the English-speaking group of nations and between each English-speaking country and the colonies and possessions of the British Empire and the United States. The following table shows how wide a field Anglo-Saxon solidarity covers:

Great Britain and United States
Great Britain and Ireland
Ireland and United States
Great Britain and Canada
United States and Canada
Ireland and Canada
Great Britain and Australia
United States and Australia
Ireland and Australia
Canada and Australia
Great Britain and New Zealand
United States and New Zealand
Ireland and New Zealand
Canada and New Zealand
Australia and New Zealand
Great Britain and South Africa
United States and South Africa
Ireland and South Africa
Canada and South Africa
Australia and South Africa
New Zealand and South Africa
Great Britain and India and other possessions
United States and British possessions
Ireland and British possessions
Canada and British possessions
Australia and British possessions

New Zealand and British possessions
 South Africa and British possessions
 United States and her possessions
 Great Britain and American possessions
 Ireland and American possessions
 Canada and American possessions
 Australia and American possessions
 New Zealand and American possessions
 South Africa and American possessions
 British possessions and American
 possessions

Thirty-six separate headings may seem on first glance useless repetition. But I ask my readers simply to take each heading, think for a minute, and there will arise in your mind some problem of Anglo-Saxon solidarity involving primarily the two parties coupled in each of the thirty-six headings. In fact, it is not difficult to find several sources of friction calling for adjustment under a single head. I have not space to enumerate. Nor have I increased the list by adding the new headings that might be justified by the new responsibilities of the British Empire through the acquisition—in complicated form because of division with self-governing dominions and the as yet unsettled limitations of mandates—of the former German colonies.

The years immediately ahead are years of great peril for Anglo-Saxon solidarity. The problems we must face and solve go so far beyond the matters dealt with by tercentenary orators that one feels the crying need of light and more light in considering the quadrangular character of relations between the different parts of Anglo-Saxondom—Great Britain, self-governing dominions, the United States, and the possessions and protectorates British and American. Japan? The Pacific? Tariffs and shipping? Sea-power? Status of the Near East and the German colonies? Panama Canal? Monroe Doctrine? League of Nations? Ireland? We cannot treat these matters only as questions between London and Washington affecting Anglo-American relations. Nor can Great Britain treat them that way. Both London and Washington are forced to take into consideration the self-governing dominions of the British Empire whose sentiments and interests

give them a distinct point of view and program of their own. With the exception of South Africa, the self-governing dominions are, like the United States, the outgrowth of transplanted Anglo-Saxon civilization. It is natural that in mentality, and frequently in interests, they should be nearer us than the mother country. Canada and South Africa have important Caucasian elements that have not been under the influence of, and are antipathetic to, Anglo-Saxon culture. Australia's Irish rival ours in singing the hymn of hate against England.

The first basis of Anglo-Saxon solidarity is to create throughout Anglo-Saxondom the consciousness of unity in our conception of law and in the spirit of our administration of law. Just laws justly administered are the foundation of civilized society. Those who live under them prize them more highly than any other possession. No alien, whatever his origin, who comes to live under our dispensation fails to acknowledge the blessings of Anglo-Saxon law. Our laws and our courts are the outgrowth of centuries of English history and experience. They offer the greatest protection to the individual man and the widest possibility of individual freedom the world has ever known. Within recent years, if America meant to the immigrant "the home of the free," it was because of the scrupulous administration of justice according to the laws handed down to us by our Anglo-Saxon forebears. Similarly, the immigrant of continental European origin who went to a British colony was sure of a "square deal." Before the law he was the equal of any other man. Entering our society, he shared immediately the benefits of our most sacred heritage—free speech, free assembly, the habeas corpus act, and the principles of Anglo-Saxon law assured to Americans not only by custom and our system of jurisprudence, but by the first amendments to the Constitution. As far as laws and the administration of justice are concerned, the English-speaking countries have had a similar development, and have not severed this powerful link binding them to England more closely than common language.

If we can impress upon our fellow-citizens in the United States and Canada and South Africa and Ireland who are not of Anglo-Saxon origin or who have grown away from Anglo-Saxondom that throughout the English-speaking world we are maintaining the reign of English law and guarding jealously the constitutional liberties handed down to us from England, this precious basis of Anglo-Saxon solidarity will appeal to them, and they will help us to strengthen it. But there never has been a time in this country when the enemies of our Anglo-Saxon liberties have been so strong and so persistent. The cause of Anglo-Saxon solidarity is menaced by assaults from within. Public officials of the mentality of Attorney-General Palmer despise the Anglo-Saxon system of law and repudiate the traditions and customs of centuries.

Political institutions and jurisprudence go together. Although the American commonwealth has developed its political institutions with less strict adherence to English standards than in the case of jurisprudence, our modifications do not affect the spirit of what we have received, and the changes are only in detail. Representative government we received from England. When we fought the mother country it was to preserve our rights as Englishmen, which we did not believe had been forfeited by transplantation. The American War of Independence was a struggle to establish a principle that has been vital in the development of English-speaking countries. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa owe to us the possession of Anglo-Saxon liberties in new worlds without having had to fight for them. During the recent war British propagandists in the United States made much of the argument that the British Empire was fighting to secure the triumph of Anglo-Saxon polity against a different system that was both reactionary and aggressive, that Americans were as much interested as British in defending Anglo-Saxon polity, and that therefore the British Empire was fighting our battle. The argument was sound. It appealed to thoughtful men in the United States, and I believe history will show that our

slogan when we did enter the war, "To make the world safe for democracy," was not a vain one.

The continental European who emigrates to white men's countries under the Anglo-Saxon form of government becomes, after naturalization, an equal partner with every other citizen. He votes. He is eligible for office. No argument is necessary to convince him of the advantages of living under Anglo-Saxon political institutions. If these institutions are properly administered, he appreciates them as highly as he appreciates Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. A basis of Anglo-Saxon solidarity that we can urge upon Americans who are deaf to the call of blood and culture is Anglo-Saxon polity. Every inhabitant of Anglo-Saxondom is interested in the maintenance and defense of the jurisprudence and polity under which he lives. Point out to him that English-speaking countries cannot afford to risk these precious possessions by being enemies and by pursuing antagonistic policies in this electrically charged *post bellum* world, and he will begin to see the common sense of a policy of *rapprochement* between Great Britain, her dominions, and ourselves.

The most powerful appeal to the heart of the United States is the moral appeal. This is true of every other Anglo-Saxon country. If we needed proof, the recent war gave it. Great Britain was hardly less slow than the United States in getting her soul into the war. Whatever German polemicists may have said in their hymns of hate, there was no English conspiracy against their commerce, and Great Britain did not enter the war—I am speaking of the national consciousness of her people—to crush a trade rival. Without the invasion of Belgium, the cabinet would have had difficulty in getting Parliament to declare war. Without the constant effort to arouse and maintain the people in a state of moral indignation, which was never relaxed during the four years of fighting, the people of the British Empire would not have furnished millions of soldiers. We Anglo-Saxons are instinctively antimilitaristic, and we loathe war. We accept the burden of war only as a last

resort, when we are driven to it. In a certain sense the United States was kicked into the war. We could not stand Germany pulling our nose and slapping our face any longer. But after we entered, the remarkable effort in man power and money made by this nation was due not to spontaneous combustion, but to the clever propaganda of various official and unofficial organizations, ably assisted by a large element of the press.

If the call of blood and culture, as some tercentenary orators claim, enlisted us in the war, why were we deaf to it for three years? I am afraid that our passivity from 1914 to 1917 flatly contradicts the eloquent assertions made over loving-cups at Pilgrim banquets. The United States as a whole does not possess an Anglo-Saxon racial or cultural consciousness. But, despite our mixture of blood and cultural background, successive generations of development under Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence and polity have given us an idealism that is distinctively Anglo-Saxon. It was slow to awaken, but when it did awake, the people of this country, irrespective of origin, went into the war for the triumph of the ideals embodied by President Wilson in his war speeches. We believed that these were the ideals of our allies, for their statesmen had been telling us the principles for which the Entente was fighting ever since August 1, 1914.

But when the statesmen of the peace conference refused to abide by the principles proclaimed during the war, and upon the basis of which the armistice was concluded, they made impossible America's participation in the treaties. At Manchester, in December, 1918, President Wilson declared that the United States would never enter into any league that was not an association of all nations for the common good. How could it be otherwise? A formidable number of millions of Americans who fought Germany without hesitation because Germany stood for militarism and autocracy and imperialism do not believe they are called upon to sanction and enforce a sordid materialistic peace that makes some races masters of others. For the sake of idealism

and for the United States they fought against kith and kin, or alongside of those they believed, rightly or wrongly, to be the oppressors of their race. But can we expect our compatriots of German or Irish or Slavic origin to support a European and world order based upon the permanent inferiority and subjection of the races from which they sprang?

Some unthinking Americans hotly answer in the affirmative, and revive the epithet of hyphenate. But in doing so, they reveal themselves to be very poor Anglo-Saxons. A sense of justice and an ability to put oneself in the other man's place are the Anglo-Saxon qualities *par excellence*. Being of pure British blood myself, I cannot help looking with contempt upon parvenus who are *plus royalistes que le roi*. The American of German or Irish origin who speaks and works for Anglo-Saxon race supremacy is a strange creature. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem" is sacred to the decent-minded man. The pride I have in my ancestry and the sense of partnership I feel in the history of my race enable me to respect others for thinking of Germany and Ireland as I think of England. Insisting that they foul their own nests is a poor test for recruits to Anglo-Saxon solidarity. Americans who maintain that it is our duty as good citizens of the United States to work for, or at least not to speak against, the material advancement of Great Britain because of kinship are appealing to a racial group and are as guilty of hyphenism as the propagandists of any other racial group. The reader interrupts me with the protest, "But you cannot put our comrade in arms, Great Britain, whose language and civilization we share, in the same position toward American citizens as Germany, our recent enemy!" Precisely so. I agree. But why? The blood argument I accept, but nearly fifty million Americans reject it. We must make the distinction one of ideals.

Our third basis of Anglo-Saxon solidarity is, then, harmony of ideals among the nations of the English-speaking world. Great Britain is drawn to us, the self-governing dominions are drawn to us, and we are drawn to Great Britain and the self-governing domin-

ions because we have common ideals. And there will be no *rapprochement* unless this is so. Consequently, if we are honestly working for Anglo-Saxon solidarity and not simply setting forth sugared "pap" for public consumption, we shall on both sides tackle courageously shortcomings in following ideals not because we love to criticize, but because this is the only way we can remove sources of friction that threaten to disrupt Anglo-Saxon solidarity. In regard to Germany, Great Britain has acted admirably, and is living up to her ideals of fair play and of not kicking the other fellow when he is down. In regard to Ireland, on the other hand, we have a question that must be settled before genuine good feeling is established among the Anglo-Saxon states. Speaking for Ireland and not against her is the highest wisdom for the Anglo-Saxon propagandist in the United States. It proves that he himself believes in the Anglo-Saxon heritage of which he boasts, and that he is anxious to remove one of the greatest obstacles to Anglo-American friendship.

We are not going to get anywhere in our propaganda for Anglo-Saxon solidarity unless we emphasize the common idealism and strive to make the association of Anglo-Saxon nations a committee for giving Anglo-Saxon liberties to the whole world. This thought came to me with peculiar force when I stood on the spot in the Moses Taylor Pyne estate where those who fell in the Battle of Princeton are buried. On a bronze tablet are inscribed the words of Alfred Noyes:

Here freedom stood by slaughtered friend
and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled, or that sunset
died,
Looked through the ages, then, with eyes
aglow,
Laid them to wait that future, side by side.

The "future, side by side" of English-speaking countries can mean only working for the spread of freedom. We shall not help each other to deny freedom to others, and if we did join in an Anglo-Saxon freebooting expedition across the world, we should quickly follow the law of pirates and be at each other's throats.

A poet might have ended his plea for Anglo-Saxon solidarity here. An orator certainly would. But, as I am in earnest and want my argument to remain with the reader, I must not leave it incomplete. Among the bases of Anglo-Saxon solidarity, as in any human association, interest is the cornerstone. Men cooperate in no undertaking in which the element of mutual advantage does not play the preponderant rôle. Other factors are present, of course, and mutual interest may not be the exciting cause of entering into a common undertaking. But interest is the cement as well as the foundation of human society. If I were strictly logical, the three bases of Anglo-Saxon solidarity already suggested ought to be made sub-divisions of the basis I call common interests.

What are these interests? Are they numerous and important enough to justify a close union among English-speaking countries? What particular interests would have to be sacrificed in order to further the common interests? Are the sacrifices possible? Is it worth while to make them? The World War and its aftermath make inevitable raising these questions. But those who, like myself, believe that the political and economic *rapprochement* of Anglo-Saxon countries is a possibility that ought to be carefully considered, will fail of appreciable results unless we are willing to discuss moot questions frankly and with detachment in good old Anglo-Saxon fashion and unless we realize the composite racial and cultural character of the American nation.



Are Women Intelligent?¹

By MARGUERITE ARNOLD



SEVENTY years ago, in a little town in the Middle West, a Methodist minister in good standing in his community beat his wife with a horsewhip. He was not drunk; she had not failed in her duties as household drudge any more than drudges always fail. She had eight children and an incredible number of chores. It was simply that she needed discipline in general principles, and she got it every two weeks. She was likely to be "cross," it seems.

The most nefarious law in history was that English common law whereby a man had complete control over his wife, and in spirit regarded her as a body without a soul. Says Blackstone, "He is her baron or lord, bound to supply her with shelter, food, clothing and medicine, and is entitled to her earnings and the use and custody of her person wherever he may find it."

The suffrage movement had its origin in the attempt of women to obtain a reasonable justice, in order that they might have protection in the home. Vitally concerned in the liquor question, they wanted to take part in the temperance cause. Their quick sympathies went out to another class of the oppressed—the slaves. The history of the origin of the movement for the ballot on the part of women is the history of their timid and high-minded endeavor to aid in the great causes of humanity. In the rebuff of their efforts by the men who were the guardians of their needs, in the injustice of the laws made for their "protection," in the realization of their anomalous position in the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, they found the compelling motive for revolt. Out of their activities before and during the Civil War arose their demand for political

rights. Their appearance in public life brought upon them the reverberating condemnation of church and state.

The "new woman" dates from antebellum times. Immediately following the Revolution, women voted in Virginia. New Jersey specifically secured this right in 1776, which held for a quarter of a century.

But these traditions of an earlier freedom were soon lost. In the quarter of the century before the Civil War women were hedged about by curtailments and taboos comparable in their incapacitating effect only with the rigid costumes which they wore. In the day of the hampering long skirt, in the day of the English common law, whereby man and wife were one, and that one, man, the few intrepid women who ventured a protest in behalf of women were indeed striking to their times. Matters of common human justice seemed destructive measures. Yet the activities of women preceding and causing the declaration of "their rights" in 1848 strike harmlessly enough on modern ears.

The first woman to lecture on politics from a public platform was Frances Wright. In 1828 arose the "Christian party in politics," which, in Old-World style, aimed at the union of church and state. Frances Wright, although a woman, saw here a great danger to the country, and from the lecture platform uttered warning and denunciation. A woman talking politics and religion? Why, she must be an infidel. Off with her head!

A little later that brilliant Polish exile, Ernestine Rose, lecturing ably on the science of government, met with no more subtle interpretation in the minds of her peers. Men and women alike were thrown into a perfect panic of sentimentality. The mental mechanism

¹ "The History of Woman Suffrage" quoted by the author as an authority, was written by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, and Matilda Joselyn Gage, and published in 1881 by Fowler & Wells: New York.

by which anything new is instinctively associated with everything wrong was in good working order in the early forties. Ernestine Rose was a lady; she was made out a monster of human depravity.

In the meantime a woman had indeed secured from the New York State legis-



Frances Wright

lature the first governmental aid in the United States for the education of women, a forecast of the fatal respectability afterward to stamp teaching as a profession for women. But when Emma Willard, at her school in Troy, held the first examination for her pupils in geometry, a storm of ridicule burst forth not outdone by any since that day.

In 1836 Elizabeth Blackwell, while in prison for debt, wrote the first medical botany. The obscurity of both her writing habitat and her subject doubtless protected her for a time. She was later to be the subject of ten days' debate at the hospital for maternity in Paris as to whether or not, with a degree from a medical college of Geneva, she might be accepted as a pupil!

In a newspaper of the day, under the caption, "American Doctress," appeared the following: "Some of them [her critics] think Miss Blackwell must be a Socialist of the most radical class and

that her undertaking is the entering wedge of a systematic attack on society by the whole sex." That argument, coined early in the struggle, was to ring the counterfeit changes for nearly a century. We are not done with it yet.

The attitude of "tender females" toward the "doctress" was summed up in the words of one of them: "Oh, it is too horrid! I 'm sure I never could touch her hand. Only to think that those long fingers of hers had been cutting up dead people!"

Objections were not confined to the masculine sex. Bolder still, Pauline Wright Davis in 1844 began to lecture to women on physiology. The manikin she used for demonstration produced such an impression of indelicacy and vulgarity upon the ladies of her audience that many of them dropped their veils, while several supersensitive ones fainted. So shrinking was the modesty of the elegant "female" in the early forties! Thus did she justify man's protective attitude.

These were eddies. In the decade preceding the guns on Fort Sumter two great questions were agitating the minds of thoughtful men and women, slavery and temperance, the one to be settled in that century, the other in the present. They were the indirect causes of the woman-suffrage movement.

The first temperance society, early in the nineteenth century, was comprised entirely of reformed drunkards. Then organizations called the Sons of Temperance began to work for a license act, and these allowed subsidiary bodies to organize, called the Daughters of Temperance. Women were occasionally admitted to the men's meetings, much as slaves were to antislavery conventions, to sit on the platform as pitiful victims of the wrong. Women began to resent having no voice in the "world" conventions. Before matters could come to a head in these bodies, however, the great world antislavery conference in 1840 had taken place, and the women's-rights movement had begun.

To antislavery matters women were early awake, and so long as they expressed their convictions privately, the abolition of slavery, as advocated by women, was smilingly attributed to that

tenderness inalienably their rightful charm. Women were not long contented with fireside utterances or pathetic public exhibition. Abby Kelly began it by lecturing against the slavery of the negro. Then woman's tenderness of heart failed to stand her in good stead. There were cases of both men and women who were



Elizabeth Blackwell

expelled from their churches for listening to this woman, on a public platform, talking about freedom for "niggers." But the movement went on.

Presently came the wealthy sisters, Sarah and Angelina Grimké, straight from the emancipating of their own slaves on a Southern plantation. Angelina was an orator of the first water. Allying themselves with William Lloyd Garrison and the abolitionists, they spoke and wrote constantly upon the evils of the slave system, attacking with special vigor the biblical argument that slaves and women were degraded by the will of God. Their fiery eloquence made even men wish to listen to them.

The women organized, and in 1837 held a first national antislavery convention. As they began taking part in the regular antislavery conventions run by men, they were immediately confronted with the denial of the clergy, and indeed some of the most rigid abolitionists, of their right to vote, speak, or serve on

committees. The issue caused a split in the convention.

Then came the call, extended to all societies, for a world antislavery convention in London. Six women were chosen as delegates by certain American organizations. When it became known in London that six women were crossing the seas, the agitation into which God-fearing Englishmen were thrown was simply tremendous. A fleet of hostile vessels sighted in the English Channel could not have been more cataclysmic. These women had addressed "mixed" audiences, had petitioned august legislators, and had taken up "masculine" dress. Was John Bull disappointed or relieved when the lovely Lucretia Mott, in her exquisite Quaker gown, with her high-bred manners and her royal ease, stepped calmly ashore? Yet reverend gentlemen began pointing out that their reception would be "not only a violation of the customs of England, but the ordinance of Almighty God." At that time only men had the power to summon the Deity to the ouija-board.

The ladies were urged to withdraw. The lovely Quakeress stood firm. After a whole day had been spent in anxious debate, the women delegates—"If ye have tears, prepare to shed them now"—were placed behind a bar and curtain for the remainder of the convention. Whereupon William Lloyd Garrison, delayed at sea, refused to take his seat as a delegate, and retired to the gallery. The ladies, it is said, kept up their end at their hotel, so that one gentleman moved, and another was wont to fortify himself of a morning with six eggs. Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, walking London streets together, vowed they would hold a women's-rights convention upon their return. The convention of 1848 was assured.

The immediate provocation, however, was the meeting of the New York legislature for the purpose of revising its constitution. Principles of government were widely discussed, including woman's civil rights under the English common law. Her condition was that of Simple Simon: she had n't any. At Seneca Falls, in 1848, a body of distinguished women passed the "Declaration of Sentiments," which rolled up no

mean record of the crimes of man, and contained, from another point of view, the reference to God, too popular with the ruling sex, "He has usurped the prerogative of Jehovah himself, claiming it as his right to assign for her a sphere of action, when that belongs to her conscience and her God." What a thunder-bolt!

The only resolution not immediately adopted by the convention had to do with the franchise. In the first formal expression of their demands, women who were in advance of the majority of their sex cared nothing for political rights. They did not yet see in the vote the only sure means of expression. They were concerned, in the words of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, with "settling in the minds of the masses that woman has a right to stand on an even pedestal with man, look him in the face as an equal, and rebuke the sins of her generation."

This "declaration" met with jeers and incredulity. The condition of public sentiment may be shown by the fact that Susan B. Anthony herself, still only a teacher, smiled at the idea of "ladies' rights." The concluding stanza of Mrs. Chapman's satiric poem, written in the furor created by the Grimké sisters, perhaps embodies the consternation of those who took the thing seriously:

Oh! shade of the prophet Mahomet arise!
Place woman again in "her sphere,"
And teach that her soul was not born for the
skies,
But to flutter a brief moment here.
This doctrine of Jesus, as preached up by
Paul,
If embraced in its spirit, will ruin us all.

Yet woman was merely asking for educational, political, civil, professional, and religious opportunity. She wanted above all the privilege of constructive criticism. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's declaration that habitual drunkenness should be grounds for divorce was considered too revolutionary by women who supported the declaration itself. Equality of work was the demand most kindly considered. Women who were opposed to the ballot immediately began to train for professional activity. Women gradually became ministers, doctors, and teachers in great numbers. A

few formed the first suffrage society. What happened in New York State happened simultaneously everywhere. Women in all States declared rebellion. The clergy shook their Bibles. The foundations of society rocked. The cradle was eclipsed.

The last straw on the whole big bonfire was the "Bloomer" costume. This was devised by a man, oddly enough, a wealthy philanthropist and senator, Mr. Gerrit Smith, whose daughter, Elizabeth Smith Miller, adopted the dress during her father's term in Washington. Now, a Mrs. Amelia Bloomer had a paper called "The Lily." "The Lily" advocated the new costume, which was forever called "Bloomer," after the unfortunate editor. Amelia, at what might well be the age of thirty, looked like one's grandmother. They all did, even when quite young. One's grandmother always looks "womanly." "The Cleve-



Lucretia Mott

land Plain Dealer" describes the costume as worn by the sweet-voiced Lucy Stone: "Her dress is first a black velvet coat with collar, fastened with buttons, next a skirt of silk reaching to the knees, then the breeches of black silk, with neat fitting gaiters." Judge these garments as compared with the dress of the period, with its tight lacing, its voluminous and trailing skirts. In such a dress it was

next to impossible for women to do any kind of work. Yet Susan B. Anthony considered the new costume an agony, and gave it up at the end of four years. Many masculine friends of the cause protested against the innovation. Wendell Phillips, where are you now? Have you a good place in the gallery of the dead? Never train your opera-glasses on women of to-day.

Thus did women appear in public life. They were few. The chief means of expression for the great mass of them was the foreign missionary society. Until the outbreak of the Civil War these noble pioneers struggled to make their cause heard and understood. Their work was by no means confined to women's-rights conventions. Temperance was again made a burning question, in 1851, by the repeal of the license law. Drunkenness had no check even from public opinion, and the wife of the brutal drunkard might not even claim the custody of her children or the use of her own earnings or divorce.

In the field of temperance in 1852 appeared a new figure, that mighty

issued a call for the first woman's state temperance convention. This was the first of the incredible number of meetings called, managed, and financed for fifty-odd years by this indomitable woman. In the same year she discovered at a teachers' convention, although three fourths of those present were women, that not one dared to take any part in the proceedings. She accordingly added teachers' conventions to her list. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says of her, "Whenever I saw that stately Quaker girl cross my lawn, I knew that some happy convocation of the sons of Adam were to be set by the ears with our appeals, our resolutions," and she did not overstate the case.

In 1852 for the first time in the history of New York a body of women, headed by Susan B. Anthony, appeared before the New York legislature, asking either for the ballot to protect them, or for a prohibitory law. They were contemptuously received. When women were obliged to leave the world temperance convention of 1853, one clergyman referred to their exit as the removal of the "scum" of the convention. Such treatment it was that made Miss Anthony eventually forsake all causes for that of the ballot. With conventions, with petitions, with lectures, with county canvasses, were the causes pushed up to the very threshold of the war. If the men called a "world convention," as they did for temperance in 1853, when the Reverend Antoinette Brown, after a debate of an hour and a half, was compelled to leave the hall, the women very pertinently called a "whole world" convention, in the same block, if possible. At the same time they would have a women's-rights convention. To these came distinguished gentlemen, Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, William Ellery Channing, and William Lloyd Garrison. Horace Greeley printed favorable reports.

How slow was the work of educating the public mind is shown by the reply of the Senate Judiciary Committee of New York State to a petition, presented to the legislature in 1856, asking equal property and guardianship rights for men and women. The reply, composed in a facetious vein, contained the following:



Elizabeth Cady Stanton

woman, Susan B. Anthony. We first find her refused speech at a meeting of the Sons of Temperance to which the Daughters had been invited. She got up a rival session across the way, and

A lady's dress costs three times as much as that of a gentleman; and at the present time, with the prevailing fashion, one lady occupies three times as much space as a gentleman. It has thus appeared to the married men of your committee (the bachelors being silent) that if there is any inequality or oppression in the case, the gentlemen are the sufferers.

The same year, when Miss Anthony by request, showing the great advance made over her first attempt to "set men by the ears" in educational circles, read a paper on coeducation at the State Teachers' Association, the president of the body complimented her on her address, but declared:

"I would rather have followed my wife or daughter to Greenwood Cemetery than to have her stand here before this promiscuous audience and deliver that address." This was a *teachers'* convention!

In the following year, when Miss Anthony advocated opening schools, colleges, and universities to women, the president, Professor Davis of West Point, in gallant uniform and white kid gloves, asserted:

"I am opposed to anything that has a tendency to impair the sensitive delicacy and purity of the female character or to remove the restraints of life. These resolutions are the first step in the school which seeks to abolish marriage, and behind this picture I see a monster of social deformity."

And the identification of the demand for equal civil and political rights, with the protest against the slavery of the negro, is well illustrated by the Alabama senator whose wife and daughter had met Susan B. Anthony in a traveling coach, and were charmed by her. He wrote cordially regarding the matter of claims of women. After the raid on Harper's Ferry he withdrew all support, as though Susan B. Anthony, and not John Brown, had made it! So entwined in men's minds were women's rights with irreligion, free love, and everything radical that Horace Greeley in 1856 for the first time refused to print a notice about a women's-rights convention in his paper.

There were, however, gains. It may

be said, that in ten years a mere handful of women effected in New York State a legal reformation. For after petition on petition, speeches, canvasses, campaigns of the most thoroughgoing kind, married women were given a right to their own earnings, their own property, and equal guardianship over their chil-



Lucy Stone

dren. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's plea from the speaker's desk at Albany was conceded as magnificent an address as any man in the country might have presented.

A little later Mrs. Stanton created an uproar by advocating divorce under certain conditions. Miss Anthony alone supported her. Even Wendell Phillips objected. Miss Anthony was challenged by an abolitionist lecturer on the ground that she had no right to talk of marriage because she was not married.

"You are not a slave. What right, then, have you to talk on slavery?" was her quick retort. And in the same way that abolitionists helped slaves to get away, so she insisted on hiding a mother and child for over a year. The wife of a prominent senator had for selfish reasons been consigned by him to the insane asylum, although there was sufficient testimony as to her sanity.

Miss Anthony was the only woman to

attend the meeting that saw the birth of the Republican party. She wrote, "Had the accident of birth given me place among the aristocracy of sex, I doubt not that I should be an active, zealous advocate of Republicanism." The new party and the women were bound by the common causes of human-



Anna E. Dickinson

ity. They worked together first for the emancipation of the negro and then for his enfranchisement. Their leaders were closely associated. Their interests were identical.

The Republican party was now gathering the forces against slavery. With the election of Lincoln, war broke out. Women, as a whole, were for the first time to become publicly useful. For thirteen years, half a dozen women had shown that they could enter the field of public life with ability.

With the surrender of Fort Sumter, thousands of women merged all their activities in steadfast support of the war. Concerning their activities, "The History of Woman Suffrage" says:

As no national recognition has been accorded the grand women who did faithful service in the last war; no national honors nor profitable offices bestowed upon them, the noble deeds of a few representative women should be recorded. The military ser-

vices of Anna Ella Carroll in planning the campaign on the Tennessee; the labors of Clara Barton on the battlefield; of Dorothea Dix in the hospital; of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell in the Sanitary; of Josephine S. Griffing in the Freedman's Bureau; and the political triumphs of Anna Dickinson in the presidential campaign, reflecting as they do all honor to their sex in general, should ever be proudly remembered by their countrywomen.

Dorothea Dix, government superintendent of nurses, and Clara Barton, literally the first Red Cross worker in America, were perhaps in their "true sphere." The Red Cross of Geneva was unknown to Miss Barton. In the end congress voted her a large appropriation for a search for missing soldiers.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, inspired by an acquaintance with Florence Nightingale, organized the Sanitary Commission. Josephine Sophie Griffing insisted that the freed black men pouring into Washington must have some help, and at length won the cooperation of the Government in her Freedman's Bureau. A man was put in as commissioner. Mrs. Griffing continued to do the work; the officer drew the pay.

The most conclusive disproof of statements made about the disability of women is to be found in the brilliant war strategy of Anna Ella Carroll. A decisive military victory was needed. The War Department planned a gunboat expedition down the Mississippi. Miss Carroll, whose cogent reasoning had more than once influenced the Governor of Maryland, of whose household she was a member, wrote to the assistant secretary of war a challenge of the plan. She outlined instead the campaign on the Tennessee River. Her plan was immediately adopted, the fall of Fort Henry resulted, the Confederate forces were cut in two by the capture of the Memphis and Charleston Railroad.

Then began that period of over fifty years wherein women obtained the most perfect political training in the world, a period in which the political rights of women were never allowed to drop beneath the horizon of men's eyes. The women, in their conventions, on the battle-grounds of state

ARE WOMEN INTELLIGENT?

constitutional revision, in their canvasses, in their pamphlets, continued to press the cause of justice. A petition for suffrage was almost immediately presented to Congress signed by twenty-eight women. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, wishing to test the constitutionality of woman's right to hold office, ran for United States Senator, polling twenty-four votes. At the New York constitutional conventions advocates of equal political rights were heard before the convention. In 1869 a sixteenth amendment enfranchising women was proposed in Congress, and the first congressional hearing took place.

Before the movement settled down into its modern phase, only just now brought to a happy culmination, a curious variation was introduced. This was voting under the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. A leading St. Louis lawyer was the first to point out that women were enfranchised by the letter and the spirit of the fourteenth amendment: "No state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the principles or immunities of citizens of the United States." "Citizens" the Constitution defines as "all persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof." A pretty quibble! Hot debate followed, in which the best legal minds of the country were engaged. From 1869 to 1875 women attempted to vote, until finally a decision of the Supreme Court set an end to that method of procedure.

One spectacular event of the period was the trial of Susan B. Anthony without a jury. In 1872 the indomitable woman had voted. She was immediately arrested, but took the advice of her counsel to give bail. Her legal ignorance was here taken advantage of by a kind-hearted attorney, for had she gone to jail, she might have appealed to the Supreme Court, and perhaps changed the whole history of her great class of excluded citizens. Prior to her trial, she made post-office speeches in twenty-nine districts, reading aloud and explaining that revolutionary document, the Constitution of the United States. Accused of trying to prejudice the jury by the district attorney, she

remained unperturbed, and when moved the trial, hastily canvassed new district.

The trial was a mere farce. To "The History of Woman Suffrage"

On the bench sat Judge Hunt, a s. brained, pale-faced prim-looking man faultless suit of black broadcloth, a snowy white neck-tie. This was the criminal case he had been called on since his appointment, and with remarkable foresight, he had penned his decision before hearing it.

The jury was instructed to bring verdict of guilty and given no chance to disagree. Miss Anthony had admitted that she was a woman. What could be asked? Thus a citizen not a citizen was tried and not tried. Miss Anthony, fined \$100,000 and she replied, "May it please your honor, I will never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty." And she never did.

The injustice of this trial was cried out upon far and wide, even in the very camp of the enemy. If the case had



Susan B. Anthony

been won on its merits, it would have enfranchised all women. Judge Hunt had said to the prisoner:

"You presented yourself as a female, claiming that you had a right to vote?"

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Anthony's hammer drove home

vented myself not as a female,
as a citizen of the United States."
The lady never lost her head.

75 the adverse decision was
in the Supreme Court when
S. Minor brought trial against
ator who refused to allow her
r at the polls.

ound was that the Constitu-
not confer the right to vote on
but left it to the States.
eenth and the fifteenth amend-
mply forbade discrimination
ace or color, not against sex.
gan the work by States; the
had been well plowed. The
own.

The woman of the future is the woman
of the past. It is those early pioneers
before the Centennial, before women
were to be found in any of the profes-
sions, before suffrage was fashionable,
before the barbarous common law had
been modified—it is those women who
stand as magnificent symbols of perfect
citizenship.

The first women's-rights convention
in the world, in 1848, passed resolutions
regarding the general status of women
so sound, so comprehensive that they
have never been superceded. Pioneers
of nearly a century ago evoked political
principles that the present time is
only beginning to justify. Minerva,
springing full-grown from the head of
Jove!

The Great Seducer

By CALE YOUNG RICE

Who looks too long from his window
At the gray, wide, cold sea,
Where breakers scour the beaches
With fingers of sharp foam;
Who looks too long through the gray pane
At the mad, wild, bold sea,
Shall sell his hearth to a stranger
And turn his back on home.

Who looks too long from his window,
Though his wife waits by the fireside,
At a ship's wings in the offing,
At a gull's wings on air,
Shall latch his gate behind him.
Though his cattle call from the byre-side,
And kiss his wife, and leave her,
And wander everywhere.

Who looks too long in the twilight,
Or the dawn-light or the noonlight,
Who sees an anchor lifted
And hungers past content,
Shall pack his chest for the world's end,
For alien sun—or moonlight,
And follow the wind, sateless,
To disillusionment!





The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND HYMNS OF HATE—INTERNATIONAL TOLERANCE—INDUSTRIAL TOLERANCE—INTELLECTUAL TOLERANCE—A RUNAWAY WORLD—THE DILEMMA OF WHITE CALIFORNIA—CALIFORNIA AWAKES—RESTRICTION BEGINS—AN EXECUTIVE ORDER—"GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT"—DISILLUSIONMENT—THE HENEY-WEBB LAW—THE SOLEMN REFERENDUM—ANTI-JAPANESE OBJECTIVES—THE MEN BEHIND THE MOVEMENT—OUR INDISPUTABLE RIGHT—TACT—JUSTICE—WORLD-STATESMANSHIP—A SEPTIC SPECTER—OVERHAULING THE COURTS IN EGYPT—UNCLE SAM FLIRTS WITH IMPERIALISM.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AND HYMNS OF HATE



ONLY by the severest searching of our hearts and the frankest answering of the challenge of Christianity can we save our Christmas observances of this year from shameful hypocrisy. The war has left a legacy of chaos and hate and intolerance. This legacy has poisoned the temper and thought of the world. It has transferred the passions and tactics of the battle-field to the fields of politics and industry. Every item of this legacy is at war with the spirit of Christmas. As long as this legacy survives, peace will be an impossibility and good-will a dream.

To approach the altar of Christmas while cherishing any of this war legacy is sacrilege. No statesman, no employer, no labor leader, no workman, no maker of opinion by voice or pen, no living human being, has the right to chant, "Peace on earth, good-will to men" unless he is honestly striving to reinvigorate good-will and to reorganize peace

in this confused, chaotic, and hate-poisoned time. Any other spirit is a travesty upon the traditions of the day.

Peace on earth! Good-will to men! These two things, peace and tolerance, must be the corner-stones of any effective reconstruction of the world's shattered life. Christmas dramatizes them for us. Christmas has always seemed a highly personal day, with a mystic message to the individual soul. But the Christmas of 1920 sounds a highly practical challenge to groups—a challenge to peace and tolerance between the erstwhile enemies in the war, between labor and capital, between conservatives and radicals, out of whose contests progress is born.

INTERNATIONAL TOLERANCE

The nations lately emerged from war could celebrate the Christmas of 1920 in no finer way than by renouncing their hates of yesterday and beginning, in a spirit of recovered decency, that reconstruction of the world's faith, which is even more important than the reconstruction of the world's frontiers. The

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of war be hard, but die they must be the healing ministry of real peace be begun. The nation that con- to soil its soul with hatred long a war is ended betrays a basic barism beneath its thin veneer of ture.

The common folk of all nations have already sloughed off the hate spirit of war-time. But there is still a distressingly large number of vociferous busybodies blocking the return to that spirit of tolerance, of faith, and of fairness which constitutes the very atmosphere of peace. These deserve constant exposure and indictment. Who are they?

During the war, atrocity-mongering was a trade that the smallest minds could carry on. Many small men found in this trade their first chance for publicity. They basely prostituted the nation's legitimately righteous indignation against the lawless enemies of decent international standards. They leaped into national prominence by their ability to manipulate the language of hate. They were tolerated by a sensible nation upon the purely pragmatic ground that they helped keep sharp the fighting edge of the nation's spirit. The trouble is that many of them do not yet realize that the war is over. Even a plea for Christian chivalry is still likely to draw from them the charge of pro-Germanism.

But these unreasoning artists in hate have slightly altered their program. From professional persecutors they have evolved into professional patriots. They have launched a campaign of "patrioteering" that is, perhaps, a greater menace to the country than the widely denounced profiteering. They have become the self-appointed guardians of the nation's thought on all political, social, and industrial issues. Their militant mediocrity is now engaged in defense of a suicidal social reaction. They loudly proclaim a selfish, tactless, and strife-engendering policy of "America first" in strident tones that will as surely draw the resentment of the world as did the guttural pronouncement of "Deutschland über Alles."

We need to realize, at this Christmas season, that the "intellectual rioting and looting" which has followed the war is

even more dangerous than physical rioting and looting, because its infection lasts much longer. Months ago, Bernard Shaw wrote a paragraph that makes pertinent reading at this season dedicated to good-will. He wrote:

Every one who is not a born fool must realize soon what all the clever people realized long ago, that the moral cleaning-up after the war is far more important than the material restorations. The towns that have been knocked down mostly needed it very badly, and will be replaced, let us hope, by better planned, healthier, happier habitations. We shall be able to build cathedrals quite as handsome as the best mediaeval ones, stained glass and all, as soon as we really like them and want them. But the poisoning of the human soul by hatred, the darkening of the human mind by lies, and the hardening of the human heart by slaughter and destruction and starvation, are evils that spread and fester long after the guns have stopped. Yet the importance that war gives to fools who are negligible in peace makes them loth to let the war cease if they can possibly carry it on by mere rancor after the soldiers have come home.

Then, after a brilliant argument in which he points out the fact that if we persist in maintaining a belligerent hate in our hearts against old enemies, sooner or later that belligerency, that belief that liberty and justice are things to be secured by fighting, will be turned into the class struggle at home, Shaw concludes:

We had better muzzle the trumpet and raise the hymn of peace, even though its loveliest and noblest settings, in *The Messiah*, in *The Magic Flute*, in the *Ninth Symphony*, in *Parsifal*, are all the work of those notorious Huns, Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and Wagner.

INDUSTRIAL TOLERANCE

Labor and capital could celebrate the Christmas of 1920 in no finer way than by a high resolve that during 1921 both shall strive, in consonance with the spirit of peace and tolerance, to think less in terms of the battle-field and more in terms of the council-chamber. The battle mind has been inevitable in the labor-capital struggles of the

past, but pure tests of strength, such as bargainings and strikes, can never bring industrial health to the world. Nothing save some continuously just administration of industry can do that. Such administration will never come as the by-product of a fight. It must be the consciously conceived product of industrial statesmanship, and industrial statesmanship is impossible without the spirit of tolerant good-will and mutual respect.

INTELLECTUAL TOLERANCE

Conservatives and radicals could celebrate the Christmas of 1920 in no finer way than by a determination to arrive at a more just understanding of their respective rôles in the drama of progress. This alone can shift their conflicts from the field of passion to the field of principle. This alone can breed tolerant good-will between such irreconcilable opponents. Neither seems to recognize the fact that both are necessary.

If the world were populated by radicals alone, there would be only two days in the calendar,—May 1 and October 1,—for every day would be moving-day. There would be no breathing-spells in which to consolidate the gains of the last move. Life would be an eternal race to a fire. Movement would be prized above destination. Mr. Wilson once wisely said:

Movement has no virtue in itself. Change is not worth while for its own sake. If a thing is good to-day, I should like to have it stay that way to-morrow. Most of our calculations in life are dependent upon things staying the way they are. . . . It would seem a waste of time to point out that ancient distinction between mere change and improvement. Yet there is a class of mind that is prone to confuse them. We have had political leaders whose conception of greatness was to be forever frantically doing something—it mattered little what; restless, vociferous men, without sense of the energy of concentration, knowing only the energy of succession. Now, life does not consist of eternally running to a fire. There is no virtue in going anywhere unless you gain something by being there. The direction is just as important as the impetus of motion.

Progress, development—those are modern words. The modern idea is to leave the

past and press onward to something new. But what is progress going to do with the past, and with the present? How is it going to treat them? With ignominy, or respect? Should it break with them altogether, or rise out of them, with its roots still deep in the older time? . . . I believe, for one, that you cannot tear up ancient rootages and safely plant the tree of liberty in soil which is not native to it. I believe that the ancient traditions of a people are its ballast; you cannot make a *tabula rasa* upon which to write a political program. . . . You must knit the new into the old.

This is good Christmas reading for radicals, but very bad Christmas reading for conservatives. It brings a needed lesson of tolerance to the radical, but is likely to strengthen the conservative in his fatal tendency to blind reaction. The radical owes something to the conservative for insisting that the best of the past be conserved, and the social temper would be better if the radical realized this. But the conservative probably owes much more to the radical than the radical owes to the conservative. The conservative retards progress unnecessarily. If radicals had not played the persistent gadfly to conservatives, the conservatives would to-day be living in caves, victims of the precarious life of their primitive ancestors. The conservative owes most of his comforts and privileges to the radical. Hardly a century passes without the crucifixion of some social, political, or industrial Messiah by conservatives. The conservative can, in the light of history, well afford to be more tolerant toward the agitator, without surrendering his "divine right" as guardian of the best in the *status quo*. These slightly paraphrased and rearranged lines from Maeterlinck's essay on "Our Social Duty" are good Christmas reading for conservatives:

For reasons which we do not always understand, it is doubtless necessary that the race should progress slowly. But let us not fear lest we be drawn too far; and let no reflection, however just, break or temper our ardor. Our future excesses are essential to the equilibrium of life. Let us go always to the most extreme limits of our thoughts, our hopes, and our justice. There are men

enough about us whose exclusive duty, whose most precise mission, is to extinguish the fires which we kindle.

Let us not say to ourselves that the best truth always lies in moderation, in the decent average. This would perhaps be so if the majority of men did not think, did not hope upon a much lower plane than is needful. That is why it behooves the others to think and hope upon a higher plane than seems reasonable. The average, the decent moderation of to-day will be the least human of things to-morrow.

Let us have no fear lest the fairest towers of former days be insufficiently defended, for at every cross-way on the road that leads to the future, each progressive spirit is opposed by ten thousand men to guard the past.

The point is that there is so much inertia in the world that no lover of things as they are need grow nervous. The car of progress is headed up a steep incline, not on a down-grade. Not once in a century are brakes really needed. This fact should breed tolerance in the conservative mind—a tolerance that would save us much useless and costly friction.

We can never achieve peace until we achieve tolerance, good-will. This editorial is not a plea for the tolerance that rests upon indifference, but for the tolerance that springs from mutual understanding, a tolerance that is in nowise inconsistent with the strenuous defense of principles.

Nor is this editorial a plea for international and social peace at any price, not a plea for mere quiet. Peace and quiet are not synonyms. Mere social calm may be a very unworthy goal for a people. There is quiet in the village graveyard, but every one in it is dead. Compromise to attain social quiet may be treason to justice. A people may enjoy greater peace in the midst of a war for right than in times of peace sodden with injustice. Did not L. P. Jacks write an illuminating essay on "The Peacefulness of Being at War!" Peace is a by-product of justice and ardent adventures in behalf of great ideals.

There is no point, even at Christmas-time, in crying "Peace! peace! when there is no peace." There is point in rededicating ourselves at Christmas-

time to that spirit of tolerance, good-will, and justice upon which alone lasting peace and sustained progress can be based.

A RUNAWAY WORLD

ONE of the outstanding facts of modern life is this: our cities and our states have outgrown our ability to administer them. Our civilization is smitten with the curse of bigness. A few years ago Lord Bryce, in his presidential address to the British Academy, ventured the suggestion that modern states have grown so big as to be virtually unmanageable by existing means of human control. We may pass this by as merely an interesting speculation in political philosophy, but we cannot dodge the fact that the city civilization of the United States is to-day virtually unmanageable.

The average American dislikes to admit that anything can be too big to be managed. Executive vanity is an American trait. We like to think that we possess a peculiar genius for organization and control. It may not be flattering to our genius to say that anything can grow so big as to be unmanageable, but facts are not concerned with flattery. And the fact is that the average administrator in city or state is to-day at his wit's end. His job has got out of hand.

The municipal administration of New York City, for instance, resembles nothing so much as a nervous spinster weakly clutching at the reins of a runaway team. This is not merely another smug criticism of Mr. Hylan's administration. It is the simple recording of a fact that would be more or less true of any administration in the New York of 1920—a fact that is more or less true of every big city.

In New York City a typical day is one continuous round of inconveniences due to the fact that the administration of its common life is inadequate. Let us list a few obvious facts.

The New-Yorker is frequently the shivering victim of a coal shortage due to inadequate mining and transportation facilities, to say nothing of inadequate

social control of the mining industry in general.

A strike in the harbor or at the ferry may leave him foodless.

Adequate control of transportation in the city streets, on the surface-car lines, and in the subways has broken down. Men, women, and children are jammed into subway-cars at five o'clock in the evening with less regard for physical comfort and decency than is displayed by a Western cattle-dealer loading stock for shipment. Every day brings its toll of death from trucks and taxis in the city streets.

Moving-day is a calamity.

On the first of October last it was estimated that seventy-five thousand families attempted to move one hundred and fifty thousand loads of household goods, while only two thousand vans were available. A strike of van-drivers and their helpers had prevented a great amount of moving prior to the first day of October. Free-lance van-owners charged exorbitant prices for moving goods. Twenty-five dollars an hour was not an uncommon charge. Certain streets of the city resembled the streets of a mining-camp in the days of the gold rush. Furniture was piled high on the sidewalks. Thousands of families had nowhere to go. Men of meager salaries were forced to take their families to expensive hotels in the business district, if, indeed, they were fortunate enough to gain entrance.

The day was a day of civil war between landlords and tenants over their respective rights. One hundred and twenty-five thousand eviction notices were in the hands of landlords in preparation for the day. Moving-vans, loaded with furniture, made fruitless trips to apartments out of which old tenants, unable to find other quarters, had refused to move.

Storage warehouses were jammed, and many families were forced to give away their furniture, or sell it for a song to second-hand dealers.

Congestion is so great that, unless it be relieved, a cholera epidemic may be not an unlikely development.

Human control of the housing situation has broken down. The community seems powerless in the matter of remedy-

ing the situation. The building that is being done is on an utterly unreasonable and anti-social basis. With a housing situation that menaces both morals and health, New York City built ten times as many garages as houses during 1920, while money, materials, and labor needed for the building of homes has been drawn away by the letting of contracts for \$97,000,000 worth of commercial buildings.

In the face of all this, drab-minded politicians, incapable of any idea that cannot be compressed within the confines of some ancient shibboleth, attack every proposal of municipal, state, or federal aid, while they denounce paternalism and prate of private initiative. On the other hand, every proposal to readjust taxation in a manner that will stimulate private investment in the building of apartment-houses is vigorously attacked by equally unthinking radicals who sense a weak surrender to capitalism. Through it all we listen in vain for a note of authority, and wander leaderless in futile search for some center of adequate social control.

Even hospital facilities are inadequate. If we cannot prevent a congestion that breeds disease, it might be thought that we would at least make an extra effort to care for the sick, the victims of our administrative failure. At the moment of writing it is estimated that there are a hundred and eighty thousand persons ill in Greater New York. This is at the rate of one to every thirty-four of the population. There is only one hospital bed for every two hundred and twelve persons. The percentage of cases of illness that are hospital cases is greater in New York City than in any other city in the United States. This is because more than six million persons are crowded into the city's limited territory, with hundreds of thousands living in about one third of the space they occupied before the war. Naturally, in such congested conditions, a sick person, if his illness be at all communicable, should be sent to a hospital to prevent the spread of the disease. Yet the growth of hospital facilities lags far behind the growth of the population.

Despite the heroic efforts of the

telephone and telegraph companies, the communication service of the country remains half-convenience and half- nuisance. The writer recently had the delightful experience of having a telegram consume four hours in traversing twelve miles, of traveling a distance of thirty-five miles by accommodation train and arriving in Buffalo ahead of a telegram sent six hours before, and of repeating such experiences three times within one week. All this is not carping criticism of the telegraph and telephone companies. It is simply the sketching in of a few details of the picture of our uncontrolled civilization.

It is easy and common to lay all this to the war. But that is a coward's refuge. We were headed for this chaos before there was a war-cloud in the sky. We must sooner or later face the possibility that the modern city, the modern state, the modern empire, is perhaps unmanageable after reaching a certain size. We are beginning to pay the penalty for our servile worship of the god of quantity. But we are slow to learn. Think of New York City, in its present condition, complaining that the first census returns showed a slight decrease in its population! This wild race for numbers leads straight to the abyss.

Before the war Mr. Justice Brandeis, in a discussion of trusts and efficiency, stated a principle that may well be taken to heart by political scientists. He said:

While a business may be too small to be efficient, efficiency does not grow indefinitely with increasing size. There is in every line of business a unit of greatest efficiency. . . . The unit of greatest efficiency is reached when the disadvantages of size counterbalance the advantages. The unit of greatest efficiency is exceeded when the disadvantages of size outweigh the advantages.

This is a perfectly obvious statement, but builders of cities, states, and empires have never taken it into account. The quest of bigness has been kept up, as if health, happiness, and social efficiency were secondary consideration to size. The history of mankind has been one continued story, without an installment missing, of man's creation of instruments that sooner or later have

made him their victim. Steam and the machine might have emancipated the race from innumerable troubles. Instead, they have brought in their train the factory system and the labor problem that have rent the world. Rapid transportation might have knit the world together into such a community of interests that war would have been unthinkable. Instead of making war impossible, it has made war epidemic.

Are we, then, in the grip of blind forces carrying modern civilization to destruction? This may not be the only deduction to be drawn. There are at present three world-wide movements that may together set the feet of civilization in a safer path. These three movements are:

First, the movement for the self-determination of all peoples.

Second, the movement for a league of nations.

Third, the movement for a reform of representative government to the end that we shall elect representatives from trades and occupations and vital interests as well as, if not instead of, from artificially created geographical areas. This movement is technically known as "occupational representation" and figures in gild socialism and in the soviet scheme.

Let no reader jump to the conclusion that this is a plea for political anarchy, a super-state, or Bolshevism. No one of these movements alone would help very much. Self-determination alone might simply split the world into warring fragments and sign a universal license for political incompetency. This would set the clock of political progress back for several centuries. A league of nations alone might simply create a super-state and be the last step in the suicidal quest of bigness. The movement for a state organized upon the basis of trades and occupations instead of geographical areas of representation would, alone, give us pure Bolshevism, pure gild socialism, or a dictatorship of the proletariat.

But in each of these movements—self-determination, league of nations, and occupational representation—is a spark of the divine fire that may light the way to a fairer future. We dare

not be blind partizans of any one of these movements; it is folly to regard any one of them as a panacea or Utopia. But, if we take the heart of each out of its matrix of non-essentials, we may have the elements of a sound world-program. Welding them into a coherent program, we may at last reap the benefits of world statesmanship.

Self-determination will make for a healthy decentralization of all those artificially built, overgrown empires that must, if unrestricted, sooner or later die of discord or fatty degeneration.

A league of nations will make for a more intelligent relation between the smaller and more manageable states that will result from a sincere and worldwide application of the principle of self-determination.

And, finally, we shall learn something from such movements as Bolshevism and gild socialism even in their moments of worst perversion. They shall fail as Utopias, as complete schemes of life and government, but on their ruins we shall erect the temple of a more realistic politics. Their ruins shall be the foundation of the new temple. For from them we shall learn that politics must be more than the wire-pullings of ward-healers, that politics must deal with work and food and clothing and shelter. We shall overhaul the structure and standards of representative government; we shall elect men—to one of our legislative chambers at least—because they know something about business or labor or coal or cotton or transportation or agriculture or education, not simply because they happen to live in Salt River Township, the third congressional district, or the State of Arkansas.

THE DILEMMA OF WHITE CALIFORNIA

WHILE this editorial is being written, the voters of California are getting ready to speak, in solemn referendum, upon the proposition of prohibiting Asiatics from owning or leasing land in that State. This will be simply one more step in the process of evolving a "White-California" doctrine to match the "White-Australia" doctrine

discussed at length in these columns a few months ago. This referendum again makes acute the chronic dispute that has kept Japanese-American relations raw and touchy for the last fifteen years.

The reader may ask, Why not defer comment until the results of this referendum have been announced? The answer is this: Nothing that California will do, nothing that California can do, will solve the problem at issue. The problem of the Japanese in California is simply one small aspect of a world problem that requires a world solution.

There are two elements in this world problem of which the California problem is a part. The first is the biological element, the relations of the white and colored races; the second is the economic element, the pressure of population against the frontiers of crowded countries and the lure of potentially rich, sparsely populated lands. It is folly to think the problem can be solved by dealing with the first element and ignoring the second. Yet, just that is the temptation of the Californias and Australias of the world.

We may be convinced that great nations do not and cannot arise out of a hell broth of diverse bloods, but we must realize also that the world cannot be run with "bad blood," and there will be "bad blood" between nations as long as land-sated and slow-breeding peoples hold in idleness millions of inviting acres, while proud and prolific races are cooped up within restricted frontiers. Again we contend that a "balance of territory" is more vital to the world's peace than a "balance of power."

But the fact that the problem requires a world-solution and defies local treatment does not do away with the other fact that, in the absence of adequate international statesmanship, local centers will, local centers *must*, attempt to meet local conditions with local treatment. Local programs for racial relations will inevitably involve friction and injustice, but the world must put up with the injustice of half-measures until a generation arises intelligent enough to burst through the crust of the parochial tradition and think in world terms. Setting aside, then, for the moment, the

world aspect of the issue, what is the situation in California?

Anti-Japanese agitation in California has been virtually constant since 1900, in which year Japanese immigration, which totalled only 2844 in 1899, suddenly leaped to the alarming total of 12,635. But it was in 1907, when Japanese immigration reached the staggering figure of 30,645, that Californians began to feel the full import of the Asiatic flood. Since that time the story of the Japanese in California has grown increasingly serious. Let us summarize the history of these fifteen years, indicating the year-to-year change in the number of Japanese immigrants entering the United States (about four fifths of whom, it is estimated, live in California), suggesting the activities of the Japanese in California, stating the reaction of Californians in general agitation, municipal regulations, and state legislation, together with a record of Federal action. Such a summary may best be made chronologically.

1900-05—CALIFORNIA AWAKES

The period of 1900-05 may be roughly described as a period of general awakening to the seriousness of the problem. Until 1900, Japanese immigration had not attained menacing proportions. In 1882 only five Japanese entered this country. Not until 1891 did the figure pass 1000. When 12,635 Japanese came in 1900, California began to sense danger. For the five years following, general agitation, mass-meeting protests, and demands for restrictions upon Japanese immigration were the order of the day.

1905-07—RESTRICTION BEGINS

In 1905 the agitation began to express itself more concretely. In that year the Asiatic Exclusion League was organized. Its particular purpose was to urge the extension of the Chinese Exclusion Act of 1882 to apply to the Japanese. It was about this time also that the San Francisco Board of Education issued an order segregating Asiatic students from white students, placing the Asiatic children in schools of their own. At this time the initiating force in the anti-

Japanese agitation was union-labor, which resented Asiatic competition. It was a labor-unionist mayor and an anti-Japanese school board appointed by him who were responsible for this segregation order and for the "Jim Crow" schools for Japanese. There were 11,021 Japanese arrivals in the United States in 1905.

The period of 1905-07 was marked by a rapid increase in Japanese immigration. 14,243 Japanese arrived in 1906, and 30,645 in 1907. This dramatic influx fanned anti-Japanese feeling in California to white heat. Californian passion registered its effect in Washington. Two specific moves were made by the Federal Government in 1907.

AN EXECUTIVE ORDER

First, President Roosevelt, having been empowered by Congress to act, issued an executive order under which "Japanese or Korean laborers, skilled and unskilled, who have received passports to go to Mexico, Canada, or Hawaii, and come therefrom" were to be denied admission to the United States. This was to checkmate the many Japanese who were getting into the United States in these roundabout ways.

"GENTLEMEN'S AGREEMENT"

Second, the American and Japanese governments arrived at the "Gentlemen's Agreement." This agreement was not made in the form of a treaty, resting rather upon a number of informal notes which passed between our State Department and the Japanese ambassador at the time. Under this agreement the Japanese Government pledged itself to refuse passports to Japanese *laborers* desiring to come to the United States, but the agreement did not forbid the entrance into the United States of Japanese who were (1) former residents in the United States, (2) parents, wives, or children of residents, (3) settled agriculturists, (4) transients who could be classified as non-laborers. The idea of the American Government was to restrict Japanese immigration, as we had restricted Chinese immigration, to travelers, teachers, students, scientists, trades-folk, and the like. The Japanese

Government, by concurrence in the agreement, avoided a Federal exclusion law such as applies to Chinese.

California breathed more freely, with a sense of relief over the two Federal actions. The year following the conclusion of this agreement, Japanese immigration dropped from 30,645 to 18,238, and in 1909 it dropped still further to 3295. Hope for satisfactory results from the "Gentlemen's Agreement" mounted.

1909-13—DISILLUSIONMENT

The period of 1909-13 may be described as a period of growing disillusionment regarding this agreement. Japanese immigration began to swell again. Japanese came in increasing numbers: 4125 in 1910; 6441 in 1911; 8589 in 1912; 11,672 in 1913. Californians began to wear an increasingly worried look. The agreement had not resulted in more than a passing reduction of Japanese incomers. Charges flew thick and fast that the Japanese were evading the terms of the agreement. These charges were probably false,—to a great degree, at any rate,—and whatever of truth there may have been in the charges was bent to the services of the Jingo element. The trouble lay not in the infraction of the "Gentlemen's Agreement," but in its inadequacy. At the time the agreement was concluded California's great fear was a union-labor fear of Japanese laborers. By 1913 California's fear had become a farmer fear of Japanese landowners, for, by the terms of the agreement, farmers as distinguished from farm-laborers did not come under the ban. Whereas earlier Japanese immigrants had "hired out" to work under white employers on railroads, fruit-ranches, truck-farms, and in lumber-mills, mines, and canneries, the later Japanese immigrants had begun to buy up lands, whole districts being turned into Japanese agricultural colonies.

THE HENEY-WEBB LAW

To strike at this menace, California passed the Heney-Webb land law in 1913. This law prohibited the purchase and ownership of land by any alien "ineligible to citizenship" and, to such, limited the right to lease land to

three years. This covered the Japanese, at whom it was aimed, since our citizenship laws recognize white men and "Africans" as eligible to citizenship, but do not mention "Mongolians."

This law was easily evaded by the Japanese in two ways: first, Japanese parents, who were themselves ineligible to land-ownership, contrived to reap all the benefits of ownership by deeding land to their children who had been born in this country, and were therefore citizens and eligible to land-ownership, and then assuming guardianship of the children; second, Japanese evaded the restriction of leases to three years by taking stock in corporations that could legally lease land for unrestricted periods.

It is the land situation that has brought the Japanese question in California to the present inflamed state. There are 27,931,444 acres of farm-land in California. Of this, 11,389,894 acres are improved. 3,893,500 acres of this improved part are irrigated. Japanese land holdings are mostly in this irrigated part. 623,752 good acres are in the hands of Orientals—Japanese, Chinese, and Hindus. The total acreage operated by the Japanese is 458,056, 74,700 acres owned, and about 383,287 acres under lease or crop contract.

Of course it must be remembered that the total land area of California is 99,617,280 acres, of which fewer than 28,000,000 are now reckoned as farm-land, improved and unimproved. It might occur to the reader that much of the remaining 70,000,000 or more acres might be redeemed to purposes of cultivation by turning Oriental ingenuity to the task, but California complains that Japanese incomers are turning not to the waste places, but to choicest districts, from which they rout the white farmers.

1920—THE SOLEMN REFERENDUM

California is in no mood to temporize with the situation. The anti-Japanese initiative measure, upon which Californians will have voted before this comment reaches the reader, is the latest move in the game. The purpose of this measure, if made law, will be to do all that the Heney-Webb law was designed to do, and, in addition, to provide

against the evasions that have made the Heney-Webb law virtually a dead letter. The measure has four outstanding provisions and purposes, namely:

1. Prohibition of leasing or owning of agricultural lands by aliens ineligible to citizenship; that is, all Asiatics except those born in this country.

2. Prohibition of such aliens from owning stock in corporations leasing or owning agricultural lands.

3. Prohibition of alien parents, who are themselves ineligible to lease or to own land, from becoming guardians of agricultural lands or of stock in corporations owning agricultural lands.

4. Provision of escheat or reversion to the State of all lands held by such aliens illegally in contravention of the provisions of this law.

This is plainly the most stringent anti-Asiatic measure yet proposed. This summary does not purport to be a comprehensive statement of the Japanese problem in California. There have been a thousand interesting and important side developments, but this summary sketchily suggests the legislative reactions to the "rising tide of color" in California.

ANTI-JAPANESE OBJECTIVES

The anti-Japanese agitators in California have three major objectives, namely:

1. The complete and evasion-proof prohibition of Japanese from the ownership of any land in any form of holding; the effective prevention of further colonization of agricultural areas by Japanese farmers.

2. A Federal exclusion law to take the place of the "Gentlemen's Agreement" between the United States and Japan.

3. The segregation of Japanese children in schools of their own.

THE MEN BEHIND THE MOVEMENT

Four factors enter into the prosecution of anti-Japanese agitation, namely:

1. White union labor, which protests against the severe competition that Japanese laborers are able to wage by virtue of their willingness to accept low living standards and long hours.

2. White farmers who protest against

the Japanese conquest of whole communities, against the Japanese competition that rests upon low living standards, long hours, and the labor of women and children.

3. Theoretical apologists of white world-supremacy. This group contains a varied membership, ranging from savants to blatherskites.

4. Politicians who seize upon anti-Japanese agitation as an effective campaign cry.

OUR INDISPUTABLE RIGHT

Every attempted restriction or discrimination is bound to bring tension between the American and Japanese governments. What, then, are we to do about it? Can the California situation be handled without racial discrimination that will cause international complications? Is it worth while to search for some method of painless surgery? Probably not.

In an illuminating editorial "The New Republic," which can hardly be accused of Jingo nationalism, makes this frank statement:

So long as the world is organized under national states, each bent on realizing its own destiny, there must remain discriminations between the nationals of the several Powers which are not the proper object of diplomatic intervention.

Every nation must determine its own population policy.

That implies freedom to discriminate in matters of immigration. Else it might become the subject of colonization and lose its identity, or it might suffer such profound changes in its economic and social structure as to lose its character. Not even the most ardent cosmopolitans would desire America to endure passively the complete Orientalization of the Pacific States. . . .

No less must every self-conscious nation be free to determine what kind of people shall hold its agricultural lands. The trading and industrial laborers of the cities may come and go, but the agricultural population tends to remain fixed. It is the chief source of the future population of the state. . . .

Discriminations in respect to the kind of people who shall be absorbed into our national life, and above all, discriminations as to the kind of people who shall occupy the

controlling position represented by agricultural tenure, are of the essence of nationalism.

It may be that we are foolish in preferring Italians and Serbs and Syrians to the Japanese, as constituent elements of our future population. It may be that we are hysterical over a small matter when we refuse to permit the few Japanese in this country to own lands. But these are matters for Americans to settle among themselves without pressure from outside.

If our disposition of them prejudices the interests of the nationals of other states, those states ought to press upon us the duty to adequate indemnification. But no good will come, in the long run, of anything beyond this.

This strikes us as a thoroughly sensible and realistic view of the situation. Japan is rigidly exclusionist in the matter of ownership of land in Japan by foreigners. She cannot justly complain if we exercise our national discretion in like manner. Three things, however, should be kept in mind in this agitation.

TACT

First, we should be *tactful*. There is a gentility of manner that even a powerful nation cannot afford to discard. We have Jingoos and venders of race hatred who are as reprehensible as the swash-buckling saber-rattlers of the old Germany. It is little short of disgraceful that the responsible head of a great university should speak of the "foul" Japanese methods, and of the "evils of a race which we do not detest, but which we will not endure." The fact is that the Japanese question is not primarily a race question. Primarily it is an economic question, a question of low-standard labor competing with high-standard labor, a question of land ownership by a folk whose low living standards, long hours, and whose working of women and children in the fields present a competition white farmers cannot meet. There is a question of race involved, but California would not to-day be stirred to its depths unless the economic elements of the problem had awakened the fear of white laborers and white farmers. Let us recognize this fact and stop laying primary emphasis upon the race element, which is the touch-

iest element of the issue. Let us frankly say to Japan that we will not permit, as she would not permit, a folk of lower living standards to drive out our own people with their higher living standards. Let us say frankly that we are facing a problem of competing standards. Tact, common decency of intercourse, can do much toward placing our negotiations upon a basis that will not needlessly challenge the racial pride of the Japanese. Whatever our opinion about race-mixtures may be, we should recognize the plain fact that constant and egotistic shouting about white world-supremacy is simply taking a short cut to war.

JUSTICE

Second, we should be *just*. We should not confuse the problem of immigration and the problem of the Japanese who are already in California. It is our clear *right* to restrict immigration as we see fit. It is our clear *duty* to indemnify adequately every Japanese now living in this country who may in anywise suffer material loss from state or federal legislation.

WORLD-STATESMANSHIP

Third, we should *recognize that this and similar problems can never be really solved save by world remedies*. Japan is a proud, prolific, and crowded nation. The instinct of self-preservation and self-advancement is as strong in colored as in white races. We cannot imprison a growing people in an inadequate territory any more than we can imprison steam in a kettle and avoid an explosion. World statesmanship would turn the irresistible power of growing peoples into the high adventure of conquering the waste and idle stretches of the world's surface, instead of burning up half the world's energy in a jealous guarding of preëmpted areas.

A SEPTIC SPECTER



THE United States is spending annually the unbelievable sum of \$365,000,000 on rats. The first time that Congress appropriated \$1,000,000,000 to run the Government

for a year, the country rang with protest. Extravagance! Looting the treasury! But to-day we are spending more than a third of that amount on rats alone. Our rat bill averages about \$3.65 a year for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

What about this bright-eyed, be-whiskered boarder who is costing more than one third of what, not many years ago, was sufficient for running the entire Federal Government.

The rat population of the United States just about equals the human population. In several American cities there are slightly more rats than human beings, but on farms and plantations rats far outnumber people.

The rat is an unqualified bandit supported by an indulgent people.

The rat damages and destroys all sorts of grains both in fields and in barns, domestic poultry, particularly small chicks, wild birds and their young, eggs, fruits, vegetables, flowers, bulbs, shrubbery, boxed and bagged staples of every kind, and food-stores everywhere. The rat is a marauding invader of pantries, cellars, grocery stores, meat markets, general markets, bakeries, and stables. In return for all that the rat destroys, the only thing he gives us is a little hide for glove-leather. Rather a high price for our rat-skin gloves!

But the rat's depredations do not end with edibles. The rat wantonly destroys books, papers, leather goods, clothing, and fabrics of every sort. These he destroys partly for the starch, paste, or glue they may contain, partly for material for his nest, and partly, it may be, from pure vandal instinct.

But the rat's greatest sin is his spreading of disease. The rat carries in his infected body intestinal parasites like the tapeworm, and is the effective transmitter of trichina and, most dangerous of all, bubonic plague, which in recent centuries has snuffed out millions of lives.

When we consider those two fundamental problems, high cost of living and health, we face the rat at every turn. He runs like a septic specter through our national life. With bubonic plague in Europe, every ship that docks at an American port may be a threat to health

and life. Plainly, the rat must not be permitted to land.

But the rat is already here. What are we to do about it? First of all, every American who owns house, store, granary, warehouse, bakery, barn, or market, can and should begin a private war on rats. And, second, the American Government can, as indeed is planned, begin a comprehensive and unremitting anti-rat campaign. There must be no armistice between science and the rat. The slogan for such a war has already been stated by the awakened city of Pensacola. When Pensacola was threatened with bubonic plague, forces were mobilized, and the city thought and talked of little else than the plague and its sinister agent, the rat. The three planks in the city's program were in themselves an effective slogan: (1) Build him out; (2) Starve him out; (3) Kill him out!

Build him out! Every building in the United States should be made rat-proof. The Government should make a wide-spread propaganda in behalf of this. Architects and building associations can help much in actual construction.

Starve him out! The rat-proofing of all markets, granaries, and warehouses will shut the rat off from his accustomed food reserves.

Kill him out! Shut off from food stores, the rat will grow bolder and wander into the open before he starves. When he comes into the open, we should have the trap set. Meanwhile we should hunt him in his secret haunts.

More and more we are forced to realize our great need of scientific and engineering minds in Washington. When will politics become realistic and condescend to the prompt and effective handling of practical problems—problems like that of the rat and his relation to waste and disease! Of course we go through the motions of handling such problems, but when will the glacial leisureliness of governmental action burst the bonds of red-tape and become businesslike!

Politicians still hug the delusion that a campaign cannot be won save by ardent shouting about tariff and isolation. Let them try one campaign on practical matters!

OVERHAULING THE COURTS IN EGYPT

BECAUSE the outcome of current negotiations in Egypt between the Milner Commission and the Egyptians will exert profound ultimate influence upon British policy in Ireland and India, it is worth while to go more fully into detail in our consideration of Egyptian affairs than popular interest of the moment might dictate. Last month, in our general discussion of the progress of the Milner Commission's work, we passed lightly over the rumored doing away with the "capitulations" and promised a more detailed discussion later of the interesting and important matter of judicial reform in Egypt. This editorial purposes a contribution toward that discussion.

The judicial system of Egypt, legacy from the days when Egypt was part of the Ottoman Empire, is complicated and cumbersome. There are four outstanding types of courts in the existing judicial system of Egypt: (1) native courts; (2) religious courts; (3) consular courts; (4) mixed courts.

The native courts exercise jurisdiction over all cases involving natives only, except cases of family law and succession. These latter are under the jurisdiction of the religious courts. The code of the native courts was announced in 1883. The code is based on French law. There are a few Englishmen on the bench of the native courts, but the bench is predominantly Egyptian, of course. The official language of this branch of the judiciary is Arabic.

The religious courts constitute a typical Mohammedan institution, being found in all Mohammedan countries. Before European influence began to leave its mark upon the administrative life of the Mohammedan world, the religious courts were the only courts. Since Egypt is largely Mohammedan, the courts of the Mohammedan religion are the most important. The Mohammedan religious courts exercise jurisdiction over all natives in issues of succession and over religious law, with the exception of instances where all the parties in dispute are members of the same sect. In such cases the issue goes before the patriarchate tribunal of the sect.

The consular courts of the foreign countries having interests and nationals in Egypt betray their origin and normal function in their name.

The mixed courts give the point of departure for the real "story" involved in the present agitation for Egyptian judicial reform. To explain them we must go back to 1535, when Egypt was part of the Ottoman Empire. At that time the Turkish Government was anxious to encourage trade between France and Turkey. As a sort of trade bait, the Turkish Government granted certain special privileges to France. These privileges consisted in granting to France jurisdiction in commercial matters in which French subjects were involved. This was the beginning of a long list of like concessions to other European powers. As the Ottoman Empire declined in power, the European appetite for jurisdiction grew until finally the Ottoman Empire found that what had begun as a few concessions granted for trade purposes had developed into a system which made foreigners virtually outside the reach of Turkish law. Foreigners had secured so many privileges or "capitulations" that they could not be brought under local jurisdiction, but were subject only to the codes of justice of their own countries, administered through their own consular courts.

Egypt, as part of the Ottoman Empire, naturally fell heir to this judicial system, with so much of its jurisdiction signed away to foreign powers. Even after Egypt had achieved virtual independence from Turkey,—that is, in the nineteenth century,—these capitulations were greatly extended. Ultimately fifteen powers enjoyed these special privileges.

These "capitulations" could not but result in license to foreign adventurers who wanted to flout justice. In the tragic days of Ismail the abuse of these foreign privileges was great. Finally, in 1875, the Egyptian Government succeeded in gaining the permission of the fifteen powers enjoying the benefits of the "capitulations" to organize the mixed courts.

The mixed courts represent a compromise between the desire of the Egyptians

to regain control of their judicial system and the desire of the foreign powers to avoid casting their interests and people under exclusively native jurisdiction. The bench of the mixed courts holds representatives of all the powers enjoying the capitulatory rights and twenty-two native judges. The official languages of the mixed courts reflect their mixed personnel. French, Italian, English, and Arabic are used. Like the code of the native courts, adopted in 1883, the code of the mixed courts rests upon French precedent. The jurisdiction of the mixed courts extends over foreigners in virtually all issues save family, succession, and criminal cases.

The mixed courts have greatly relieved the consular courts, reduced abuses, and made for a better brand of justice. But the consular courts still hold wide jurisdiction. They still bring to their dockets all family and succession cases in which foreigners are involved, all issues between subjects of the same power, and virtually all criminal matters.

If there was ever any truth in the adage that "too many cooks spoil the broth," it is true in the case of the Egyptian judiciary. If Egypt is to approach a more nearly self-governing status, a thorough overhauling of the judiciary is absolutely essential. If Egypt is to face the future under some modified form of protectorate, still judicial reform will be imperative. Reform of such a tangled system will be no easy matter. Long-established traditions and a multitude of special interests will stand in the way. The rights of fifteen countries must be considered. But the broad lines of the reform lie fairly clear.

It will probably be good politics to tamper with the religious courts as little as possible. A new penal code must be drafted. Up to the present time, the consular courts have administered their own penal codes in cases where foreigners were involved. A common penal code to apply alike to all nationals and natives is desirable.

The consular courts should be relieved of most if not all of their jurisdiction. The mixed courts should be reorganized, their jurisdiction extended to cover the cases heretofore handled

by the consular courts. These courts should be equipped to handle all cases in which non-Egyptian parties figure. Such a policy will probably be necessary, at least in the period of transition while Egypt is achieving full and effective independence, for foreigners will doubtless rebel at the idea of going under exclusively native jurisdiction. And, of course, the best legal brains available should be brought to bear upon improvement of the administration of the native courts.

It will be interesting to watch the Milner Commission handle this problem.

UNCLE SAM FLIRTS WITH IMPERIALISM



ILIPINOS suspect an imperialist dagger in the roseate promise of prosperity made by the proponents of the Merchant Marine Law of 1920, which carries with it a clause providing for the extension of the coastwise laws of the United States to the Philippine Islands. Elsewhere in this issue José P. Melencio, an alert and highly intelligent young Filipino, states the case against the law from the point of view of the islanders. Every American who is jealous of the reputation of the United States for political sincerity will read with rising anger his just indictment of this latest bit of long-range legislation which is strangely reminiscent of Spain in her palmiest colonial days.

It is needless to reiterate here the provisions and the inevitable effects of the law; these are ably stated in Mr. Melencio's paper. It is sufficient to state that the law looks towards a monopoly in favor of American bottoms, making it virtually impossible for other than American ships to ply between American and Philippine ports, making the Philippines a virtual adjunct of the Federal territory in the interest of American commerce.

There is not the shadow of an argument to prove that such an arrangement will redound to the advantage of the American people in general, even if we were ready to legislate regarding the Philippines solely upon the basis of our own self-interest. The benefits will go to a few ship-owners. The ultimate

result will be the checking rather than the stimulation of the economic development of the Philippines. It will raise rather than reduce prices, the eternal sin of monopolies. The legislation smacks of a coward's reluctance to enter frank and fair competition with other nations in matters of service and rates.

The law was tactlessly passed. Decent courtesy should have suggested consultation with the Filipinos prior to the enactment of the law. The law is in unqualified violation of the letter and spirit of the Jones Law of 1916, which was the promise, in honor given, that the policy of the United States would be to work toward Philippine sovereignty as quickly as practicable. For this generosity we now propose to substitute an economic imperialism.

The law represents not only dishonest politics, but bad business judgment. The chances are that it will in the long run reduce rather than increase American profits on Philippine trade. If, as seems likely, this law results in an increase of carrying rates, the time will come when goods from Europe can be sold at a lower price in the Philippines than American goods. Philippine self-interest will then turn to Europe, and both in matters of import and export American business will suffer. Commerce between the Philippines and the United States in the beginning represented only about five per cent. of the commerce of the islands; today it represents about sixty-five per cent. That gratifying increase has been achieved under a régime of generous promises of future independence. Will it hold or be increased under a policy that threatens the islands' economic independence and throws cold water on the Filipinos' national aspirations?

Many interests opposed to the prompt granting of independence to the Philippines have been saying that the islands should first achieve economic stability and independence before asking political independence. Now these same interests would make economic independence impossible. What are they driving at? Is this law only a subterfuge masking an imperialist purpose? The contention of these interests has never been true. Political independence, a decent measure

of national ability granted, is the best possible inspiration to economic activity and advance.

We need to realize the indisputable fact that mutual political confidence and understanding will make for greater economic intercourse between the Philippines and the United States; that distrust and misunderstanding will make for a diminishing economic intercourse.

The Philippine Islands have been mounting rapidly in economic efficiency. The national bank of the islands has made an unprecedented record in banking history since the islands received the boon of political autonomy. Since the passage of the Jones Law, the foreign commerce of the islands has been much more than doubled. The per-capita monetary circulation of the islands has been about trebled. Per capita taxation has been increased. There has been a gratifying increase in the number of domestic corporations and partnerships, as well as agencies and branches of world-famed foreign concerns doing business in the islands. Large engineering concerns have been organized with extensive capitalizations. Life insurance companies have been organized. Inter-island shipping has been greatly developed. The cocoanut-oil business has been ably prosecuted. Scores of Filipino export and import firms have been organized. Other commercial and industrial adventures fill in the details of a picture of business ambition and administration that is highly gratifying to every well-wisher of the Filipinos.

Public improvements, magnificently begun by American officials, have been consolidated and carried on by the Filipinos. The development of latent resources has been ably undertaken. All the aspects of a well-rounded and well-conducted government are appearing.

The current legislation by the American Congress strikes a body blow at all this by paralyzing the hopes and aspirations of the Filipinos for complete economic and political independence.

The Merchant Marine Law of 1920, as it applies to the Philippine Islands, is a perfect example of long-range legislation, which is always amusing when it is not tragic in its effect. This law

represents not only the successful campaign of special interests, but it illustrates effectively how the parochial minds of certain American congressmen are unable to visualize the effect in the Philippine Islands of legislation passed in Washington. It recalls a story told of the long-range administration of the Philippine Islands by the Spanish Government.

Shortly after cable communications were established between Spain and the Philippine Islands, it was a common occurrence for the Ministerio de Ultramar (the Overseas Ministry, or Colonial Department) to receive cable messages from the captain-general of the islands, reporting sporadic insurrections or banditry, and asking for orders. The pompous officials in Spain knew little of conditions in the islands, but they felt the obligations that the dignity of their office imposed upon them. At all costs, they must sustain the impression of statesmanlike decision.

For weeks the Ministerio de Ultramar had been receiving cablegrams to the effect that the *insurrectos* were destroying government property in the province of Batangas, or that the *pulahanes* were rising in Samar. In each and every case the Spanish minister knowingly cabled instructions for suppressing the incipient rebellion or punishing the lawless bandits.

A species of ant, the *anay*, had been causing great trouble in the islands.

These ants would destroy whole buildings by eating the heart out of timbers, sills, and beams, leaving only a hollow shell. The ant became a menace not unlike the menace of the rat discussed earlier in these columns. One day the captain-general cabled the Ministerio de Ultramar that the *anay* had destroyed the provincial building at Tacloban, and asked what he should do about it. The humblest native of the islands would have known that the *anay* were ants, but the dignified official in far-away Spain was a superb example of ignorance in high places of imperial politics. To him there was no difference between the *anay* and the *pulahanes*. He thumped the tables, called a secretary to him, and shouted:

The Captain-General of the Philippines has cabled that the *anay* have destroyed the provincial building at Tacloban. It seems that my stern measures against the *pulahanes* last week have taught no lesson to the *anay*. I shall teach the *anay*, I shall teach all bandits and rebels in the islands, that the strong arm of Imperial Spain must be respected. Cable the captain-general that I order him to send two squadrons of cavalry against the *anay* and to give them no quarter.

The Merchant Marine Law of 1920 is another case of chasing ants with cavalry, another case of long-range legislation.

Matter

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

When I was a live man,
A few years ago,
For all I might say,
For all I could do,

I got no attention;
My life was so small
The world did n't know
I was living at all.

Such stolid indifference
I could n't allow;
I swore that I 'd matter,
Never mind how.

But after a lifetime
Of failure and prayer,
I broke my heart trying
To make the world care.

And now as I lie here,
Feeding this tree,
I am more to the world
Than it is to me.

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**"BROOKLYN
BRIDGE"**

From a painting by William
Jean Beutley

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On the Mystification of Children

By LAURA SPENCER PORTOR



WHEN I look back over my childhood I can see that the early years of it were very largely occupied, as are, I am confident, the early years of most children, with trying to understand, see through, fathom, and account for my elders. They lived, apparently, in a very much larger world than my own, and one by no means easy of access or comprehension. They were forever doing things that were outside my ken: going on errands that, so far as I could see, were perfectly without relation to myself; and taking undue, even absorbing, thought of hundreds of things that were not, if I was any judge, of the slightest real import or value. Dolls they only condescended to. At dolls' tea-parties they merely pretended to pleasure, generally so overdoing it that they embarrassed one. Rolls of dockweed money, that delightful and easily acquired wealth (you had only to go a little beyond the garden gate to find it), they did not care to handle. Yet I have seen them with my own eyes sit without occupation of any kind, by the hour, engaged in inconsiderable conversation that I honestly believe led nowhere except into the blind alley of an agreement that so-and-so (usually some remote or once or twice removed member of the family relationship) was "really very peculiar." I have seen two otherwise very intelligent members of this older clan—people, I mean, who

could, if they really set themselves to do so, tell a good, straight, exciting fairy-tale, and cut out very creditable paper dolls,—I have seen them waste the best honey-bee hours of the day writing what were doubtless unimportant letters; or, while the dew was on the plenteous garden, occupy themselves with adding up what I cannot think were commensurate household accounts.

But a thing that puzzled me more than all this was the often quite unaccountable language they used. They were much given to expressing themselves in irrelevant proverbs.

"It never rains but it pours," a phrase my mother used often, has much to recommend it, no doubt, if mere economy and utility are in question; but to me, and said in all seasons, or when the sky was as blue as June and fine weather could make it, it was a bewilderment. They said "Give him enough rope, and he will hang himself," and knew quite what they were talking about, though neither rope nor hanging were really concerned in the circumstance. But illuminating and satisfactory as their speech seems to have been to themselves, me it left in outer darkness.

Figurative language is, of course, the poet's province. They spoke, if you like, with homely poetry, but that helped me little in the interpretation. It is, I know, often said that every child is a poet; but I think this an exaggerative fiction, and I could give bond that I was

none. So far as I know and can recall, there is no person more desirous of exactness, more perfectly downright in his wishes, than a child. He is compounded of amazement and wonder. He lives upon perpetual inquiry and the direct hope of finding an answer to his questions. Roundabout measures are not to his liking. Robin Hood's barn is not of his building. Postponements, circumlocutions, detours, insincurities, and subterfuges are not of his choice. They are foisted on him by a community of grown-ups who have in their turn in early years been forced by another set of indirect elders to compromise with life and their own longings.

The child is rarely in doubt as to what he wants, and does not conceal his longings. Fire pleases him, and he would put his hand on it if he were not intercepted. The moon meets with his approval, and if he had his own way and the direct fulfilment of his desires, the world would go moonless that night to bed. He is, so far as I know, the only absolutely whole-hearted explorer in the world; and those who later follow that profession and rise to eminence in it do so only because they have retained and pursued those old longings.

But though the child maintains this direction, now note carefully the course of his elders; mark how they offer him makeshifts and substitutes, a rattle in place of that thing Prometheus gave his eternal peace and godlike happiness to possess, and an apple in place of the mellow moon, which has been the mother of men's delights for many ages. I have always found a child's tastes sound and in accordance with the gods. It is his elders who persistently pull him away from their company.

I had what is generally known as an old-fashioned bringing-up, and consequently soon learned to curb the outward manifestations of my curiosity. But denied speech, my hearing became only the more acute. Ah, how many hours I must have listened without a word, in the mere dear hope I would be able to pick up by chance the information I so much craved!

But mystification continued, and at what seemed to be an increasing ratio. Here in the world all about me chattering

adults spoke glibly of some very present cousin as once or even perhaps twice "removed," of another as looking exactly like "the other side of the house," of "chips" off "old blocks," of "watched pots" that "never boiled," and irrelevantly of the obvious impossibility of making "silk purses" out of "sows' ears." All this was bad enough, but they did, besides, sometimes resort to Latin phrases. My mother had a way of saying at the climax of a story, "*Mirabile dictu!*" "*De gustibus*" was frequent, and once an uncle of mine, when some one spoke the most interesting truths about another cousin not twice or three times, but finally, removed, said solemnly, holding up his hand, "*Nil nisi bonum*," which had the effect of stopping conversation altogether.

Once "Cousin Anne" conveyed most interestingly that "Cousin Matilda" did not approve of Mrs. Bartholomew's private school, preferring to send her own children for public instruction; and just when I was expecting to hear some good reason given, she broke off sensible speech abruptly and remarked to my mother, "Those look to me, Mary my dear, very much like sour grapes."

What effect but of whimsical trickery could that have, I ask you, upon a downright mind like my own?

Once, too, in the very midst of one of the most enthralling tales I ever listened to, and for which I had renounced dolls and all other delights to stand in the background of the story, my eyes wide, my Cousin Louise seemed suddenly to lose her mind, leaned forward, and broke off the recital, and with the utter incoherency of the mentally unsound remarked, "Mary, have you forgotten that little pitchers have long ears?"

They did nothing more than stop talking about this fascinating subject, which had so completely thrown her off her balance, and, without further reference to it, turned their attention to me and became solicitous about my preferences, dolls and other matters of my usually negligible world.

There are children, I know, who soon capitulate, who early accept the ruling of their elders that the world is a place of utter unlikelihoods, that uncertainty

is its sole really stable and abiding characteristic; they simply accept the fact that life reflects itself on the retina not in the dignity of uprightness, but rather stands consistently and perpetually on its head. But I was not one of these. I maintained for a long while the balance of my true relation to the universe. Though my wings were clipped to the extent that I stood silent and quiet while other people talked, yet my heart was forever flying forth in wonderment and longing to know.

It will be seen, then, what new disappointments were inevitable when, as I myself began to grow in reason and perspicacity, my elders, to offset this dangerous tendency, no longer mystified me only by mere habitual and thoughtless opaqueness, but with intent and forethought as well.

When I came to an age and understanding that enabled me to ask really leading questions whose answers would have been extremely useful for my purposes, there developed those age-old replies, devices thought of Heaven knows how many eons ago, for the express purpose of befogging the dawning intellect. If I demanded, for instance, with growing assurance and desire, what a certain thing might be or for what it was intended, the good-natured, but occult, reply was too often, I blush to state, "Whimwhams to make geese's bridles"; or it might be, "Lay-overs for meddlers to make little girls ask questions"; or, worst of all, and employed, I think, only by the vulgar, "Curiosity killed a cat."

This was the age, too, of absurdities in riddles. One of them I recall vividly: "*Why is a bat when it flies?*"

Ah, why, indeed! The sincere effort and gray matter I have given to that sphinx-like problem! Why? Why? How I pondered! How I looked out of clear eyes hopefully for possible enlightenment! How I brought my very best powers to solve the unsolvable with all the sincerity in the world and more! "Why is a bat when it flies?" Pause, ponderation. "*Why is a bat when it flies?*" "*Why is a bat when it flies?*" "*Why is a bat—when it flies?*" I tried it in every light and at every speed and accent. I took a new run at it from this

angle and that; I put my head in my hands, and did more positive, independent, desperate essential thinking than I have probably even in my best moments done since. I fixed my eyes on the floor among footstools and humble things, and demanded of myself bitterly, "Why—is a bat when it flies?" I cast my eyes to high heaven and invoked high powers; "Why is a bat when it flies!" Oh, why? Baffled, bewildered, I still held fast to my desire to know, as Jacob to the angel, and would not let it go. "*Why is a bat when it flies?*"

But I only beat upon closed doors; I only grew more bewildered and confounded. Finally, outdone, convinced of my inabilities, I went and confessed them. What *was* the answer to the unanswerable? And with great gravity, which I took to be sincere, they said, "Because the higher [pause], the fewer."

Then if you look bewildered (and you do), they offer it again gently, persuasively, "Because the higher, the fewer." And if you love truth to the point of saying you do not "see," they look surprised. "Why, don't you see?" They pause to give you one more chance to stand with the intelligent, then slowly, as though to make mistake impossible, "*The higher—the fewer.*"

And it is at that moment, unless you happen to be a future Sappho or Cæsar, Napoleon, Lincoln, or Confucius, that you yield to the larger force. You abandon honesty and you pretend that you see. You fall innocently into the new trick and trap that they have laid for you. And they laugh anew at your pretense, these grown-ups of a certain type, and think it a joke; and no one but the recording angel is in all probability aware that there is a terrible dent in your shining armor; and the devil has had a tasty sauce added to one of his banqueting dishes.

It should not be supposed that I took life too seriously and had no sense of humor. Children are capable of fine and sound distinctions. The question concerning Zebedee's children I accepted as legitimate fun and asked for more. "Miss Netticoat in a white petticoat, and a red nose" was a delight; so, also, though he was so troublesome, was the polygamous gentleman traveling to—

no, it was from—St. Ives; but these were never by me classed with the irrational bat. I could tell a further story of a bird and the chance for which I waited, with pathetic patience and utmost faith, to deposit salt on its tail, were not these experiences, however amusing, too painful. Suffice it to say I was a downright healthy and happily sincere child. I was good natured, and I had perhaps even more than the average child's trust in my elders.

My very own were, indeed, for the most part to be depended on; but let me but step even a little way out of the family circle, and I came into a province where "gooses" wore bridles, where curiosity was at times fatal to felines, and where bats flew without likelihood or syntax.

BUT if with proverbial phrases I was mystified, and if in many a particular instance I was with purpose aforethought moidered and perplexed by wholly evasive persons with a low estimate of wit, a still greater bewilderment awaited me in my initiation into those forms and customs whereby the average God-fearing community practises its religion. Here, it seemed, one came under the influence of a larger conspiracy, where an entire body and congregation of people united to give themselves over, horse, foot, deacons, and dragoons, to such mysteries as were utterly beyond the province of one's experience or best imagination. I pass over doctrinal matters and arguments. I refer rather only to the common religious parlance, the customary figures, similes, and to those general and varied contradictions in terms on which all religious bodies, it appears, are severally agreed.

If I limit myself solely to my Sunday-school experience, I find an amazing abundance of this material. The hymns, not to speak of the invocations and instruction, did so abound in the extraordinary and unlikely that from the opening one to the last, one's feet, so to speak, never once touched solid ground; mine, I mean, never once did, unless perhaps at that moment when I received, for no meritorious conduct that I could discover, one of the little gaily colored Sunday-school cards, the

one really bright spot in an otherwise windy and overcast experience.

We stood indoors, I mean, for instance, little children without umbrellas, and with the sincere hope that it would not rain, singing in enthusiastic chorus:

Mercy drops round us are falling;
But for the showers we plead.

We united in mysteries as to "lower lights" that were to be "kept burning" along some shore that never was or could be, and as to "sheaves" that were to be brought in, rejoicing, from I do not know whose fields; certainly not ours, as we owned none. To the accompaniment of a piano, little though we were and inexperienced in despair and desperation, we voiced that unthinkable longing, contrary, I believe, to every instinct of child nature, "Oh, to be nothing, nothing!"

I may confess that the rhythms I always enjoyed; the more and the more pronounced the merrier. "Whi-i-iter than the sno-o-ow," gave me positive pleasure, but was soon spoiled by the condition that was to be imposed before that rhythmic promised whiteness could be obtained. On this rock my floating, now derelict reason split utterly. I could not see how such a thing could possibly be accomplished, as was promised, yet I sang it in full voice and with great downrightness,

Wash me in the blood of the la-a-amb,
And I shall be whi-ter than sno-o-ow!

No one seemed either to remark or object to any of these extraordinary discrepancies. The grown-ups in charge of the matter neither explained nor reasoned with you. They simply began with a few chords on the Sunday-school piano, and then struck straight into all inconsistency and contradiction. After having carefully and at some pains taught you that a lie was one of the very worst sins, the leader of the Sunday-school, baton in hand, then indicated that the moment had come for you to join in asserting stoutly to music (he even insisted on the stoutness) that "Once you were blind, but now you could see," or he called on you to declare, "I am weary, so weary of sin," which had not the slightest foundation either in fact or probability.

Or, with neither sea nor boat anywhere in sight, we urged in loud rhythm an invisible sailor in danger of drowning to "pull for the shore." We bade him not mind the rolling waves (though none rolled), but "bend to the oar," though there was not the slightest semblance of oar to bend to. We urged him to leave the "poor old stranded wreck," though none was in sight, advised him not to "cling to self," whatever "self" might be, but rather to give all his efforts wholly and singly, as he loved life and valued safety, to pulling just as hard as he was able for dry land.

As to later experiences,—as to catechism and creed, I mean,—why should I dwell upon these, save that here was new and additional bewilderment?

I partook by inheritance from my mother's and father's people of two denominations. When from stark Presbyterianism I went at times to a more mitigated Episcopalianism; when I confessed strangely, but sonorously, that I was a miserable sinner and had no health in me; when I begged to be spared if I confessed my faults, and restored if I were penitent; the language was certainly far more pleasing, but I cannot see, considering my age and tastes and good health, that there was much improvement as to consistency.

But meanwhile all these things had their inevitable effect. They broke down, as they were well designed to do, your faith in your own reason and in your own reasonable judgment and observations. They overspread life with such dazzling contradictions that, just as in war-days it was often impossible to say whether a war-ship was more like a zebra or a zebra more like a war-ship, so now by turns you could not have told whether you were the rather stolid little girl you had innocently believed yourself to be, or a broken and empty vessel, a stranded sailor, a Christian soldier, a lost sheep, a jewel to be set in a crown, or a miserable sinner, without health in you.

The confusion at last grew so great that you were obliged to resort to headquarters (as it may be you were expected and intended to do) to find out the real state of your soul and identity from one supposed to be expert in these

matters. Day by day you lost self-confidence; your complacency leaked away unsuspected, drop by drop. Less and less you thought for yourself, more and more you depended on your spiritual advisers. Uncertainty possessed you, doubt assailed you, fear beset you; you took to getting down on your knees in dark chambers and making passionate confession of the utter blackness of your really quite normal-colored heart; of the miserable unworthiness of your really very reasonably good little soul.

These things are mystifying. Indeed, were it some other little child, not myself, I could weep concerning those paroxysms of penitence that I remember over such innocent, innocent trifles. Children, it seems to me, are generous beyond all computation. The patience and good-natured endurance of them appear to me enormous. Ah, what might not be done with souls so willing, so biddable, I ask, if instead of giving them mystery, we were bent—we ourselves more clarified—on giving them truth!

But mystery continued to have its way with me. If I asked direct questions of the religious about the unknowable, I was told it was a mystery, a fact I already knew all too well. Directness, simplicity, sincerity, were losing ground. By no wish of my own I was being bound over to the majority of these people who it must be, by every assumption of their own and others, were my betters. They did not choose to use plain language. They spoke for the most part in riddles worse even than the bewildering bat. They made it approximately clear that mystery was a virtue.

Naturally enough, I tried to establish some balance between these teachings and my own insatiable desire to know, but the best result I obtained was a sense of shame at asking for explanations.

I wanted to be of this chosen company. Indeed, I believe that was the strongest desire of the whole experience; nor do I believe this desire was less, at bottom, than the instinctive age-old human yearning toward brotherhood. It cannot be, I feel sure, that the mysteriously worded prayer meant so much to my six- or seven-year-old heart; I feel fairly certain it was the fellowship, so flattering to my years. I can give you no

idea how it stirred me and lent me stature to bend my head on a plane of equality with all these grown-ups and to chant with them, after a sonorously read command that prohibited me from committing murder, "Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law." It was the part of the service I loved best, and if children of six kept note-books, I believe I should find many of them agreeing with me.

Conversely, almost the most painful moment of the morning was to me that one just following the tenth commandment, when the well-practised response changed suddenly after the petition for mercy. I could never make out that last wording about the writing of "all these thy laws in our hearts, we beseech thee." I kept my head on my hands like the rest, but was obliged to drop out miserably from the unison.

But if this experience in one church brought me such a sense of exile, what shall I say of that feeling of intolerable alienation produced by the doxology of the other?

Here was the very best moment of those palely stained-glass hours, the solemn united moment that bound you, and yet freed you to go into the living green pastures of the real world once more. It shrived you of weariness. You forgave whatever dull or doctrinary minister had detained you. How I joined with all my heart in the performance, and how other people joined also—all the people, all those even who had hitherto had neither voice nor confidence to join in the more particular hymns, with their tricky omitted stanzas and often unsingable tunes! How the organ, like a chained creature freed at last, rolled and surged and went with a roar into the opening thunder! How every one rose at its great bidding, and drew their lungs solemnly full of air! Some stood a little on one foot, some leaned a trifle on the other, most of them placed both hands carefully on the back of the pew ahead. I recall that the chief deacon and wealthiest citizen always stretched his neck a bit and felt of his collar, as though to make sure it was in order and there was room enough for the voice he was about to employ.

Then the organ settled gorgeously at last, with a final great crash, into the melody. You glanced at your mother to make sure she was beginning (ah, how across the years I can hear my mother's fine, sympathetic alto!) then just a fraction behind her first note you joined in, too. How strong and full of praise the first line always was! So was the second; but, oh, the third! Midway of the third!—

"Praise Him above, ye Hea—"

That was as far as my knowledge went. From there on I could not make out the words that were being sung. I was obliged either to drop out entirely or sing shamedly, miserably, without words, until the fourth line restored me and united me to the rest once more.

But, oh, that hiatus! Unless you have loved the singing of the doxology, as I did, and have, like me, in your sixth or seventh year, been without the knowledge of the latter half of that third line, how would it be possible to make you understand what its lack meant to me! How make you know the vanishings and fallings from me; the shame and longing, troubled pride, doubt, and uncertainty! It may seem to you I exaggerate, but I can still feel the trouble and hurt and loss and alienation of the unknown latter part of that third line.

Then, too, either I must have deceived my family, or they must have thought me too inconsiderable to have my doxology corrected, and either reading was hard to bear.

It ended at last, when I was about ten, by my coming across the verse printed somewhere, and, without a word to anybody, appropriating greedily the lacking half of the third line, and incorporating it into the body of my future religious singing; but that was a late remedy of a long-endured mortification.

No, looking back, I think I cannot remember anything that more disconcerted and troubled me in all those early years than my incompetency and befogment as to the praise of God, and the obligation either to deceive or to drop out of the singing. I who so loved directness! I who so delighted in participation! There are many ways of humiliating childhood, but few indeed

so searching as either to shame it before the world or to deny it its fellowship.

Indeed, I find the conditions offered childhood hard. It can hardly be said we leave children any choice. It is true, they may, so to speak, take us or leave us. Ah, yes, but leave us for what? We offer them praise, approval, affection, all that they hold dearest in the world—in a word, fellowship in its fullest sense; but we offer it in the name of obscurity, on the condition of mystification and opacity. Let them renounce their love of exactness, eschew their early devotion to exploration, throw over and abandon the soul's persistent, godlike, ingrained, primordial desire to know, and accept in place of all these the humble willingness to be taught of those who have usurped by ancient apostolic or unapostolic claim the rights and copyrights of wisdom. Let them put off those proud childhood guesses and suspicions of a royal inheritance, and know they are "nothing, nothing!" Let them have done trailing those clouds of glory; put on sackcloth, touch their forehead with ashes, in token of humility and abasement, and learn from their elders how to behave themselves soberly of a Sunday. Let them believe as we do, and they will be welcomed into our communion; and, if that communion happens to be of a certain denomination, a hymn will even be sung by every one, standing, concerning a sheep that was miserably lost and at last safely brought back to the fold; or it may be one whose leading refrain is "Sinner, oh, sinner, come home!"

Yes, if they will believe as we do, and as we recommend, they may break bread with us. If they will give over questioning and capitulate, they shall have our approval. It is trying to settle matters for themselves that will put a ban upon them; it is the repeated effort to think for themselves and independent of us that will ostracize them and bring down on their heads the condemnation of society; it is the persistent desire to deal without ambassadors with divinity, direct, that will, so the legend we have fashioned goes, blast and utterly destroy them. Let them veil themselves thankfully in the mystery that affords us and them protection! Let them

give over hoping to find out questionable truth and, unquestioning, accept instead abstruse, undiscoverable, impenetrable doctrines, and be saved!

Yet alarming as all this must seem to those whose hopes are bound up with the eventual triumph of truth, perhaps we need not take too much thought for the morrow. It would not surprise me to find that nature, when too dangerously threatened, sets up, whether it be in so tiny a creature as the bee or in one of such unlimited powers as the human soul, some desire for self-protection; and if we were sufficiently informed, it is not improbable we should find her always providing against a danger over-long endured. While the specially downright and logical young of our species undoubtedly suffer much at the hands of our habit of mystification, and the spirits most sensitively endowed with a love of truth, and therefore the most fit for high adventure, are, as a rule, the very ones most utterly lost to the world through this process of opacity, yet there are, to offset these, the better poised, the more normal, the more commonplace, if you like, the happy-go-lucky as well as the downright merry, who manage somehow to elude fairly well the atrophying effects of mystification; who preserve their good nature unspoiled, their interest in life unafrighted, who manage to keep their balance, maintain their love of their kind, yes, and occasionally, and as a mere easy *tour de force*, coin such generally useful terms as "I should worry!"

I was speaking of some old childhood experiences lightly one night not long ago with a cousin of mine, from whom I had been separated since early years, but whose childhood I well remember as one of the most good-natured, frank, amusing, and lovable of my recollection.

"What did you do, Mary my dear, as to the doxology?"

"What did you do?" She laughed.

"Oh, I just dropped out, and hummed miserably and tried and tried to catch the words of the third line. But I never could. I remember feeling so intolerably lonely and ashamed."

"Oh, I did n't," she said, with much the old happy, good nature; "I just sang it in full voice straight through."

"But what did you do about the 'heavenly host'?"

"Oh, my dear," she managed to speak without the slightest irreverence, "the heavenly host did n't bother me a bit. I just sang as much as I could catch. 'Praise Him above, ye Hea—ye Ho—' I had n't the slightest idea what it meant. But that did n't matter. It was singing together that I liked. I've always liked it, in or out of church."

Ah, that I understood. I found myself suddenly admiring and even reverencing that not too earnest spirit that so easily and in early years, without the egotism of embarrassment, chose the better part. "Ye Hea—ye Ho—" served well enough; the chief part of praise of divinity being still, no doubt, whether in or out of church, the brotherhood.

Yet there is more than the brotherhood that stays in my philosophy. I hope I have not seemed to be too critical of my elders. Though the greater number of their doctrines would seem to me like wilful befogment or worse, nevertheless I have come to years when I must admit that I hold these elders oftenest more pitiful than to blame. Moreover, so many of them, despite their behaviors in unfrankness, have nevertheless successfully and without much effort managed to command my affections and contrived to retain my devotion. Indeed, to speak truth, I have even come to believe that their mystification of children is not an altogether voluntary affair. I cannot get rid of the impression, as I look into the faces of those I know and do not know, of a tired evening, that they themselves are not entirely clear. A bewilderment is often evident in their eyes also. To me so many of them have the air of people who still hopefully await an explanation. I have strongly the impression, too, that some of them have, not in childhood only, desired, yes, and still desire with ineradicable longing, the moon, and have been offered an inadequate substitute through all the later years; have hoped not only once in early, unspoiled days, but persistently, with unconquerable hope, to solve the unsolvable; are indeed still trying, and have not yet been brought to "give up" the riddle of life, though it, like that of

the bat, seems to them equally without solution or syntax. I have the impression that though they, too, have been persistently desirous of knowing, hopeful of finding out, yet they also are much mystified. I have seen not infrequently the same questioning and almost bewildered look in the eyes of the old that I have seen in those of little children, and I am sometimes inclined to think the dear long-held questions of their hearts have hardly received better answers.

As to the religious-minded, though it seems to me they have for the most part been rather more practical, fashioning what they take to be shining virtues out of sometimes dark necessity, trading in mysteries, trying thriftily to exchange new ones for old, and economically assuming a wisdom even when they have it not; yet, as I have watched them, it has seemed to me at times that they do but duplicate in another sphere my old experience of the doxology. I seem to see them, too, like my diminutive self of other years, bent on acknowledging and lauding in concert some truths they cannot iterate and do as little understand; resolved on praising what they take to be some guiding Omnipotence, yet knowing very little accurately what they mean thereby. Sometimes I could swear I hear them all singing bravely, resolvedly, in full voice and together, only in another larger key, "Praise Him above, ye Hea—ye Ho—"

But, above all, among all these bewilderedments, absurdities, riddles, contradictions, and incertitudes, I cannot be blind to a certain inviolable honor that abides; something in human nature which yet commands, though it cannot always deserve, our reverence. For it is by no means little children only, though they most obviously, who preserve in perpetuity the dignity of the race. Let be our follies and mistakes; the gentle and memorable fact remains that some dignity incorruptible resides sovereign in man's spirit, and, it would seem, must triumph at last inviolate in his destiny; that, despite the sphinx-like riddle of the gods, the soul itself, at its best, has no desire of its own to deceive, but, rather, stands generally hopeful and still desirous of finding truth.

The Tillotson Banquet

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

Illustrations by J. C. Coll



YOUNG Spode was not a snob; he was too intelligent for that, too fundamentally decent. Not a snob; but all the same he could not help feeling very well pleased at the thought that he was dining, alone and intimately, with Lord Badgery. It was a definite event in his life, a step forward, he felt, toward that final success, social, material, and literary, which he had come to London with the fixed intention of making. The conquest of Badgery was an almost essential strategic move in the campaign. Edmund, forty-seventh Baron Badgery, was a lineal descendant of that Edmund, surnamed Le Blayreau, who landed on English soil in the train of William the Conqueror. Ennobled by William Rufus, the Badgerys had been one of the very few baronial families to survive the Wars of the Roses and all the other changes and chances of English history. They were a sensible and philoprogenitive race. No Badgery had ever fought in any war, no Badgery had ever engaged in any kind of politics. They had been content to live and quietly to propagate their species in a huge machicolated Norman castle, surrounded by a triple moat, sallying forth only to cultivate their property and to collect their rents. In the eighteenth century, when life had become relatively secure, the Badgerys began to venture forth into civilized society. From boorish squires they blossomed into grands seigniors, patrons of the arts, virtuosi. Their property was large, they were rich; and with the growth of industrialism their riches also grew. Villages on their estate turned into manufacturing towns, unsuspected coal was discovered beneath the surface of their barren moorlands. By the middle of the nine-

teenth century the Badgerys were among the richest of English noble families. The forty-seventh baron disposed of an income of at least two hundred thousand pounds a year. Following the great Badgery tradition, he had refused to have anything to do with politics or war. He occupied himself by collecting pictures; he took an interest in theatrical productions; he was the friend and patron of men of letters, of painters, and of musicians. A personage, in a word, of considerable consequence in that particular world in which young Spode had elected to make his success.

Spode had only recently left the university. Simon Gollamy, the editor of "The World's Review" ("the best of all possible worlds") had got to know him,—he was always on the lookout for youthful talent,—had seen possibilities in the young man, and appointed him art critic of his paper. Gollamy liked to have young and teachable people about him. The possession of disciples flattered his vanity, and he found it easier, moreover, to run his paper with docile collaborators than with men grown obstinate and case-hardened with age. Spode had not done badly at his new job. At any rate, his articles had been intelligent enough to arouse the interest of Lord Badgery. It was, ultimately, to them that he owed the honor of sitting to-night in the dining-room of Badgery House.

Fortified by several varieties of wine and a glass of aged brandy, Spode felt more confident and at ease than he had done the whole evening. Badgery was rather a disquieting host. He had a habit of changing the subject of any conversation that had lasted for more than two minutes. Spode had found it, for example, particularly mortifying when his host, cutting across what was, he prided himself, a particularly subtle

and illuminating disquisition on baroque art, had turned a wandering eye about the room and asked him abruptly whether he liked parrots. He had flushed and glanced suspiciously toward him, fancying that the man was trying to be offensive. But no; Badgery's white, fleshy Hanoverian face wore an expression of perfect good faith. There was no malice in his small greenish eyes. He evidently did genuinely want to know if Spode liked parrots. The young man swallowed his irritation and replied that he did. Badgery then told a good story about parrots. Spode was on the point of capping it with a better story when his host began to talk about Beethoven. So the game went on. Spode cut his conversation to suit his host's requirements. In the course of ten minutes he had made a more or less witty epigram on Benvenuto Cellini, Queen Victoria, sport, God, Stephen Phillips, and Moorish architecture. Lord Badgery thought him a most charming young man and intelligent.

"If you've quite finished your coffee," he said, rising to his feet as he spoke, "we'll go and look at the pictures."

Spode jumped up with alacrity, and only then realized that he had drunk just ever so little too much. He would have to be careful, talk deliberately, plant his feet consciously one after the other.

"This house is quite cluttered up with pictures," Lord Badgery complained. "I had a whole wagon-load taken away to the country last week, but there are still far too many. My ancestors would have their portraits painted by Romney. Such a shocking artist, don't you think? Why could n't they have chosen Gainsborough or even Reynolds? I've had all the Romneys hung in the servants' hall now. It's such a comfort to know that one can never possibly see them again. I suppose you know all about the ancient Hittites."

"Well—" the young man replied, with befitting modesty.

"Look at that, then." He indicated a large stone head which stood in a case near the dining-room door. "It's not Greek or Egyptian or Persian or anything else; so, if it is n't ancient Hittite, I don't know what it is. And that

reminds me of that story about Lord George Sanger, the Circus King—" Without giving Spode time to examine the Hittite relic, he led the way up the huge staircase, pausing every now and then in his anecdote to point out some new object of curiosity or beauty.

"I suppose you know Deburau's pantomimes?" Spode rapped out as soon as the story was over. He was in an itch to let out his information about Deburau. Badgery had given him a perfect opening with his ridiculous Sanger. "What a perfect man, is n't he? Henx used to—"

"This is my main gallery," said Lord Badgery, throwing open one leaf of a tall folding-door. "I must apologize for it. It looks like a roller-skating rink." He fumbled with the electric switches, and there was suddenly light,—light that revealed an enormous gallery, duly receding into distance according to all the laws of perspective. "I dare say you've heard of my poor father," Lord Badgery continued. "A little insane, you know; sort of mechanical genius with a screw loose. He used to have a toy railway in this room. No end of fun he had, crawling about the floor after his trains. And all the pictures were stacked in the cellars. I can't tell you what they were like when I found them, mushrooms growing out of the Botticellis. Now, I'm rather proud of this Poussin; he painted it for Scarron."

"Exquisite!" Spode exclaimed, making with his hand a gesture as though he were modeling a pure form in the air. "How splendid the onrush of those trees and leaning figures is! And the way they're caught up, as it were, and stemmed by that single god-like form opposing them with his contrary movement! And the draperies—"

But Lord Badgery had moved on, and was standing in front of a little fifteenth century Virgin of carved wood.

"School of Rheims," he explained.

They "did" the gallery at high speed. Badgery never permitted his guest to halt for more than forty seconds before any work of art. Spode would have liked to spend a few moments of recollection and tranquillity in front of some of these lovely things, but it was not permitted.



“‘Can’t paint?’ Badgery exclaimed in horror. ‘Then what ’s the good of the old creature?’”

The gallery done, they passed into a little room leading out of it. At the sight of what the lights revealed Spode gasped.

“It ’s like something out of Balzac,” he exclaimed. “Un de ces salons dorés où déploie un luxe insolent. You know.”

“My nineteenth-century chamber,” Badgery explained. “The best thing of its kind, I flatter myself, outside the state apartments at Windsor.”

Spode tiptoed round the room, peering with astonishment at all the objects in glass, in gilded bronze, in china, in feathers, in embroidered and painted silk, in beads, in wax, objects of the most fantastic shapes and colors, all the queer products of a decadent tradition, with which the room was crowded. There were paintings on the walls: a Martin, a Wilkie, an early Landseer, several Etties, a big Haydon, a slight pretty water-color of a girl by Wainwright, the pupil of Blake and arsenic poisoner, and a score of others. But the picture which arrested Spode’s attention was a medium-sized canvas representing Troilus riding into Troy among the

flowers and plaudits of an admiring crowd and oblivious, you could see from his expression, of everything but the eyes of Cressida, who looks down at him from a window, with Pandarus smiling over her shoulder.

“What an absurd and enchanting picture!” Spode exclaimed.

“Ah, you ’ve spotted my Troilus.” Lord Badgery was pleased.

“What bright, harmonious colors! Like Ettie’s, only stronger, not so obviously pretty. And there ’s an energy about it that reminds one of Haydon. Only Haydon could never have done anything so impeccable in taste. Who is it by?” Spode turned to his host inquiringly.

“You were right in detecting Haydon,” Lord Badgery answered.

“It ’s by his pupil, Tillotson. I wish I could get hold of more of his work, but he seems to have done so little.”

This time it was the younger man who interrupted.

“Tillotson? Tillotson?” He put his hand to his forehead. A frown incongruously distorted his round, floridly

curved face. "No—yes; I have it." He looked up triumphantly, with serene and childish brows. "Tillotson, Walter Tillotson; the man 's still alive."

Badgery smiled.

"This picture was painted in 1846, you know."

"Well, that 's all right. Say he was born in 1820, painted his masterpiece when he was twenty-six, and it 's 1913 now. That 's to say he 's only ninety-three. Not as old as Titian yet."

"But he 's not been heard of since eighteen sixty," Lord Badgery protested.

"Precisely. Your mention of his name reminded me of the discovery I made the other day when I was looking through the obituary notices in the archives of 'The World's Review.' One has to bring them up to date every year or so for fear of being caught napping if one of these old birds chooses to shuffle off suddenly. Well, there, among them,—I remember my astonishment at the time,—there I found Walter Tillotson's biography. Pretty full to eighteen sixty, and then a blank, except for a pencil note in the early nineteen hundreds to the effect that he had returned from the East. The obituary has never been used or added to. I draw the obvious conclusion: the old chap is n't dead yet. He 's just been overlooked somehow."

"But this is extraordinary," Lord Badgery exclaimed. "You must find him, Spode; you must find him. I 'll commission him to paint frescos round this room. It 's just what I 've always vainly longed for—a real nineteenth-century artist to decorate this place for me. Oh, we must find him at once, at once!"

Lord Badgery strode up and down in a state of great excitement.

"I can see how this room could be made quite perfect," he went on. "We 'd clear away all these cases, and have the whole of that wall filled by a heroic fresco of Hector and Andromache, or 'Distraint for Rent,' or Fanny Kemble as Belvidera in 'Venice Preserved'—anything like that, provided it 's in the grand manner of the thirties and forties. And here I 'd have a landscape with lovely receding perspectives, or else something architectural and grand in the style of Belshazzar's feast. Then

we 'll have this Adam fireplace taken down and replaced by something Mauro-Gothic. And on these walls I 'll have mirrors or—no, let me see." He sank into meditative silence, from which he finally roused himself to shout: "The old man! the old man! Spode, we must find this astonishing old creature. And don't breathe a word to anybody. Tillotson shall be our secret. Oh, it 's too perfect! It 's incredible! Think of the frescos!"

Lord Badgery's face had become positively animated. He had talked of a single subject for nearly a quarter of an hour.

THREE weeks later Lord Badgery was aroused from his usual after-luncheon somnolence by the arrival of a telegram. The message was a short one. "Found. Spode." A look of pleasure and intelligence made human Lord Badgery's clayey face of surfeit. "No answer," he said. The footman padded away on noiseless feet.

Lord Badgery closed his eyes and began to contemplate. Found! What a room he would have! There would be nothing like it in the world. The frescos, the fireplace, the mirrors, the ceiling, and a small, shriveled old man clambering about the scaffolding, agile and quick, like one of those whiskered little monkeys at the Zoo, painting away, painting away. Fanny Kemble as Belvidera, Hector and Andromache, or why not the Duke of Clarence in the Butt, the Duke of Malmsey, the Butt of Clarence—Lord Badgery was asleep.

Spode did not lag long behind his telegram. He was at Badgery House by six o'clock. His lordship was in the nineteenth-century chamber, engaged in clearing away with his own hands the bric-à-brac. Spode found him looking hot and out of breath.

"Ah, there you are," said Lord Badgery. "You see me already preparing for the great man's coming. Now you must tell me all about him."

"He 's older even than I thought," said Spode. "He 's ninety-seven this year—born in 1816. Incredible, is n't it? There, I 'm beginning at the wrong end."

"Begin where you like," said Badgery, genially.

"I won't tell you all the incidents of the hunt. You've no idea what a job I had to run him to earth. It was like a Sherlock Holmes story, immensely elaborate, too elaborate. I shall write a book about it some day. At any rate, I found him at last."

"Where?"

"In a sort of respectable slum in Holloway, older and poorer and lonelier than you could have believed possible. I found out how it was he came to be forgotten, how he came to drop out of life in the way he did. He took it into his head, somewhere about the sixties, to go to Palestine to get local color for his religious pictures—scapegoats and things, you know. Well, he went to Jerusalem and then on to Mount Lebanon and on and on, and then, somewhere in the middle of Asia Minor, he got stuck. He got stuck for about forty years."

"But what did he do all that time?"

"Oh, he painted, started a mission, and converted three Turks, and taught the local pashas the rudiments of English, Latin, perspective, and God knows what else. Then in about 1904 it seems to have occurred to him that he was getting rather old and had been away from home for rather a long time. So he made his way back to England, only to find that every one he had known was dead, that the dealers had never heard of him and would n't buy his pictures, that he was simply a ridiculous old figure of fun. So he got a job as a drawing-master in a girl's school in Holloway, and there he's been ever since, growing older and older and feebler and feebler and blinder and deafer, until finally the school has given him the sack. He had about ten pounds in the world when I found him. He lives in a kind of black hole in a basement, full of beetles. When his ten pounds are spent, I suppose he'll just quietly die there."

Badgery held up a white hand.

"No more, no more. I find literature quite depressing enough. I insist that life at least shall be a little gayer. Did you tell him I wanted him to paint my room?"

"But he can't paint. He's too blind and palsied."

"Can't paint?" Badgery exclaimed in horror. "Then what's the good of the old creature?"

"Well, if you put it like that—" Spode began.

"I shall never have my frescos. Ring the bell, will you?"

Spode rang.

"What right has Tillotson to go on existing if he can't paint?" went on Lord Badgery, petulantly. "After all, that was his only justification for occupying a place in the sun."

"He does n't have much sun in his basement."

The footman appeared at the door.

"Get some one to put all these things back in their places," Lord Badgery commanded, indicating with a wave of the hand the ravaged cases, the confusion of glass and china with which he had littered the floor. "We'll go to the library, Spode; it's more comfortable there."

He led the way through the long gallery and down the stairs.

"I'm sorry old Tillotson has been such a disappointment," said Spode, sympathetically.

"Let us talk about something else; he ceases to interest me."

"But don't you think we ought to do something about him? He's only got ten pounds between him and the workhouse. And if you'd seen the black beetles in his basement!"

"Enough! enough! I'll do everything you think fitting."

"I thought we might get up a subscription among lovers of the arts."

"There are n't any," said Badgery.

"No, but there are plenty of people who will subscribe out of *snobisme*."

"Not unless you give them something for their money."

"That's true. I had n't thought of that." Spode was silent for a moment.

"We might have a dinner in his honor. The Great Tillotson Banquet. *Doyen* of British art. A link with the past. Can't you see it in the papers? I'd make a stunt of it in 'The World's Review.' That ought to bring in the snobs."

"And we'll invite a lot of artists and critics—all the ones who can't stand one another. It will be fun to see them squabbling." Badgery laughed. Then

his face darkened once again. "Still," he added, "it 'll be a very poor second best to my frescos. You 'll stay to dinner, of course."

"Well, since you suggest it. Thank 's very much."

THE Tillotson banquet was fixed to take place about three weeks later. Spode, who had charge of the arrangements, proved himself an excellent organizer. He secured the big banqueting-room at the Café Bomba and was successful in bullying and cajoling the manager into giving fifty persons dinner at twelve shillings a head, including wine. He sent out invitations and collected subscriptions. He wrote an article on Tillotson in "The World's Review," one of those charming, witty articles, couched in the tone of amused patronage and contempt, with which one speaks of the great men of 1840. Nor did he neglect Tillotson himself. He used to go to Holloway almost every day to listen to the old man's endless stories about Asia Minor and the great exhibition of fifty-one and Benjamin Robert Haydon. He was sincerely sorry for this relic of another age.

Mr. Tillotson's room was about ten feet below the level of the soil of South Holloway. A little gray light percolated through the area-bars, forced a difficult passage through panes opaque with dirt, and spent itself, like a drop of milk that falls into an ink-pot, among the inveterate shadows of the dungeon. The place was haunted by the sour smell of damp plaster and of woodwork that has begun to molder secretly at the heart. A little miscellaneous furniture, including a bed, a washstand, chest of drawers, a table, and one or two chairs, lurked in the obscure corners of the den or ventured furtively out into the open. Hither Spode now came almost every day and every day he found Mr. Tillotson sitting in the same place under the window, bathing, as it were, in his tiny puddle of light. "The oldest man that ever wore gray hairs," Spode reflected as he looked at him. Only there were very few hairs left on that bald, unpolished head. At the sound of the visitor's knock Mr. Tillotson would turn in his chair, and stare in the direc-

tion of the door with blinking, uncertain, eyes. He was always full of apologies for being so slow in recognizing who was there.

"No discourtesy meant," he would say after asking. "It 's not as if I had forgotten who you were. Only it 's so dark, and my sight is n't what it was."

After that he never failed to give a little laugh, and, pointing out of the window at the area-railings, would say:

"Ah, this is the place for somebody with good sight. It 's the place for looking at ankles. It 's the grand stand."

It was the day before the great event. Spode came as usual; Mr. Tillotson punctually made his little joke about the ankles, and Spode as punctually laughed.

"Well, Mr. Tillotson," he said, after the reverberation of the joke had died away, "to-morrow you make your re-entry into the world of art and fashion. You 'll find some changes."

"I 've always had such extraordinary luck," said Mr. Tillotson, and Spode could see by his expression that he genuinely believed it; that he had forgotten the black hole and the black beetles and the almost exhausted ten pounds that stood between him and the workhouse. "What an amazing piece of good fortune, for instance, that you should have found me just when you did! Now, this dinner will bring me back to my place in the world. I shall have money, and in a little while—who knows?—I shall be able to see well enough to paint again. I believe my eyes are getting better, you know. Ah, the future is very rosy."

Mr. Tillotson looked up, his face puckered into a smile, and he nodded his head in affirmation of his words.

"You believe in the life to come?" said Spode, and immediately flushed for shame at the cruelty of the words.

But Mr. Tillotson was in far too cheerful a mood to have caught their significance.

"Life to come?" he repeated. "No, I don't believe in any of that stuff—not since 1859. The 'Origin of Species' changed my views, you know. No life to come for me, thank you! You don't remember the excitement, of course. You 're very young, Mr. Spode."



"Mr. Tillotson, with an incomparably noble gesture, leaned forward and tossed among the seething crowd of urchins his last three coppers"

"Well, I 'm not so old as I was," Spode replied. "You know how middle-aged one is as a school-boy and undergraduate. Now I 'm old enough to know I 'm young."

Spode was about to develop this little paradox further, but he noticed that Mr. Tillotson had not been listening. He made a note of the gambit for use in companies that were more appreciative of the subtleties.

"You were talking about the 'Origin of Species,'" he said.

"Was I?" said Mr. Tillotson, waking from reverie.

"About its effect on your faith, Mr. Tillotson."

"To be sure, yes. It shattered my faith. But I remember a fine thing by the poet laureate—something about there being more faith in honest doubt,

believe me, than in all the—all the—I forget exactly what. But you see the train of thought. Oh, it was a bad time for religion. I am glad my master Haydon never lived to see it. He was a man of fervor. I remember him pacing up and down his studio in Lissom Grove, singing and shouting and praying all at once. It used almost to frighten me. Oh, but he was a wonderful man, a great man! Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again. As usual, the bard is right. But it was all very long ago, before your time, Mr. Spode."

"Well, I 'm not as old as I was," said Spode, in the hope of having his paradox appreciated this time. But Mr. Tillotson went on without noticing the interruption.

"It's a very, very long time. And yet,

when I look back on it, it all seems but a day or two ago. Strange that each day should be so long and that many days added together should be less than an hour. How clearly I can see old Haydon pacing up and down! Much more clearly, indeed, than I see you, Mr. Spode. The eyes of memory don't grow dim. But my sight is improving, I assure you; it's improving daily. I shall soon be able to see those ankles." He laughed, like a cracked bell,—one of those little old bells, Spode fancied, that ring, with much rattling of wires, in the far-off servants' quarters of ancient houses. "And very soon," Mr. Tillotson went on, "I shall be painting again. Ah, Mr. Spode, my luck is extraordinary. I believe in it, I trust it. And, after all, what is luck? Simply another name for Providence, in spite of the 'Origin of Species' and the rest of it. How right the laureate was when he said that there was more faith in honest doubt, believe me, than in all the—er the—er—well, you know. I regard you, Mr. Spode, as the emissary of Providence. Your coming marked a turning-point in my life, and the beginning, for me, of happier days. Do you know, one of the first things I shall do when my fortunes are restored will be to buy a hedgehog."

"A hedgehog, Mr. Tillotson?"

"For the black beetles. There's nothing like a hedgehog for beetles. It will eat black beetles till it's sick, till it dies of surfeit. That reminds me of the time when I told my poor great master Haydon, in joke, of course, that he ought to send in a cartoon of King John dying of a surfeit of lampreys for the frescos in the new Houses of Parliament. As I told him, it's a most notable event in the annals of British Liberty—the providential and exemplary removal of a tyrant."

Mr. Tillotson laughed again—the little bell in the deserted house, a ghostly hand pulling the cord in the drawing-room, and phantom footmen responding to the thin, flawed note.

"I remember he laughed—laughed like a bull in his old grand manner. But, oh, it was a terrible blow when they rejected his designs! a terrible blow! It was the first and fundamental cause of his suicide."

Mr. Tillotson paused. There was a long silence. Spode felt strangely moved, he hardly knew why, in the presence of this man, so frail, so ancient, in body three parts dead, in the spirit so full of life and hopeful patience. He felt ashamed. What was the use of his own youth and cleverness? He saw himself suddenly as a boy with a rattle scaring birds, rattling his noisy cleverness, waving his arms in ceaseless and futile activity, never resting in his efforts to scare away the birds that were always trying to settle in his mind. And what birds! wide-winged and beautiful, all those serene thoughts and faiths and emotions that only visit minds that have humbled themselves to quiet. Those gracious visitants he was forever using all his energies to drive away. But this old man, with his hedgehogs and his honest doubts and all the rest of it—his mind was like a field made beautiful by the free coming and going, the unafraid alightings of a multitude of white, bright-winged creatures. He felt ashamed. But, then, was it possible to alter one's life? was n't it a little absurd to risk a conversion? Spode shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll get you a hedgehog at once," he said. "They're sure to have some at Whiteley's."

Before he left that evening Spode made an alarming discovery: Mr. Tillotson did not possess a dress suit. It was hopeless to think of getting one made at this short notice, and, besides, what an unnecessary expense!

"We shall have to borrow a suit, Mr. Tillotson. I ought to have thought of that before."

"Dear me! dear me!" Mr. Tillotson was a little chagrined by this unlucky discovery. "Borrow a suit?"

Spode hurried away for counsel to Badgery House. Lord Badgery surprisingly rose to the occasion. "Ask Boreham to come and see me," he told the footman who answered his ring.

Boreham was one of those immemorial butlers who linger on, generation after generation in the houses of the great. He was over eighty now, bent, dried up, shriveled with age.

"All old men are about the same size," said Lord Badgery. It was a comfort-

ing theory. "Ah, here he is. Have you got a spare suit of evening clothes, Boreham?"

"I have an old suit, my lord, that I stopped wearing in—let me see, was it nineteen seven or eight?"

"That 's the very thing. I should be most grateful, Boreham, if you could lend it to Mr. Spode here for a day."

The old man went out and soon reappeared, carrying over his arm a very old black suit. He held up the coat and trousers for inspection. In the light of day they were deplorable.

"You 've no idea, sir," said Boreham, deprecatingly, to Spode—"You 've no idea how easy things get stained with grease and gravy and what not, however careful you are, sir, however careful."

"I should imagine so." Spode was sympathetic.

"However careful, sir."

"But in artificial light they 'll look all right."

"Perfectly all right," Lord Badgery repeated. "Thank you, Boreham; you shall have them back on Thursday."

"You 're welcome, my Lord, I 'm sure." The old man bowed and disappeared.

On the afternoon of the great day Spode carried up to Holloway a parcel containing Boreham's retired evening suit and all the necessary appurtenances in the way of shirts and collars. Owing to the darkness and his own feeble sight Mr. Tillotson was happily unaware of the defects in the suit. He was in a state of extreme nervous agitation. It was with some difficulty that Spode could prevent him, although it was only three o'clock, from starting his toilet on the spot.

"Take it easy, Mr. Tillotson; take it easy. We need n't start till half-past seven, you know."

Spode left an hour later, and as soon as he was safely out of the room, Mr. Tillotson began to prepare himself for the banquet. He lighted the gas and also two candles, and blinking myopically at the image that fronted him in the tiny looking-glass that stood on his chest of drawers, he set to work with all the ardor of a young girl preparing for her first ball. At six o'clock, when the last touches had been given, he was

not unsatisfied. He marched up and down his cellar humming to himself the gay song which had been popular in his middle years:

"Oh, oh, Anna Maria Jones!

Queen of the tambourine, the cymbals and the bones."

Spode arrived an hour later in Lord Badgery's second-best car. Opening the door of the old man's dungeon, he stood for a moment, wide-eyed with astonishment on the threshold. Mr. Tillotson was standing by the empty grate, one elbow resting on the mantelpiece, one leg crossed over the other in a jaunty and gentlemanly attitude. The effect of the candle-light shining on his face was to deepen every line and wrinkle with intense black shadow; he looked immeasurably old. It was a noble and pathetic head. On the other hand, Boreham's outworn evening suit was simply buffoonish. The coat was too long in the sleeves and the tail; the trousers bagged in elephantine creases about his ankles. Some of the greas-spots were visible even in candle-light. The white tie, over which Mr. Tillotson had taken great pains and which he believed in his purblindness to be perfect, was fantastically lopsided. He had buttoned up his waistcoat in such a fashion that one button was widowed of its hold and one hold of its button. Across his shirt-front lay the broad green ribbon of some unknown order.

"Queen of the tambourine, the cymbals and the bones,"

Mr. Tillotson concluded in a gnat-like voice before welcoming his visitor. "Well, Spode, here you are. I 'm dressed already, you see. The suit, I flatter myself, fits very well, almost as though it had been made for me. I am all gratitude to the gentleman who was kind enough to lend it to me; I shall take the greatest care of it. It 's a dangerous thing to lend clothes 'for loan oft loesth both itself and friend.' The bard is always right."

"Just one thing," said Spode. "A touch to your waistcoat." He unbuttoned the garment, and did it up again more symmetrically.

Mr. Tillotson was a little piqued at being found so absurdly in the wrong.

"Thanks, thanks," he said protestingly, trying to edge away from his valet. "It 's all right, you know; I can do it myself. Foolish oversight. I flatter myself the suit fits very well."

"And perhaps the tie might—" Spode began tentatively. But the old man would not hear of it.

"No, no. The tie 's all right. I can tie a tie, Mr. Spode. The tie 's all right. Leave it as it is, I beg."

"I like your order."

Mr. Tillotson looked down complacently at his shirt-front. "Ah, you 've noticed my order. It 's a long time since I wore that. It was given me by the Grand Porte, you know, for services rendered in the Russo-Turkish War. It 's the Order of Chastity, the second class. They give only the first class to crowned heads, you know—crowned heads and ambassadors. And only pashas of the highest rank get the second. Mine 's the second. They give only the first class to crowned heads—"

"Of course, of course," said Spode.

"Do you think I look all right, Mr. Spode?" Mr. Tillotson asked a little anxiously.

"Splendid, Mr. Tillotson; splendid. The order 's magnificent."

The old man's face brightened once more.

"I flatter myself," he said, "that this borrowed suit fits me very well. But I don't like borrowing clothes, 'for loan oft loseth both itself and friend,' you know. And the bard is always right."

"Ugh! there 's one of those horrible beetles!" Spode exclaimed.

Mr. Tillotson bent down and stared at the floor.

"I see it," he said, and stamped on a small piece of coal, which crunched to powder under his foot. "I shall certainly buy a hedgehog."

It was time for them to start. A crowd of little boys and girls had collected round Lord Badgery's enormous car. The chauffeur, who felt that honor and dignity were at stake, pretended not to notice the children, but sat gazing, like a statue, into eternity. At the sight of Spode and Mr. Tillotson emerging from the house a yell of min-

gled awe and derision went up. It subsided to an astonished silence as they climbed into the car. "Bomba's," Spode directed. The car gave a faintly stertorous sigh and began to move. The children yelled again and ran along beside the car, waving their arms in a frenzy of excitement. It was then that Mr. Tillotson, with an incomparably noble gesture, leaned forward and tossed among the seething crowd of urchins his three last coppers.

IN Bomba's big room the company was assembling. The long gilt-edged mirrors reflected a singular collection of people. Middle-aged academicians shoot suspicious glances at youths whom they suspected, only too correctly, of being iconoclasts, organizers of Post-Impressionist Exhibitions. Rival art critics, brought suddenly face to face, quivered with restrained hatred. Mrs. Nobes, Mrs. Cayman, and Mrs. Mandragore, those indefatigable hunters of artistic big game, came on one another all unawares in this well-stored menagerie, where each had expected to hunt alone, and were filled with rage. Through this crowd of mutually repellent vanities Lord Badgery moved with a suavity that seemed unaware of all the feuds and hatreds. He was enjoying himself immensely. Behind the heavy waxen mask of his face, ambushed behind the Hanoverian nose, the little lusterless pig's eyes, the pale thick lips, there lurked a small devil of happy malice that rocked with laughter.

"So nice of you to have come, Mrs. Mandragore, to do honor to England's artistic past. And I 'm so glad to see you 've brought dear Mrs. Cayman. And is that Mrs. Nobes, too? So it is! I had n't noticed her before. How delightful! I knew we could depend on your love of art."

And he hurried away to seize the opportunity of introducing that eminent sculptor, Sir Herbert Herne, to the young critic who had called him, in the public prints, a monumental mason.

A moment later the *maitre d'hôtel* came to the door of the gilded saloon and announced, loudly and impressively, "Mr. Walter Tillotson." Guided from behind by young Spode, Mr. Tillotson

came into the room slowly and hesitatingly. In the glare of the lights his eyelids beat heavily, painfully, like the wings on an imprisoned moth, over his filmy eyes. Once inside the door, he halted and drew himself up with a conscious assumption of dignity. Lord Badgery hurried forward and seized his hand.

"Welcome, Mr. Tillotson! welcome in the name of English art!"

Mr. Tillotson inclined his head in silence. He was too full of emotion to be able to reply.

"I should like to introduce you to a few of your younger colleagues, who have assembled here to do you honor." Lord Badgery presented every one in the room to the old painter, who bowed, shook hands, made little noises in his throat, but still found himself unable to speak. Mrs. Nobes, Mrs. Cayman, and Mrs. Mandragore all said charming things.

Dinner was served; the party took their places. Lord Badgery sat at the head of the table, with Mr. Tillotson on his right hand and Sir Herbert Herne on his left. Confronted with Bomba's succulent cooking and Bomba's wines, Mr. Tillotson ate and drank a good deal. He had the appetite of one who has lived on greens and potatoes for ten years among the black beetles. After the second glass of wine he began to talk, suddenly and in a flood, as though a sluice had been pulled up.

"In Asia Minor," he began, "it is the custom, when one goes out to dinner to hiccough as a sign of appreciative fullness. *Eruclavit cor meum* as the Psalmist had it; he was an Oriental himself."

Spode had arranged to sit next to Mrs. Cayman; he had designs upon her. She was an impossible woman, of course, but rich and useful; he wanted to bamboozle her into buying some of his young friends' pictures.

"In a cellar?" Mrs. Cayman was saying, "with black beetles? Oh, how dreadful! Poor old man! And he's ninety-seven, did n't you say? Is n't that shocking! I only hope the subscription will be a large one. Of course one wishes one could give more oneself. But then, you know, one has so many expenses, and things are so difficult now."

"I know, I know," said Spode, with feeling.

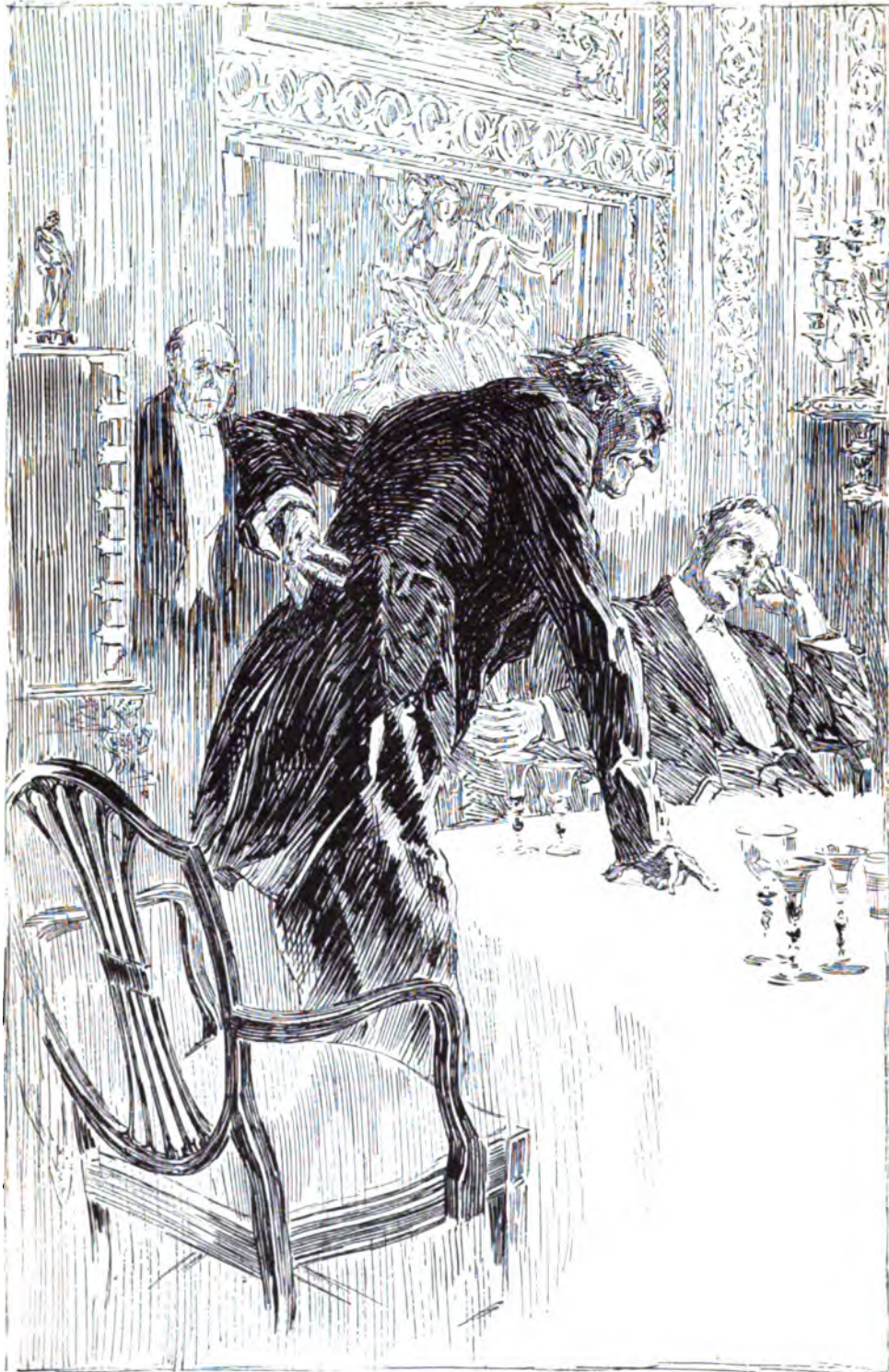
"It's all because of labor," Mrs. Cayman explained. "Of course I should simply love to have him in to dinner sometimes; but, then, I feel he's really too old, too *farouche* and *gâcheux*; it would not be doing a kindness to him, would it? And so you are working with Mr. Gollamy now? What a charming man, so talented, such conversation!"

"*Eruclavit cor meum*," said Mr. Tillotson for the third time. Lord Badgery tried to head him off the subject of Turkish etiquette, but in vain.

By half-past nine a kinder, violent atmosphere had put to sleep the hatreds and suspicions of before dinner. Sir Herbert Herne had discovered that the young Cubist sitting next him was not insane and actually knew a surprising amount about the old masters. For their part the young men had realized that their elders were not at all malignant; they were just very stupid and pathetic. It was only in the bosoms of Mrs. Nobes, Mrs. Cayman, and Mrs. Mandragore that hatred still reigned undiminished. Being ladies and old-fashioned, they had drunk almost no wine.

The moment for speech-making arrived. Lord Badgery rose to his feet, said what was expected of him, and called upon Sir Herbert to propose the toast of the evening. Sir Herbert coughed, smiled, and began. In the course of a speech that lasted twenty minutes he told anecdotes of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Leighton, Sir Alma Tadema, and the late Bishop of Bombay; he made three puns, he quoted Shakspeare and Whittier, he was playful, he was eloquent, he was grave. At the end of his harangue Sir Herbert handed Mr. Tillotson a silk purse containing fifty-eight pounds, ten shillings, the total amount of the subscription. The old man's health was drunk with acclamation.

Mr. Tillotson rose with difficulty to his feet. The dry snake-like skin of his face was flushed; his tie was more crooked than ever; the green ribbon of the Order of Chastity of the second class had somehow climbed up his crumpled and maculate shirt-front.



"My lords, ladies, and gentlemen . . . the life of the artist is a hard one"

"My Lords, ladies, and gentlemen—" he began in a choking voice, and then broke down completely. It was a very painful spectacle. A feeling of intense discomfort afflicted the minds of all who looked upon that trembling relic of a man as he stood there weeping and stammering. It was as though a breath of the wind of death had blown suddenly through the room, lifting the vapors of wine and tobacco-smoke, quenching the laughter and the candle-flames. Eyes floated uneasily, not knowing where to look. Lord Badgery, with great presence of mind, offered the old man a glass of wine. Mr. Tillotson began to recover. The guests heard him murmur a few disconnected words.

"This great honor—overwhelmed with kindness—this magnificent banquet—not used to it—in Asia Minor—*eructavit cor meum.*"

At this point Lord Badgery plucked sharply at one of his long coat-tails. Mr. Tillotson paused, took another sip of wine, and then went on with a newly won coherence and energy.

"The life of the artist is a hard one. His work is unlike other men's work, which may be done mechanically, by rote and almost, as it were, in sleep. It demands from him a constant expense of spirit. He gives continually of his best life and in return he receives much joy, it is true, much fame, it may be, but of material blessings very few. It is eighty years since first I devoted my life to the service of art—eighty years, and almost every one of those years has brought me fresh and painful proof of what I have been saying: the artist's life is a hard one."

This unexpected deviation into sense increased the general feeling of discomfort. It became necessary to take the old man seriously, to regard him as a human being. Up till then he had been no more than an object of curiosity, a mummy in an absurd suit of evening clothes, with a green ribbon across the shirt-front. People could not help wishing that they had subscribed a little more. Fifty-eight pound, ten—it was n't enormous. But happily for the peace of mind of the company, Mr. Tillotson paused again, took another sip of wine, and began to live up to his proper character by talking absurdly.

"When I consider the life of that great man, Benjamin Robert Haydon, one of the greatest men England has ever produced—" The audience heaved a sigh of relief; this was all as it should be. There was a burst of loud bravoing and clapping. Mr. Tillotson turned his dim eyes round the room and smiled gratefully at the misty figures he beheld. "That great man Benjamin Robert Haydon," he continued, "whom I am proud to call my master and who, it rejoices my heart to see, still lives in your memory and esteem, that great man, one of the greatest that England has ever produced, led a life so deplorable that I cannot think of it without a tear."

And with vast repetitions and divagations Mr. Tillotson related the history of B. R. Haydon, his imprisonments for debt, his battles with the Academy, his triumphs, his failures, his despair, his suicide. Half-past ten struck. Mr. Tillotson was declaiming against the stupid and prejudiced judges who had rejected Haydon's designs for the decoration of the new Houses of Parliament in favor of the paltriest German scribblings.

"That great man, one of the greatest England has ever produced, that great Benjamin Robert Haydon, whom I am proud to call my master and who, it rejoices me to see, still lives on in your memory and esteem—at that affront his great heart burst; it was the unkindest cut of all. He who had worked all his life for the recognition of the artist by the state, he who had petitioned every prime minister, including the Duke of Wellington, for thirty years, begging them to employ artists to decorate public buildings, he to whom the scheme for decorating the Houses of Parliament was undeniably due—" Mr. Tillotson lost a grip on his syntax and began a new sentence. "It was the unkindest cut of all, it was the last straw. The artist's life is a hard one."

At eleven Mr. Tillotson was talking about the Preraphaelites. At a quarter past he had begun to tell the story of B. R. Haydon all over again. At twenty-five minutes to twelve he collapsed quite speechless into his chair. Most of the guests had already gone

away; the few who remained made haste to depart. Lord Badgery led the old man to the door and packed him into his second car. The Tillotson banquet was over; it had been a pleasant evening, but a little too long.

Spode walked back to his rooms in Bloomsbury whistling as he went. The arc lamps of Oxford Street reflected in the polished surface of the road canals of dark bronze. He would have to bring that into an article some time. The Cayman woman had been very successfully nobbled. "*Voi che sapete*," he whistled somewhat out of tune, but he could not hear that.

When Mr. Tillotson's landlady came in to call him on the following morning, she found the old man lying fully dressed on his bed. For a moment she thought

he was dead, so pale was his face, so immovably still he lay. But Mr. Tillotson was not dead; he opened his eyes a little and faintly groaned. His landlady stood over him.

"I told you so," she said. "You've got no business to go gallivanting about at night at your age."

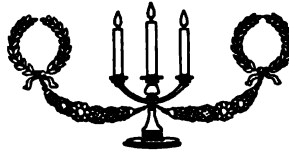
Mr. Tillotson groaned again. Making a painful effort, he drew out of his trousers' pocket a large silk purse, opened it, and extracted a sovereign.

"The artist's life, Mrs. Green, is a hard one," he said, handing her the coin. "Would you mind sending for the doc—"

As she held out her hand to receive the glittering disk, the old man's voice ceased, and he sank back on his pillow.

"*Eructavit cor meum*."

Mr. Tillotson was dead.



The Dying Philosopher to His Fiddler

By JOHN DRINKWATER

Come, fiddler, play one tune before I die.
Philosophy is barren, and I lie
Untouched now by the plagues of all the schools,
And only silly fiddlers are not fools.

Bring, then, your bow, and on the strings let be,
In this last hour, merely the melody
Of waves and leaves and footfalls hazardous,
Where crafty logic shall not keep with us.

The patient fields of knowledge did I sow.
I have done with knowledge, for I nothing know.
Wisdom and folly set their faces hence,
And in their eyes a twin intelligence.

Only your notes may quick again the keen
Tree shadows cut upon the paddock's green,
The pools where mirrored branches are at rest,
The heron lifting to her windy nest.

And these are things that know not argument.
Come, fiddler, play; philosophy is spent.
Out of my thought the chiding doctors slip,
And you are now the only scholarship.

The Amazing Dubliners

By GERALD CUMBERLAND



UBLIN is the most provincial city in the British Isles, for it commits the cardinal error of attempting to be self-sufficient. It has a theater, a university, a castle, a cathedral, St. Stephen's Green, and many public buildings gutted by the fire that was one of the most inconspicuous features of the Rebellion of 1916. Of all these it is proud. It has, in addition, its own publishers, its own magazines and newspapers and book-shops, and its own intellectual life. Concerning these it is stridently conceited. And it has its own "society," of which in these days it never speaks. The spirit of Dublin, looking northward, views Belfast with large contempt; for in that Ulster town money not only talks, but rules, whereas in Dublin the poorest man may be, and generally is, a prince.

We all despise money. At least the best people do, and it is in Dublin that all the best people live. Now, the human mind is capable of many feats of which the metaphysician knows nothing. It can at once despise money and envy those who possess it; it can hate wealth and yet pursue it. And the Dublin mind, once it has determined to hate anything, does so with extreme thoroughness. In the capital of Ireland poverty is a virtue, pauperism a state of blessedness. The man who is successful in business is considered both knave and fool, and the poet who writes mediocre verse is a revered genius. So victorious is mind over matter that even the meanest writer obtains a public. A book, just because it is a book, is sacrosanct; the printed page is always astir with genius; above the head of the man with the unwashed neck beat the wings of fame.

Whenever, in hours of boredom, I think of Dublin, I see a thousand men and women writing down words, erasing them, writing them down again and

then talking. Talking about themselves. With hot, eager brains functioning with enormous rapidity, they hurry from house to house, from flat to flat, and talk about that sestet they wrote the month before last, that new rhyme of Achitophel and asphodel that J. K. Stephens—or was it Æ?—discovered; that last, unspeakable book of George Moore's, those "bee-loud-glade" verses of W. B. Yeats that with their sweet poison have ruined half the Irish verse of the last decade, that manuscript over the possession of which Maunsel and the Talbot Press are fighting, that remark that Edward Martyn made the other week to Maud Gonne in his stentorian whisper. *Always* themselves. H. G. Wells in London is merely H. G. Wells in London: that is to say, he is nobody. But Theodore Dreiser in the States is to them not even Theodore Dreiser in the States: he is not permitted an existence. Ibañez may drive his four horsemen through the capitals of the world, but the dust and stir of their hoofs are unnoted in Dublin, and Marcel Proust, Gabriele D'Annunzio, and Joseph Conrad catch not any true Irish reader in the golden webs they weave. Dublin devours her own books and shrugs disdainful shoulders at the books of the outer world; acts her own plays and sighs over the vanished Synge; plays her own music—no, Dublin has no music: never an orchestral concert in that proud city from one year to another. So Edward Martyn—George Moore's "dear Edward"—rediscovers Palestrina Sunday by Sunday, and the voice of the folk-singer is heard in that land.

Dubliners are faithful to their gods, and of their gods W. B. Yeats is the most picturesque. I was sitting one dark January afternoon in the drawing-room of Miss Maud Gonne—whose beauty I found ravaged by a recent sojourn in an English jail—when Yeats was announced. I was a stranger, palpably English, and less palpably (I hope)

a journalist. He gazed upon me with the timid eyes of a fairy beholding a faun for the first time, and, very wisely, I thought, sat down with his back to the light and faced the sofa on which Miss Gonne and I were resting.

"This," said she, "is Mr. Cumberland. He's come to Dublin to write about us all."

Mr. Yeats did not share her enthusiasm. Eyelids with beautiful eyelashes hid his sight, and he bent down and did something to the fire with a poker. Then, assuming an exquisite pose, with his wrist on his knee and one of his famous hands depending therefrom slimly and whitely against the black of his trousers-leg, he began to talk of fays, fairies, folk-lore, Fenians, Phoenix Park, and other things beginning with F. I have heard some famous talkers. I have listened while Frank Harris has thundered out his strong, steely wisdom; I have sat, staggered and open-mouthed, while G. K. Chesterton made double paradoxes; and I have been suitably impressed by Sir Hall Caine announcing the fineness of the day in a voice and manner that suggested he was disclosing the ultimate secret of life: but this was different—different in every way. He talked neither to nor at me. It was pure monologue; just talk; the best kind of talk; talk for talking's sake.

Suddenly, becoming once more aware of my presence, he looked up.

"I thought," said I, "of going to the islands in the west."

It is true the thought had only that moment entered my head, but I believed it would please him. It did.

"Do," said he. "Do. Go there and be yourself. Strange folk live there, Mr. Cumberland. A man might well secure a shadowy immortality by living for a few weeks among those men and women. If you went there, you would in a short space become a tradition; things you did would be talked about—"

"That," I interrupted, "I can well believe."

"Yes; and, as is their way, the folk would weave fantasies about your sayings. Tales would be told, and I dare say songs would be sung. And all that you would have done would have been just to go about your business as any

man may do. But a certain largeness—or perhaps I should say intenseness—of manner is required: something vital, yet elusive; above all, something sincere. Yes, you would go for a walk or, maybe, would stand and look at the sea; and that would begin a tale. And when you went back to London, there would be, in the islands of the west strange things said of you and your doings. For you would be, as it were, still alive in their midst. In half a century you would be a figure embedded in our folk-lore, and centuries hence people would still be speaking of you, though in your own land your name would be on the lips of none."

Miss Gonne gave me a look of approval as Mr. Yeats's musical voice died away, but I do not think she had previously suspected that I was at all the kind of personality likely to insinuate itself into Irish folk-lore.

"A strange people," said I, gravely.

"You are right," he agreed. "And a kindly people, a good people. Children they always seem to me—the most delightful children in all the world." He mused. "But," he remarked dreamily, "these are the rains of winter. You must wait till the fine days come."

"Oh, no," I replied; "I must go at once. What you have said has fascinated me. I love to think that A. D. 2120 some German professor like—well, like Kuno Meyer may go to those islands and study there and write a learned, but completely unconvincing, pamphlet on the great hero Cumberland and all the fine things he said and did two hundred years ago."

He gazed at me earnestly through his pince-nez.

"Stranger things even than that have happened. For example—"

I shall always regret most bitterly that I did not listen to the story that followed. But the truth is, I was so closely occupied in studying his personality that I heard here and there only a phrase. Besides, I was seduced by the music of his voice. Never had I heard a human voice so perfectly cadenced, so exquisitely modulated. Its tone was round and full, its timbre most sweet; and it suggested the gentlest of gentle melancholies.

"How splendidly he does it!" I said to myself as I listened. "How perfect and complete the pose! Years of assiduous practice have gone to the making of this so delicate work of art."

But a few minutes later I surrendered myself completely to him, and vowed again that never would I, even secretly to myself, accuse him of insincerity, of acting, of seeking to make an impression. Time has turned him into the elf he copies. He is a little more than human. One very early morn fifty years ago the fairies gathered about his cradle.

Miss Gonne urged me to return to her house that evening. Not without enjoyment and, I verily believe, some malicious amusement had she watched Yeats reacting to my personality, and perhaps she wished to observe the effect I would have on J. K. Stephens, George Russell ("Æ"), Edward Martyn, and other friends of hers I met at nine that night.

But when the evening came I found I was to have little talk with any one save Miss Gonne, for I made the mistake of telling her that since my visit that afternoon I had written a short impressionistic article on her. She smiled that secret, gratified smile that even the cleverest of us cannot entirely restrain when we are flattered. Moreover, I called this courageous, tempestuous creature "Madame,"—by mistake, I do believe,—and the word pleased her. She took me to a corner of the room, her tall, slightly stooping figure clad entirely in white, taking possession of me as a hen takes possession of her chickens.

"You 've written something about me?" she asked.

"Yes. It 's rather nice, I think. I 've got you. I describe this large, bare room, the white flowers growing proudly on your little tables, your face of suffering, your eloquence, and—and so on."

She leaned forward.

"Sit here," she invited, and indicated two chairs that chance—*was* it?—had placed in that remote region of the room. We sat down side by side, and I began to read in my rather indistinct voice the little sketch I had so carefully and, it seemed to me, so beautifully painted in four or five hundred *mots justes*.

She was disappointed. I could feel

it, though, when I had finished, she was kind enough to say:

"Very pretty. But, really, Mr. Cumberland, do you honestly think I 'm like that?"

"To me you are."

"But you 've described a rather battered angel, and I 'm anything but an angel. I 'm a rebel,—an ex-jailbird, if you like,—a woman full of anger and indignation, a political—"

She confided to me stories of plots, escapes, sufferings, police futilities, intrigues. But there was little in what she told me that I did not already know, for Maud Gonne's romantic career, her passionate sacrifices of self, and her superb devotion to her country are known to all who have studied Ireland's fate. But I listened intently and did not speak until she had finished and there had been silence for many moments.

"But that is all beyond my powers," I said. "I cannot write of those things. My pen is light and satirical and, they tell me, malicious."

She held out her hand for the article I had written, and I gave it to her. As she read it she smiled.

"Very well, print it. So far as it goes it 's true enough, but it does n't go very far."

Later on I heard a deep, vibrant voice, and saw a huge, white-haired, florid man who, by the aid of a stick and restricted by gout, was stumping heavily about the room. I questioned Miss Gonne with my eyebrows and said:

"'Dear Edward?'"

She nodded.

"Ought I to be introduced?"

"Oh, yes; most certainly."

She took me to Edward Martyn, a kindly, self-important, and entirely humorless man, who, looking into my candid eyes, took me to his heart at once. He talked with an almost passionate interest in his own words—church music; masses; John McCormack, whom, it appeared, he had years ago employed in his choir, singing; and, eventually and inevitably, Palestrina. He became lyrical and dramatic by turns; in moments of excitement his loud voice rose to a noble shout. Fascinated by the manner rather than by the man, I stood half hypnotized. But church music is not one of

my subjects, and knowing that this strange man had another god besides Palestrina, and that god Wagner, I waited for an opportunity to breathe his name. As I write, I am teased by my inability to remember anything that Edward Martyn said, though I am confident that his words were wise, his opinions just, and his discretion all (and perhaps more than) it should have been. Occasionally, sometimes in the deep middle of a sentence, he would pause to breathe, and I would form my lips for the enunciation of the word "Wagner"; but before the sound could come, he had started again. I remember well looking full on his face, and from the tail of my eye seeing J. K. Stephens moving about the room like a leprechawn.

At last my moment came. Martyn stuck at a name.

"All that influence," he was saying, "all that Preraphaelite influence has now died down, I think. Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and—er—tut—tut—his name 's on the tip of my tongue—Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Holman Hunt, and—er—"

"Richard Wagner," I suggested imperturbably.

I met with amazing success. It was just as though a man, walking sturdily along the road to Lourdes, had been lifted bodily into the air and placed, unresisting and unbewildered, on the road to Chicago. The little light of Palestrina faded in the sun of Wagner; Rome's splendors were hidden behind the ugly theater of Bayreuth.

If Martyn had been earnest before, he was now possessed by a veritable *furor loquendi*. His voice thundered. I heard:

"*Wahnfried — Siegfried — Richard — Cosima — Bayreuth — Cosima — Richard — Siegfried — Wahnfried — Richard — Frau von Wesendonck.*"

This was real eloquence. His soul was alight; his intellect was burning. He drowned me in the torrent of his words, and later on, when we walked downstairs together, my arm beneath his for his support, he was hotly dithyrambic. His car was waiting, and as he, not without effort, clambered into it, he discoursed on the relative merits of Minna and Cosima. Five minutes later we

were outside the Grosvenor Hotel, where I was staying, and he was promising to dine with me the following Friday, when, I assured him, innocent fish only should appear on our table. But, alas! that dinner was never eaten, for on the following day I was summoned hastily to Belfast to listen to music.

J. K. Stephens, as I have said, is like a leprechawn in appearance, and, at least when talking to me, in manner like some one not very successful on the stock exchange. He is a cock-sure little man; he knows about it all. He *knows*. He said he believed in "inspiration," in not writing save "when the mood was on him"; he added something about "one book every two or three years."

"To live on?" I queried.

He took this little question as an affront, and I distinctly saw him bridle.

"Many men write more," I said in a conciliatory tone. "H. G. Wells, for example."

"Yes, but what is it all about?" he asked. "What is Wells trying to say?"

"At the moment?"

"Oh, any time."

"He 's said a lot—about aëroplanes, for example, and sex and science and marriage and religion and sociology and our national hypocrisies and—"

"Yes, I dare say," he interrupted contemptuously.

"You don't read Wells?"

"When I read, I either read the newspaper, my letters, or—literature."

"Quite," said I. "I see we don't agree."

This conversation took place in a large room of the Irish National Gallery on the day following my visit to Miss Gonnet's. Stephens was sitting at a desk doing clerical work, and though he seemed very willing, nay, eager, to talk to me, he did not invite me to be seated; indeed, throughout our interview I did not detect anything in his manner that led me to believe he was likely to do so.

"I have recently come back from a year's stay in Paris," he said, "but it 's not my *milieu*. It has atmosphere, of course, but not *my* atmosphere."

Paris, I felt, was condemned.

"Perhaps you don't speak or read French?" I asked, and he admitted that he did not. "But now you 're back in Dublin—"

"Oh, yes, I shall write, but not at present. The mood delays, but it will come."

"And then?"

"Oh, I don't know. Perhaps a book of poems. Or a story. One does not force these things. They arrive."

"Without effort?"

Did I, indeed, intend to be rude?

"I don't believe any good writing is accomplished without hard work, though, of course, the work may all have been done before the hour of writing. On one or two occasions I have written an enormous amount in a few weeks; then again a year or two may pass in which I produce only a few pages."

It was, I admit, indiscreet of me to mention George Moore, but I did. He froze. There is not much hero-worship about Stephens. Some people worship others; others have a good conceit of themselves. I felt that an effort was being made to impress me; it did not greatly succeed.

"I consider George Moore a very great writer," I said; "to my mind, a greater writer even than Joseph Conrad. 'Esther Waters' is at least as fine as 'Madame Bovary.'"

"Oh, I dare say, I dare say," he muttered impatiently, and picked up a book from his desk. This, I felt, was dismissal indeed.

So I turned to go. He relented; but he had nothing more to say, and five minutes later, when out in the street, I told myself what I have often told myself:

"How like his books he is!"

And yet how unlike! But I know well that my personality antagonized him, for I was not a worshiper. I can imagine that with the right sort of person, in the right sort of place, at the right sort of time, he might be as charming as one of the pages of beaten gold of which his books are composed; but time, place, and person on this occasion were all that they ought not to be.

That evening I sat in the stalls of the Abbey Theatre and witnessed one of the clever, but drab and rather sordid, plays of St. John Ervine. This theater, about which much has been written, is dreadfully *vieux jeu*. Strangely using the past tense, they say it has been a barn. The people who entered it were rather like the people I used to meet in the

repertory theaters in Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, consciously high-brow, palely anemic. Consciously high-brow is St. John Ervine himself. He lived in Dublin for a short period as manager or "art director," or whatever it is he called himself, of the Abbey Theatre; but he was not very popular or, I believe, very successful, and he returned to London, that simple city where it is easy to make headway.

I should like to have met Ervine in Dublin. In London, working on a labor paper, I found him supercilious, exclusive, and free from geniality; but in Ireland's capital, I am told, he was esthetic and literary dictator, a position he would have esteemed.

I fell to thinking of Ervine as, late at night, I walked, depressed and disappointed, from the Abbey Theatre to my hotel. Here, said I to myself, is a typical Irishman: that is to say, a pushful man with brains; a man who, at all costs, will "get on" in the world; a man who saves and is careful; a man who works with an almost desperate energy. He has all the qualities with which the traditional Irishman is not endowed. But the traditional Irishman never existed outside the novels of Lever. Bernard Shaw also conforms to type. Only the other day I saw him in Leicester Square, clad gravely and respectably in black and almost offensively clean, the Puritan *in excelsis*. The Irishman of tradition is fond of leaning against the bar of a public house, but Bernard Shaw does not even take the whisky-bottle from the cellaret. W. B. Yeats thinks inns are picturesque, but has not George Moore recorded that in the old days this poet's refreshment at midday was a bun and a glass of milk? No, the feckless, jolly, generous, drinking Irishman has been created for literary-commercial purposes. Synge's playboy is the result of two generations of careful fiction and deliberate lying. It is in St. John Ervine and Bernard Shaw that one sees the typical Irishman; a fellow who, despite his imagination and sympathy, lives with one eye on the Muse and the other on the cash-box.

On the evening of the following day I was taken to see George Russell, far and away the greatest Irishman of the present generation. Poet, painter, politician,

mystic, editor, man of business, organizer, his life is full to overflowing. So great is his genius for friendship that men of directly opposite political beliefs find in him their ideal man.

It was a Sunday, I remember, and as I entered the room and swept my gaze round the semicircle of black-coated men sitting before the generous fire, I thought how respectable, how Sundayish, and how provincial the little gathering looked. All had donned their best clothes, greased their hair, and assumed a manner of finicking fastidiousness that is often to be seen in Irishmen of education. One notices that kind of fastidiousness in men who are aware that they are "not quite" gentlemen and are yet anxious to be a little more than gentlemen.

The room was large and comfortable. At one end were windows; at the other were folding-doors or curtains, I forget which, connecting it with a second and somewhat smaller room. There were books in plenty. On the walls hung a number of paintings from the brush of George Russell himself. Before sitting down I glanced at these, and immediately received the impression that I was surrounded by works of a vital and striving beauty whose essence was of another world than this. And during the next couple of hours, while I was exasperated and depressed by the brilliant, barren talk, I saw vividly in my mind's eye (for my back was turned on the pictures) light and beauty and mystery walking hand in hand on a pathway of stars.

I was fated to witness a competition of cleverness. Almost every one "showed off" with fatal ill breeding. They said not the true thing, but the brilliant thing. They argued not to track truth to her lair, but to disclose their own smartness. The air was alive with epigrams; now and again a little satirical laugh would tear the ear like the ripping of calico.

President Wilson and Lord French became butts for malevolence to aim at. This leaping agility of mind, this constant striving for effect, was, strangely enough, called into being solely by the desire to impress their host, who, it was clear, is the last man in the world to look favorably upon the quick sparkle of alert intellects. For some time this big, bearded man, with his great shoulders and face in which there is no guile, remained silent and ruminative, only occasionally intervening to state in simple, quiet words views so wise that in a moment they annihilated the brilliant twaddle of which he and I had for long been the unwilling victims.

I rose quietly, and having left the circle, wandered slowly round the room, stopping for a brief space before each wonderful picture. They tell me that George Russell cannot draw or paint. I do not know, for of these things I have little technical knowledge. But I do know that the beauty lavished on those spread canvases pierced me instantly and left me wondering at the strangeness of the soul of man that, dwelling in our fleshly habitation, can hold commerce with the unseen and impalpable.

I did not return to the circle that night. I sat apart, waiting for Russell's voice, watching his every movement, trying in vain to capture his secret. All I saw was a kindly, humorous, wise man of enormous tact and great toleration. If vanity is the womb of genius, then Russell has no genius. He is simple, he is courteous, he is free from pose. Best of all, he does not talk cleverly.

When at midnight I left, he accompanied me to the hall-door, and I could not but feel as he took my hand that I had for some few hours been in the presence of a man of noble mind and strange, disturbing genius. And I know well that throughout my life I shall be accompanied by a quick, vivid memory of his painted dreams.



The Old Stock Companies

By BRANDER MATTHEWS



N the recently collected correspondence of Henry James there are two or three quite violent outcries against the necessary connection of the drama and the theater. James felt that the drama was forever fascinating, and he found that the theater was eternally repulsive. He went so far as to wish that the drama might be detached from the theater, so that a play could be performed in some theoretic or hyperbolic fashion, uncontaminated by stage scenery, actors, and accessories, and above all relieved from any control by managers. This wish is one which could never have been expressed by an author who was a born playwright. To the born playwright the theater is not abhorrent; it is attractive in all its forms and in all its manifestations. And better than any one else is the born playwright aware that the drama and the theater are Siamese twins, linked together by living flesh, and doomed to speedy death when sundered.

The drama cannot flourish unless the organization of the theater is fairly efficient; and to-day the drama is flourishing in English as it has not flourished in at least two centuries. On both sides of the Atlantic there are now dramatists of varied ability who have mastered the mystery of playmaking and who are setting before us on the stage the life of our own time, ingeniously, inventively, and on occasion imaginatively. No longer do British and American managers pick up the crumbs that fall from the tables of the French; they can set forth a bounteous feast without being forced to import canned meats from foreign parts. Probably very few even of those who take a keen interest in the things of the theater are awake to the really remarkable dramatic achievement of the three decades from 1890 to 1920. Professor

William Lyon Phelps has been emboldened to the assertion that during this period "there have been more good plays written in the English language than during any other succession of thirty years since the death of Shakspeare in 1616."

We are too close to this period to be able to declare which are the outstanding plays that deserve to survive. We cannot attempt to calculate our harvest until time has winnowed the wheat from the chaff. But those who are most familiar with the arid deserts in the history of the drama of the two English-speaking peoples in the last two centuries are the least likely to underestimate the enduring value of the score or more plays of the prolific present which are destined to take the place, more or less permanent, by the side of the scant score which has descended to us from the host of playwrights who were born after Shakspeare died. The two hundred years which went before 1890 were years of famine, and we have solid reasons for hope that the hundred years following 1890 will be years of plenty.

That the drama of our language has been born again in the last three or four decades is proof positive that the organization of the theater has been fairly efficient. It cannot be as defective as has been shrilly proclaimed by juvenile enthusiasts, who are in a hurry for the millennium and who are disappointed that it does not arrive overnight. To say this is not to imply that the organization of the theater is now perfectly satisfactory. The most we can safely assert is that our organization is probably no worse than it is or has been in other countries or in other centuries.

It is to be put to the credit of the existing organization of the theater here in the United States that in one city at least, in the city of New York, the persistent playgoer has a very wide range of opportunity—probably unrivaled any-

where else in the world. He has his choice of fifty or a hundred new American plays every season—plays good, bad, and indifferent. He has a chance to see the most important plays by contemporary foreign dramatists, although he has sometimes to wait for them longer than he may wish. He is likely to have occasion in the course of a single season to renew his acquaintance with half a dozen or half a score of Shakspeare's comedies or tragedies. He may wander at will to playhouses where the performances are given in French or in German, in Chinese or in Yiddish. He can feast his eyes on the puppet-shows of Italians and on the ballet-pantomimes of the Russians. He can adventure himself in any one of half a dozen Little Theaters devoted to the very latest effusions of the most idealistic idealists and the most realistic realists, native and foreign. In short, he will find on the annual bill of fare a heterogeneity of tempting dishes, lacking, it is true, more than one delicacy which he may desire to taste—the so-called old comedies, for example.

The other side of the ledger, however, tells another story. While New York has a plethora, and while a few of the largest cities may find a sufficiency, the smaller cities suffer from painful penury, and the less important towns are starving to death. Many an interesting play lacks breadth of popular appeal, and the managers shrink from taking it "on the road"; and if they are bold enough to run this risk, it is only to a few of the larger centers of population that they care to go. In the smaller cities possessing only one important playhouse, this may be occupied week after week by mere shows, alleged comic operas, and so-called reviews, monopolizing for perhaps the half of the theatrical season the stage of what ought to be a temple of the drama. It is true that in not a few of the smaller towns there are stock companies making a brave struggle, putting on the more successful pieces as soon as these are "released for stock," but producing them in haste, as best they can, with a small company, the members of which are sadly overworked, playing in one piece six nights, and four, five, or six matinées, while they are

scrambling through rehearsals and learning their parts in the play in preparation for the following week.

In the towns that are still smaller the drama is to be seen only sporadically, intermittently, casually, and there are college communities with a thousand students or more who do not have the privilege of seeing a play of Shakspeare's properly acted and adequately produced from one year's end to another. The only reliance of these communities is on the happy accident of a traveling company filling out a week with one-night stands, or the establishment by themselves of a Little Theater supported by "local talent." These Little Theaters are helpful in keeping alive an understanding of the drama, but their scope is strictly limited, and their continued existence depends upon the fortunate accident of their control by some one who has a native gift for management and for stage-management.

The existing organization is not unsatisfactory as far as New York is concerned; it is less satisfactory even in the largest of the other cities; it is entirely unsatisfactory in the smaller cities and the larger towns.

How, then, shall this unfortunate condition be remedied? Professor Phelps has no doubt that he has discovered the cure, and he tells us with all the emphasis of italics that "there must be a stock company in every city." He explains that by this he does not mean the kind of stock company which exists to-day, but the older type of stock company such as existed forty years ago in New York at Wallack's and Daly's, and in Boston at the Museum. These three stock companies were belated survivals from an earlier time, when there were no traveling combinations and when every theater in the United States and in Great Britain had its own resident company, with its own manager, who was artistically and financially responsible for the enterprise.

In other words, Professor Phelps is proposing a return to the system which flourished a century ago and two centuries ago, and which is entirely unfamiliar to the present. A system which endured for two hundred years must



Georgia Cayvan,
Lyceum

Herbert Kelcey,
Lyceum

Maurice Barrymore,
Palmer's

Ada Rehan,
Daly's

Henry Miller,
Empire

George Clarke,
Daly's

John Drew,
Daly's

Notable members of

famous stock companies

have had its good points; a system which has been absolutely abandoned must have had its weak points; and since a suggestion has been made for its revival, there may be advantage in setting forth exactly what it was, how it worked, and what were its merits and its demerits.

As it happens, I am old enough to be able to supplement the ample information easily accessible in actors' autobiographies and in stage histories with my personal recollections. Memory is treacherous, so I cannot be certain, but I have long believed that I was present in 1869 at the opening of the Fifth Avenue Theater by Augustin Daly, and in 1872 at the opening of the Union Square Theater by A. M. Palmer. I know that I was able to follow the shorter careers of the companies at the Madison Square, directed by Steele Mackaye and the Mallorays, at the Park Theater by Abbey, at the Empire by Charles Frohman, and at the Lyceum by Daniel Frohman.

In all these theaters there was a permanent company, which changed its membership slowly and which contained at least half a dozen actors and actresses of distinction. In all of them the manager was more or less of an autocrat, selecting the performers and choosing the plays. He was always on the alert for actors of promise to recruit the strength of the company as its older members retired or deserted. He was equally desirous of discovering promising playwrights, although he was likely to be cautious in producing their plays. He kept looking across the Atlantic, and he was eager to secure the drama which had been successful in London and in Paris. He was likely to play safety by reviving half-forgotten pieces which had been popular a generation earlier; he often kept the so-called old comedies in reserve as stop-gaps whenever a play upon which he had counted failed to attract, and he rarely accepted the work of an American author unless he was in desperate need of a novelty. Here he was wise in his generation, since the work of an American author of that arid era was generally a pretty poor thing, empty and dull. I recall a sketch in a comic paper of half a century ago, which represented a theatrical critic finishing

his dinner and ordering a second cup of coffee. "And make it strong: I am going to see an American play to-night!" he declared.

Now and again the manager engaged a traveling star, Edwin Booth or Mrs. Scott Siddons at Daly's, and Charles James Matthews or Dion Boucicault at Wallack's, and then all the other parts in the repertory of these stars were assumed by the actors of the stock company. But these star engagements were infrequent, and for the most part the burden fell upon the stock company, which had to be large enough to undertake any kind of piece, comedy or farce, tragedy or melodrama, or even burlesque or extravaganza. The manager distributed the parts, subject always to the unwritten law that no performer should be called upon to appear in a character which was not in his or her "line of business," and subject also to the binding tradition that every performer was entitled to the character which belonged to his or her line of business.

The hero had to be given to the "leading man" and the heroine to the "leading woman." The villain—and in the dramas of those distant days there was likely to be a villain of the deepest dye—was assigned to the "heavy man"; while the brisk young fellows fell to the lot of the "juvenile lead" or of the "light comedian." The broadly comic parts were assigned to the "low comedian," and there were frequently two of him, the "first low comedy" and the "second low comedy." Strongly marked characters went to the "character actor," who had to be a master of make-up. The elderly characters were in the hands of the "old man" and the "old woman." There was sometimes also a "second old man," although if the character actor was both versatile and obliging, he could be prevailed upon to play one of the more aged characters. The serving-maids were attributed to the "soubrette" or "singing chambermaid," who would have her best chance when a farce or extravaganza was in the bill. And the more or less insignificant characters were intrusted to three or four "utility men"; the least unsatisfactory of these was said to play "responsible utilities."

No matter what the play was, its

parts had to be distributed to the company in obedience to the laws of the Medes and Persians—that is to say, in short accordance with their lines of business. The leading man might be fifty and the leading woman might be forty-five, but if “Romeo and Juliet” was put up, he claimed *Romeo* and she claimed *Juliet*. Clara Morris has told us that when she was in the stock company at Cleveland she appeared as *Emilia* in “Othello,” while the leading lady, who was also the wife of the manager, appeared as *Desdemona*, the *Emilia* being under twenty and the *Desdemona* being over forty. Clara Morris has also recorded that when she came to New York to sign a contract with Augustin Daly, he told her that in his theater he intended to cast plays to please himself, disregarding all lines of business, and, if he chose, bestowing a small part in one piece on the performer who had played a leading part in its predecessor. So it was that after Clara Morris had made a hit as the heroine of “Man and Wife,” she was required the next season to appear as one of a bevy of girls in “Saratoga,” which had a run of more than one hundred performances. This was more than fifty years ago, and in the course of time other managers followed Daly’s example, revolting against the inflexible tyranny of lines of business.

THE stock-company system of a century and a half ago had its advantages and its disadvantages, both artistic and economic. The actor, sometimes under contract for several years, could settle down and have a home where he could bring up his children. He was not a tramp, ever on the go, and not knowing where he might be one week from another. He was informed as to approximate length of the theatrical season, and he was not in dread of being thrown out of an engagement in the middle of the winter or of being stranded on the road with his salary unpaid for a month. There was a certain stability and security in his position, although there was also always the possibility that the manager might exhaust his often meager resources and so find himself unable to keep the theater open or to meet his obligations to his company. Theatrical

management is an extra-hazardous calling at best, and it seems to have been more precarious in the middle of the nineteenth century than it is now.

With its incessant changes of bill and with the unending variety of the plays presented, the actors had far more practice in their art than the performers of to-day. With the frequent production of Shakspeare’s comedies and tragedies, even the minor members of the company had at least the opportunity to learn how to read blank verse. The permanence of the organization enabled the inexpert young people to become familiar with the methods of their more skilful elders, and it also tended toward the development of that harmony of effort, that team-play, which is of prime importance in the performance of a piece, comic or tragic. On the other hand, the haste with which the constant succession of pieces had to be prepared interfered with thoroughness and with delicacy of interpretation. When a drama, Shakspeare’s or Sheridan’s or Sheridan Knowles’s, was pitchforked on the stage, so to speak, for only half a dozen performances, as was often the case, the actors had neither time nor energy to do their best, and they were tempted to fall into the habit of happy-go-lucky slovenliness.

Then the symmetry of the performance was now and again marred by the enforced respect paid to the privileges of leading performers in consequence of the acceptance of lines of business. It was more frequently blemished by the fact that there was often in the company no performer really capable of acting a salient part in the play about to be produced; and yet this part had to be undertaken by somebody, however ill at ease he might be. That is to say, there were round pegs in square holes; and this was unavoidable, since it was impossible, more often than not, to engage outside performers, even if the manager had desired to do so, which he never did.

On this point it is illuminating to be able to cite the testimony given by Joseph Jefferson in his delightful autobiography.

The old stock-companies had to be limited to a certain number of actors, who

were compelled to perform in a multitude of plays—the whole round of the Shaksperian drama, old English comedies, Yankee farces, nautical pieces and pantomime; and at times the cracked voices of "respectable utility and of 'second old men' in dismal discord sung." I myself well remember leading the choruses for the Seguin company; where I led them to I have not the slightest idea. It is unreasonable to suppose that any stock-company, no matter how efficient, could do full justice to this varied bill of fare. The actors were in many instances among the best I ever saw, but they were very often not adapted to the parts for which the manager was compelled to cast them.

If I may be allowed to call myself as a witness, I can depose that I have seen not a few performances of the well-chosen company at Wallack's Theater forty-odd years ago which were far less effective than they might have been because one or two prominent characters had to be assigned to performers who were good actors in their own lines, but who were hopelessly unsuited to the parts forced upon them because they alone were available. In the "Shaughraun" of Dion Boucicault, for instance, by the side of Boucicault himself and Harry Beckett, Ada Dyas and H. J. Montague, John Gilbert and Madam Ponisi, who were all admirably adapted to the characters Boucicault had composed for them, there were also Joseph Polk and Ione Burke, who were entirely unsuited to the parts assigned to them. And there were two equally unfortunate miscastings in "Diplomacy." If this was the case not infrequently at Wallack's, with its long prestige, how much more frequent and more flagrant must have been the misfits in the performances in theaters of inferior grade!

It needs to be noted also that as the theater had to do the best it could with its necessarily limited company, so it had to make shift with its own store of costumes and its own stock of scenery. The costumes worn by the actors in Shakspeare's plays were rarely appropriate and often shabby. The scenery was limited in quantity and lacking in quality; it was the work of the local scene-painter, not always a man of out-

standing taste or talent, and it came in time to show signs of wear. But the costumes and the scenery were not more inadequate than the furniture, the properties, and the other accessories, which were confided to the care of the local property-man, ill paid and overworked. As a result of this inevitable dependence upon itself, the stock-company theater very rarely gave a performance approaching the standard of propriety to which we are now accustomed. There are few of the persistent praisers of past times looking back longingly to the good old days who would not be completely disillusioned if they could behold again the performances they are cherishing in their memories.

The present system of engaging performers exactly suited to the characters they are to impersonate and of providing scenery and costumes, furniture and properties, appropriate to the piece, has its own disadvantages, no doubt, but it does give the playgoers of to-day performances more completely satisfactory than those provided for the playgoers of yesterday. My own recollections, if I may again take the stand, go back more than fifty years, and I can recall few of the performances seen with pleasure in my youth which approached in their evenness of acting and their propriety of mounting many of the performances which have delighted me in my maturer manhood. Such lapses as those I detected in the "Shaughraun" and in "Diplomacy" when Wallack produced them did not disfigure the performances of "Salvation Nell" and "Leah Kleschna," for example, nor the original performances of Mr. Augustus Thomas's "Arizona," of Mr. George M. Cohan's "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," of Clyde Fitch's "The Truth," and of Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's "Why Marry?"

The stock-company system endured on the English-speaking stage for more than two centuries, and if it began to pass away half a century ago, there must have been reasons for its decline and for the rise of the system of engagements for the "run of the piece," which now obtains in Great Britain, and for the system of itinerant combinations, which

is now established in the United States. Those who see sharply the disadvantages of the system of traveling companies, to which we are accustomed to-day, denounce the present as a period of degeneracy, and they cry aloud for a return to the practice of an older day.

Professor Phelps tells us that all would go well if there could be established a stock company in every city and even in every large town; but Professor Phelps, fortunately for him, was not born long enough ago to have seen the artistic inadequacy which is inevitable in the stock company—inadequacy in the acting, in the stage-management, and in the mounting. The "productions" of the managers of traveling companies have set a standard to which no resident stock company can hope to attain. And the cost of an ambitious attempt to satisfy the expectations of the playgoing public would be prohibitive to any intending manager of a stock company. He would not dare to undertake the task unless he was supported by an endowment, by a subsidy, or by a large body of subscribers, who being sharers in the enterprise might be more tolerant of relatively unimportant deficiencies in acting and in mounting.

Mr. William Archer looks forward to a revival of the stock company, with necessary modifications of the methods. He is emphatic in his disapproval of the rigorous rules which used to obtain.

A revival of the lines of business is the last thing to be desired [since] they forced the playwright to depict life in terms of a fixed set of theatrical types—which practically meant that he did not depict life at all. . . . The repertory system, which is the alternative to the long run system, aims and ought to aim, not at the revival of a

set of hard-and-fast types, but at giving actors such flexibility as shall enable them to answer any reasonable call an author may make upon them, instead of expecting the author to supply each one of them with opportunities for showing off his own particular set of tricks.

There is no doubt that a repertory theater is highly desirable. It might be of inestimable service both to the author and to the actor. The actor is very unfortunate if, in the malleable years of his youth, he finds himself appearing in the same part for two or three hundred nights, and the author is unfortunate when his play has had its two or three hundred nights and then drops out of sight forevermore. A repertory theater would provide varied experience for the performers and afford them opportunity to acquire versatility; and it could do a great service to the reputation of the playwrights by reviving and keeping on hand, so to speak, the plays which deserve to be seen again and again. And it would benefit the more intelligently curious group of playgoers by giving them occasion to see the old comedies and the less frequently acted plays of Shakspeare.

But under present conditions a repertory theater is economically impossible. The rent of a building and the salaries of actors are now prohibitive. That is to say, a repertory theater in New York and in London, even if it did not aspire to be a rival of the Théâtre Français, must be described as a luxury; and, like all luxuries, it would be expensive. It can come into existence, and it can have a chance to continue to exist, only when a group of lovers of the arts of the drama may combine to provide the theater itself and to make the path easy for its manager.



Good King Wenceslas

Decorated by Albert Levonska
Lettered by Winifred M. Crawford

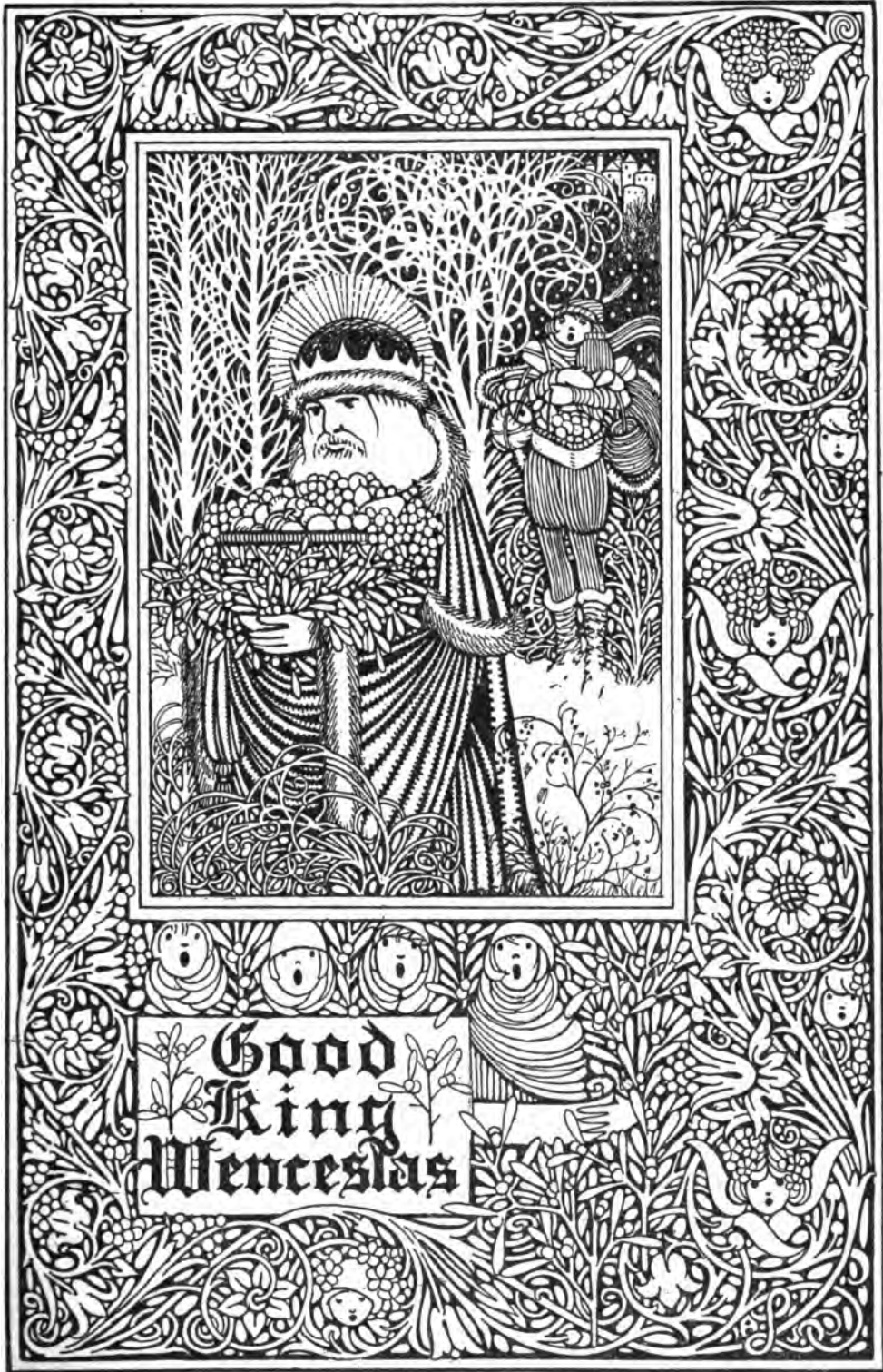
Good King Wenceslas look'd out
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even;
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh, and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither;
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude winds wild lament,
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger;
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.



Mollie: The Ideal Nurse

By ELISABETH HOLDING

Illustrations by C. F. Peters



UT, Rob," said Mrs. Keating, "you can't deny that it was—well—at least *suspicious*."

"Pshaw!" replied her husband, with vigor. "Nothing but surmise, anyway. And in *any* case, she was justified."

"But a murderess!" protested Mrs. Keating. Her husband scowled at the word.

"You women!" he exclaimed. "You are never satisfied. Here you are with an ideal nurse, and you cavil at—a mere suspicion. You've forgotten, I suppose, how it was before she came."

Forgotten that time, that awful time before Mollie came? Never in life would Mrs. Keating forget it. Her mind reverted with amazing vividness to the day that was the climax of the awfulness and the end of it. She remembered it and said no more of her suspicions.

She remembered how she had been sitting at the window, where she could watch her three terrifying children playing on the lawn; remembered how dowdy and dreadful she had looked, with her red eyes and her frowzy hair, how worse than dreadful she had felt, how hopeless, how helpless.

The front door had banged, and out came a lean, wooden man, who strode down the garden path, jerked open the gate, slammed it after him, and disappeared in the direction of the railway station. Her husband, in a frightful temper. There had been a scene at the breakfast-table; his tea had been weak and cold, the eggs hard as bullets, the toast revoltingly pale and soft. And the baby, somewhere out of sight, had walled miserably all the time.

"What's the matter with this breakfast?" Keating had demanded.

"Cook has her hands full," she had explained. "She's taking care of baby, and she does n't know how very well."

"Why the devil don't you get another nurse?"

"But, Rob, I don't know how. I don't know where to look for a really good, trustworthy woman. I'm not used to American ways yet."

Keating had become quite violent.

"You'll have to find out. It's your *business*. Your business either to find a nurse or to learn how to keep that child quiet yourself. I will not be bothered with this sort of thing."

She had begun to cry, which helped nothing.

"Oh, Lord!" he shouted. "Can't you do anything but sit there and snivel? Look at this breakfast. Not fit to eat, the house all upset. What's the matter with you, anyway? Simply because a poor old ayah dies, everything goes to pieces."

And so on, until Mrs. Keating had got up and left the table, sobbing. Her husband watched her go, and if it had n't been for her dressing-gown, he would have gone after her. But that outrageous thing of dingy flowered flannel trimmed with purple ribbon, with a long, trailing fold at the back—this garment, combined with her tears and her untidy hair, quite hardened his heart. Of course he realized that it was hard for her after that languid existence in India and the years of utter reliance upon the ayah, but still it did n't do to overlook the fact that he was being made very uncomfortable and that it was n't wifely, was n't decent, of her to allow any such condition.

So, deserted and rebuked, sat Mrs. Keating in her room. She was expected, she well knew, to dust and to make beds, as cook could n't do that and likewise walk unceasingly up and down the nursery with a baby suddenly grown sleepless. But she felt too ill and miserable and too hopeless. The little she could do would n't make any impression



"Her mind reverted with amazing vividness to the day that was the climax of the awfulness"

upon the dreadful confusion, daily growing worse.

She was thinking something about wishing she had never been born or had never married Rob or had never come to America, when, glancing dutifully at her quite unmanageable children, she observed a stranger in the garden, a sturdy, gray-haired woman, respectably dressed in black, with a voluminous skirt that flounced about her square-toed boots as she walked. She was talking to the children with that manner and that smile recognized at once by Mrs. Keating as being absolutely the proper sort, at once adult and full of authority, without being irritating.

She patted young Robert's head, and went on her way, disappeared round the corner of the house, headed evidently for the back door. No doubt cook admitted her, for presently Mrs. Keating, with some surprise, heard soft-soled boots come squeaking up the stairs, and there stood the stranger in the doorway of her room.

"Good morning, ma'am," she said in a pleasant voice. "Please to excuse

me for coming up, but the cook tells me you're not very well, so I did n't want to trouble you. I heard you wanted a nurse, so I stopped in. I'm a nurse, ma'am, and looking for a proper situation."

Now, Mrs. Keating was almost irresistibly inclined to accept this placid and kindly woman as a gift from Heaven without further questioning. She *knew* that there would be no faults or flaws in her. But the wraith of her husband forbade any such course. She was obliged to be what he would call sensible. So, apologetically, with an absurd feeling that it was an impertinence to interrogate this wise woman old enough to be her mother, she murmured something about references.

"Have you had much experience?" she inquired.

"I have, ma'am. Eighteen years with Mrs. Lyons down the street a bit. *She'll* tell you anything you'd like to know. Only mention Mollie to her. Six children she had, and I've brought them all up from the day they were born."

She waited for another question, but Mrs. Keating could think of none to ask. So Mollie herself inquired:

"What food do you give your baby, ma'am?"

"I don't know. You see, I had an ayah—an Indian woman—who took entire charge of—of everything. Of course I would n't expect any one else to do what she did—"

"There 's nothing could be done by any heathen woman that I could n't do," said Mollie, respectful, but stern. "You can safely leave everything to me, ma'am, as Mrs. Lyons will tell you."

"I 'm sure of it," Mrs. Keating began, and again recollected her husband and her own rôle of competent mistress. "Would you tell me why you left Mrs. Lyons?"

"The children grew up," said Mollie, soberly. "It 's hard, when you 've been with them day and night for all them years, but it 's what 's to be expected. It 's nature."

"Well," said Mrs. Keating, "I don't see why—if you like it, you might try the place for a while, and see how we get on together."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mollie, and stood for a moment looking quietly at her new mistress. Then, as she looked, her sunburned and impassive face broke slowly into an indulgent smile.

"Everything will be all right now," she remarked kindly. "Lie down, ma'am, and rest."

Mrs. Keating not moving, she took matters into her own hands, made the bed deftly, and, patting the pillows, said soothingly:

"Come now, ma'am, lie down! There, I 'll take them hairpins out of your hair and make a braid that 'll give your head more comfort. Now! Wait and I 'll cover up your feet and close the shutters. After a bit I 'll maybe bring you up a cup of tea."

She was gone, stepping softly, shoes squeaking comfortably, vast skirt rustling.

Mrs. Keating fell asleep, closed her eyes upon a complex and troubled world, opened them upon peace. Mollie, coming up with a tray, had tactfully waked her, propped her up with pillows, brushed and coiled her hair, opened the shut-

ters to let in the gay spring sunshine, and left her to drink her tea in heavenly comfort and quiet. She stopped long enough to give her detailed information about her young family, and went serenely about her business again.

When Keating got home that evening, he encountered a delightful peace and orderliness in his household. He was prepared to be amiable, anyway, to atone for his morning ferocity, and this evidence of reform on the part of his wife still further softened him. He started up the stairs with a whistle absolutely cheerful, when a stout, gray-haired stranger appeared before him, finger to lips, and whispered:

"Hush, sir! The baby 's asleep! The children are in the nursery, sir."

So he went into the nursery and found them there at tea, clean and contented, and with a new air of restraint that profoundly pleased him. They were evidently being "managed." He watched them for a time in solemn satisfaction, and then went into his wife's room to compliment her—indirectly, of course—upon her judgment and discrimination.

"You seem," he said, "to have found a very good, useful sort of woman."

Mrs. Keating, refreshed, rested, at ease regarding the future, had not the least intention of telling her husband that she had n't found Mollie, that Mollie had, in fact, simply materialized. Neither did she intend to let him know that she had n't investigated the apparition's references, and never meant to, either.

"Rob," she said firmly, "she is absolutely *the* ideal nurse!"

And she was. Undoubtedly. She went out that evening, and returned later with a large valise, and installed herself in the nursery, whence day after day she ruled the household with wise tyranny. She was infallible, supreme, beyond appeal, yet so discreet that no one resented her authority; not even the irritable master chafed under it. Within a month she had become the indispensable, inevitable thing, the sun, one might poetically say, of their universe. They relied upon her for everything good, yet took her as a matter of course.

Keating was, I think, the only one

who really appreciated her. To see her in the evening, sitting in the dimly lighted corridor outside the nursery door, hands folded, rocking placidly, prepared apparently to wait there eternally; or to watch her on the lawn with the children, watchful as some mother animal, and as little interfering; to observe her limitless discretion, to hear her calm voice, satisfied his very soul. They never spoke to each other except for a "Good morning, Mollie," and a "Good morning, sir," decorously exchanged. But he, with his profound British propriety, and she, with her inborn Irish decorum, were always in accord, always understood each other. Not for them to inquire, to experiment; they were of the elect who knew by instinct and tradition what was the right and proper course at all times.

So you may imagine how amazing and disgusting it was for him to hear that Mollie had a "follower." Mrs. Keating had long ago heard rumors, which she preferred to keep to herself. The cook had told her of a mysterious man whom Mollie supplied with table scraps. She had rebuked the cook for tale-bearing, and told her she was quite sure Mollie was incapable of anything improper.

"I don't care," she said to herself, "how many followers she has. I know she's a perfectly respectable woman, and I'm not going to interfere with her."

It was on a Sunday that Mr. Keating discovered the thing. He was weeding a beloved flower bed when he heard voices at the back of the house and went quietly to see. He saw Mollie handing an immense sandwich to a man.

"Here," she said somewhat ungra-

ciously, "take this. It'll last you till dinner-time. And don't you be hanging about here, Steve. It won't do."

As the man went off with his sandwich, Keating made a point of getting a good look at him, and was shocked. A man of perhaps fifty, with an alarmingly red face, drooping black mustache, a heavy, beefy, slovenly fellow without a collar. Keating at once de-

ecided—or insisted—in his own mind that this was Mollie's reprobate brother. It could not be otherwise; it should not be. He kept as silent in regard to this follower as his wife did.

For months the follower haunted the premises, resolutely ignored by every one. He really was n't any trouble even to the cook. He appeared once or twice a week and got a package of food, scrupulously selected by Mollie from what would otherwise have been wasted. It represented on her part a struggle between honesty and propri-

ety and a nice balance achieved. She would n't rob her employers of the very meanest scrap, but neither would she give to any human being food that was n't clean and decent. She used to stand out on the back steps in the dusk, talking to the man, and after a bit he would go away with his honest package, while she returned to the kitchen, affable, but not to be questioned.

Apart from the follower, this remarkable woman had but a single weakness and a most amazing one. This was a passion for tobacco coupons. She even ventured to break her silence with Mr. Keating and to address him on the subject, to his great surprise. It was a Sunday evening, cook's night off, and Mollie was obligingly waiting on the



"Mollie, coming up with a tray, had tactfully waked her."

supper-table. They had finished; she was taking out the cold pudding when Mr. Keating lighted a cigar, and she suddenly spoke to him.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, "but is n't that one of them Victor cigars?"

He stared at her.

"Yes," he said.

"I take the liberty of asking, sir, because—I don't know whether or not you 've any use for the coupons they



"Take this. It 'll last you till dinner-time"

give with them. Two with every Victor. Because, sir, if you *have* n't any use for them—"

"Never keep them," said Keating.

"Are you collecting them, Mollie?" his wife inquired.

"Yes, ma'am," she replied, with modest triumph. "I 've near a thousand. Mr. Lyons used to give me all he had, and—other people. When I 've two thousand," she added, "there 's an elegant tea-set, a hundred pieces, I have me eye on."

After that Keating was punctilious in preserving the coupons given with the Victor and bringing them home to Mollie. He showed an unaffected interest in her tea-set, too; she showed him

the picture of it in the catalogue of premiums, and assured him that she had gone to see it in person and that it was still more imposing in reality than in the picture. It is not impossible that he consumed more Victors than he really wanted or were good for him. He would have done more than that for the excellent woman. What is more, he thoroughly understood her ambition. Mrs. Keating had kind-heartedly suggested buying a similar tea-set and presenting it to Mollie as a Christmas gift, but he refused. He knew that the thing would lose all its virtue that way. It must be pointed out and displayed as having been secured with Victor coupons; otherwise it would be like any ordinary tea-set.

In view of his strong sympathy with Mollie, then, one may imagine his feelings on that miserable evening when they came across the follower in so disgraceful a way. They were returning from the theater; they had come decorously up the garden path in the moonlight, arm in arm, and there he was, lying on their front steps, drunk and asleep and snoring.

Keating shook him.

"Get up!" he cried roughly. "Be off with you!"

"A—a tramp," Mrs. Keating suggested, although she had perfectly recognized that red face and that black mustache.

"Of course," her husband answered impatiently, and shook the man again, with more violence. "Here! Wake up! Be off with you!"

But he was not to be roused, and he could n't be moved. They went in and left him there, snoring under the moon, a shameful blot upon Mollie's fair name. With solemn duplicity Mrs. Keating suggested sending for the police to remove the creature, and was immeasurably relieved when her husband refused, as she had expected he would. Her heart almost stopped beating at the very idea of losing Mollie, of losing dignity, comfort, security.

Mr. Keating suffered from the same anxiety, because he, too, had immediately recognized the follower. He got up early the next morning, a Sunday, and looked quietly and cautiously out of the

front window. The man was still there and still asleep, a yet more disgusting object in the morning sunshine, his mouth open, his dank black hair plastered over his red forehead. He was dressed in a flannel undershirt, a pair of outrageous old trousers, and carpet slippers. Where could he have come from in such a costume? And what possible quality in him could appeal to that soul of propriety that was Mollie?

Unfortunately, steps must be taken; the follower could n't any longer be ignored. Keating put on a dressing-gown and went quietly along the hall to the nursery, whence came a cheerful babel properly hushed for Sunday.

He knocked on the door.

"Mollie," he called, "will you come out and speak to me for a minute?"

She appeared without an instant's delay.

"Yes, sir?"

"There 's a man outside. I believe he 's known to you. He 's been there all night, drunk. If you think you can get him away quietly—"

"Yes, sir," she answered, without the slightest change of voice or expression; "I think I can. Perhaps you 'd be so good, sir, as to sit in the nursery for half a minute. They 'll look at their picture-books like lambs. And the baby 's asleep."

For no one else under the sun would Keating have taken sole charge of his children for any fraction of a minute; now, however, he consented at once, and was sitting meekly enough in Mollie's big rocking-chair when she re-entered.

"He 's gone, sir," she said.

Keating got up.

"We—there 's no need to mention the occurrence to any one," he said. "Only don't let him hang about, will you?"

Mollie shook her head sadly.

"I 'm afraid I can't help it, sir," she answered. "I 've done my best. But when once this sort of thing begins there 's no hope. He 's my husband."

Try as she would to remain respectfully calm, the tears stood in her eyes, and her lips quivered.

"It 's a great cross to me, sir," she said. "He 's hounded me from place to place. All the time growing worse and

worse, the way his kind always does. Since I 've left Mrs. Lyons, I 've had no peace at all. I 've tried my best. We lost our little home two years ago because of his—ways, and—and every time I 've set about saving up again, he—"

She could n't go on for a minute.

"I 'm sorry, sir, and ashamed that *you* should be troubled by him when you 've been so kind. And I did love the children, indeed I did. But now that he 's got in the way of coming here, there 'd be no end to it. I 've got to go."

"Nonsense!" said Keating; "we sha'n't hold you responsible for that—for him. And perhaps you could get rid of him once and for all. I 'll speak to my lawyer—"

"In my church, sir, we don't look on it that way. He 's my husband, that I chose of my own free will, and I 've got to put up with him the best I can till one of us is dead."

She dried her eyes.

"I 'll see that Mrs. Keating 's not too much put about by my leaving," she said. "I 'll take it on myself to find a new nurse."

Mrs. Keating was overwhelmed with dismay when Mollie told her.

"Oh, no!" she entreated, "don't go! We 'll find work for your husband. He can take care of the garden or the furnace if you 'd like."

"He would n't stick to it, ma'am. He says the only thing to keep him straight and sober would be a home of his own again. So I think I 'll try it once more, ma'am. 'T is no use trying to keep a situation, the way things is now."

They helped her in every possible way. Keating was generous beyond his wife's expectation; gave lavish assistance toward furnishing the little home, and took great trouble to find a job for Steve. He even "talked to" Steve, tried to impress upon him how fine a wife he had, and how he ought to honor and cherish her. Steve quite agreed, was even fulsome in his praise of Mollie, but said it was almost impossible to cherish any one who was so much away from home.

"Whin we 're settled, boss," he said, "you 'll see! I 'm a fine fellow, I am,

and a great hand for work, give me only something to work for. You 'll see, boss."

No one, however, was able to have any faith in Steve. He was so obviously just what he was and nothing more, and he so shamelessly traded upon the indulgence extended to Mollie's husband. He had an exasperating, cunning air about him. "You 'll do it for Mollie's sake," his expression seemed to say triumphantly, while he humbly asked the most outrageous favors.

The last day came; the new nurse, hopelessly inferior and wholesomely impressed with that fact, was installed after a course of training personally conducted by Mollie. Mollie, bag in hand, her eyes still red from taking leave of the children, came in to bid good-by to Mr. and Mrs. Keating. And Mr. Keating gave her a final gift of a package of Victor coupons sufficient to complete her hoard. This gift moved her inordinately; she found it almost impossible to maintain her composed, respectful manner. She would, one felt, have liked to kiss his hand or fall at his feet or do something equally extravagant. Mrs. Keating's handsome and thoughtful farewell gift was as nothing at all in comparison.

"O Mr. Keating, sir!" she cried, "all *these!* Oh, I 'm sure, sir, you 've no need of so many Victors!"

"I bought a few boxes in advance," he told her. "They 'll be all the better for aging. Don't worry; they won't be wasted."

He had, in fact, by this time acquired an incorrigible appetite for Victors; he never afterward smoked any other brand. They had become more or less hallowed by the worthy creature who had so well cared for his children.

She had a final request, in absolutely the proper tone of deference and pride mingled. If, when she did get that tea-set, Mr. and Mrs. Keating would do her the favor to come and see it in her own home? They agreed readily, and at last she left, the door closed after her; she was gone. Once again there descended upon them that old fear well known to all parents, that fear of their children. They dreaded lest they should hear the baby cry or Robert's voice in

his nightly demands for drinks of water, handkerchiefs, or assuagements for his spiritual alarms. Once again had the whole alarming load settled upon their shoulders, for now there was no Mollie. The new nurse, good enough in her way, found it necessary to come to them for instruction on every possible point, from safety-pins to prayers. She was earnest, kind, trustworthy; but she was not authority.

In the course of time came a letter from Mollie.

Mrs. Keating, dear madam, I have it all planned to get the Tea Set on Saturday morning and if you and Mr. Keating and master Robert and Miss Lucy would call by in the afternoon there would be home made ice cream and cake which would not hurt them and they would I know like to see the plates with birds on as I often showed them in the premiums book Mollie's Tea Set they called it. Respectfully yours

MOLLIE DILLON.

The Keatings arrived at what Mrs. Keating imagined would be the expected hour, at three o'clock, or thereabouts. To do honor to Mollie the children were dressed up as she loved to see them, decorous and well-starched and wearing gloves. She met them at the door of her flat, not dressed up herself, because Steve's income never stretched to include clothing. Food, shelter, and his whisky consumed it all. But she was, of course, neat and clean, and beyond measure correct in an old white linen dress given her years ago by Mrs. Lyons. She led them into the tiny parlor and invited them to sit down, but was pleased and flattered when they asked to be shown about the place. Stiff, orderly, hideous, every inch of it, everything brand-new and shining, a "parlor set," a "dining-room set," a "bedroom set," all designed and executed for the world's Mollies and, accordingly, giving them absolute satisfaction. And all so clean and beautifully cared for as to be a little pitiful, as were, above all, the many tokens of the gratitude the good woman had inspired in her life. There were photographs of all the Lyons family at various ages, and pictures relating to older services, records, indeed, of a long life of service, faith-

fully and competently performed; little presents from the children she had loved. And beside these were all sorts of trifles carelessly thrown away as of no value by those for whom she had worked, which were somehow decorative in her eyes, paper fans, dinner favors, painted candy-boxes. Mollie liked her home "cozy," and there were few bare spaces on the walls or on the floors.

They reviewed every part of her domain, and then went back into the parlor for the ceremonious chat required. It was then for the first time that Keating and his wife noticed something very wrong in Mollie's look, an expression altogether new to that composed and



"He . . . was sitting meekly enough in Mollie's big rocking-chair"

pleasant face—the look unmistakable of one suffering from an intolerable outrage. She sat down and talked to them, the first time she had ever sat in their presence with idle hands, but she not at all embarrassed, because the situation was altogether correct. She was in her own home and mistress of it and entitled to her due meed of consideration. No; it was not embarrassment or constraint that disturbed her; it was some emotion profound and novel. Her

pleasant, ruddy color had faded, her lips were compressed; there was a sort of classic and repressed fury about her.

Presently, after a decent interval, she rose, excused herself, and vanished into the kitchen, whence came sounds of dishes gently handled, the clinking of knives and forks, and her firm footsteps passing to and fro.

"The ice-cream!" murmured young Robert.

"And we 'll see the tea-set!" his sister added. Then Mollie drew aside the curtains that shut off the dining-room, showing a table lavishly set with cakes, jellies, a tall cylinder of ice-cream, and smoking cups of cocoa. They all walked in soberly and sat down in their appointed places.

"But, Mollie!" cried little Lucy.

"Yes, my pet?" asked Mollie.

"The tea-set!"

Something very wrong here! There they were eating from earthenware plates, cups and saucers that did n't match.

"Is n't—was n't—" ventured Mrs. Keating.

"Steve has n't come home with it yet," said Mollie.

Two spots of bright color came out over her high cheek-bones; she could not maintain her lifelong reserve.

"When I saw he was n't going to work this morning," she went on, "I said to myself I 'd send him to fetch the tea-set. He 'd not been drinking at all. I thought I 'd be safe trusting

him. Coupons is not like money, either. I sent him at nine o'clock. I thought it would give me a grand chance to get plenty of water heated, the way I could wash it as soon as he 'd bring it."

She had an air of trying to force back a torrent of words, almost a physical struggle. A few more escaped her.

"I 'd the shelves all scrubbed the night before," she said, "and clean scalloped paper with a fancy green edge laid along them, all ready."

"And you 've heard nothing of him since nine o'clock this morning?" Mrs. Keating asked.

"No, ma'am; I have not."

Mr. Keating suggested that perhaps he had met with an accident.

"Yes, sir, I dare say," she answered grimly.

They resumed eating. But her delicacies had lost their flavor, had turned pathetically bitter on their cracked plates. Even the children were impressed and very grave; they knew as well as any one that this feast without the tea-set was a wedding without a bride, a travesty, a mockery.

Dusk came, and Mollie lighted a wonderful lamp made of two round balls of blue china, one on top of the other, with a design of pink roses painted over it. They had gone back into the parlor again, and it was evident to all of them that the occasion was over, that it was time to go home. Yet they lingered; Mrs. Keating could n't make a move. Suddenly and loudly the front door-bell rang; Mollie went to answer it, and returned, followed by Steve.

Perhaps some obscure instinct of self-justification made them remember him forever afterward as almost superhumanly repulsive; or it may be that he really was so. Mrs. Keating described him later as looking "drowned in whisky." He had, she said, such a disgustingly *wet* look, his long black mustache, his hair, his red face. And he had his usual offensive manner; he was collarless, unshaven, he reeked of whisky, and he had the gross politeness of a beggar.

Mr. Keating looked at him severely.

"Well, Steve," he said, "let 's see the tea-set."

"I ain't got the tea-set, Mr. Keating, sir. I used them valu'ble coupons for something more useful-like, as 'd benefit the two of us."

"O Steve!" murmured Mrs. Keating, reproachfully. But Mollie, standing by, said nothing at all.

Steve laid a paper bundle on the table in the bright light of the blue china lamp and began to unwrap it—a jumble of cords, blocks, staples, and hooks.

"What is it?" Mr. Keating asked, with a frown.

"Well, boss, I went, like the old woman told me, and got the tea-set."

There was a faint sound from Mollie, but no one turned toward her.

"Just like in the book it was. Mighty fine and pretty. *Too* fine and pretty for us, I thought, and I said so to a young fella I seen outside. 'Take this instead,' says he, 'I 'll give it ye for yer chiny.' He was standing outside." Outside what, Steve did not say. "'Step in,' he says, 'and I 'll show ye my little invention,' says he; 'T will save yer life,' says he, 'and is n't that worth more than cups and dishes and plates and jugs and the like?' So I steps in, and he shows me how does it work. So after I 'd sat with him a bit, to be sociable-like, I came home."

There was a long silence.

"Come on!" Keating said suddenly to his family. "Time to go."

But Steve would n't hear of that; he insisted, with a pompous, half-defiant insistence, that they should wait and watch him demonstrate the little invention. And for Mollie's sake, rather than that she should see Steve knocked out of the way, Mr. Keating complied.

Steve led the way into the kitchen and lighted the gas-jet there, revealing those empty shelves covered with clean scalloped paper, prepared for the tea-set. They all stood about awkwardly, Mrs. Keating holding her little girl by the hand, Mr. Keating in the doorway, the inquisitive young Robert near the window where Steve was securing his contrivance. It took a preposterous length of time. His hands moved busily, and he whistled under his breath, while close beside him, handing him this, that, and the other tool, tying knots, straightening tangles, stood his silent wife.

"Ah!" he cried at last, triumphantly, and opened the window. A raw, wet wind came blowing in, making the gas-light flicker and lifting his sodden hair from his forehead. He leaned far out and threw out one end of his device. The metal weight at the end of it clanked dismally on the stones four stories below.

"She 's down," he announced, and sat down on the window-sill, with his legs hanging out.

Mr. Keating seized him by the coat-collar.

"Come in here!" he cried. "Do you want to kill yourself?"

"No, I don't, boss. But I 'm going to show you how this little invention works. In case of fire—"

"Don't play the fool. Come in!"

"Mr. Keating, sir, I 'm going down on my fire-escape," said Steve, solemnly and loudly. "No one at all can stop me. I know all about it. I understand it. I tried it this morning with the young fella that invented it."

"Rob, don't let him!" cried Mrs. Keating.

Keating tried to haul him in, but Steve was a much larger and heavier man than himself, and he could n't move him.

"Come in!" he cried again. "You are drunk. You don't know what you are doing."

The sound of their voices had attracted the attention of the neighbors; windows across the narrow court were opened and heads thrust out.

"What the hell are you doing there at all, Steve?" called out a friendly voice opposite. "Get the legs of you inside."

"I 'm going down on me new-invented fire-escape," Steve answered him. "The more of you watches me, the better. 'T will be a lesson. Ye 'll all want thim whin you 've seen me."

Without an instant's warning he disappeared. Mrs. Keating shrieked, but his voice reassured her, and the sight of his face reappearing just above the sill, looking more drowned than ever.

"Don't be uneasy, ma'am," he said. "I 've only to let meself down now. Whin the iron weight comes up here again, you 'll know that I 've touched the ground. Now, then, Mollie, take another look that all thim ropes is tight."

Mollie turned to Mr. Keating as if she were about to speak; but she turned away again abruptly and leaned out of the window; she was busy there for what seemed to be a long time.

"Hi!" shouted her husband. "Whatever are you doing, Mollie? You 've only to see that thim ropes is all tight."

Mr. Keating came forward, exasperated and alarmed by her fumbling.

"Let me see—" he began, but Mollie sprang back suddenly, almost upsetting him.



"I ain't got the tea-set, Mr. Keating, sir"

"All right!" she cried. "Go ahead!"

And suddenly, like a shot, the iron weight came whizzing up and crashed through the top of the window.

They did n't comprehend for an instant. Then came a babel of shrieks and shouts.

"Take the children home at once," Keating ordered. "Get a taxi somewhere. Hurry up and get out."

Mrs. Keating obeyed blindly, hurried down the long flights of stairs holding Lucy by one hand and Robert by the other, flew down the dark, narrow street in a panic.

"Don't talk!" she commanded the children, sharply. "Wait till your father comes home; he'll tell you all about it."

They were forced to go to bed unsatisfied, and their mother had a solitary and anxious dinner, for Mr. Keating did n't come home until ten o'clock. She jumped up when she heard a cab stop before the house, and hurried to the door.

"O Rob!" she began, but saw behind him the portly form of Mollie, with that very same black bag—composed, placid Mollie.

"I'll go into the kitchen, ma'am, if I may, and ask cook for a cup of tea," she said, and disappeared before having been quite realized by Mrs. Keating.

"I suggested her coming back to us," said Keating, "and she seemed pleased. I thought you'd be glad to have her."

Mrs. Keating did n't trouble to reply to so obvious a statement.

"Then is Steve—" she asked.

"Dead. One of the ropes slipped. The police came, of course, and an ambulance, and so on. But it was too late. And, upon my word," he added vehemently, "it's a good thing, too. Worthless brute!"

Mrs. Keating remained silent for some time, frowning thoughtfully.

"Rob," she said at last.

He started in a guilty way.

"Well?"

"Are you sure—do you think—the rope really *slipped*?"

He scowled at her, but she persisted.

"Because, Rob, I'm quite *sure*. I saw her pulling one of the little hooks or screws or—"

"For the love of heaven!" cried Keating, jumping up, "if that's not just like a woman! Can't let well enough alone. Were n't you *longing* to have her back? Did n't you tell me morning, noon, and night that she was *the* ideal nurse?"

"She is, of course," his wife replied, but could n't resist adding, "She *is* the ideal nurse—even if she *did*."





The South American Metropolis

By HARRY A. FRANCK

Photographs by the author

IN Buenos Aires I became what a local English-speaking newspaper called "office boy" to the American consul-general. The consul had turned out to be a vicarious friend of long standing; his overworked force was sadly in need of an American assistant familiar with Spanish, the one that had been sent down from Washington months before having been lost in transit; moreover, the consul, being a discerning as well as a kind-hearted man, knew that even a rolling stone requires an occasional handful of moss.

Two years of wandering among the Andes and the jungles of South America is in a way the best possible preparation for a visit to the greatest city south of the United States. The man who approaches it from this corridor will experience to the full the astonishment which it is almost certain to produce upon an unprepared visitor; he will be in ideal condition to appreciate the urban artificialities which make it perhaps the greatest antithesis on earth of the more than rural simplicity of nearly all the rest of the southern continent. Like the majority of Americans, I suppose, though I had now and then heard rumors of its increase and improvement, I had a mental picture of the Argentine capital which was as out of date as the

spelling "Buenos Ayres" that still persists among even the best of English and American authorities.

It is with something stronger than surprise, therefore, that the new-comer finds the Argentine capital of to-day the largest Spanish-speaking city on the globe, second only to Paris among the Latin cities of the world, equal to Philadelphia in population, resembling Chicago in extent, as well as in situation, rivaling New York in many of its metropolitan features, and outdoing every city of our land in some of its civic improvements.

Personally, I confess to having wandered its endless streets in a semi-dazed condition for some time after my arrival. It was hard to believe that those miles upon miles of modern wharves, surrounding artificial basins capable of accommodating the largest ships in existence, backed by warehouses that measure their capacity in millions of tons, were situated on the same continent as medieval Quito, that the teeming city behind them was inhabited by the same race that founded languid La Paz and sleepy Asunción. I found myself gazing with limp lower jaw at the unexpected cosmopolitan uproar that surrounded me wherever my footsteps turned.

The city of to-day has so completely

outreached the plans of its unsuspecting founders that it is constantly being faced with the ever new problem of modifying existing conditions to meet metropolitan requirements. It was a comparatively simple matter to fill in and pave the old quagmires that posed as streets; it was quite another thing to widen them to accommodate modern traffic. Laid out by Moorish-influenced Spaniards in a century when the passing of two horsemen constituted the maximum demand for space, the streets of old Buenos Aires are narrower and more congested than the most inadequate of those at the southern end of Manhattan Island. In most cases the problem has been frankly abandoned, for nothing short of destroying all the buildings on one side or the other of these medieval passageways could improve them. The result is that a walk through what was the entire city fifty years ago, and is now the business section, is an ordeal or an amusing experience, according to the mood or the haste of the victim. The sidewalks are rarely wide enough for two persons at once, the roadway between them is so scanty that the pedestrian has barely room to back up against the adjoining wall when tram-cars or automobiles, which form almost constant procession up or down them, are passing. Yet those within these vehicles are little better off in the battle with patience than the struggling, jostling throng of foot-travelers, for it is a rare experience for them to find a half-block of unobstructed going.

The *Porteño* has made various bold attacks upon this problem of congestion. Nearly thirty years ago he hewed his way for a mile and a half through the very heart of the old town, destroying hundreds of buildings in his insistence on more space. The result is the Avenida de Mayo, corresponding in a way to a combination of our Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but still more nearly resembling the boulevards of Paris in the neighborhood of the Opéra. But the Avenida is, after all, of insignificant length compared with the mammoth Buenos Aires of to-day, and the older flanking street of Rivadavia, once the principal highway to the pampa beyond, cutting the entire city in two from the

waterfront to the open plains, is quite incapable of handling the through traffic which refuses to risk itself in the constricted *calles* of the down-town labyrinth.

There are other places in the old town where this heroic treatment has been applied. Wherever the stroller wanders he is certain to come out every few minutes on an open space, a little park or a plaza, which has been grubbed out by the bold demolition of a block of houses. I cannot recall a single city of my acquaintance where parks are anything like as epidemic as they are in Buenos Aires. Some of them are so tiny that they may be crossed in a hop, skip, and a jump, though even in the old part they are more apt to cover at least a block; the largest is aristocratic Palermo, where one may wander half a day without crossing the same ground twice.

Buenos Aires is not a city of skyscrapers. Built on a loose soil that is quite the antithesis of the granite hills of Manhattan Island, with unlimited opportunity to spread out across the floor-flat plains beyond, it has neither the incentive nor the foundation needed for pushing its way far aloft. Custom in this respect has crystallized into requirement, and a city ordinance forbids the height of a building to exceed one and one third the width of the street it faces. The result is that while it has fewer architectural failures, fewer monstrosities in brick and stone, the city on the Plata has nothing that can rival the epic poems among buildings to be found at the mouth of the Hudson. Nor has it anything striking in its general appearance. From a distance it looks curiously like one of our own large cities decapitated to an average height of three or four stories, with only here and there an ambitious structure peering timidly above the monotonous general level. "Flat" and "drab" are perhaps the two words which most fully describe its general aspect.

Comparisons may be odious, but they are inevitable in viewing such a parvenu among the great cities of the earth as the Argentine capital. When one has noted the origin of nearly all its people, it is no longer surprising that



The avenida de Mayo, the Broadway-Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires

Buenos Aires is far more of a European than an American city. Architecturally, and in many other subtle little touches, it most resembles Paris, with hints of Madrid, London, and Rome thrown in, not to mention certain features peculiarly its own. Like virtually all Latin-Americans, the Porteño is most enamored of French culture and point of view. Not only is he accustomed to refer to his city as the "Paris of South America,"—all South American capitals are that to their own people,—but he copies more or less directly, more or less consciously, from the earthly paradise of all good *argentinos*. The artistic sense of the Latin, too, comes to his aid in this almost subconscious endeavor; or, if the individual man lacks it, there is the guiding hand of the community ever ready to sustain his faltering steps. City ordinances not only forbid the erection of structures which do not fit into the general scheme of a modified Paris, but Buenos Aires rewards those who most successfully carry out its conception of civic improvement. Every year the building judged to be the greatest addition to the city's beauty is rewarded a bronze façade-plate and is relieved for the first decade of its existence from the burden of taxes.

It would be unreasonable to expect a community with such pride as this in

its personal appearance to permit itself to be disfigured by an elevated railway system. Besides, as it is spread evenly over an immense space of flat country, "B.A.'s" transportation problem is scarcely serious enough to require this concession to civic comfort. Of street-cars in the ordinary sense it has unlimited numbers, plying in all directions; all they lack is freedom to go their way unhampered in the oldest and busiest portion of town. Their only peculiarity, to the American, is that they refuse to be overcrowded. No one may enter a tram-car while its seats are filled; nine persons, and nine only, may ride on the back platform. If you chance to be the tenth, there is no use insisting that you must ride or miss an important engagement. The car will refuse to move as long as you remain on board, and if there chances to be one of the spick-and-span, Britishly imperturbable, New Yorkly impersonal policemen of Buenos Aires within call, you will probably regret your insistence. It will be far better to accept your misfortune with Latin courtesy and hail one of the taxis that are forever scurrying past. Or, if even the modest demands of these well disciplined public carriers are beyond your means, there is the ancient and honorable method of footing it. The chances are that if your destination is anywhere

within the congested business section you can walk to it and finish your errand by the time the inexorable street-car would have set you down there.

The descent to the *Subterráneo* stations on the Avenida de Mayo carries the mind instantly back to Manhattan. The underground scent is the same; news-stands and advertising placards are as inevitable; along the white-tile-walled platforms are ranged even penny-in-the-slot scales and automatic venders, though with the familiar plea, "Drop one cent," changed to "*Echad 10 centavos*," which is significant of the difference in cost of most small things in the metropolises of North and South America. Yet the subway fare, of similar amount, is a trifle cheaper on the Plata, the Argentine *peso* being normally worth barely forty-five cents. One's impression of being back in "Bagdad-on-the-Subway," however, is certain to evaporate by the time he steps out of his first *tren subterráneo* in Buenos Aires. The *Porteño* believes in moving rapidly, but his interpretation of the word hurry is still far different from our own. There are certain forms of courtesy which he will not cast off for the mere matter of stretching his twenty-four hours a few minutes farther; there are certain racial traits of deliberate formality of which he is incapable of ridding himself. Moreover, the *Subterráneo* is British, and it retains the dignified leisureliness of its nationality. One buys a ticket of a man who is intensely aware of the fact that he is engaged in a financial transaction; at the gate another man solemnly punches the ticket and returns it to the owner, who is warned both by placards and italicized remarks on the ticket itself that he must be constantly prepared instantly to display it to the inspectors who are forever stalking through the cars; where he disembarks, it is solemnly gathered by still another intense employee, who will infallibly make the passenger who has carelessly mislaid the valuable document in question produce another ten-centavo piece and witness the preparation and cancellation of a *billete suplementario* before he is granted his freedom. There are no express trains; the locals are rather far apart; they cease their labors soon after

midnight, and do not begin again until dawn. The numerous car-doors are closed by men on the platforms of the stations rather than by the guards on board; the train receives its permission to proceed from a station-master armed with a whistle. On the other hand, the cars are roomy, spotless, and as comfortable as a club easy-chair; the noisy ringing of bells and slamming of doors



A policeman in Buenos Aires posing at the sight of a kodak

by disgruntled guards is lacking; signs to "Prepare yourself to leave the coach before arriving at the station of destination" take the place of any attempt to hustle the crowd. The company loses no courteous opportunity of "recommending to the passenger the greatest rapidity in getting on or off the cars, in order to accelerate the public service," but mere signs mean nothing to the Spanish-American dowager of the old school, who is still inclined to take her osculatory and deliberate farewell of friends and relatives even though the place of parting be the open door of this

new-fangled mode of transportation, surrounded by inwardly impatient, but outwardly courtier-like, subway guards and station employees.

Three important railway companies operate five lines to the suburbs, and every evening great commuters' trains, more immaculate and palatial than the average of those out of our own large cities, rush away through the cool summer night with the majority of "B.A.'s" business men. It is perhaps a misnomer to call the score or more of residence regions suburbs, for they are compactly united into the one great city, of which they constitute fully three fourths the capacity. But each district bears its own name, nearly all of which suggest its character and history. Even a total stranger might guess that Belgrano and Flores are rather exclusive dwelling-places; Coghlan, Villa Malcolm, Villa Mazzini, and Nueva Pompeya recall some of the races that have amalgamated to form the modern *Porteño*; one would naturally expect to find the municipal slaughter-house and less pleasant living conditions in Nuevo Chicago. In the larger and newer part of Buenos Aires the broad streets are in striking contrast to the crowded and narrow ones down town. Though the *Porteño* has inherited much of the Spaniard's preference for taking his front yard inside the house, neither the sumptuous dwellings of the aristocratic north suburbs nor the more plebeian residences of the west and south have that shut-in air of nearly all Latin-American cities, with the streets slinking like outcast curs through long rows of scowling, impersonal house-walls.

The far-flung limits of Buenos Aires inclose many market gardens, and the land side of the city belongs to the backwoods it faces; but the thousands of makeshift shacks which fringe it are not the abode of hopeless mortals, such as inhabit the hovels of less progressive South American towns. The outskirts dwellers of Buenos Aires have the appearance of people who are moving forward, who insist that another year shall find them enjoying something more of the advantages of civilization. Indeed, this atmosphere pervades the entire city, and brings out in pitiless contrast the

social inertia of the great Andean region. There are fewer slums in Buenos Aires than in New York, the children of the poorer classes are less oppressed in appearance, beggars are scarcer; though there is squalor enough, the *conventillos*, or single-story tenement-houses of the larger west-coast cities, are almost unknown. Economic opportunity has here given birth to new hope and brought with it the energy and productiveness which constitute a great people, and by the time the visitor has wandered with due leisure through the vast length and breadth of Buenos Aires he can scarcely fail to realize that here the Latin is coming into his own again.

Though it is not quite so difficult to find a native *argentino* in Buenos Aires as to run to earth a genuine American in New York, there are many evidences that its growth has come mainly from across the sea. The city is not merely European in its material aspects, but in its human element. The new-comer will look in vain for any costume he could not find on the streets of Paris or Rome; the wild *gauchos* from the pampa, the beggars on horseback, the picturesque Carmelite monks and nuns that troop through the pages of "Amalia" and kindred stories of the past century are as scarce as feather-decked Indians along Broadway. No city of our own land is more completely "citified" than the Argentine capital. Though there has been far less European immigration to the Argentine Republic than to the United States as yet,—a mere five million who came to stay up to the beginning of the Great War,—a disproportionate number of these have remained in Buenos Aires. Fully half the population of the city is foreign born; it is an even bet on any man of this half that he came from Italy. The long-drawn vowels and doubled consonants of Italian speech are certain to be heard in every block, though more often as a foreign accent in the local tongue than in the native dialect of the speaker; for the Italian fits far more snugly into his environment in the Argentine than in the United States. He finds a language nearly enough like his own to be learned in a few weeks; there is a Latin atmosphere about the Southern republic, and

particularly its capital, which makes him feel so much at home that he is less inclined to segregate than in the colder Anglo-Saxon North. But as it is summer and grape-picking time in the boot-leg peninsula when it is winter on the pampas, large numbers of Italians flit back and forth like migratory birds from one harvest to the other, or to spend the money earned where it is plentiful in the place where it will buy the most.

After the Spaniard there are French, English, and German residents, decreasing in proportion in the order named, and there are Americans enough to form a champion base-ball team and fling their challenges as far away as Montevideo. Jews are less ubiquitous than in our own metropolis, but they are numerous enough to support several synagogues and a company of Yiddish players for a season of several weeks.

It may be surprising to most Americans, as it was to me, to know that Buenos Aires is strictly a "white man's town." The one negro I ever saw there was posted before the door of a theater, in uniform, as an advance attraction. The caste of color, so intricate and unescapable in the Andes, is completely lacking here, and the Argentine Republic is the most fully European in race of any country in the Western hemisphere. Nor are the places of importance in its social structure confined to those of Spanish origin. As in Chile, there is a little aristocracy of third or fourth generation Irish, retaining the original spelling of their family names, but even themselves pronouncing them "O-co-nór," "Kel-yee," "O-bree-én" and the like. It is a comparatively ordinary experience in running glorified errands in Buenos Aires to come across business men with English or Irish names who speak only Spanish, or men who speak English with both an Irish brogue and a Spanish accent and accompany their remarks with the full gamut of Latin gesticulation.

To say that these transplanted Irish are active in both local and national politics is to utter a tautology. Strictly speaking, Buenos Aires is not self-governing; as a federal district—the largest in the world, by the way—it is ruled by

an *intendente* appointed by the national executive. But as its influence on the national life is far more potent than that of Washington and New York combined, as it has more "influential citizens" and large property-owners than all the rest of the republic, it has roundabout ways of imposing its own will upon itself. Not that those ways are devious in the cynical sense. It being something of a traditional hobby among the heads of the aristocratic old families, most of them with ample wealth, to accept municipal office and to seek public approval out of family pride, and their privilege to be free from the drawbacks of listening to every whim of an ignorant electorate, Buenos Aires enjoys the distinction among large cities of the western hemisphere of being for the most part rather well governed. On the whole, perhaps, a larger percentage of public funds are actually and advantageously spent in municipal improvement than in the case of most "self-governing" cities. Besides, it is one of the distinctions between North and South America that while the cry of "graft" is more frequent in our municipal than in our national affairs, our neighbors to the south seem more capable of handling a city than a nation.

It is as easy to become a citizen in the Argentine as in the United States, but it is not quite so easy to remain one. The duties of citizenship are more nearly those of continental Europe than of the free and easy Anglo-Saxon type. There is compulsory military service, for instance. In theory every male citizen must enter the army or navy for at least two years when he reaches maturity; virtually there is by no means room for all of them in the armed force which the Argentine considers it necessary to maintain. Hence this requirement reduces itself to the necessity of drawing lots, and of serving if designated by the finger of fate. This is no new and temporary whim in the Argentine, but was already in force long before the European War. The *argentino*, however, goes his models of the Old World one or two better. The man who does not serve, either for physical or fortunate reasons, pays an extra yearly tax toward the support of the force from which he has been spared. As in continental Europe, every citizen

must have a booklet of identity, issued by the police and duplicated in the public archives. This document is so essential that, though I spent less than three months in the country, I found it advantageous to apply for one, for there is a simpler *cédula de identidad* for non-citizens. The temporary resident, and even the citizen, may "get by" for a time without this little volume, but the day is almost sure to come when he will regret its absence. Of two men whose public altercation chances to attract the attention of the police, the one who can produce his *libreto* is far less likely to be jailed than the one who cannot. The chauffeur who has an accident, the man who is overtaken by any of the countless mishaps which call his existence to the notice of the public authorities, is far better off if he has been legally registered. Moreover, the citizen can neither vote, apply to the government for any purpose, nor exercise any of his formal rights of citizenship without displaying his booklet. This contains the photograph, a brief biography, verified by other documents or testimony, the signature, and the thumb-print of the holder. The *argentinos* have carried the use of finger-prints further than perhaps any other nation. Even school-children taking formal examinations must decorate their papers with a thumb-print as a protection against forgery. Both photograph and *cédula* are produced by a well-trained public staff in well-arranged public offices, in which the prints of all ten fingers of the applicant are filed away under the number inscribed on his *libreto*, and where courteous attendants bring him into contact with the lavatory facilities which he requires before again displaying his hands to a pulchritudinous public. In addition to the essentials contained by all booklets, that of the citizen has several extra pages on which may be inscribed from time to time his military and civic record.

The *argentino* is in no such breathless haste to know the result of his elections as is the American. The newspapers of the morning following an important election carried many columns of comment on the aspect of the capital and the principal towns of the provinces under

the new law, but not a hint of the future make-up of the legislative body. Weeks later the retiring congress met in their new palace at the head of the Avenida de Mayo, and laboriously fell to counting the ballots collected from all over the republic, announcing the results piecemeal from day to day, and causing the votes to be publicly burned in a corner



This façade won the prize for the best building erected in 1908

of the still unfinished grounds when the count had been verified.

The people of the Argentine, and particularly of Buenos Aires, have much the same feeling toward the "*madre patria*" as the average American toward England, forgiving, though perhaps still a bit resentful of the past, now and then aware of the common heritage, on the whole a trifle disdainful. The *Porteño* never says he speaks Spanish, though his tongue is as nearly that of Spain as ours is that of England; even in his school-books he calls it the *idioma nacional*.

But the *argentino* is still largely Spanish, whether he admits it or not; he is

distinctly of the Latin race, for all the influx of other blood. The types one sees in his streets are those same temperamental Latin-Americans to be found from Mexico to Paraguay, a more glorified type, perhaps, more in tune with the great modern moving world, almost wholly free from non-Caucasian mixture, larger and better nourished, and with the ruddiness and vigor of the temperate zone. But they have much the same over-developed pride, the same dread of bemeaning themselves by anything suggestive of manual labor. No *Porteño* of standing would dream of carrying his own valise from station to tramway; even the Americans sent down to set up harvesting machinery on the great *estancias* cannot throw off their coats and pitch in, lest they instantly sink to the caste of the peon in the eyes of the latter as well as those of the ruling class.

The prevailing attitude toward life, including as it does an exaggerated pride in personal appearance, gives Buenos Aires a plethora of labor-fearing fops whose main purpose in life seems to be to create the false impression that they are the scions of aristocratic old families of uncomputed wealth. Physical exertion, even for the sake of exercise, has little place in the scheme of life of these dandies, of the majority of youths even of the genuinely wealthy and patrician class. Of late certain influences have been working for improvement in this matter, but are still hampered by the awkwardness of inexperience as well as laggard *costumbre*. Out at Tigre, a cluster of islands and channels some miles up the bank of the Plata, young men of the class that would pride themselves on a certain expertness in all sports in the United States may be seen rowing about with the clumsiness and self-consciousness of old maids, their shirts bunched up under their suspenders, their bodies plainly uncomfortable in the trousers inclined by the dictates of fashion, as well as by the unwonted exertion, to climb to the chest, the occasional young woman in the back seat sitting stiffly as the model in a corset-shop window.

The feminine sex of the same class does not, of course, yield to the males in the matter of personal adornment. At

the races, along the shaded drives of Palermo of an afternoon, above all in the narrow Calle Florida a bit later in the day, fashion may be seen preening itself in frank self-admiration. In the material sense the Calle Florida is merely another of those inadequate streets of the old town, four or five blocks back of the waterfront, and given over to the most luxurious shops—jewelers, *modistes*, *tailleurs de luxe*. But Florida is more than a street; it is an institution. For at least a generation it has been the unofficial gathering-place of the élite, in so far as there can be any such in so large a city, taking the place in a way of the Sunday night promenade in the central plaza of smaller Latin-American towns. But the day came when the narrow *callejón* could no longer contain all those who demanded admission to the daily parade and mutual-admiration party, and the *intendente* solved the problem by closing the street to vehicles during certain hours of the late afternoon. There is still a procession on wheels from eleven in the morning until noon, given over particularly to *débutantes* ostensibly on shopping tours, although invariably flanked by long lines of gallants and would-be *novios*; but the principal daily *Corso* is now made on foot, and admiring males may without offense or conspicuousness pass near enough in the throng that fills the street from sidewalk to sidewalk and end to end to their particular ideal to catch the scent of her favorite perfume. Nor does that require any undue proximity, for the most circumspect ladies of Buenos Aires see nothing amiss in making an appeal to the olfactory senses which in other lands would lead to unflattering conclusions.

The gowns to be seen in such gatherings are said by authorities on the subject to be no farther behind Paris than the time of fast steamers between French ports and the Plata. To the bachelor more familiar with the backwoods they seem to be as thoroughly up to the minute as their wearers are expert in exhausting every possibility of human adornment. Unfortunately, many of the ladies prove on close inspection to be not so beautiful as they are painted. Not a few of them could readily pass as

physically good looking, despite the bulky noses so frequent in "B.A." as to be almost typical, were they satisfied to let nature's job alone. The most entrancing lady in the world would risk defeat by entering a beauty contest disguised as a porter in a flour-mill. There are, to be sure, ravishing visions now and then in these Buenos Aires processions, but unpolished candor forces the admission that what to us at least is the refined and dainty type is conspicuous by its rarity in the Southern metropolis.

The gaudy ostentation of this *nouveau-riche* city of Latin-Iberian origin is nowhere seen to better advantage than at the Recoleta, or principal local cemetery. It is a crowded cement city within a stone wall, as much a promenade and show-ground as a last resting-place. Men sit smoking and gossiping on the tombs; women take in one another's gowns with critical eye as they turkey-walk along the narrow cement streets between the innumerable family vaults. The tombs are built with the all too evident purpose of showing that one's dead are, or at least were in life, of more importance in the world than those of one's neighbors. As in the case of the houses of the living in Buenos Aires, the names of architect and builder are cut in the stone or cement of the tombs, much as a merchant forces customers to advertise his wares by wrapping their purchases in paper extolling the virtues of his shop; but there is no such definite indication of the cost, which one is expected to gather from the outward appearance of the sarcophagus. The boasted "artistic sense" of the Latins certainly does not guide the *Porteño* in the disposal of his dead; Recoleta testifies rather to the paucity of a sense of humor in even the best of Latin-Americans, unless we of the North are mistaken in supposing that it is preferable not to parade one's sorrows and demonstrate one's family importance in this fashion.

In my daily rounds as "errand boy" I

soon discovered that the *Porteño* is not a particularly pleasant man with whom to do business. To begin with, he is overwhelmed with a sense of his own importance, of that of his city as the really greatest, or at least soon to be greatest, city on the footstool, and seems constantly burdened with the dread of not succeeding in impressing those importances upon you. There is fully as great an air of concentrated self-sufficiency in Buenos Aires as in New York, a similar self-complacency, the same disdainfulness of anything or any one from the insignificant bit of backwoods outside the city limits, with a frank attitude of disbelief in the possibility of ever learning anything from those uncouth fellow-men who have the misfortune not to be *Porteños*, and with it all a provincialism scarcely to be equaled off the Island of Manhattan.

Perhaps the most striking evidence of American influence I ran across is the eagerness to "boost" population, as if there were virtue in mere figures, even though those be false. The national census was taken during my sojourn in the republic, all on a single day, by the way, and the method of computing the population was not one to cause it to shrink. Not only was every foreigner, even those who happened to be spending a few hours crossing the country, included, but orders were issued to count all *argentinos* living abroad, through the consuls, and all persons of whatever nationality at that moment under the Argentine flag, whether on the high seas or on steamers far up the Paraná and Uruguay rivers quite outside the national jurisdiction. Then placards were posted announcing to any person within the republic (evidently for months afterward) who had not been counted on June first that he must come to town and present himself before the Census Commission—and no doubt wait in line for days, to be finally insulted by a score of perfumed young government hangers-on and added to the already swollen list of *ciudadanos argentinos*.



outraced the plans of its unsuspecting founders that it is constantly being faced with the ever new problem of modifying existing conditions to meet metropolitan requirements. It was a comparatively simple matter to fill in and pave the old quagmires that posed as streets; it was quite another thing to widen them to accommodate modern traffic. Laid out by Moorish-influenced Spaniards in a century when the passing of two horsemen constituted the maximum demand for space, the streets of old Buenos Aires are narrower and more congested than the most inadequate of those at the southern end of Manhattan Island. In most cases the problem has been frankly abandoned, for nothing short of destroying all the buildings on one side or the other of these medieval passageways could improve them. The result is that a walk through what was the entire city fifty years ago, and is now the business section, is an ordeal or an amusing experience, according to the mood or the haste of the victim. The sidewalks are rarely wide enough for two persons at once, the roadway between them is so scanty that the pedestrian has barely room to back up against the adjoining wall when tram-cars or automobiles, which form almost constant procession up or down them, are passing. Yet those within these vehicles are little better off in the battle with patience than the struggling, jostling throng of foot-travelers, for it is a rare experience for them to find a half-block of unobstructed going.

The *Porteño* has made various bold attacks upon this problem of congestion. Nearly thirty years ago he hewed his way for a mile and a half through the very heart of the old town, destroying hundreds of buildings in his insistence on more space. The result is the Avenida de Mayo, corresponding in a way to a combination of our Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but still more nearly resembling the boulevards of Paris in the neighborhood of the Opéra. But the Avenida is, after all, of insignificant length compared with the mammoth Buenos Aires of to-day, and the older flanking street of Rivadavia, once the principal highway to the pampa beyond, cutting the entire city in two from the

waterfront to the open plains, is quite incapable of handling the through traffic which refuses to risk itself in the constricted *calles* of the down-town labyrinth.

There are other places in the old town where this heroic treatment has been applied. Wherever the stroller wanders he is certain to come out every few minutes on an open space, a little park or a plaza, which has been grubbed out by the bold demolition of a block of houses. I cannot recall a single city of my acquaintance where parks are anything like as epidemic as they are in Buenos Aires. Some of them are so tiny that they may be crossed in a hop, skip, and a jump, though even in the old part they are more apt to cover at least a block; the largest is aristocratic Palermo, where one may wander half a day without crossing the same ground twice.

Buenos Aires is not a city of skyscrapers. Built on a loose soil that is quite the antithesis of the granite hills of Manhattan Island, with unlimited opportunity to spread out across the floor-flat plains beyond, it has neither the incentive nor the foundation needed for pushing its way far aloft. Custom in this respect has crystallized into requirement, and a city ordinance forbids the height of a building to exceed one and one third the width of the street it faces. The result is that while it has fewer architectural failures, fewer monstrosities in brick and stone, the city on the Plata has nothing that can rival the epic poems among buildings to be found at the mouth of the Hudson. Nor has it anything striking in its general appearance. From a distance it looks curiously like one of our own large cities decapitated to an average height of three or four stories, with only here and there an ambitious structure peering timidly above the monotonous general level. "Flat" and "drab" are perhaps the two words which most fully describe its general aspect.

Comparisons may be odious, but they are inevitable in viewing such a parvenu among the great cities of the earth as the Argentine capital. When one has noted the origin of nearly all its people, it is no longer surprising that



The avenida de Mayo, the Broadway-Fifth Avenue of Buenos Aires

Buenos Aires is far more of a European than an American city. Architecturally, and in many other subtle little touches, it most resembles Paris, with hints of Madrid, London, and Rome thrown in, not to mention certain features peculiarly its own. Like virtually all Latin-Americans, the Porteño is most enamored of French culture and point of view. Not only is he accustomed to refer to his city as the "Paris of South America,"—all South American capitals are that to their own people,—but he copies more or less directly, more or less consciously, from the earthly paradise of all good *argentinos*. The artistic sense of the Latin, too, comes to his aid in this almost subconscious endeavor; or, if the individual man lacks it, there is the guiding hand of the community ever ready to sustain his faltering steps. City ordinances not only forbid the erection of structures which do not fit into the general scheme of a modified Paris, but Buenos Aires rewards those who most successfully carry out its conception of civic improvement. Every year the building judged to be the greatest addition to the city's beauty is rewarded a bronze façade-plate and is relieved for the first decade of its existence from the burden of taxes.

It would be unreasonable to expect a community with such pride as this in

its personal appearance to permit itself to be disfigured by an elevated railway system. Besides, as it is spread evenly over an immense space of flat country, "B.A.'s" transportation problem is scarcely serious enough to require this concession to civic comfort. Of street-cars in the ordinary sense it has unlimited numbers, plying in all directions; all they lack is freedom to go their way unhampered in the oldest and busiest portion of town. Their only peculiarity, to the American, is that they refuse to be overcrowded. No one may enter a tram-car while its seats are filled; nine persons, and nine only, may ride on the back platform. If you chance to be the tenth, there is no use insisting that you must ride or miss an important engagement. The car will refuse to move as long as you remain on board, and if there chances to be one of the spick-and-span, Britishly imperturbable, New Yorkly impersonal policemen of Buenos Aires within call, you will probably regret your insistence. It will be far better to accept your misfortune with Latin courtesy and hail one of the taxis that are forever scurrying past. Or, if even the modest demands of these well disciplined public carriers are beyond your means, there is the ancient and honorable method of footing it. The chances are that if your destination is anywhere

dren darted into the squares of the low doors, and old women, cooking black beans and corn-bread, crouched in front of the crude, outdoor stoves, endlessly fanning the fires with palm-leaves. With the familiarity of the picture tears came into the eyes of the home-comer and glittered like evanescent opals as they trembled on his cheeks.

Then, climbing up the foot-path from the road, he saw his own *morichal*, with a new thatch, and the smoke of the evening fire rising like a tenuous veil behind it. A cow and a donkey were standing in the yard; a tame parrot screamed from a mango-tree.

Ismael approached, and a large, strange dog ran around from the back of the house and barked at him. He heard voices; two figures rounded the side of the house, a man and a woman. He saw Carmen Maria, plumper than before, less girlish; she walked in front of her companion, and in another moment Ismael recognized him also. It was indeed Luiz Quintana, wearing a great, yellowish white suit, a pair of old *alpar-gatas*, and a wide-brimmed hat. He was larger than he used to be, and strutted more, and he stared into Ismael's face with a surprised, heavy frown.

Those endearing greetings, rehearsed so often in the solitude of troublesome roads, left Ismael's lips like unsubstantial ghosts. He felt that he was suddenly brought face to face with a calamity whose proportions he could not yet perceive. A sinking sensation of fate seemed to stop the beating of his heart.

"*Madre mia!*" cried Carmen, "it is Blanco!"

The ruddy color went out of her cheeks, leaving her face white, as if she had seen a terror. Quintana's frown deepened; he took a step forward.

"What are you doing here?" Ismael asked him.

"He 's my husband," interposed the woman.

Ismael stared at her, and his lips parted a little with a curve of angry scorn.

"Tell him to get away. Don't try to lie to me such a silly lie. I 've come back, the only husband you ever had."

Then Quintana brutishly folded his arms and fastened his eyes upon those of the other man.

"*Eh, hombre?*" he questioned. "Don't be so fast. We were married surely enough; the padre married us, and there 's my betrothal-ring she 's wearing now; you can see for yourself. Tell me what your rights are; I 'd like to hear. You have no right to come back here. You 're as good as a dead man; you were said to be dead. Go away yourself!"

His scornful, terrible words seemed to inspire Carmen to an unaccountable venom of speech. Her cheeks flamed again, her plump arms waved about in angry gesticulation, her eyes were opened wide with excitement.

"Yes, why have you come back here?" she cried. "What is it you want coming back like an unholy ghost? Were n't you dead? And if you were n't, did you prize me, you faithless one? Eight years fighting in wars, and disappearing like a lost penny. Now you turn up again, you bad penny, and tell me I 'm still married to you!"

She pushed past Quintana, she stepped close to Ismael, and thrust out her angry face until he could feel her quick breath blown out on his cheeks.

"Go ask the padre!" she screamed. "Go ask him who is my husband! It 's not much to have a husband. They 're worth little enough, but I 'll not have one like you. Go away! Go back to your adventures! What do you want with me?"

Ismael stood speechless before these two, the man and wife, as if speech were forever denied him, as if the power of words were inadequate to form sentences to say his profound despair. Now for the first time despair claimed him as a child, and all the accumulation of long disaster entered into his spirit as the bitter meaning and the sense of life. Here was a figure suitable to his simplicity—hopelessness. He could never hope again. He did not understand; he was as bewildered as a man lost in unknown ways, but lost. The fact itself was bitterly sufficient.

Something like fear mingled with his despairing emotions. It would be useless to attack Quintana. Quintana would beat him like a dog. In other days he would not have feared that blusterer's physical strength, but a fate, a devil, was in the arm of that man, and he could not conquer a fate.

As he turned to go, a small boy ran out from the house, calling to Quintana.

"Papa! papa!" he cried.

"Get back; go back and put on your dress," the father commanded him.

Ismael turned and walked down the hill toward the river. There was even a child, not his child.

He went along slowly, without any purpose, with a strange emptiness in his heart. Life was suddenly more unreal than any moment in the long, unreal prison years; for then he had lived with his simple, ardent dreams, and now he lived without them.

He walked into the village, and some one in a group of men recognized him and called to him, and he knew that his return was already known. No doubt they would laugh at him. He did not care. He had no concern what they did with him; they might insult him if they wished and call him low names, and he would not care.

But in the village he met the padre, who was already looking for him, with a worried face. The padre told him to walk along at his side so that they might talk together.

Then the padre explained the belief in his death, for no word had come from him, and so many had died when the cause of liberation and humanity met its disastrous end.

"Their marriage was in good faith, poor son," he said. "And now they have the boy. You saw him?"

Ismael nodded.

"Then perhaps you had better remain dead; that seems the best to me. The little boy needs a father. But I must help you. Depend upon me; I will help you to find happiness again. I will send you to my brother in Trinidad, and he will give you a place on his plantation and a chance to begin again. Our blessed Lord will not forget you, poor son."

Ismael nodded and seemed to agree, and the padre blessed him then. They separated, and Ismael returned to the river and sat down on the edge of the road, trying to think. But he had no thoughts; his mind was as bare of thoughts as a dead tree is bare of its living leaves. He sat a long while in the darkness, and he heard small animals push through the cane-brake beyond the

road, and restless little monkeys chatter and leap in the palm-trees. Great tropical insects, shaped like little monsters, flew blunderingly into his face, and he did not heed them.

Then he went to sleep, and when he awakened it was day again. A small boy, entirely naked, was standing in the dirt road staring at him. As he rose, the boy ran away, screaming with fright.

He found that a decision had entered his mind, as if it had come there like a message in sleep. He would not go to the padre's brother in Trinidad. No, he would not go there, although the padre was kind and wanted to help him; but the padre, after all, did not understand.

It surprised him to know that the padre did not understand. Obscurely, inarticulately, he felt that he had discovered profundities beyond the range of the padre's comprehension—profundities of disillusion that demanded a single remedy only.

He found, however, that before he could wade out into the muddy river and let himself float down into oblivion, he must go secretly to his *morichal*, see the familiar ground, see the truth of his loss in order to give him a final courage. He walked along the dirt road, going toward the foot-path up the hill.

He climbed the path, and then, deviating through the little patch of tall sugar-cane, approached the house by this concealment, for he shrank from being seen. Peering through the growth of the cane-stalks, he saw the newly thatched roof and heard the parrot scream in the mango-tree. He looked upon the back of the house, and there were Quintana and Carmen Maria standing face to face.

Some rift had come that morning in their harmony, for they were obviously quarreling. Carmen Maria had been fanning the stove, for she still held a long palm-branch in her hand. He could not hear what they told each other, but he saw that Carmen Maria was very angry, for she flung out her arms in wide gestures, and her lips moved swiftly with vehement speech.

Then Quintana made a slight gesture with his hand, and that gesture seemed to inflame Carmen Maria to a pitch of anger that made torrential speech a

dumb way of expression. Abruptly she dropped the palm-leaf, and stepped toward her husband like a wild thing facing to attack. Ismael saw her raise her arm, and in the next moment was astonished to see her strike Quintana with her open hand, and even from the distance he could see the red splotch her angry blow left on the man's cheek.

Quintana did nothing. He dropped his arms at his sides, and his head hung down like the head of a whipped dog.

Then Ismael began to laugh. His laughter came spontaneously and uncontrollably, like an hysteria. The man and wife turned in surprise, and looked toward the sound of the laughing. Ismael, his heart beating loudly, stepped out of the cane.

He ran across the little cleared space that separated him from Carmen Maria and the other man. The grin on his lips changed to a straight, hard line of quick determination.

"Hey, you Quintana!" he yelled as he ran, "clear out of here!"

Stooping, he grasped a thick, knotted stick and ran on toward the astonished husband. Quintana hesitated a moment, and then, convinced of Ismael's purpose, wheeled suddenly and began to run. Ismael pursued, caught up with him, laid the stick over his shoulders, and with the loud howls of the terrified man Ismael mingled the shouts of his insulting abuse. So Quintana ran for a little while, beaten with the stick and with insulting words. Then Ismael gave him the chance to escape, and watched him from the top of the hill as he half ran and fell down toward the river and disappeared under the bank.

Ismael turned back to the house. Carmen Maria, dark, wild, and desired, was standing expectantly, with her eyes wide, her head lifted, her cheeks a dusky crimson. Ismael dropped the stick, and without a word crushed her in his arms and kissed her lips with a want of her like the want of a starving man for food.

When he released her his first words were of Quintana.

"If he comes back again," he said, "I'll kill him surely."

Carmen Maria looked straight into his eyes.

"Aye, thou passionate one," she cried, "I believe you will."

"Tell me the name of your husband!" he demanded fiercely.

She smiled, she caressed his cheeks with her plump hands.

"Ismael, you have come back to me, Ismael!" she murmured. "*Amorcito! amorcito!*"

He took her in his arms again, and then, holding her close to him, he was filled with a swift wonder of how she came to his arms and how he had won her again. The old sense of inscrutable fate returned to him, and he felt, with an entirety of conviction, that even the padre could not explain. Complex emotions moved like alien figures in the company of his simplicity, but he forgot his perplexities in a moment as he yielded himself once more to the reality of his beloved's close and ardent arms.

They were called from the spell of their embrace by the little boy, who came close to them and began to cry. Ismael had not noticed him before. He looked down at the child, then turned to Carmen.

"What's his name?" he asked.

"Guillermo."

Ismael stooped down and pulled the boy up on his knee.

"Guillermo," he said, "who am I?"

The child shook his head.

"Aye, but you do know," Ismael insisted. "I'm your father."

The boy shook his head again.

Ismael's face flushed angrily. He seized one of the child's hands and squeezed it tightly, and the boy began to whimper.

"Who is your father?" he demanded sternly.

"You are," the boy said, sobbing.

Ismael dropped his hand, kissed his cheeks, and set him on his feet. Then he turned smiling to Carmen.

"Be sure you teach him to know me as his father," he instructed her.



Old Lighthouse—East River

AN ARTIST
in
NEW YORK

Four paintings
by William Jean Beasley



Washington, D.C.

Metropolitan Museum



Old Town - San Juan River



Old Second Avenue Homes

We and the World

By L. FRANK TOOKER



It is a curious thing how little the social life of our small seaport was modified in the years following the Civil War by the broadening experiences of its far-wandering mariners. Everywhere about the town one might see polished conch-shells marking the borders of paths and flower-beds or adorning the porches of houses whose store-rooms held kegs of preserved tamarinds and barrels of brown sugar, demi-johns of "shrub" and boxes of guava jelly, that had been brought from overseas. Sea-fans and corals and quaint shells cluttered their mantelpieces, while across their walls vessels that have long since gone to the Port of Lost Ships, in startling oil portraits, with all sails set and their burgees blown flat by the wind to display clearly their names, sailed on forever through perpetually auspicious twilights. The stranger who would naturally expect to find a corresponding admixture of foreign influences and ideas in the town would be wholly misled: it was, on the contrary, surprisingly self-centered. The trophies from far shores were mere gauds and baubles picked up in moments of idleness, and in our conservative community remained as incongruous and exotic as a scarlet feather in the hat of a parish priest.

The mariners would not have wished it to be otherwise, for to men whose normal lives had all the static quality of a stormy petrel, home was the haven of old, long-desired things, where the slightest change was disquieting. I knew of one who for years, on each return, never failed to lament that they had cut down a great oak that had once stood squarely in the middle of a sidewalk within sight of his windows. "It was n't in the way," he would complain. "You could always sheer off a bit, and round up in the path again." The town had originally been called Drowned Meadow, an eminently appropriate name, for salt-marshes and

tidal creeks took up more than half the floor of the narrow valley that lay wedged in between the steep wooded hills and the harbor. Main Street ran along the eastern edge of this tidal estuary, and at first was probably no more than a winding cart-track. Even in its best days it was never much wider, and in its long half-mile from the foot of Cumsewogue Hill till it ended abruptly at the harbor it was never straight for ten consecutive yards. In my boyhood certain stodgy-minded people, who liked to be thought progressive, were forever advocating wholly impractical schemes for straightening the road, and thereby shortening it, a plan that I hotly resented, though with none of the cynicism of one opponent who declared that he saw no advantage in shortening the distance between two points when there was nothing to be gained by reaching either. I loved its winding leisureliness, which I thought picturesque, though I probably had not then heard the word. It was a vague, indefinite sense of charm that appealed to my mind—the abrupt turn at one point where the road seemed blocked by a great weeping-willow, the curve that disclosed a mere bit of the harbor flashing under the radiant sky, or the point where the steep wooded hill rose straight above the red roofs huddled comfortably against its foot.

The Suwasset Indians had once held the whole region, and in my boyhood it was an unobservant person indeed who could not pick up a flint arrowhead in a more or less casual search. Some persistent seekers found hundreds.

The post-office, the two hotels, and two of the three churches were on Main Street. Most of the stores were there also, not segregated, but sprinkled more or less regularly along its entire length, so that for general purposes people usually traded at those nearest their homes. Locally, we spoke of one another as "upstreeters" and "downstreeters,"

with an undercurrent of rivalry in the designations. Most of the houses of the village stood on the steep side streets that ran east from Main Street, and half-way up the long hill, in the one winding road that was approximately parallel to Main, stood the school-house. Owing to the sore lack of space, there were few shade-trees in the streets themselves, but all the dooryards were crowded with great cherry-trees of remarkably fine quality. Standing on one of the heights overlooking the valley, in May one would see the whole village as a sea of white blossoms, with here and there a red or yellow roof, or the soft green of a great weeping-willow, to accent the color tone. Locust-trees sprang up everywhere where the hand of man permitted, and rose to great height. In blossom-time their clouded-white flowers scented the whole valley.

There was no public hall. The churches, the school-house, or some hall above one of the stores cared for the few outside entertainments that ventured into our out-of-the-way region. The churches graciously welcomed, at a price, an occasional well-accredited lecturer or singer, though the audiences were never unduly strict in their interpretation of churchly propriety. Of course the few mesmerists, ventriloquists, and jugglers who came to the town were relegated to the secular hall, whither small boys would go in a state of mind that oscillated between a tense and awed expectation and a delightful consciousness of treading doubtful worldly ground. At long intervals a circus would come, and, setting up its tents in an open space in a tangled jungle of sumachs, catbriers, and locusts that we called indiscriminately the "Brick-Kiln" or the "Brick Hill," would convulse our community for an afternoon and evening, leaving behind it a succession of marvelous imitations that were given in barns, with pins for the circulating medium of exchange.

Of course the circus, too, was considered scarcely proper, but a little sophisticated juggling with its educational side (the menagerie), eased most consciences, and the whole country-side, the old and the young, would troop into town as to the county fair. I have heard a relative

of mine tell with great glee an incident relating to one circus of that period. She lived six miles away, but a colored maid in the household went, taking her child with her. She returned at night in a high state of indignation.

"Them white folks over to Port thinks theirselves mighty smart," she explained, when asked the cause of her anger. "I was settin' there, mindin' my own business, when a white man behind me he lean over an' say:

"'How old 's that baby?'"

"'Ten days old,' I said. Then he said:

"'Has n't it ever been to a cirkis before?'"

"'No,' I said. Then he ups an' says to them folks with him:

"'Jus' think! That child 's ten days old an' ain't never been to a cirkis before!' An' then they giggled and giggled. Smarties!"

But these invasions of the outside world of pleasure were few, and the barrenness of the long winter evenings was occasionally broken by a concert by one of the church choirs or a highly moral play by the older members of one of the Sunday-schools. I recall how one of the latter was almost wrecked at the dress rehearsal by the sudden development of a subtle sense of propriety. The play was a moving temperance drama in which a much beaten, but still faithful, wife, with the aid of many prayers and a happy faculty for forcing into the lime-light her small crippled daughter,—the father had thrown her down-stairs,—brought her drunkard husband back to his proper estate as one of nature's noblemen. Now, in real life the heroine, aged fourteen or fifteen, played *Joan to Darby*, the wicked bar-keeper, with the drunkard husband as a would-be rival. From his point of view, *Darby* had felt that the rôle of the husband properly belonged to him, and he had finally accepted that of the villain with very bad grace. Perhaps his rôle of wickedness had awakened in him an abnormal sense of right and wrong, for near the close of the play, in an exciting scene where the unhappy wife exclaimed pathetically, "My offspring! O my offspring!" the villain, who was supposed to be leering over the bar, suddenly stepped up-stage with a countenance more be-

fitting a Jeremiah. He declared that "offspring" was not a proper word for a young girl to use. I think he said that it made him blush.

The cast stood embattled at once. Some one suggested that they send for a dictionary, but the moralist declared that you could find anything in a dictionary, and waved the suggestion aside with scorn. The drunkard, acutely, but with some heat, declared that the author would n't have put in the word if it had not been proper; it was foolish to think he did not know more than a boy. The heroine, still tenderly tearful, pleaded with her *Darby*. He must know she could n't be immodest. A boy who was not considered good enough for a place in the cast, but bright enough to make change at the door on the great night of the presentation, and attended the rehearsals on the strength of that important function, here showed a positive genius for the drama by suggesting that the drunkard and the barkeeper go out behind the church and settle the dispute in a really sensible fashion, and thereby brought down upon himself the hysterical scorn of all present except the drunkard and the barkeeper, who showed no signs of having heard the suggestion. But the heroine now burst into tears, and, declaring that she would not hurt the feelings of *Darby* for any play in the world, resigned from the cast, and the company went excitedly home. It was only when a politic grown-up suggested that the offending phrase be changed to "My Katie! O my Katie!" that the difficulty was smoothed out. Only one untoward incident marred the presentation the next night. As the heroine uttered the words, "My Katie! O my Katie!" an overwrought girl in the cast giggled hysterically, thereby causing the leering barkeeper to lose his cue.

The church choirs, of course, were voluntary, and naturally were recruited from those younger members of their respective congregations who could sing or thought they could sing, but occasionally reinforced by some worldly-minded outsider whose musical ability was tacitly accepted as a leaven for his unregenerate state. To this toleration was due the fact that our most conspicuous free-thinker was for many years the

choir-master and organist in two of our churches, serving in each at different times, of course. Even when not associated with either choir, he was a most faithful attendant at both Sunday services. He was fond of discussing the sermons afterward with the faithful, and biting in his criticism, and their attitude toward him varied with the degree of their self-satisfaction in answering his arguments. Thus his status in local opinion ranged from that of a good, but misguided, man to that of a rank atheist, the latter view usually prevailing. That was the measure of his disputatious success. Once I heard an indignant young matron declare that he went to church only to prove to others that it was a senseless habit. When reminded that at least it could not be denied that he was a good man, she readily agreed, but added that it was little to his credit, since his goodness was merely the result of his perverse determination to prove the falsity of religion by being himself more moral than most Christians. One can appreciate how largely this orthodox view of life entered into the thoughts of the community when it is known that this side of his character, in the minds of his neighbors, was like some conspicuous oddity of dress. One marked it first in all intercourse with him. It was not a material disadvantage. He was respected and trusted and even loved by the few who knew him best. It was only that in our easy-going acceptance of conservative opinions he stood out, in his one conspicuous difference, as a sort of symbol of incomprehensible revolt. We were all so sure of ourselves and our beliefs! He, we saw, was not sure. We viewed him with the sort of awe the lesser angels may be supposed to have viewed the Miltonic Lucifer.

In my natural inclination to take the mental color of my surroundings, I also, even as a small boy, stood in great awe of him, though possibly I was more influenced by the grimness of his manner. He was the custodian of the school library of the town, which he kept in his shop, and I still recall vividly the dread with which I went to him for books. The books of the library of that period were solid food for a small boy, and I can now understand how, as he stood

grimly waiting for me to make my selection, he must have thought me actuated more by a desire to disturb him than to read his precious volumes. Yet I did read them all, from Bacon's Essays and Draper's "The Intellectual Development of Europe," down through the histories of Prescott and Bancroft to Alison's "History of Europe." One rainy week in the long summer vacation I had discovered the long row of small histories of celebrated men by J. S. C. Abbott, and went through the row at high speed. When I took back the "Life of Cyrus the Great" at the end of one day—I had taken it out in the morning—and called for another, he sharply voiced the suspicion that I felt he had long entertained, and declared that I was simply skimming through the books in search of I did n't know what; moreover, I was bothering him to no purpose. He added that he would let me have one book a week, but no more.

I indignantly denied the charge, saying I had read every word. At that he took up the "Cyrus" and began to question me as to its contents. I must have satisfied him, for he let me have another volume. I carried it back the next morning, and he greeted me affably, to my great relief, and then took down from a high shelf a large leather volume.

"You like history," he said; "why not read this? Do you like Napoleon? It's all about him."

I did like Napoleon, and had read Jacob Abbott's "History of Napoleon Bonaparte" only a short time before; but the librarian's flattering interest in my reading, extraordinary as it was from my acquaintance with him, alone would have sufficed, and I carried the book home in triumph. It was the first volume of Alison's "History of Europe," a formidable work in ten volumes, and printed in so small a type that I still remember that I used up twelve minutes in reading a double page. It seemed a lamentable amount of time for so small a gain, with so much in the world to read, and I settled to the task in a sort of nervous desperation to reach the end. I succeeded at last, but long before I came to the final page I had convinced myself that the work had been given to me as a joke. I was not chagrined,—

my persistence had turned the joke on the joker,—but I no longer felt my old awe of him; we had met on a lower ground, and I had found him human. Any tag that we might place on a man no longer seemed to me wholly conclusive.

There was certainly no tag on the man who at about that time was to become my teacher in Sunday-school. One might have called him a Laodicean: while strictly moral, he never attended church, and he did not make conspicuous his opinions. But the new pastor of the church had met him, and, attracted by his habit of wide reading and his intelligence, had invited him to take a class in the Sunday-school. We had no printed lesson papers at that time, though we studied the Bible in periods, and at the moment of his coming were wandering leisurely through the epoch of kings in the Old Testament, the temple of Solomon being, on his first afternoon, of chief interest.

Our new teacher was easy and self-confident. He had no special concern in Solomon's temple, he told us, not imagining it to have been of much architectural worth, though of that he could not be certain, as the descriptions of it were vague; and then by easy stages he led us on to the Parthenon as something really worth while. The next Sunday he brought a manual of Greek architecture,—I think he had borrowed it from the pastor,—and presently we were fully embarked on our new course. I certainly learned in an unforgettable way the different orders of Greek and Roman architecture, and caught a wide, but pleasant, view of Greek history, not omitting its mythology. Indeed, I may say that he held my whole interest. I never expected to study Hebrew and had only a faint interest in its kings, but my heart was set on Greek, and to learn something definite concerning the Acropolis and the Olympic games seemed a long step toward the Greek alphabet, though the step might seem far afield in a Christian Sunday-school. I do not know whether the pastor or the superintendent ever knew what we were being taught. I was interested, and recalling the other boys to memory, I can believe that they were wholly satisfied to let

well enough alone, inasmuch as they had no lessons to learn and need only listen or appear to listen. Perhaps the authorities, seeing that the class was at least quiet, and the teacher for the first time in their knowledge was regularly attending a church service, were also satisfied with that much. In time it might lead to more. On the whole, I think we were all rather broad-minded.

Every year each of the three churches had three high feasts, which were their chief social events: a strawberry festival in June, an oyster supper in winter, and a donation party at the parsonage, which was also held in winter. The last was gradually abandoned, through the tactful influences of the ministers and their wives, no doubt, who could hardly have felt the pecuniary gain an adequate compensation for the wear and tear on their household goods and their nerves; for while the adult attendance at each was mainly confined to the parishioners of the church, the younger people of the town, with less sectarian prejudice, attended all. They crowded into the upper rooms of the house, making the occasion a sort of Roman holiday. We used to march round and round through the hall and connecting rooms, in pairs, in a sort of singing "Going to Jerusalem," chanting continually:

It rains and it hails, and it 's cold, stormy
weather;
In comes the farmer drinking cider.
You go reaper, and I 'll go binder;
I 've lost my true love, and I can't find her.

There was always an odd boy in the middle of the ring, and at the last word of the stanza, as we changed partners, it was the task of this bereft one to gain a partner for himself in the mad rush.

There was, of course, no dancing, but kissing games were always popular. Every lad had his favorite lassie, whom he was expected to take to supper, the price of which for us children was twenty-five cents apiece, which was the greatest return for the money that I am ever likely to see in this vale of tears. The women of the town were famous cooks, and as each congregation endeavored to make its own party the best of the year, there was nothing lacking to complete the joy of a boy. One could always ex-

pect six or eight different kinds of cake, from fruit-cake and pound-cake, always iced, down through crullers to chocolate layer cake, then first coming into fashion; and a boy could not only test all, but as much of each as he chose. As the more substantial elements of a supper were of like abundance and variety, it must have been only by Divine Providence that half of the children of the village did not die of acute indigestion before morning. When the plate was passed, we youngsters would note, with a feeling compounded of pride in their wealth and scorn at their failure to live up to the equity of the occasion, that our elders would sometimes fling upon the plate five-dollar bills or even bills of a higher denomination. But we kept the letter of the law with a firm hand and gave the established price. We knew our rights.

It is only when one recalls the past that one appreciates how dominant were the churches in the social life of the town. While theoretically considered only as highways to God, in reality they were purveyors of diversion to an ennuied people. This is said with no irreverence and with no lack of appreciation of their true function. Indeed, the community was not a fruitful one for any display of spiritual activity. The population was virtually stationary, its life went on in unrelieved monotony, and the majority of the people were already Christians by profession. Most of those who were not were liberal in their support of the churches, and led, in their outward form at least, lives so indistinguishable from the lives of their Christian neighbors that it was difficult for the latter to bestir themselves greatly on the ground that the souls of the former were in danger. Even at that day it was a religion of sentiment and tradition rather than of analyzed belief, and the older forms of arousing sluggish souls through a stimulated excitement were still employed in one or two of the churches in the definitely planned "protracted meetings" and revivals, though now only spasmodically and with ever-increasing irregularity. Our last great revival, and the most notable of all in its intense excitement, was held in one of the churches when I was still a small boy. It must

have been about the year 1870 that Boston Corbett, the slayer of Wilkes Booth, having gained a certain renown as an effective revivalist, was invited to the town. Every night for weeks that winter the church was packed to the doors. Though not an attendant at that church, I often went to the meetings, though only in the light-hearted mood of one who goes to a wild melodrama, and I still vividly recall the figure of the evangelist and his manner. Of medium height, always dressed in black, with his intensely black and rather long hair parted in the middle, his face white almost to the point of ghastliness, and a fringe of narrow black beard about the lower part of his face, he used to walk restlessly back and forth in front of the "mourners' bench" or through the aisles, clapping his hands at intervals and exclaiming in sharp staccato tones, "Glory be to God!" "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" over and over again. And as he walked he searched the faces of the audience; and when he saw one that seemed to be moved, he paused for a personal plea so intimate and searching that it must have been terrifying for the timid or hysterical, while shouts of "Amen!" and "Glory be to God!" arose from all sides of the house. There were three sisters in the church who were notable for their gifts of prayer and exhortation, and they were almost constantly on their feet. It was all wild, hysterical, and in a certain way moving.

I was not sufficiently moved to confess my own sins, which at that time I had not been able to visualize to a sufficient degree to render me consciously uncomfortable, though there was always a sort of pallid excitement in hearing the confessions of others. People were accustomed to speak of their great sins at such meetings, but always with so triumphant a belief that they were about to be washed away that we who listened were charitable enough to believe that they were not so black as they painted themselves. But one night it was different. A young girl whom every one present had known only as an unusually modest and well-behaved maiden rose to her feet. In a voice quiet, but tense with a certain exalted sincerity, she confessed that she had sinned and sinned

greatly. She asked for no one's prayers, which was the usual formula; she simply made her bald confession and dropped into her seat and bowed her head on the rail before her. In the hush that followed a young man rose quickly. He spoke excitedly and somewhat incoherently; but he seemed to identify himself with the sin of the girl, though of that I am not absolutely certain. What he did state clearly was his willingness to marry her.

Up to that moment the meeting had been perfervid with emotion, and many had gone forward for prayers, but the incident came like the shutting of a door on tumultuous sound. People sat still in their seats, staring ahead of them, frozen in a sort of horrified dismay. They had been moved to hysterical rapture by the florid confessions of vaguely declared sins, but before reality they sat stunned. Half-heartedly a hymn was presently sung, the benediction was pronounced, and the service was over.

And nothing ever came of it. It may have been simply hysteria, exaggerating a trifle; I never knew. I suppose I was too young to be in the way of learning the truth, if there was any truth in the dramatic situation. The excitement died away shortly, the principals went their ways, the girl left the town, and the man married. Both have now been dead many years.

But these seasons of religious fervor were few in number and gradually grew fewer. The Episcopalians began to hold services in the village, as did the Catholics, and this widening of the range of religious antagonism weakened its force in any one direction. We grew closer together. The old convictions and prohibitions that we had inherited from our New England forebears lessened their hold, though even in my early boyhood these held some of us lightly. Many of my friends were not allowed to read novels or play cards, and on the Sabbath they could open no secular book and were not permitted to walk for mere pleasure. As one who was permitted to do all of these things, I was envied by my less privileged friends, though doubtless they enjoyed a certain compensatory satisfaction in the thought that my privileges would be far fewer than theirs in

the next world. But even I was not permitted to go out in a boat on Sunday, though I could ride if my riding was for a definite purpose, as to visit my relatives. I could never understand the distinction.

We had the natural scorn of all self-centered communities for neighboring towns, and for Patchogue, on the opposite side of the island, which even then was outstripping us numerically, there was the additional feeling of jealousy in its growth. We spoke of its inhabitants as "baymen," which was contempt enough in the minds of a people who did their voyaging on waters too deep for oyster-tongs. The people of Mount Sinai, to the east of us, we derisively named "Eel-townners," and with the boys of Setauket, to the west, we had feuds. But our Bœotia was Manor, which we called Punk's Hole. Doubtless they had their flings at us, too.

That sacred arcanum of true Americanism in the minds of government theorists, the town meeting, was still a living institution when I was a boy, and in the middle of the island all these warring villages used to meet for their annual deliberation. For the mere pleasure of the excitement I sometimes went out, but not being a voter, I never entered the town hall to acquire the principles of justice. I gather that the justice was exemplified by the South Side and the North Side uniformly voting against each other on general principles. I went to view the throng that gathered in the field about the hall. It had some of the characteristics of a county fair, inasmuch as venders of soft drinks and food and fakers of all sorts made the neighborhood vocal with their raucous voices; but differed in that there was nothing to see but the spectators themselves.

I suppose it was for this reason that they made themselves as offensive as possible, finding in brawling and the horse-play that led up to it a certain sort of distinction. There was always much drinking; sectional antagonisms were ever present, as was, of course, the general attitude of suspicion toward one another of men who meet as strangers, but on common ground. Yet it was not without its good-natured and even pic-

turesque sides. Wrestling matches were frequent, and in a great ring of partizan spectators a would-be champion would take his stand and challenge all-comers. One affair of the sort I remember with peculiar interest, with its reminiscent flavor of Berkshire and *Old Benjy* and the "veasts" of *Tom Brown's* day. A solid young man of perhaps twenty had stationed himself in the ring, when over the heads of the spectators a cap was tossed to his feet, and a man pushed his way through and advanced to accept the challenge. He seemed very old to me then, with my perspective of youth, but surely he must have been sixty—a small, but still active man, dressed in gray corduroy, with thick gray hair, a face of the color of a golden-russet apple that had withered a little in the first frosts of winter, but was still sound and sweet. He had quick, shifting, but merry, eyes. The good-will of the crowd was his from the first, though not untouched by a half-conscious contempt for his folly. After a moment of hesitation the younger man accepted the situation with the ill grace of one being mocked, and a moment later, now wholly sheepish, lay flat on his back. He demanded another trial, with the same result, and subdued he went out of the ring.

Two or three wrestlers entered the ring after his departure, only to follow him into defeat, and after a long waiting in which no other contestant appeared, the victor, with an odd little Old-World duck of his head and a pull at his forelock, went jauntily forth, the hero of the hour, but altogether unknown.

I tried to learn who he was, but no one knew. Indeed, there were many odd characters scattered about through the township, and oddity was too common to make it an excuse for men to beat a path to its door. We had many within the limits of our village. Every Fourth of July, Tommy Jack, a tall old Indian, in the feather head-dress of a chief, came down from his hut in the hills and solemnly stalked through the streets. I fear he was never quite sober, but he was wholly good-natured, and I think he enjoyed the sensation he made and even the boisterous and sometimes oppressive attention we paid him. We young people believed him to be the

hereditary king of the region, and through all our boyish teasing something of our awe of him as the last of his race must have been manifest. I hope that it warmed his lonely old heart.

And there was "Daddy" W—, an elderly shoemaker, who displayed in the dusty front window of his tiny shop a few jars of stick candy. He sold two sticks for a penny,—no one said "cent" at that place and period,—but if by any chance a child was so peculiarly constituted that he or she wished only one, Daddy W— would gravely cut the penny in two equal pieces and give one back to the child. Except as a novel variation in life, the proceeding was hardly popular with children, the extra half-penny having no currency elsewhere. How Daddy W— disposed of his divided coins was a mystery that no questioning ever solved. He stoutly held to a theory of his own that the smell of leather was an excellent developer of the human brain, and I am not prepared to deny it; if he had argued that it produced a contentious spirit, I might have heartily agreed, all the workers in leather that I have ever known having been, with a single exception, keen for debate.

The exception was also a shoemaker in the town, and possibly his variation from type lay in the fact that he was deaf and dumb and lacked the readier facilities for discussion. But he was popular, and a visit to his shop on business was always a pleasure. On the wall by his bench hung a slate, with a pencil attached to it by a string, on which we would write our directions. His own writing in reply was always better than ours, and his manifest appreciation of his own superiority on that one point was not at all humiliating; rather, it made us proud of him as a notable institution of the village. He was always spoken of as "the dummy," his wife was "the dummy's wife," and his children "the dummy's children," or "the little dummies," though there was nothing dumb about them. By intention there was nothing of cruelty or contempt about this. Their surname was a common one in the neighborhood, and we merely chose the shortest road to identification. It was a patronymic in the making, as all such originally arose from a

man's trade or habitation or physical peculiarity. I recall the grieved surprise of a young girl in school who was reproved by the new principal because she identified for him a child as "the dummy's boy." It was far from her thought to be discourteous or unkind; that was not in her nature. Following the easy habit of the community, she always thought of the man as really "Mr. Dummy," as once one might have thought of "Mr. Smith" or "Mr. Long."

Perhaps we were not always so free from intention to touch the raw spot of a disability. A blacksmith in the town was a most marvelous stutterer, and it was always a temptation to excite him, for when he became angry or confused he would swear with a fluency as remarkable as was his hesitation in speech in his placid moments. I think that usually he rather enjoyed these moments of release, but once I knew him to flee at the very thought of the possibility. At the time of the great revival already mentioned he was a frequent attendant at the meetings, always taking a seat in the rear of the church, near the doors. He was there one night when I was present, sitting immediately in front of me; but at a most exciting moment when many were rising for prayers, he hurried out of the door. The meeting was prolonged that night, and when, perhaps an hour later, another boy and I also departed, we found him still lingering outside, gazing up at the lighted windows. One of us flippantly asked him why he did not go back, "get up, and ask for the prayers of the congregation?" the usual formula. He gazed at us for a moment, then said, though I have stripped his few words somewhat of the sibilants and false starts that made the brief speech appear almost an oration.

"I w-w-w-want to, b-b-b-but da-da-da-dass n't. At the f-f-f-first w-w-word I 'd st-st-st-stutter, and then g-g-g-git confused, and then, li-li-like as not, c-c-c-cuss l-l-l-like hell. And w-w-w-where I 'd b-b-b-be then—a-c-c-c-cussin' in ch-ch-church?"

We walked away, highly amused, my companion and I; but presently, when I was alone, I suddenly felt that it was tragic. To that extent, I suppose, I myself had been moved by the revival

that I could envisage him going through life "under conviction of sin," but unable to lighten the load because of his one unspeakable difficulty.

Not far from my father's house dwelt an elderly widow with a spinster daughter of middle age. If their neighbors had been of a nervous sort, which they were far from being, they might often have been disturbed by the ways of the two lonely women, for they had placidly abolished the conventions of day and night. They recognized no law of living except their own. They might rise at midnight, have dinner when the rest of the village was eating breakfast, and go to bed at noon. If no work seemed pressing to them, they might stay abed for twenty hours or more, and thus come by chance to breakfast at the normal hours of others. But irregularity was the god they served, and nothing was fixed in their actions. Neighbors, awakened at midnight by a dull, monotonous thud, would simply turn over and go to sleep again: they knew by that well-known sound that the J—s had started their spring house-cleaning, and were beating their carpets, hung on the clothes-line in the moonlight. But of course spring house-cleaning with them would not necessarily fall in spring. A mild night in January would serve as well. It was not a thing to complain of; the placid, easy-going neighborhood naturally accepted it all as a new item for amused comment.

Indeed, it was a town where oddity, romance, and grim reality might be met at any turn of a road. Within sight of my windows dwelt a man who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Patagonia and had lived among the natives for many months. Occasionally one might meet a quiet little woman who had navigated home from South America the barque of her husband when he was ill. In a small shop on the waterfront, where we boys often stopped for pie and root-beer, we would be waited on by a little old man who had been seized by the press-gang and had served on a British man-of-war. Not far from his shop was the private boat-house of a handsome, courteous retired captain who was reputed to have fitted out the *Yacht Wanderer*, once famous in the African slave-

trade; and there used to pass through our streets a quiet man of whom it was whispered, in a horror that familiarity never allayed, that once, when as mate and acting captain, bringing home his dead captain from Surinam in a cask of rum, in his madness for drink he had secretly half emptied the cask. We were sometimes amused, too, by the eccentricity of genius. William S. Mount, famous as an artist when I was a small boy, dwelt in the neighborhood, and often on still summer nights he would row out on the bay and for hours play a flute.

There were, too, winters of many shipwrecks, when every house seemed a house of mourning, and the churches, on Sundays, with the black dresses of the women, appeared more like chapels for nuns. Yet those who escaped the sea or remained at home lived on to a green old age. A dozen years ago Sally Ann, an old negro woman of the town, came to her hundredth birthday. She had lived there all her life and had worked at various times for half the people of the village, and the whole town united in giving her a birthday party, which was held in the largest church. It had been the happy idea of the organizers to have present what they were pleased to call the "infant-class," to which no one was eligible who had not reached the age of seventy-five. Yet in that small town of perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, nearly eighty who had reached or passed that age were present that night. Among the number were two twin sisters of eighty-five. The town had collected a substantial sum of money as a birthday gift for Sally Ann. She accepted the gift in a speech of thanks. There were many eyes dim with tears when she said, "Somehow I don't appear to feel so well since I stopped going out to work by the day." She had stopped scarcely three years before! Yet even then she was so far from helpless that she had made with her own hands the dress she wore on the great occasion.

There were many negroes in the town, few of whom were not industrious and respected. Perhaps it was due to their supposed characteristic of being "the happiest people under the sun" that as long ago as when I was a small boy they had already instituted the custom of a

half-holiday on Saturday. Early in the afternoon they would begin to collect in groups about the waterfront and side streets, both men and women, and if there was revelry among them before the night closed, it was quietly conducted. All that I ever saw of a sportive spirit I saw one afternoon in summer from the open doors of the sail-loft. Below us two negroes stood talking. One was Jerry, a tall, shambling man of perhaps thirty, who, while always extremely courteous to white folks of every age and condition, in his opinion of himself as their best fighting man, was inclined to lord it over his own people. His companion was a much younger negro, named John, from Wading River, a village a few miles to the east. Presently, as we watched the two, we heard Jerry, with all his usual courtesy, say:

"John, John, do you know what I'd do to you if I really felt just like it? I'd take you by the collar and I'd take you by one leg, and I'd chuck you up in the air; then when you come down, I'd smash ye—damn ye!"

John had listened in apparent humility, with his eyes turned toward the ground; when Jerry came to the words, "I'd smash ye—damn ye!" he turned half away from his companion and shot out a long arm at the empty air in pantomimic illustration of what he would do. At that moment John proved that his eyes had not been turned toward the ground without purpose, for in a flash he stooped to one side, picked up a stone as large as a half-brick, and with a mighty swing of his arm smote the back of Jerry's head, then deftly tossed the stone behind him.

Jerry staggered under the blow, which would have crushed an ordinary man's head, then slowly turned and looked at John with something akin to awe in his face.

"Lord! John," he said, "I did n't know you *could* hit so hard. I sure did n't." A moment later, in perfect amicability, the two slouched along the dusty road together. Poor Jerry! The pitcher in the end went to the well once too often. Years later he returned home one day, picked a quarrel with his own son, and as they struggled on the ground, Jerry's wife rushed from the house, caught up an

ax, and struck him two blows in the small of the back. It was Jerry's last fight and one of our few tragedies.

Indeed, it was a peace-loving, law-abiding community. There was no lockup in the village, and the office of constable was a perfunctory one. A family, leaving town for a week, might recall when too late that in their haste to get the early stage to the railroad they had left the front door of their house open. The fact would give them no concern. They would know that some thoughtful neighbor, noting the open door, would at least close it; probably, indeed, go so far as to lock it and place the key under the door-mat. We *always* placed the key under the mat when we went out for a day or an evening. It was safer there than in one's pocket or hand-bag, and a nuisance to carry, for door-keys were large and heavy at that period.

Life was simple; adventure and excitement we left to the sea. From September till May the lights in the village would begin to go out by nine, and if by any chance one shone from a window at ten, it was safe to assume that some one was ill in the house or that "maids were a-courting." But in winter, when coasting was good, the hills would be crowded till a late hour. The finest coasting hill I have ever known, the Long Road, ran within three hundred feet of my father's house, and from my room at night I could hear the rattle of the sleds and the long-drawn, wailing cry of "Road!" as the sleds flashed down to the harbor. More often, however, I was one of the last to leave the hill, tired, but happy.

But however tired I might be, whenever I went to my room at night, the last thing I did before tumbling into bed was to look from my window over the huddle of roofs down to the harbor, and out to the lighthouse beyond. And then I would think of the sea beyond that and the pitching ships and the men on watch on their decks. I like to think of it as a heritage, too, that I cannot recall a night in all my life, when I have been physically able, that I have not wakened in the dark and gone to the window and looked out to see how the night fared. And fair or foul, I think what it means to the sailor. Though I have deserted the sea, it has not deserted me.

Her Own Room

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

Illustrations by Henry Hutt



HE wedding was over. Grandma Martin came home from the station, where the family had gone to tell Isabel and Walter good-by, with a wonderful, almost unbelievable feeling of freedom and contentment. Grandma Martin had not felt so pleasurably excited in a long time; not since years before, when Grandpa Martin was alive, and they lived in the little, square, white house in Morrilton. But this was now, and grandma had the same tremulous feeling of happiness.

It was n't because Isabel was married; that is, not because of what marriage might mean to Isabel. Walter was a nice fellow, of course; grandma had seen to that. It was n't for Isabel's sake; that it was nice to think of Isabel as a bride that made grandma happy. It was n't because grandma had gone to the church and then to the station and home again in a taxi-cab; grandma had ridden in automobiles before, a number of times: at old Mrs. Wentworth's funeral, and the time Mrs. Rogers was so sick and had sent for her; once rich Mrs. Grantner had taken her for a ride, too. And grandma went to church every Sunday when her rheumatism was n't too bad. So it was n't the ride or the church. Of course grandma's happiness was due, in a way, to Isabel's marriage; grandma knew that Isabel was Mrs. Walter Reynolds now because of her efforts, and grandma knew that Isabel's father—grandma's son, David Martin—knew it, too, and Isabel's mother. That was all right. But grandma knew why she had wanted Isabel to get married, and knew why she

was so very happy now; for, and for the first time in twelve years, grandma was going to have her own room.

A bedroom to herself! A real, regular bedroom, with a big closet in it and two windows, and a real bed and a dresser and two chairs! The room had been Isabel's, and now Isabel was married, had gone away for a honeymoon, was going to have an apartment of her own when she came back.

There may be those who would have sneered at the bedroom, those to whom white-enameled and brass beds are not the last words in elegance, to whom red and shining almost-mahogany dressers are not things of beauty. Grandma Martin was not one of them. The wall-paper had been of Isabel's choosing, a cream paper covered with big red roses and with a cut-out border of roses in even larger and more impossible shapes and colorings. It never occurred to grandma that this wall-paper might be

changed for her, though, given a choice of wall-papers, an impossible situation, grandma would have chosen something simpler and plainer; grandma liked plain things. Grandma accepted the room as it was, a perfect room, her own room. It was just a step from the one bathroom. You could open the windows the way you wanted them, lots of ventilation or just a little, turn the radiator off or on, obeying only your own whims—or those of the janitor—in regard to heat.

More than that, that bedroom opened up to grandma whole new avenues, almost forgotten avenues. Just think of it, in your own room you can go to bed, if you like, when you like, with no thought to the other



inhabitants of the apartment. You can get up when you like, just so you rise in time to set the table for breakfast; you can take afternoon naps undisturbed, have your things where you want them, dress and undress nearly at any time—your own room.

Ever since Isabel announced her engagement, grandma had been definitely considering the room. Before that, of course, there had always been the thoughts of it, even remarks to confirm them. "If Isabel ever marries, grandma can have her room," or, "That room will be fine for grandma if Isabel is n't here." Since Isabel's engagement, for two months, now, the room had become almost a possession. Grandma had gone into it when Isabel was not there and looked around. She had sat down in the rocker at the window, imagined herself rightful owner, imagined her few possessions placed in neat order on the dressing-table, her clothes in Isabel's closet. Her own room!

It would be wonderfully pleasant, that room. For twelve years now Grandma Martin had lived with her son David Martin, and his wife Mary and their two children, Isabel and Ralph, and all of those twelve years grandma had slept in the dining-room. Of course, if you had asked her, grandma would have told you that it was not really a bad place to sleep. The dining-room was a nice room, fairly large, with a round golden-oak table and six golden-oak chairs and a glittering golden-oak buffet, holding an array of even more glittering cut-glass—a punch-bowl with twelve cups suspended from its sides by metal prongs, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Martin's Saturday-night card club when they 'd been married twenty-five years, and several odd pieces which Mary Martin had won at cards. On the wall were a pair of "dining-room pictures," appropriately of "fish and game." In the dining-room was a davenport, too, bought specially for grandma, and covered with shining black leatherette, and it opened into a bed at night. Of course it had to be made up when you opened it, and the pillow and covers had to be brought in from the hall closet, and that is not easy when one is seventy-eight. And when one sleeps in the dining-

room, one has to wait until all of the other members of the family have gone to bed before one can go, especially in an apartment such as the Martins had, all on one floor. There was a living-room in front, and then a hall on which opened two bedrooms and the bath between them, and at the end of the hall was the dining-room. One had to pass through the dining-room to get to the kitchen, and one knows how it is—how people, especially young people, always want to get into the dining-room or the kitchen just about the last thing at night. When Ralph or Isabel had company in the living-room, Mr. and Mrs. Martin stayed in the dining-room, reading newspapers or playing cards, so grandma could not go to bed as soon as she felt sleepy; she did not have a great deal of privacy. But sleeping in the dining-room was all right; grandma did not complain about it. Did not Ralph sleep in the living-room? Ralph's springs were undoubtedly just as hard and his mattress just as thin as the ones grandma slept on.

David Martin was not poor. He had a small, but paying, electrical supply shop. He had moved twice in those twelve years, but he had never increased the number of rooms in his home. In New York rents are high and getting higher, and one pays for apartments at so much per room. Martin was a thrifty fellow, tall and sallow and calculative. He was a bit of a braggart, and liked to think of the way he lived as "pretty good for poor folks." He felt that he was self-made, because Grandpa Martin had died when David Martin was in his first year of high school, and David had had to quit school and go to work. He was proud of the fact that he had come to New York "without a cent" and had made a success. If Martin could have afforded a bigger apartment, with a room for grandma and maybe a room for Ralph, too, he did not see the need of it. Perhaps he did not realize what it meant to an old lady to sleep in a room where three meals are eaten every day—a room that was as much a family room as the living-room or the hall, with no place for little things that women like. But having a mother thrust upon one for support,

when one's family is quite complete without her, is not always wholly pleasant. Martin's expression about his apartment was, "I don't want to give the landlord all my money." He liked the thought, and used the expression or a similar one frequently. He said frequently, too, that the davenport grandma had was "just as good or better than the bed my wife and I sleep on." He was rather proud of the way he treated his mother. He gave her a little spending money every month, and until she grew so deaf as to prove an annoyance by asking questions, he had taken her to the theater or to the movies two or three times every season. Occasionally, he bought her something new to wear and often asked, "Do you need anything, Ma?" Grandma's wants were few; when one is over seventy and spends most of one's time sewing or reading, there is not a great deal one needs, and grandma did not like to ask for things or be an expense. Ralph and Isabel were rather selfish, thoughtless, never did much for grandma; but, then, young people—Grandma got enough to eat, and she slept quite comfortably on the davenport except on restless nights. She would have liked to help with the cooking, but daughters-in-law have ways of their own, and grandma was not one to cause trouble by trying to interfere. She always set the table and washed most of the dishes and dusted, did what she could.

Until Grandma Martin was sixty-six, when she had come to live with her son David, after her children grew up and married, grandma had lived with her daughter Jessie and Jessie's husband and their daughter Ruth. Grandma had assisted at the birth of Jessie's three children and at the funerals of two of them. Grandma loved Jessie; but, then, she loved David, too. But Jessie was grandma's daughter; that was a little different. Ruth was grandma's favorite grandchild. She had helped rear Ruth, bathed her and

dressed her and petted her. Ruth married when she was nineteen. Grandma was glad Ruth married such a fine man, a young fellow and not very rich, though with a steady position, and exceedingly fond of Ruth. Ruth and her husband moved to Chicago when the firm transferred him there. Then, the next year, Jessie's husband died, and that left Jessie and grandma all alone.

Jessie went to Chicago to live with Ruth, went to live with her daughter as grandma had done, quite the right way to do, naturally. But of course Ruth could not have grandma, even if she had wanted to have her. One cannot expect a young man on a small salary to support his wife and his mother and a grandmother besides. Grandma knew that. She was glad Ruth was happy and had a nice little home and that Jessie was happy with her. There was no one else,—grandma's second son had been dead for twenty years,—so grandma had gone to live with David.



David Martin

David Martin was a good man—good, but rather close and settled and solemn. Mary, David's wife, was a good woman. Grandma appreciated her virtues, but Mary just "was n't our folks." She was from New England, with a long upper lip and a thin mouth and a way of saying things shortly or not talking at all. Still, she made Martin happy. Grandma was glad of that, and Martin and his family were happy in a quiet and, to grandma, almost a sour way. Grandma liked Ruth, with her little bubbles and giggles, and Jessie, with her sensible housewifeliness and her pleasant, understandable love of gossip and discussion. There was something austere about David's family. But grandma had not had much choice. There was only David to go to, or an old folks' home, and somehow an old folks' home shows that you are unwanted, that your children are failures or ungrateful, unable to have you; it was better at David's.

So twelve years ago grandma had

come to David Martin's and fitted into his five-room apartment and his selfish and self-congratulatory, rather heavy family as best she could. David Martin and his wife occupied one bedroom, and there was no question of grandma having that room. The other bedroom belonged inalienably to Isabel, the "young lady daughter" at sixteen, twelve years ago. Ralph already occupied the couch in the living-room; so they had bought the davenport for grandma.

Now Isabel was married, and grandma was to have Isabel's room. The family was agreed on that. Grandma had waited for the room long enough and patiently enough, certainly. At one time, even, she had feared, as David and Mary had feared, that Isabel would not marry at all. Isabel was not an attractive young woman, certainly; she took after her mother's family. She was pale and thin to gauntness, with rather uneven and straight light hair, a nose too large, and high cheek-bones. She was quiet, and had a sharp, rather coarse voice when she spoke; not the type young men like. And yet grandma had known that if Isabel did not marry, the dining-room davenport would remain permanently hers.

Grandma had been the active match-maker for Isabel. She had tried for a long time to find among the sons of her acquaintance a marriageable young man who might consider Isabel a suitable mate, but she had not succeeded. Grandma recognized Isabel's limitations; but, too, she had seen far less likely girls attain matrimony. Then one day when grandma was sewing for charity at the Ladies' Aid she met Walter Reynolds. He was a son of a member of the society. Isabel was twenty-seven, then, and without suitors. It was a rainy afternoon, and the streets were slippery. When Mrs. Reynolds suggested that her son, who had called for her, escort grandma home instead, grandma accepted eagerly. When they reached the apartment, grandma urged Walter to stay to dinner, her family would be glad to have him. Walter was a round-faced, good-natured-looking fellow of thirty-two or so, with small eyes, a wide, rather empty smile, and a

weak chin. Grandma found out on the walk home that he had a small, but dependable, mercantile position. It was not a splendid opportunity, but quite as good as Isabel might expect; better, perhaps, than Isabel expected. Isabel had shown no great longings for matrimony. Lacking personality, she lacked the need of attraction as well.

Grandma Martin did what she could to invest Isabel with charm. All the way home she talked about her, preparing Walter for a favorable impression. She flattered Walter in her old-fashioned, gentle way. On arriving home, grandma went into the kitchen and told Mary, her daughter-in-law, who was preparing the meal, about the guest she had brought home, what a nice woman Walter's mother was, and Walter seemed a fine fellow, too. Something might come of it. Mary had hoped that Isabel would be popular, even married by now. While pretending great indifference to grandma's hints, she opened some of her own canned peaches, a special treat, and prepared a salad of tinned fish.

Dinner at the Martins was usually of the simplest. The family was the sort that seldom had dinner guests. Grandma and Mary put the dishes on the table, and Martin served. Ralph, rather spoiled and petted and of a snarly and morose disposition, was always served first. Then came Isabel's portion, and then her mother's was ladled out. After that came grandma's plateful, and then David served himself. David was not specially selfish about food, but Mary was economical about the quantities she prepared, and when not quite enough for two helpings remained at the end, grandma's portions suffered perhaps a trifle more than Martin's own.

When there was a dinner guest, the usual custom of serving was varied, and there was usually a little more to eat. Instead of eating almost in silence, broken only by a few complaints from Ralph, a whine from Isabel, a staccato sentence or two from Mary, a few comments on the weather or business—business was always dull—from Martin, the family tried to break out into a general conversation, touching lightly

on topics of the day. The first night that Walter dined with the family, grandma tried with great eagerness to create a spirit of gaiety quite at variance with the usual behavior of the family. It meant a lot to the whole family, to her, this visit. Ralph was in a good humor; his foot-ball team had won a game that afternoon. David, openly eager that Isabel marry, and seeing in this stray caller, as he saw in every masculine who approached him, a chance for Isabel, became talkative. Grandma praised the canned peaches and told how Isabel, "the best little cook you ever saw," had put them up during the preceding summer. Grandma had peeled the peaches, and Isabel had assisted rather vaguely in the canning.

From the first Walter seemed fairly interested. After dinner Ralph put some records on the victrola, and Isabel, usually silent, expanded enough to add stray remarks to the conversation.

The next week grandma called on Walter's mother; it was quite all right, of course, as she lived only a few blocks away. Grandma found out that Walter had two brothers and that his mother did not object to his marrying. Walter came home while grandma was there,—grandma had strayed from her usual custom of hurrying home early,—and escorted grandma home again and stayed to dinner. Grandma and David flattered Walter, Ralph listened respectfully to his opinions, and Isabel's silence made her seem just pleasantly shy. A week later grandma telephoned over to Mrs. Reynolds for an embroidery pattern that she thought Mrs. Reynolds had, and Walter brought it over that evening. Grandma prepared Isabel for the visit as well as she could. Isabel did not like advice from an old woman like grandma, but Isabel was a welcome enough victim to matrimony if it required neither charm nor exertion,—most of her friends had married during the preceding years,—so she did her best to please Walter, giggling a bit hysterically, but trying hard to be entertaining, now that the quarry seemed possible.

David himself was specially enthusiastic over the affair. On previous occasions he had brought home business

acquaintances. Each call had seemed to him important, an event. Each caller had been to him a distinct matrimonial possibility. None of the callers had ever returned for a second call. Her father had lacked finesse and skill, or perhaps Isabel had too definitely lacked charm. Now, with the fat and slow Walter, grandma found little difficulty. She hinted of suitors whom Isabel had



"turned down." She told of her own popularity and girlhood, how much like her Isabel was, how girls of Isabel's type develop into such splendid cooks and housekeepers and mothers. Walter, a bit confused and perhaps fascinated by the net spread around him, continued to call. Finally the engagement was announced, and this was followed as quickly as possible by the wedding.

David was grateful to grandma. Having an old maid daughter was displeasing to him, not the right thing; it reflected on his success. Girls ought to get married. He definitely acknowledged that grandma had found a husband, a good husband, too, for his only daughter. That is, he acknowledged it to grandma immediately after the engagement, and promised grandma a new black-silk dress for the wedding, which he kept his word about purchasing. If Mary or Isabel felt grandma's help, they did not mention it. Later the thought of grandma's assistance became a bit hazy even to him, and finally disappeared altogether.

Now Isabel was married, and Isabel and Walter had gone to Atlantic City on

a honeymoon. They were going to spend a whole week in Atlantic City, and then they were coming back to New York and going to a hotel to stay until they found a suitable apartment. Now that Isabel was married, she became suddenly, vaguely unimportant to grandma. Her room was different.

Grandma pretended interest in the conversation that was going on in the



living-room. Mr. and Mrs. Martin, Ralph, and a boy named Howard, Ralph's best friend, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, friends of the Martins, and their daughter Eileen were discussing the wedding. They had all just come back from the station, piled rather closely into black-and-white taxi-cabs.

"Did n't Isabel look sweet! I've never seen her look better in my life. I'm glad she got married in a blue suit instead of in white."

"Did you notice Mrs. Roberts and the three daughters in church? It's about time one of those girls—"

"Was n't Walter nervous? A fine fellow, Walter, a fine—"

"Isabel said they'd write to-night or to-morrow, anyhow. I hope they have good weather in Atlantic City."

"She certainly made a sweet bride. Isabel is—"

Grandma listened as long as she could. Then quietly, so as not to attract attention,—but, then, grandma did most things quietly; it made her feel less in the way,—she walked out of the

room, down the hall, and into Isabel's room.

The room was upset, full of discarded things, the shell of Isabel as a girl: the box and tissue-paper for the flowers; the dressing-gown that Isabel had been "wearing out," not good enough for marriage and Walter; Isabel's old slippers; letters that had come that day, a wedding present half in its box.

This room—she'd clear it out to-day, still warm as it was from Isabel,—was hers. Had not David, even Mary, said so? Grandma was a trifle afraid of her daughter-in-law, and yet sorry for her. It was hard on Mary, having an old woman, a mother-in-law, living with her all the time. Grandma knew that.

Grandma crept out of the room. She did not want them to find her there; they might laugh. Of course they did not exactly know how she felt about the room. And there was Ralph. Grandma had always been a little afraid. Ralph had not a room, either, and Ralph liked to have his own way, and now, of course, being the son of the family, he might think—Grandma decided to ask casually about it at dinner, when the guests were gone, and find out definitely. Maybe she could start sleeping there right away, to-night.

The guests left with much laughter and unpleasant, heavy jests about the young couple. Mary went into the kitchen to prepare the meal, just a "pick-up," and told grandma not to come in. "Set the table, Ma. No use you standing around in here, with nothing to do."

Finally, dinner was on the table, and the family seated. Four seemed few. There had been five, and six when Walter came in, as he had done frequently in the last two months. It was nicer this way. Six at table make a lot of dishes to wash; one gets pretty tired.

They spoke of the wedding: what the minister had said, agreed he'd spoken very nicely and not too long; about the trip and the weather staying nice.

Grandma took courage. She had to gulp a bit to make the words come. Then she said:

"I think, if you don't mind, now that Isabel—don't you think that I might have—go into—Isabel's room?"

David and Mary and Ralph looked at grandma. She trembled and tried to pretend it did not matter.

"Of course, Ma, if you prefer Isabel's room, though your bed is newer and every bit as good as the one Mary and I sleep on."

"I—I think it would be nice," said grandma.

"Well, ma might as well take it." Mary spoke as if it were a new thought just occurring to her. "A spare room don't mean nothing but company, and we don't need 'em. You might clean up in there to-morrow."

"I—I could fix it up to-night," said grandma. She was ashamed because her voice quavered.

"Wait till to-morrow. We 're all tired out after the wedding," said Mary. "You got a place to sleep, you know."

Ralph pouted, but about something else. He did not seem to care about the room. To-morrow! It was a certainty, then. She could have Isabel's room, her own room, a room all to herself.

Grandma cleared the table after dinner, taking innumerable little steps between the kitchen and the dining-room. She "brushed up" under the table and put the chairs in order. She washed the dishes then while Mary helped with the drying. Mary's skin was tender, it seemed; hot dish-water hurt it. Grandma's hands were thickened and bent with rheumatism and used to dish-washing.

The dishes done, grandma sat down in one of the dining-room chairs with some sewing, to wait, as she always waited, for the evening to pass. To-morrow night she could go to bed early. Grandma usually found herself growing sleepy right after dinner, and she was ashamed of it; for one of the family always spied her if she closed her eyes for a minute, and would say something about, "There 's grandma asleep again," or, "Wake up, Grandma. You look so funny with your eyes closed and your mouth open." To-night some company came to see Ralph, so Mr. and Mrs. Martin played cards at the dining-room table, quarreling peaceably over their hands. Grandma nodded a couple of times, woke up again. This night was like nearly every other night for the last twelve years, and yet

different, the last night of its kind. To-morrow night she could go to bed at eight if she wanted to.

At ten o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Martin gathered together their cards, said, "Good night, Ma," and retired. Grandma heard them talking together in their bedroom. They were quiet finally. In the front part of the house Ralph and two friends still talked. If grandma went to bed, Ralph would complain: "We came to get something to eat, and there was grandma stretched out asleep on the davenport. This place looks like a tenement. Can't she wait until my company goes home?"

Grandma sewed as long as she could, but her eyes burned before she had finished. So she folded her hands. It was uncomfortable, the dining-room chair, but of course Ralph did not want her in the living-room, where his friends were. There was a low rocker with arms in Isabel's room!

Grandma woke up with a little start, ashamed of having dozed, and, picking up the evening paper, read for a little while. Her eyes hurt, and she was dreadfully sleepy. Were Ralph's friends going home at last? Now they were just moving around; here they came. The three boys trooped into the dining-room and on into the kitchen. At least grandma had not been in bed; Ralph could not get angry. She was not asleep, even.

"Oh, Gamma," called Ralph, "anything to eat here, cookies or anything?"

"I 'm a-coming," grandma answered, as she always answered, and hurried, with quick little steps, into the kitchen. She found a box of store cakes and three apples for them. Mary would probably get angry about the apples, about "feeding the neighborhood," and grandma might have to say that she had taken one of them, the day before, for lunch. That would fix it. Mary and Isabel had gone out then, and had forgotten to leave anything for grandma.

Finally, with a "See you to-morrow, Ralph," the boys left, and Ralph returned to the living-room.

Now grandma could go to bed. She opened the davenport,—it was rather heavy,—then brought in, in three trips, her blanket, her sheets, and her pillow

from the hall closet. Stooping over the bed,—her back did not really ache so much now,—she smoothed the sheets with her bent fingers. To-morrow she could make up her bed in the morning, have it all ready just for turning down at night. Of course David and Mary could not realize how hard it is to make a bed at night, when one has to open it oneself, too, when one is old and very tired. Still, they were good. Had n't they both said she could have Isabel's room?

It took grandma only a few minutes to get ready for bed. She always hurried as fast as she could. She wore a false gray switch to eke out her very scanty hair, and she tucked this up into a roll and slipped it under her pillow. Once she had been guilty of putting it on the buffet, and Mary had passed through the dining-room while grandma was still asleep and had not liked it. False hair on the buffet! One could not really blame Mary.

Grandma fell asleep almost immediately despite the hard rod in the middle of the springs. Some nights that bothered her, though she had learned how to lie so as to avoid it.

She woke up with a start the next morning, and then remembered: it was the day she was going into her own room! It was still early; she did n't hear any one stirring. She was glad of that. She liked to be all dressed before any one had to pass through the dining-room. It was rather awkward being caught still in bed or not completely clothed. This morning, as usual, grandma was the first one to wake up. She got up quickly, and putting on her old gray bath-robe, which hung in the hall closet next to Ralph's raincoat, grandma's dresses, and the family umbrellas, she made the bed. She tucked her nightgown into the pillow slip, next to the pillow, as she always did, for some one was always opening the hall closet if she hung it up there, and saying things about it. She put the bedclothes back into the closet, closed and fastened the davenport, depositing upon its sleek and uncomfortable surface the two hand-embroidered pillows that reposed there by day. Grandma hurried to the bath-room; it

was the best time to bathe. If she waited until later, Martin and Ralph were wanting to get in, and at night grandma was too tired. Then grandma dressed. She took her clean house-dress from a pile of three that she had carefully hidden in the buffet-drawer under the kitchen towels. She always put away the laundry herself, and Mary always took the top towel. They'd laugh at her if they found her dresses there, but even house-dresses have to have some place.

Grandma set the table then, and had the coffee on when Mary came into the kitchen. There was a simple breakfast of stewed fruit, a cereal with milk, and toast. Grandma was so excited she could hardly eat anything. She waited patiently for David to leave with his customary, "By folks; don't work too hard," meant for a great pleasantry. He had an idea that "women have got an easy time of it." It was as if Isabel had never been there. No one mentioned her name; and yet there was her room.

After the dishes were done and grandma had swept and dusted the living-room, she said, with a careful attempt at nonchalance:

"I—I believe I'll go in now and fix up Isabel's room. I think I'd like—"

"You certainly are hankering after that room, Ma," Mary answered. "Well, you might as well go ahead. Don't put that lace scarf back on the dresser. Isabel'll want it; and leave all of her things in her closet the way she has them until she comes back and looks 'em over."

"Of course; that will be all right. My things won't take up much room," grandma said pleasantly.

It was a delightful occupation, cleaning up her own room. First she swept it, opening wide both the windows. Then she dusted, going carefully over every round of the two chairs, polishing the mirror and the top of the dresser. She made the bed, putting on her own two sheets; she'd used the top one only two days. Then grandma brought in her possessions; there were three empty drawers in the dresser and lots of closet space. From the buffet, hidden under towels and napkins, came the morning-

dresses, aprons, and decent, thick underwear. From the back partition of the knife-and-fork drawer came grandma's comb and brush of imitation ivory that Ruth had sent to her the year before for Christmas. These, and a silver-plated mirror, once owned by Isabel, but discarded when her father gave her a better one, grandma placed on a clean towel on the dresser. She added a picture of Ruth and Ruth's two children sent to her only a few months before, an old picture of Jessie, and a kodak picture of Isabel and Ralph. Next to this she put a little china vase that had been given to her at a church bazaar five years before, a gay little vase with blue china forget-me-nots on the front of it. To these she added a hand-painted fan

Jessie had done years before, and, as a final touch, a faded daguerreotype in a broken frame of Grandpa Martin and herself, taken sixty years ago, sitting stiffly, holding hands. A fine array! The room was in order, her room! Grandma was tired now, but that did not matter. Nothing seemed to matter but the room, a room nobody had to pass through, a room with a door that closed and locked—her own room.

All afternoon grandma sat and rocked; Mary had gone to her card club. It was fun just sitting still. She hardly remembered to put on the dinner-dishes in time, and was just finishing setting the table when Mary came home. At eight o'clock, almost as soon as dinner was over and before she felt even sleepy, grandma said:

"I'm awfully tired. Believe I'll go to bed, if you'll please excuse me."

"She worked herself tired fixing up that room in a hurry," volunteered Mary.

"So you got moved into Isabel's room?" asked David. Then: "Women are always wanting to move around. I don't know that her mattress is any

more comfortable than yours, and it's much older."

"It's a very nice room," said grandma, softly, and went to her own room.

Grandma undressed slowly, with a light on and the shades pulled down. Seated in her bath-robe, in the rocking-chair, she finished David's socks, and read a chapter in a book a woman she had met in church had loaned her. It was a wonderful evening. At nine o'clock she went to bed. It was a fine bed, and all ready to get into just by turning down the spread, and with no bar in the center to have to think about.

Grandma woke up the next morning at her usual time; she was not one who had to depend on alarm-clocks. Then, when she realized where she

was, in Isabel's bed, in her own bed, she lay there luxuriously, instead of getting up immediately on awakening, as she usually did. But she was up and dressed and had the table set in plenty of time. It was nice to dress, with all of one's things spread around ready for one, instead of having to hunt for them in little, secret places, and to be sure that no one would want to pass through one's room or would see one through an open doorway.

It rained steadily for the next three days, but grandma hardly knew it. She was not accustomed to running around much, anyhow. And with a room to herself, going outside for pleasure seemed superfluous. Did n't she have all the pleasure she could think of right there at home? Having a room to herself was even nicer than she had thought it could possibly be. After twelve years—twelve years of the dining-room, of hurrying mornings to get up, of waiting nights to go to bed. Well, she had her own room now. It was not so much that grandma thought of the room as a reward; she did not believe in things like that. It was just



Grandma

pleasant, complete. She was old, and she had tried to do the right things. She had had hard times, losing grandpa while she was still young and, after grandpa died, when the children were little; but that did not make any difference now, for they had grown up, Jessie and David, into good children, good people. Those hard times were long ago; why, even the nights on the davenport were long ago. This was now, and she had her own room, a pleasant room all to herself, and nice meals. David and Mary and Ralph did not mean to talk unkindly or abruptly to her, for that was just their way; and now that Isabel was gone, things did not seem so crowded. Four people in five rooms is not much; one could not ask for better than that, better than grandma had—a quiet, peaceful life with one's son and his wife and their son, and a room all to oneself.

At noon on the fifth day after Isabel's wedding Mary received a telegram from Isabel from Atlantic City, economically using just all of the allowable ten words:

Raining here more fun at home have dinner with you.

Grandma was sorry about Isabel. It seemed a shame her honeymoon should be spoiled. Still, Isabel seemed far away, of no importance, in a different world. Isabel and Walter would go to a hotel and then buy their furniture and get an apartment. Grandma would even help Isabel fix up the apartment if they wanted her to.

Mary telephoned to David about Isabel and Walter coming, and he and Ralph met them at the station. They all came home together, carrying suitcases and talking all at once about the rain, the trip, the things that had taken place during Isabel's absence, little things, letters of good wishes, a delayed wedding gift.

Dinner was an exciting meal that night at the Martins. Walter, in his slow, rather stupid way, described the charms of the hotel room they had occupied, of the lobbies and the grill-room. Isabel, too, occasionally volunteered a word of praise of their trip and of their expenditures.

"We got to start saving now," she

said, "with Walter's salary so small and the prices what they are. It's awful. We saw Irene Jennings in Atlantic City,—you know, used to be Irene Scott,—and she said that they gave up their apartment in One hundred and seventeenth Street and simply can't get another one except for double the price. And when I think of the hovels I saw before I went away, it's fierce. Ma, did you see that apartment I spoke to you about, the one near the Robinsons', on St. Nicholas?"

"Yes, I was there Tuesday. It's gone, and the only one left in the building has been raised twenty dollars more than it used to be."

"Gee! I don't know what we'll do."

Walter grinned. For the first time grandma actually disliked Walter's grin. Until now Walter had been some one for Isabel to marry. Now he became a person, a personality, and to grandma an unpleasant one, too sure of himself, too slow and fat and round and white.

"Prices are something awful," said Walter. "It makes a person wonder whether they ought to of got married or not, eh, Isabel?"

"It ain't that bad, I guess," said Isabel, and gave him a glum look and then a quick smile, which left her face looking more discontented than ever.

"Rents, rents, rents," said David Martin, solemnly. "You bet I was smart. I saw what was coming. I always look ahead. I took a four years' lease here. Now I've got them where I want them. They can't pull any monkey-shines on me. Some folks take the biggest apartment they can pay for, with elevators and a lot of fancy trimmin's, and sassy niggers in the hall. 'Don't give the landlord all your money,' I always say."

"You said it," answered Walter.

After dinner the family went into the living-room. Usually only two lights were lit, but this was a festive occasion, so all four lights in the immense and hideous central chandelier were turned on, and both lights in the equally ugly glass table-lamp.

Grandma decided to go to her room early, but it would n't look right, running away, just yet, so she sat stiffly in a straight chair near the phonograph.

"We 'd better be getting along," Walter said at last. "I might as well ring up from here and find a hotel room. We came right on from the station and did n't stop to get any. Always can find a room in some hotel, though."

He went to the telephone in the hall.

"Only thing they had—room and bath for two, eight dollars. I turned that down," he reported. Then added: "Seven dollars for room and bath"; then: "That one 's all filled up; nothing doing there." Then: "They want eight dollars, too. I told them nothing doing. Highway robbers! They can't play me for a rube."

Even then grandma did not suspect what was to follow. It was David who spoke, still proud because Isabel had finally acquired a husband.

"I say, you folks, what you want to be running around in the rain for, finding a hotel room? You got your suitcases here. Why not stay? Ain't we got room?"

"Sure we have," agreed Mary. She was the type of woman who never gets used to men, no matter how long she has been married. Despite her lack of good looks and charm and her prim, almost austere ways, she coquetted ever so slightly with every man she met, a mere suspicion of a giggle, of a flourish, a combination of shyness and self-consciousness. She did this now and added, "I could n't think of my daugh-

ter—and my new son—going out in this weather, as if we did n't have a home for them."

"But you have n't got room enough, I 'm afraid," protested Walter, politely.

"We got my room," said Isabel.

Grandma understood now—understood, trembled, but refused to believe. She wanted to say something, but could n't. What could she say?

"Grandma 's got that," said Ralph.

"She has?" Isabel was cool, almost a bit sneering. "She was in a hurry about it, it seems to me."

"You—you said I could have it; always said I could," grandma's voice quavered. She wanted to add something important, vital. She waited.

"Yes, we did say if Isabel went away you could have her room," said David, heavily; "I 'll agree to that. But Isabel ain't away. Isabel 's right here." He gave his slow, patronizing smile. "We can't put Isabel out, can we—Isabel and her husband?" he went on. "What 's the use of them going to a hotel or hunting around in times like these for an apartment? If they found one, they 'd have to give the landlord all they 've got. No, sir, as long as I got a roof over my head, my home is open to my children."

There was a pause. Martin looked around, expecting praise for his eloquence.

"Well, if you insiat," said Walter,



"Her own room, a pleasant room all to herself"

"it sure suits me if Isabel wants to. Of course if we 'd be a bit of trouble, if Isabel—"

"Papa 's right," said Isabel. "I 'll need enough money, with everything so high, without spending it on rent. We might as well stay here at home. It ain't as though we are n't going to chip in and help with the table, Walter and I," she finished grandly, with a nod to Walter.

"Sure thing. That settles that. We ain't no charity patients," said Walter.

"I 'd better see about our room," said Isabel. Then, to grandma, "You moved your things in and all, I suppose."

Grandma nodded. She could n't trust herself to speak.

Maybe Isabel saw the pain behind the expression of calm that grandma tried to assume; perhaps only her own selfishness cut her.

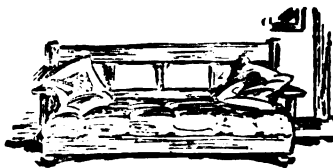
"I 'm—sorry," she said. "I wish you could keep your things in my closet. If—if it was n't for Walter's things, there might be room; but with my things, and him here now—"

"Grandma 's got the hall closet she always had, ain't she?" asked David. "It ain't as if we were turning grandma out into the street. Nobody don't need to take it hard. Grandma can have the room she 's always had, and her own bed, again. Walter and Isabel will have lots of space in Isabel's room. It's a big, fine room, with two windows; better than you 'd get at one of these flossy hotels for eight dollars a day. And grandma—grandma ain't got any complaints. She 's got a good home. As

long as I got a home, I got room enough for all of my children and for my mother. Why, right now grandma's bed is better than the one that I sleep on and years newer. Yes, it is; it 's lots better than the bed I got."

Grandma got up and followed Isabel from the living-room into Isabel's room. She took little, slow steps. She felt tired. She 'd get her things out right away, so that Isabel and Walter could have the room. It was all right, of course, as David said; she 'd have what she 'd always had, had for twelve years—the davenport in the dining-room. It did n't much matter, after all. She 'd had lots of happiness, lots of good times: grandpa, the years with him, the children when they were babies; the years with Jessie. She might even have the room again, sometime, when rents got lower or Isabel grew discontented at home. One can't expect too much. She ought to feel satisfied; she felt that, with Ruth married and happy, a nice family, and Jessie with them; and David and Mary happy in their way, and Isabel married. Walter was a good man, would be good to Isabel. After all, she was an old woman; must n't expect too much out of life. After all, she had had good times.

"I 'll—I 'll get my things out right away; just take me a minute," grandma told Isabel in her usual, cheerful way. "I 'll tuck 'em right away where I always kept 'em, so you and Walter can make yourselves comfortable. It 's a nice room. I—I hope you and Walter are—are right happy here."



The International Whirlpool

The Baltic Sea Republics

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



THE world of 1914, as we see it now, reminds us of Humpty-Dumpty. Having climbed on its wall with difficulty, to keep from being involved in every petty quarrel between nations and coalitions, it had somehow managed to sit there for a hundred years. There was a *status quo* revised here and there occasionally by violence, but for all that a logical growth, the result of the working out of economic laws, which means that thoughtful men and strong men led virile national groups successfully by knowing how to adapt their foreign policies to and shape them by changing political and economic and social world conditions. None was satisfied with Humpty-Dumpty, but for fear of the consequences all bolstered him up and steadied him whenever he showed signs of toppling. But when he did fall, the first dismay gave way to rejoicing. Now was our chance to make him over again into what we wanted him to be.

We forgot our nursery rhyme. A new world order became our battle-cry. The Central empires stood for the old order: the Entente Allies were determined to make a clean sweep of the international conditions that caused wars. Glibly repeated from mouth to mouth was the phrase that appealed to our imagination, "The war to end war." How? By emancipating subject races, by resurrecting submerged nations, by guaranteeing collectively the independence of weak states and the sanctity of treaties and international law. We forgot our nursery rhyme, I say. Some of us had no intention of actually letting Humpty-Dumpty fall to pieces, and all of us thought we could put him together again according to our own plan. But when we got into the fray, idealistic principles and formulæ became weapons and not goals. Before November 11,

1918, we used our principles solely to break down the morale of our enemies, and since the armistice, instead of making peace, we have continued to juggle with our ideals as we did in war-time. So we are still at war, and treaties we forced upon our vanquished enemies have not been taken seriously by any nation except China, who, because she did take it seriously, refused to sign the Treaty of Versailles.

In justification for their unwillingness to apply in making peace the principles they had solemnly pledged themselves to make the basis of the treaties, Entente statesmen had no grounds for claiming either (a) that the American President and his nation, late-comers in the war, wrongly interpreted and formulated the Entente war aims; or (b) that the fulfilment of their promises was contingent upon American coöperation. Self-determination, the resurrection of subject nations, rectification of frontiers to satisfy irredentist aspirations, may have been doctrines promulgated in a small measure as a gallery appeal to public opinion at home and abroad; but the main reason was to break down the internal military unity of Germany and Austria-Hungary and Turkey. These doctrines were not inspired by President Wilson or any other American ideologues, nor were they adopted with the idea that the United States would help carry them out.

Without laying stress upon the influence of the Entente promises to free and defend small nations, none can understand the situation that has arisen since the armistices in the territories of the former Hapsburg, Romanoff, and Ottoman empires. The alternatives before the Paris peace-makers were treating all subject nationalities alike, in a spirit of impartial justice, with the idea of establishing a tolerable new world order; or blowing hot or cold upon the

aspirations and claims of subject nationalities, with the aim of advancing the particular selfish interests of the strongest members of the conference. The inability of President Wilson to resist the pressure brought to bear upon him by his European colleagues made the latter choice inevitable. Why and how may always be moot questions, but the fact remains that the American exponent of the doctrine of self-determination failed to dominate the conference. Small states and subject nations lost faith in his power to help them. As a factor in the settlement, the United States, the only strong state with no ax to grind and which might have filled the rôle of arbiter, was eliminated. Had it been possible for Great Britain, France, and Italy to agree upon a common policy by mutual sacrifices and compromises and a delimitation of spheres of influence, they could have played favorites among the small nations and emancipated races, and played them to win. The political organisms would have endured as Entente statesmen created them, and the frontiers as Entente statesmen drew them. But because those whose combined forces alone could have established peace have followed divergent and conflicting policies and do not play the same favorites, not a single new frontier line in central and eastern Europe and in western Asia is as yet definitely settled.

What about the treaties Europe has signed? What about the League of Nations, which misguided Americans tried to convince their fellow-countrymen was functioning? What about the authority of the Supreme Council of the victorious allies? Treaties are not binding unless force is behind them. The League of Nations is a hollow mockery without force behind it. The Supreme Council can be defied with impunity unless it is in a position to use force to win respect for its decrees. Gabriele D'Annunzio taught us this lesson soon after the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain were signed. He seized Fiume, and has held it in defiance of Europe for a year and a half. General Gouraud, officially responsible to France, violated both the spirit and letter of Article XXII of the covenant by seizing Damascus. Refusing to recognize the authority of the league and the

binding character of an armistice entered into by his own Government, the Polish General Zellgouski invaded Lithuania, took possession of the capital, Vilna, and marched on Kovno, giving battle merrily to the Lithuanians. Zellgouski has no fear of being called to account.

The Zellgouski escapade bids fair to accelerate the whirl of the international whirlpool more than those of D'Annunzio and Gouraud. For this refractory Polish general is mixing things up in the most dangerous spot in Europe. One cannot exaggerate the importance of events in the border-lands between Germany and Russia and Poland. If Poland supports Zellgouski, or if she fails to suppress him, she is jeopardizing her existence. The Baltic Sea republics are a *sine qua non* to the permanent independence of Poland. Poland cannot weaken Lithuania without weakening herself; she cannot destroy Lithuania without destroying herself; she cannot incorporate Lithuania without fattening herself for the slaughter. It is either live and let live with the border-states of the old Romanoff and Hohenzollern empires or repartition. The tragic lesson of history in this case is plain. Unless one believes that the German and Russian races have been crushed into impotence, Occidental Europe and America will play a losing game in establishing Poland as the lone sentinel, at the expense of her neighbors, between Germany and Russia.

Finland had a great start in getting on her feet over her less fortunately situated Baltic sister republics. During the war she was not a battle-ground, and when the Petrograd revolution precipitated the collapse of the Russian Empire, the Finns were able to proclaim and maintain their independence. They were off in a corner by themselves, and not on the path to where the Bolshevists wanted to go. No other state lay claim to any portion of their territory other than the Aland Islands. They were able to hark back to the Treaty of Vienna, which had stipulated the preservation of the integrity and autonomy of the Duchy of Finland, and had sanctioned only a personal union with the Russian Empire. The czar was to be Duke of Finland. The Finns argued with reason that the disappearance of the czar annulled *ipso facto*

the union with the Russian Empire. This paved the way to a speedy recognition of the independence of Finland by the Entente powers and neutrals. The successive revolutionary governments in Russia made no objection to the secession of Finland from the empire, but the compelling motive of speedy Entente recognition was the fact that Germany recognized Finland and had a powerful propaganda in Finland. Before the revolution the Entente powers had been bitterly hostile to Polish and Finnish aspirations, and this fact had won Finnish sympathy for Germany. Unlike Poland, Finland had no *terre irredente* to claim from the Central empires, and therefore saw in the victory of the Central empires her chance of breaking away from Russia. After the revolution, the Entente powers conveniently forgot the pro-Germanism of Finland. Being able to recognize Finland without offending Russia, they promptly did so, and began to intrigue to induce the Finns to attack the Bolsheviks.

Prussian influence had been strong in the Baltic countries north of the frontier of 1795 ever since the Middle Ages. Memel and Libau and Riga were German-built cities. Almost to Petrograd a nobility of Germanic origin constituted the land-owning class along the coast, and German merchants abounded in the ports. The Baltic barons fell in readily with the extension of Russian sovereignty to the Baltic Sea in Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, and became loyal servitors of the Russian Government and oppressors of the subject races. And as readily, when the Russian armies were beaten in the World War, the Baltic barons welcomed their invading kinsmen and worked for the King of Prussia. The Russian Revolution did not give the other Baltic races the opportunity it gave the Finns. The Lithuanians were under German military domination. The Latvians were in the field of military operations until the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed. The Esthonians soon had to cope with the Bolshevik movement, of which Reval, their capital, became a center.

At the end of 1917, Lithuania, like Poland, was offered independence by the Austro-Germans in exchange for a politi-

cal alliance, economic advantages, and military coöperation against the Entente. Intrigue and intimidation failed. The Lithuanians not only resisted with success the pressure of their conquerors, who tried to disguise themselves as liberators, but held a national council at Vilna on February 16, 1918, which proclaimed the independence of Lithuania, declared against special favors either to the conqueror or the former master, and set up a provisional government. Kaiser Wilhelm first, and the King of Saxony later, tried to beguile the Lithuanians into forming an alliance with Germany. Is it conceivable that the Lithuanian leaders who defied Germany in her hour of triumph and when their country was held by a German army have been in connivance with defeated Germany? When Dr. Vileisis, a member of the Lithuanian Government, came to the United States recently to try to secure American recognition of Lithuanian independence, I was told by a highly placed Pole that he was "notoriously pro-German, like all the Lithuanian politicians." When I inquired into the record of Dr. Vileisis, I found out that he had been arrested by the Germans, thrown for several months into prison and threatened with execution because he would not aid the Germans, and then exiled to an internment camp in Germany. There has been a systematic and persistent propaganda in the United States, in which certain men connected with the State Department have had their part, to represent the Lithuanians as pro-Germans, Bolsheviks, or Poles. You can take your choice.

Real liberation and the hope of statehood came to the Baltic Sea republics only after the defeat of Germany. At Vilna for Lithuania and at Riga for Latvia independence was formally proclaimed and governments set up before the Germans withdrew. The Esthonians at Reval were already under a regularly constituted independent government. There was no more reason to doubt the genuineness and permanency and legitimacy of these national movements than in any other part of Europe. The Baltic Sea republics, ethnographically and historically, had as much right to expect from the victory of the Entente

the revival of their nationhood as Poland and Bohemia.

Before the conference met at Paris, the powers of the victorious alliance had entered into diplomatic relations with the Baltic Sea republics. They received accredited military missions, and their governments had no intimation that they would be treated differently from Poland. In fact, they were assured that formal recognition of their independence and a seat at the peace conference were withheld only because it was necessary not to discourage or discredit the anti-Bolshevist generals to whom the Entente was giving military aid to crush Lenine. As they felt that their existence depended upon the overthrow of the Moscow soviet, or at least in keeping soviet propaganda away from their own countries, the Baltic Sea republics were content with informal pledges. They realized the delicacy of the situation and kept in the background at Paris. On the other hand, their coöperation alone made possible the military plans of the Entente against the Bolsheviks. They allowed their territory to be used as a base of operations against Petrograd and Moscow, they received military supplies from the Entente powers, and were guided by the advice of the military missions in the projected campaigns against Petrograd and Moscow.

The Baltic Sea republics needed food and supplies and money. Ravaged and plundered during five years by Russians and Germans alike, they were beggars who could not choose their friends. Loyalty and decency did not seem to abide in Entente diplomacy any more than in that of the Germans. But the Baltic states could not break with us. As long as there was hope of killing sovietism, the Baltic Sea republics were ready to work with us. The complete disasters that attended the anti-Bolshevist movements opened the eyes of the Baltic Sea republics. Yudenitch, the Archangel Republic, Koltchak, and Denikin had been induced by Entente military missions to attack Lenine. But each in succession had been left in the lurch to shift for himself when the fortunes of war changed. We were merely rooters on the side lines. The withdrawal from Archangel was the strongest possible

argument against a Baltic Sea republic invasion of Russia. The plan of using the Baltic states for pulling Entente chestnuts out of the fire had to be abandoned. The military missions limited their political efforts to preventing the Baltic republics from signing peace.

The Koltchak debacle and the abandonment of the Archangel front by the Entente armies compelled Esthonia to treat with the Bolsheviks. A glance at the map will convince any fair-minded man that the Esths had no other choice. It was peace or extinction. The Entente missions strenuously objected to the negotiations, but they failed to advance the only argument that would have counted, a definite pledge of military aid to the amount of two hundred thousand Entente troops to be kept in the country as long as the Esthonian Government had reason to fear a Bolshevik invasion. The Peace of Dorpat, signed on January 21, 1920, was not evidence of Esthonian perfidy or pro-Bolshevist leanings. It was evidence of the complete military importance of the Entente and the United States and of the failure of our blockade to destroy sovietism in Russia. During the recent Presidential campaign, Mr. F. D. Roosevelt told the Poles of Milwaukee that they had Senator Lodge to thank for the presence of the Bolshevik army before Warsaw, because, if the United States had been a member of the league, the Bolsheviks would not have dared to cross the Polish frontier. And yet Mr. Roosevelt was careful to add (for the sake of the votes of mothers present) that our aid to Poland would have been only "moral." If the Esths, face to face with the Red armies, had refused to make peace with Lenine, relying on the "moral support" of the League of Nations, what does our common sense tell us would have happened to Esthonia? Esthonia was bitterly reproached for having signed the Peace of Dorpat by the very journals and men who, seven months later, gave Poland in a similar plight urgent counsels to do what they had denounced Esthonia for doing.

There is no word of condemnation for Poland because she signed the Peace of Riga in October, 1920. In fact, she was officially advised to make peace with

Lenine. But abandoning the fight against Moscow and establishing official relations with Lenine have been used against the Baltic Sea republics as reasons for considering them pro-Bolshevist and withholding recognition of their independence. For Latvia and Lithuania had to follow the lead of Esthonia and Finland, and anticipated the Russo-Polish treaty by a few months. The treaties have now been published. They contain no provisions more advantageous to the Bolshevists than those of the Russo-Polish treaty of Riga.

The Englishmen at Dorpat last January worked just as strenuously as their Allies to prevent Lenine from getting the Esths to make peace; but once the treaty was signed, they accepted the situation and sought to make the best of it. Not under the spell of the quixotism that seems to inspire our State Department in its foreign policy, and having no valid reason, as the French had, to maintain the integrity of Russia and refuse to deal with Bolshevism until money owed by the old régime was paid or acknowledged as a legitimate obligation, the British recognized the independence of the Baltic Sea republics and entered into diplomatic relations with them. Italy, impatient for some solution, no matter what, of the Russian imbroglio, followed Great Britain's lead. France did not dare to stand out against *de facto* recognition. To abstain from diplomatic intercourse with the Baltic Sea republics would have been to renounce the economic exploitation of these countries in favor of the British. So the Baltic representatives are received at the Quai d'Orsay, and French diplomats are working at Libau and Riga and Reval to prevent a British trade and banking monopoly in Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, and to throw a monkey-wrench in the works of the British naval machine which is aiming at the supremacy of the Baltic Sea.

All this has not come about in a minute. The changed attitude toward the new political *status quo* in the eastern Baltic and toward the question of trading with Russia is due to the remorseless working of economic laws which prove in the long run more powerful than the *combinazione* of statesmen. Politics naturally yields to economics, for trade is

the *raison d'être* of the foreign policy of nations. Prejudices die hard. The influences working against the stability of the Baltic Sea republics at London and Paris are still strong. French opposition among anti-Bolshevists, Russian bondholders, and *amis de la Pologne* is still active. A reactionary group in Great Britain, led by Winston Churchill, is ready to sacrifice the Lithuanians, Latvians, and Esths to whatever Russian Government may be able to stamp out Bolshevism and replace Lenine and his associates. The Russians who pulled the strings for the Entente in the various anti-Bolshevist fiascos still watch the development of the Baltic situation and refuse to admit any diminution of "integral Russia." Polish propaganda ridicules the right of the Baltic races to separate existence.

Under these conditions, the observer of European international politics who believes in a square deal for everybody deplores the Colby note of August 10, 1920. None questions the good faith of Mr. Colby and his associates in their anxiety to convince the Russian people of our detachment and good-will and to try to reconcile our implacable opposition to Bolshevism with our affection for Russia. Our State Department undoubtedly meant well, and thought it was making a masterly move; but one does not need to go farther than the Encyclopædia Britannica, certainly an impartial source in the present debate, to convince oneself, by glancing over the admirable summaries of historical facts from the best sources, of Mr. Colby's unfairness and inconsistency in announcing in the same document that the policy of the United States is to preserve at all costs "Russian integrity" and at the same time to maintain Poland's territorial integrity by "the employment of all available means." After reading in the Britannica the stories of the formation of the two political organisms of 1914, Austria-Hungary and Russia, compare Mr. Wilson's note of September 7, 1918, to the Austro-Hungarian Government. Did not the Romanoffs as much as the Hapsburgs build their empires upon the ruins of small races of alien blood and institutions and religion? If the moral sense of the world demands

the liberation and restoration to nationhood of races in slavery to Austrians and Hungarians, how can Mr. Colby declare that the policy of our Government stands for the return to slavery of nations whose life was extinguished by the Russians? We asked the blessing of God upon our arms to assure us the victory because we were fighting for humanity. In our prayers we put no limit on our philanthropy.

On July 4, 1918, when President Wilson received the representatives of subject races at Mount Vernon, he made a solemn pledge in the name of the American people to *all* subject races. A Lithuanian stood with the others before Washington's tomb. Neither in that speech nor in any other did Wilson say, "You understand, of course, that the victorious allies mean to free and restore only the subject races whose freedom and restoration will be at the expense of and to the confusion of our enemies." Had he said this, it would have been a manly confession—to avoid false hopes and false pretences—of what was afterward evident at the peace conference, that the yearning for humanity was a sham and the proclamation of the doctrine of self-determination a falsehood. The moral issue was simply bunk to make people feel good and arouse them against the Germans. Because races were conquered by the Romanoffs, have they less right to freedom than if they were conquered by the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns?

When we read carefully the Colby note, which is meant to justify the refusal of the State Department to follow the example of our associates in recognizing and dealing with and helping the Baltic Sea republics, we can challenge its logic as well as its misrepresentation of the American idealism expressed by President Wilson during the war. Poland and Finland were portions of "integral Russia"; so was Russian Armenia; so was Bessarabia. Without consulting Russia, we have recognized the independence of Poland, Finland, and Armenia, and have agreed to the inclusion of Bessarabia in Rumania. The State Department expert will respond that Poland and Finland had a special status under the Treaty of Vienna. Why go

back in regard to Russia only to the Treaty of Vienna? In making the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain we canceled the Treaty of Vienna. We ignored this treaty and all other treaties in dealing with subject races of Austria-Hungary and Germany. The attempt to justify partiality of treatment between Poland and the Baltic Sea republics on the ground of the Treaty of Vienna fails even if we did accept the Treaty of Vienna as the law and the prophets. The Grand Duchy of Lithuania enjoyed an individual status in the Russian Empire by virtue of arrangements made before the Napoleonic period and not infringed upon until 1830. The charter of Lithuania was not finally abrogated until 1848, and the title of Grand Duke of Lithuania was assumed by the Russian czar on a par with that of King of Poland and Grand Duke of Finland at coronations. This acknowledgment of the separate identity of Lithuania in the empire was never given up. The late Nicholas was crowned Grand Duke of Lithuania.

From a historical point of view the American State Department has no ground to stand upon in regarding Lithuania as a Russian province and at the same time holding that Poland is an independent kingdom. The relations of the two countries toward the Russian Empire are strikingly alike. Both lost their independence through the partitions of the eighteenth century, after having been for centuries great and flourishing empires. Both are Catholic countries. Both suffered horribly from czarism during the nineteenth century. Both were battle-grounds during the late war. Commander Gade, an American reserve naval officer who represented us in the Baltic provinces and has since been able to impress his personal opinions upon the State Department, justifies the non-recognition policy on practical economic grounds. He maintains that these countries cannot exist independently, and ought not to be encouraged in their aspirations for nationhood, because Russia needs them as an economic outlet to the sea, while much of their prosperity must come from transit trade. Commander Gade has advanced this point of view earnestly and plaus-

ibly. It appeals to American common sense, which believes that in union there is strength.

But we forget the treaties of Versailles and St.-Germain. One may have his own opinion about the advisability of the policy of *émiettement* (breaking in pieces) of political organisms that represented the economic evolution of past centuries. We are committed, however, to just that policy. It is too late to question it. I have never been an unreasoning and sentimental pleader for the doctrine of self-determination, but I have maintained, as a student of nationalist movements, that the effort to limit the application of self-determination to races whose liberation helps the fancied interests of a few great powers is disastrous and makes impossible the establishment of peace. Political expediency is never more than a temporary makeshift. Old problems are solved only by creating new ones. It stands to reason that we cannot in one breath lop off frontier provinces from Germany on the ground of the alien character of their inhabitants and destroy the Hapsburg Empire on the ground of the right of its various elements to an independent existence, and in the next breath tell other, *and neighboring*, subject races that they have no future outside of the Romanoff Empire. Lithuania has a better economic *raison d'être* than Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. Lithuania and the other Baltic Sea republics have precedents that refute the argumentation of Gade and our State Department not only in regard to their right and ability to exist independently of Russia, but also independently of one another.

If the reader will take the map of Europe and look at the location of the German Empire and follow its river courses in relation to Belgium and Holland, and then compare the similar situation of Russia in relation to Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, he will readily see how the Gade position, which our State Department has foolishly adopted, resembles the position of German economists toward Belgium. Standing between a great empire and the sea is no reason to deny the right of a race to nationhood. The Dutch and a part of the Belgians are very much closer the Ger-

mans racially than the Lithuanians and Latvians are to the Russians and Poles. The access to the sea argument for a big fellow crushing the life out of a little fellow I thought we had definitely scotched. It is disconcerting to see it crop up in our own country in official circles. The other two parts of the Gade economic argument are also refuted by Belgium and Holland. These countries have existed economically, flourished, and been able to defend themselves against Germany, England, and France. And they have existed now for nearly a hundred years as separate entities. Why should not Baltic Sea states get along as well as North Sea states? The Baltic Sea already has little states less extensive in territory and some of them less populous than the new Baltic Sea republics.

But Lithuania, Latvia, and Esthonia, by asking for the recognition of their independence, do not close the door upon the possibility of a Russian federation or a federation among themselves. In this time of upset and confusion they are asking simply for a free hand to look out for their own interests. As Russian provinces, with no separate international status, they could resist neither Bolsheviks nor Russian reactionaries. They would be in the plight of the rest of Russia now, and to-morrow, when the reaction comes, have to submit to a return to the old intolerable conditions, alien landowners and alien office-holders grinding the life out of them. The Baltic Sea republics may develop into vigorous independent states, or they may return to membership in the political organism of a new and regenerated Russia; but in the meantime they have to live, and when the moment for the reconstitution of integral Russia comes, these subject races will know by experience whether independence is possible or preferable from an economic point of view, and will be able to lay down political and social stipulations if they feel that it is wisest to go back to Russia. The best thought in Great Britain is in favor of looking upon the Baltic Sea republics in this light. The British Government stands for giving them a chance. The Anglo-Saxon instinct says, give them a chance! Why do we have to tolerate such an unjust and stupid policy as that outlined in

the Colby note? One is thankful that President-elect Harding has promised "a complete reversal" of American foreign policy. For our honor as well as for our interests, the election of Harding is a great victory. We may not be able to take on the defense of the small nations the world over; at least we shall refrain from giving official sanction to stifling their aspirations.

In an article in this magazine advocating independence for Poland, when the Poles had no friends in Entente official circles and Americans regarded the resurrection of Poland as a dream in the category with the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France, I warned the Poles against the danger of an inordinate territorial appetite.¹ A year later, when the Russian Revolution had made encouragement of Poland a diplomatic possibility for the Entente, I heard M. Roman Dmowski, at the Comité National d'Etudes in the Cour de Cassation, Paris, set forth the aspirations of Poland. M. Dmowski spoke as if two racial units alone, the Russians and the Poles, faced each other from the Baltic to the Black Sea. He limited the problem of the future border-lands between Russia and the Central empires to the recognition of Poland's independence and the backing of Poland's claims at the peace conference. Dmowski did not mention the Lithuanians and the Ukrainians. This was the beginning of a policy that has ruled the Polish attitude toward the eastern frontiers of their state. The Poles insisted in the west on the inclusion of every district inhabited by Poles. In the east they have regarded the ethnographical argument as non-existent.

Poland claims all the Russian borderlands, including Lithuania, as part of historic Poland. The Ukrainians and Lithuanians, whose ethnographical territories are thus refused them, claim also to have ruled all these lands at one time. The Lithuanians deny ever having been conquered by the Poles or having formed more than a personal union with the Polish state, and declare that they were victims of the partitions not as a part of

Poland, but as an independent state. The historic argument applied to the Russian border-lands is very much like that used by the Balkan States in their rival claims to Macedonia. At some time or other each in turn was the upper dog and owned the disputed territories.

The ungenerous attitude of Poland toward all her neighbors is peculiarly disheartening. One would think that the Poles had suffered so much from the hands of their masters that they would instinctively refrain from playing the detested rôle themselves. But one must reluctantly admit that the Poles seem to have learned only how to employ the brutal methods of their own conquerors. As Russians and Germans acted toward the Poles, so have the Poles been acting toward Lithuanians and Ukrainians. We remember how the Poles pilloried the colonization schemes of their Prussian masters. Exactly the same schemes they are adopting in turn toward weaker races. The seizure of the capital of Lithuania by General Zellgouski has led to a new war. The Poles have taken on as enemies all their neighbors, Germans, Czecho-Slovaks, Ukrainians, Russians, and Lithuanians. The state they are trying to form contains so many alien elements in juxtaposition geographically to "brothers of blood" that it is bound to collapse under the weight of a circle of irredentist movements. The Poles ought to have made friends of the Lithuanians. By Zellgouski's move, if not disavowed and punished, Poland will find the Baltic Sea republics allied against her either with Germany or Russia or both.

What is the moral for us? If our Government intends to give active aid in the establishment of peace and reconstruction in Europe, we cannot pursue a different policy in the Baltic from that of Great Britain. We must recognize and seek to strengthen the Baltic Sea republics, incidentally looking around for opportunities for trade in Eastern Europe. If we are going to disinterest ourselves in the politics of Europe, and look for a field for our diplomatic and commercial activities elsewhere, let us stop putting in our oar where we do not intend to row.

¹ See the "Reconstruction of Poland" in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1916.



Sonnets

By *JAMES P. WARBURG*

The Dark Star

Thou art the sun, Love; I am but the moon,
That palely glows with thy abandoned light,
Absorbed and hoarded for my lonely night
From lavish splendor of thy sated noon.
Thou art the sea-wave; I am but the dune
Of wind-blown sand that apes thy towering height,
And marvels, motionless, at thy swift flight.
Thou art the song—I but the echoing tune.
Dawn knoweth not the dusk, that veils its eyes
And steals away abashed, on silent feet
Before the light. The leaping waters shun
The changeless sands. No song-bird in the skies
Heeds the faint echo. Moon-rays ne'er may greet
The crimson glory of the rising sun.

The Still Flame

In midst of the tempestuous, barren sea
Thou art a fruitful island, calm and green
By thy still shores the waters lie serene,
And weary ships find shelter in thy lee.
A clear, cold spring art thou, in desert plain,
Set like a jewel in the molten sands,
Where wanderers, spent and dust-parched, dip their
hands,
And sink to sleep, forgetful of their pain.
Thou art the dawn wind, the awakening sigh
Of slumbrous dark. Thou art the wafted breath
Of twilight fragrance that steals softly by
When Night, on dusky wings, still hovereth
Above the earth. Thy splendor mocks at death,
And in thy calm doth the eternal lie.

Lost Ships and Lonely Seas

V.—Captain Paddock on the Coast of Barbary

By RALPH D. PAINE



THE veterans of the Revolution of '76, who had won a war for freedom, were still young men when American sailors continued to be bought and sold as slaves, for a few dollars a head, on the farther side of the Atlantic. It was a trade which had flourished during the colonial period, and was unmolested even after the Stars and Stripes proclaimed the sovereign pride and independence of this union of States. Indeed, while hundreds of American mariners were held in this inhuman bondage, their Government actually sent to the Dey of Algiers a million dollars in money and other gifts, including a fine new frigate, as humble tribute to this bloody pirate, in the hope of softening his heart. It was the bitterest touch of humiliation that this frigate, the *Crescent*, sailed from the New England harbor of Portsmouth, whose free tides had borne a few years before the brave keels of John Paul Jones's *Ranger* and *America*.

The Christian nations of Europe deliberately protected these nests of sea-robbers in Algiers, Morocco, Tunis, and Tripoli, in order that they might prey upon the ships and sailors of weaker nations and destroy their commerce. This ignoble spirit was reflected in a speech of Lord Sheffield in Parliament in 1784.

It is not probable that the American States will have a very free trade in the Mediterranean. It will not be to the interest of any of the great maritime Powers to protect them from the Barbary States. If they know their interests they will not encourage the Americans to be ocean carriers. That the Barbary States are advantageous to maritime Powers is certain.

It was not until 1803 that the United States, a feeble nation with a little navy, resolved that these shameful indignities

could no longer be endured. While Europe cynically looked on and forbore to lend a hand, Commodore Preble steered the *Constitution* and the other ships of his squadron into the harbor of Tripoli, smashed its defenses, and compelled an honorable treaty of peace. Of all the wars in which the American Navy has won high distinction, there is none whose episodes are more brilliant than those of the bold adventure on the coast of Barbary. The spirit of it was typical of Preble, the fighting Yankee commodore, who fell in with a strange ship one black night in the Strait of Gibraltar. From the quarter-deck of the *Constitution* he trumpeted a hail, but the response was evasive, and both ships promptly manœvered for the weather-gage.

"I hail you for the last time. If you don't answer, I'll fire into you," roared Preble. "What ship is that?"

"His Britannic Majesty's eighty-four-gun ship-of-the-line *Donegal*," came back the reply. "Send a boat on board."

Without an instant's hesitation the commodore thundered from his Yankee frigate:

"This is the United States forty-four-gun ship *Constitution*, Captain Edward Preble, and I'll be damned if I send a boat aboard any ship. Blow your matches, boys."

Until the hordes of Moorish and Arab cutthroats were taught by force to respect the flag flown by American merchantmen, there was no fate so dreaded by mariners as shipwreck on the desert coast of northern Africa. For a hundred and fifty years they risked the dreadful peril of enslavement under taskmasters incredibly inhuman, who lashed and starved and slew them. In the seventeenth century it was no uncommon sight in the ports of Salem and Boston to see an honest sailor trudging from house to house to beg money enough to

ransom or buy his shipmates held in Barbary. The old records note many such incidents as that in 1700 Benjamin Alford and William Bowditch "related that their friend Robert Carver was taken nine years before a captive into Sallee; that contributions had been made for his redemption; that the money was in the hands of a person here; that if they had the disposal of it they could release Carver."

The expansion of American trade in far-distant waters which swiftly followed the Revolution increased the numbers of disasters of this kind, and among the old narratives of the sea which were written about 1800 no theme is more frequent, and few so tragic, as the sufferings of the survivors of some gallant American ship that laid her bones among the breakers of the African coast. These personal experiences, simply and movingly written by some intelligent master or mate and printed as books or pamphlets, were the "best sellers" of their day, when the world of fact was as wildly romantic as the art of fiction was able to weave for a later generation.

Among these briny epics of the long ago is the story of Captain Judah Paddock and his crew of the ship *Oswego*. She sailed from Cork in March, 1800, for the Cape Verd Islands to take on a cargo of salt and hides, and then complete the homeward voyage to New York. The ship was a vessel of two hundred and sixty tons, very small to modern eyes, and carried thirteen sailors, including boys. After passing Cape Finisterre, Captain Paddock began to distrust his reckoning because of much thick weather, but felt no serious concern until the ship was fairly in the surf, which lifted and pounded her hull with one tremendous blow after another. Daylight disclosed what the old sea-songs called "the high coast of Barbary" no more than a few hundred yards away. The *Oswego* was beating her life out among the rocks, and it was time to leave her. The boats were smashed in trying to land, and the only refuge was this cruel and ominous shore, the barren wastes of sand and mountain, the glaring sun, the evil nomads.

With a few bottles of water and such food as they could pack on their backs, these pilgrims set out to trudge along the

coast in the direction of distant Mogador, where they hoped to find the protection of an English consul. It was not a hopeful omen when they discovered a group of roofless huts rudely built of stones, a heap of human bones, and the broken timbers of a frigate washed up by the tide. These relics were enough to indicate the fate of a large company of seamen who had been cast away in this savage region.

There were men of all sorts among these hapless refugees from the *Oswego*, and most of them endured their hard lot with the patient courage of the deep-water mariner. The cook, however, was an exasperating rascal of an Irishman called Pat, who had smuggled himself aboard as a ragged stowaway in Cork, and he lost no time in starting trouble on the coast of Barbary. In his pack was a bottle of gin which had passed the skipper's inspection as water, and while on sentry duty at night to watch for prowling Arabs he got uproariously drunk and fought a Danish foremast hand who was tipping with him. In the ruction they smashed several precious bottles of water, and were too tipsy next morning to resume the march.

The other sailors held an informal trial. This was their own affair, and Captain Paddock's protests were unheeded. Pat was so drunk that he could not appear in his own defense, and the sentence was that his share of bread and water should be taken from him and that he should be left behind to die. He was accordingly abandoned, blissfully snoring on the sand, the empty gin bottle in his fist; but after a mile or so of painful progress two of the men relented and listened to the captain's appeal. Back they went, and dragged Pat along, cursing him bitterly and swearing to kill him on the spot if he misbehaved again.

After three days the torments of thirst became severe, and the heat fairly blistered their souls. There was water, plenty of it, in barrels in the wreck of their ship, and this was all that most of the sufferers could think of. Captain Paddock urged them to keep on with him to the eastward a few days longer toward the goal of Mogador, but they were ready to turn and struggle back fifty miles to the ship just to get enough

water to drink. It mattered nothing to them that they were throwing away the hope of survival. The skipper was made of sterner stuff, and so they amiably agreed to part company. A black sailor, Jack, stepped forward and said, with simple fidelity, "Master, if you go on, I will go, too." The other negro of the crew grinned at his comrade and exclaimed, "If you go, Jack, I 's obliged to stand by." The scapegrace Pat, regarding the captain as his friend and protector, also elected to stay with him.

And so Captain Judah Paddock was left to toil onward with Black Sam and Black Jack and the impossible Irish cook as his companions, while the first and second mates and the rest of the crew turned westward toward their ship. The parting scene had a certain nobility and pathos as the narrative describes it:

The generosity of my fellow sufferers ought not to pass by unnoticed. To a man they agreed that we should have a larger share of the water remaining than those returning to the ship. Furthermore, they invited us to join them in taking a drink from their own stock and at the conclusion, sailor-like, they proposed a parting glass from their own stock. All things arranged and our packs made up, we took of each other an affectionate leave and thus we separated. The expression of every man on this truly trying occasion can never be erased from my memory as long as my senses remain. Some of us could hardly speak the word *farewell*. We shook hands with each other and silently moved in opposite directions.

Captain Paddock's little party was captured by Arabs on the very next day. He met them calmly, his umbrella under one arm, his spy-glass under the other, expecting instant death; but they were intent on plunder, and the four men were stripped of their packs and most of their clothing in a twinkling. It was soon apparent that shipwrecked sailors were worth more alive than dead, and they were hustled along by their filthy captors, who gave them no more food and water than would keep body and soul together. The Arabs traveled in haste to reach the wreck of the *Oswego*, as a rare prize to be gutted and stripped. When they reached it, another desert clan, two hundred and fifty strong, had

already swooped down like vultures and was in possession. There were much yelling and fighting and bloodshed before a truce was declared and the spoils divided. Meanwhile Captain Paddock found opportunity to talk with the mates and sailors who had returned to the wreck and who were also miserable captives. Then they were dragged away from one another, and only one of this larger party of American castaways was ever heard of again.

Flogged and starved and daily threatened with death, Captain Paddock, Irish Pat, and the two black seamen were carried into the desert until their captors came to a wandering community of a thousand Bedouins, with their skin tents and camels and sheep and donkeys. Amid the clamor the Americans heard a voice calling loudly in English: "Where are they? Where are they?" And then, as Captain Paddock tells it:

A young man once white pressed through the crowd at last. It was an English youth of about nineteen, his skin deeply burnt with the sun, without hat or shoes, and his nakedness covered only with a few rags. The first words spoken to us by this frightful looking object were "*Who are you? My friends. My friends!*"

I would have arisen to greet him but was too feeble. He sat down by my side, the tears streaming from his eyes, while he gave an account of himself. His name was George and he had been the steward of a ship called the *Martin Hall* of London cast away upon that coast more than a year before; part of the crew had been marched in a south-easterly direction to a place they called Elic, another part had been carried to Mogadore and there ransomed, and four of them yet remained among the wandering Arabs who had been very cruel to them. He had no doubt that some of the men had been murdered because it was rumored that their owners could not find a ready sale for them or the prices offered were too small.

A few days after this, the chief of the tribe, Ahamed, came back from a journey with two other lads of this same English crew, Jack, who was a cabin boy of thirteen, and a bright mulatto named Lawrence, a little older. Curiously enough, the young Briton seemed contented among these wild Bedouins and was fast

forgetting his own people and memories of childhood. These three youngsters from the *Martin Hall* had learned to speak Arabic readily, and they informed the Americans that all the captives were to be offered for sale at once, and bargaining had already begun. Captain Paddock and his two black sailors were held at very high prices, and there was apparently no market for them. In this year of 1800, thrifty New England skipper and merchants were doing a roaring business in the African trade, and there was logic in the argument of Ahamed, the Bedouin chief:

I do not wish to sell these two black men at any price. They are used to our climate and can travel the desert without suffering. They are men that you Christian dogs stole from the Guinea coast and you were going there to get more of them. You are worse than the Arabs who enslave you only when it is God's will to send you to our coast.

Captain Paddock confesses that never did he feel a reproach more sensibly; that a great many wearing the Christian name did force away from their homes and carry into perpetual slavery the poor African negroes, and thereby make themselves worse than the Arabs. The English lads drove the truth home by secretly admitting to him that their ship, the *Martin Hall*, had been engaged in the Guinea slave trade when wrecked on the coast of Barbary. After much dickering with the chief, the captain agreed to purchase freedom at the rate of forty dollars per head, two looking-glasses, two combs, two pairs of scissors, a large bunch of beads, a knife, and some tobacco, upon delivery at a friendly port. This was to be in addition to any official ransom which the crafty Arabs might squeeze out of British or American representatives.

After days of noisy haggling, the skipper, Pat, and the three English boys were transferred to new owners, but the chief retained Black Sam and Black Jack, and his caravan moved off to the mountains with them. "The looks of the poor fellows were so dejected, it was painful to behold them," and in this forlorn manner vanished forever those two faithful seamen of the *Oswego's* fore-

castle who had served with a cheerful and loyal fidelity.

The Arabs drifted into a region more fertile, where there was grain to reap with sickles and grazing for the large flocks. The mariners were kept at unremitting toil on the scantiest rations, and they became mere skeletons; but their health bore up astonishingly well, and not one of them died by the wayside. The irrepressible Pat came nearest to death when he sang Irish songs and danced jigs for the Arab women and so delighted them they fed him porridge, or *strabout* as he called it, until he swelled like a balloon. That astute chieftain, Ahamed, reappeared on some important errand of tribal conference, and again held discourse with Captain Paddock concerning the ethics of the slave trade. In his stately fashion he declaimed:

You say that if I were in your country, your people would treat me better than I treat you. There is no truth in you, nothing but lies. If I were there I should be doomed to a life-time of slavery and be put to the hardest labor in tilling your soil. You are too lazy yourselves to work in your fields and therefore you send your ships to the negro coast and in exchange for the worthless trinkets with which you cheat those poor blacks, you take away ship-loads of them to your country, from which never one returns. We pray earnestly to the Almighty God to send Christians ashore here in order that we may gain a little profit of the same kind, and God hears our prayers and often sends us some good ships.

It was this same masterful Bedouin, a lord of the desert wastes, who enlightened Captain Paddock as to what had befallen the frigate which drove ashore where the *Oswego's* crew had discovered the sea-washed timbers and the roofless huts of stone and the heap of human bones. It was a very large war-ship, French or British, and the crew of several hundred men were able to land much property and to make shelters for themselves before the Arabs found them. A small tribe went down to take all their belongings, as was proper, but the armed and disciplined band of sailors fired upon the visitors, and the latter were enraged at the resistance of these dogs and fell

upon them furiously. Men were killed on both sides, and the Arabs, finding the enemy so strong, sent for help, and another tribe went down to the sea. It was a hard fight, for the Christians shot very straight and often, and the Arabs were not able to close in with their long knives; so a third tribe was summoned, and the command was turned over to Ahamed. He told Captain Paddock:

At daylight I made signs to them to lay down their arms, upon which their camp seemed all in confusion. At the moment we were preparing to attack them they formed themselves in a close body and began to march off eastward. We formed ourselves in three divisions, according to the tribes, and the chief of each tribe led on his own men. We attacked them in front and in rear and after fighting a long time we killed half those dogs and then the remnant left alive laid down their arms. We now all dropped our guns and fell upon them with our knives and every one of them was killed, and their whole number we found to be five hundred.

After several months of heartbreaking toil, privation, and hopes deferred, Ahamed concluded to take the business in hand and to see what could be done about getting rid of the captain and Pat and the English boys at a satisfactory profit. The harvests had been garnered and the demand for labor was not so urgent. The chief had been greatly pestered by a hag of a sister who was anxious to get her hands on the looking-glass, comb, and scissors that had been mentioned as part of the bargain. Accordingly they set out for the coast with a small escort, all mounted on good Arab horses, the Americans, tortured by uncertainty, for "avarice was the ruling passion of our owners," explains the skipper, "and if they could have obtained as much money by putting us to death as by selling us, I verily believe they would not have hesitated to kill us on the spot, for of humane feelings towards Christians they were completely devoid."

Near the coast they met two horsemen, who halted to discuss conditions in the slave marts, much like modern salesmen met in the lobby of a hotel. One of these pilgrims advised Ahamed to stay away from Swearah (Mogador), telling him:

"It is not best to carry them there.

At Elic the Jews will give more for them than the consul at Swearah will pay as ransom. Besides, the plague has been killing so many people that you ought to keep these Christian slaves until the next harvest when there will be a great scarcity of labor."

This advice seemed plausible until Ahamed encountered two acquaintances afoot, one of them a very bald old man who held an opinion quite the contrary, explaining:

"In Elic the plague still rages and if you carry your Christian slaves there, they may all die before you get rid of them. And just now they would not fetch enough to reward you for the trouble of taking them there."

Obviously perplexed, Ahamed changed the course of his journey, to the dismay of Captain Paddock, who feared that they were to be conveyed into the interior of Barbary, beyond all chance of salvation. In a walled town Ahamed met his own brother, who was also a tribal chief, and for once the wretched captives were given enough to eat.

"Dear brother of mine," was Ahamed's greeting, "I am bound off to find a market for these vile Christians who have been complaining of hunger and I promised that they should have an abundance of victuals upon their arrival here."

The brother gravely assented, and his hospitality was so sincere that when one of his wives failed to cook sufficient stew for the evening meal he felled her with a club and proceeded to beat her to death by way of reproof. "I will see if my orders cannot be obeyed," he observed to Ahamed, who viewed it as no affair of his. An exchange of news induced the owner of the Christian mariners to seek the little Moorish seaport of St. Cruz, and four months after the wreck of the *Oswego* they beheld a harbor, with ships riding at anchor. The governor of the place, a portly, courteous Moor, commanded Ahamed to take his captives to Mogador without delay and deliver them up to the consul. To Captain Paddock he remarked:

"These Arabs are a set of thieves, robbers, and murderers and from time immemorial they have been at war with the Moors and with all others within their reach. If there is any more trouble,

I will keep you here a few days, when I shall be going myself to Mogador."

The warlike Ahamed was somewhat abashed by this reception, and he made great haste to obey the governor's decree. Mounted on camels, the party crossed the mountain trails, but halted to consider breaking back to the desert with the captives and seeking a more auspicious market for them. Ahamed regretted that he had not sold them before he foolishly strayed into the clutches of that accursed Moorish governor of St. Cruz. More than likely there would be no ransom forthcoming at Mogador. In the nick of time another Moorish gentleman strolled into the little walled mountain town where they tarried for the night and demanded to know what was going on. To him Ahamed sourly vouchsafed:

"These be Christians whom God in his goodness cast upon our coast. We bought them on the edge of the Great Desert from a tribe which had taken them from the wreck. We had intended to carry them to Mogador but to-day we have heard that the consul has no money to buy Christians with."

The Moor suggested that Captain Paddock dictate a letter to the British consul at Mogador, naming a ransom price of four hundred dollars each, which message could be sent on ahead of Ahamed, who could await a reply before venturing into the city. The messenger galloped away on a spirited steed, but, alas! he soon came galloping back, having met a friend on the road who read the letter and said that it would not do at all. Captain Paddock was in the depths of despair, when the friendly Moor came to the rescue with another plan. The American captain should be his own messenger into Mogador, with Ahamed and an escort to guard against escape, while the other sailors were held in the mountains as hostages.

This was favorably received, and after a wearisome journey Captain Judah Paddock rode into Mogador to find the British consul. When he entered the flat-roofed stone building, above which flew the red Cross of St. George, six or eight hearty-looking English sailors rushed forward to welcome him as a shipwrecked seaman. They were surviv-

ors of the *Martin Hall* and "when I told them," says the Yankee skipper, "that three of their crew were with my party their joy was loud and boisterous. One lusty son of Neptune ran to the consul's door shouting, 'Mr. Gwyn, Mr. Gwyn, an English captain is here from the Arab coast, and the Arabs with him.'"

The consul, a venerable gentleman, hastened out in his shirt and breeches, for the hour was early in the morning, and to him Captain Paddock explained that he was in truth an American shipmaster whose only chance of rescue had been to call himself an Englishman. Mr. Gwyn invited him to sit down to breakfast, and tactfully explained that there was supposed to be an American consular agent in Mogador, but the incumbent just then was a Genoese who spoke no English and had been bundled aboard an outward-bound ship by order of the Emperor of Morocco, who had conceived a dislike for him. Mr. Gwyn went on to break the news that he had no funds with which to ransom captive sailors and that the nearest official resource would be the American consul-general at Tangier.

At this Ahamed was for dragging his slaves back to the desert, but the kindly Mr. Gwyn had no intention of permitting it, and he introduced Captain Paddock to a firm of British merchants, brothers, William and Alexander Court, who promptly offered to pay the amount stipulated and trust to the American and British governments for repayment. It then transpired that even after payment to the Arab tribes for the recovery of such shipwrecked waifs as these, it depended upon the whim and the pleasure of the Emperor of Morocco whether they should be allowed to go home from Barbary. He had been known to hold Christian wanderers as prisoners until it suited him to issue an edict or special passport of departure.

While dining at the house of a British resident in Mogador, Captain Paddock met a Jewish merchant recently returned from the coast of the Sahara, and he told a yarn which brought a gleam of humor into the bitter experience. He had got wind of a shipwreck and posted off on the chance of a speculation. At the *Oswego* he found two or three hundred

Arabs industriously despoiling the hulk of the ship. She had no cargo in her when she went ashore, only several hundred tons of Irish earth as ballast. The Arabs reasonably deducted that this stuff must be valuable, or a ship would not be laden with it, and although they could not understand what it was, they thriftily proceeded to salvage every possible pound of it. They requested the Jewish merchant to examine the treasure which had cost them so much labor, as they had been compelled to dive for most of it. Every Arab had been carefully allotted his rightful share, in order to prevent quarreling and bloodshed, and it was guarded in a little heap inside his tent. They were greatly mortified, the merchant recounted, when he laughed and told them that the ballast was worth no more than the sand upon which they stood.

Ahamed returned to the mountain stronghold and brought to Mogador the other mariners, who were held awaiting the tidings of ransom. The little British lad called Jack had no desire to leave Barbary. He ran away from the consulate and lived with Moorish friends and even paraded an adopted father. Much distressed, Captain Paddock consulted the Moorish governor of Mogador, who replied as follows:

You shall have all the indulgence that our laws permit, which is this:—examine the boy in my presence, from day to day, for three successive days, and if you can within that time persuade him to return to his former religion, you may receive him back: otherwise as he has voluntarily come among us and gone through our ceremonies we are in duty bound to retain him.

The lad was accordingly examined in Arabic, and declared that he loved his adopted father, that he had become a Mohammedan and would never change from it. Asked the reason, he said he liked this religion much better because all Christians were to be eternally damned, while a Mohammedan should see God and be saved. He repeated the long prayer of Ramadan in Arabic without missing a word and was otherwise so proficient in his new faith that the governor's verdict favored his plea. There was great rejoicing in Mogador over this

convert, and a procession of true believers escorted him in triumph through the narrow streets.

While Captain Judah Paddock waited for some word from the imperial palace in Fez, a courier arrived after long delay and presented him with the decree of liberty for himself and any of his men who should be detained in Barbary. Soon after this an English brig stood into the harbor, while a larger ship lay hove to in the offing. The report spread that a British frigate was about to bombard the town, at which the native soldiery manned the useless land batteries amid wild confusion. The frigate made sail, however, and continued her cruise, and Mogador drowsed again in the hot sunshine. Captain Paddock was unable to obtain passage in the brig, and he was still exiled until a Portuguese schooner came in from Lisbon. Pat, the Irish cook, refused to leave Mogador.

From Lisbon Captain Paddock sailed homeward bound in the good ship *Perseverance* of Baltimore and set foot on his native soil in November, almost a year after his disaster on the coast of Barbary. By invitation he waited upon the secretary of state, John Marshall, and told his story, besides filing the documents in the case of the ransom. Four years later than this, he was walking through Water Street in New York when he met John Hill, one of the sailors of the ill-fated crew of the *Oswego*. He had been sold separately, it seemed, and often resold from place to place, so that he had heard never a word of his companions, who had been scattered among other wandering tribes of the desert. One other Christian slave he had chanced to see and talk with, a sailor from an American schooner out of Norfolk, who had swum ashore on a spar when the vessel stranded, and was the only man saved. John Hill of the *Oswego* and this poor derelict from Norfolk comforted each other for a little spell and then were parted. Hill finally disguised himself as an Arab and after a series of wonderful adventures and escapes reached St. Cruz, where he was promptly sold to a Jew, who kept him at hard labor for twelve months before the American consul-general at Tangier heard of his plight and obtained his release.



"As far as the sign-post on the Gloucester road and back again"

How He Got Her

By F. MORTON HOWARD

Illustrations by Arthur Garratt

A BLACK retriever lay sprawled asleep at the threshold of the King's Head; a cat blinked drowsily from the high stone wall fronting the chapel; three querulous hens searched amid the cracks of the rough paving outside the almshouse. It was mid-afternoon in the village.

Old Ephraim Thirkell, bent of back, patrolling slowly with the aid of two foreshortened walking-sticks, had the long, straggling main street to himself. He had made a custom of going out every fine day, at this same hour, as far as the sign-post on the Gloucester road and back again, and, when thus engaged, he always carried his chin with an authoritative tilt to it. Because he was the oldest inhabitant, he somehow diffused the impression that it was not only his duty, but his prescriptive right, to inspect the village afresh every afternoon, and so keep it well up to the mark.

He had just reached Cobberly's garden-gate when the noise made by a fast-traveling vehicle mixed itself with his reflections on Cobberly's front-door, which now flaunted a bold green color, but which in the days of Cobberly's father had always been of a more fitting and respectful brown hue.

Mr. Thirkell, postponing further resentment toward that saucy portal, glanced back, and perceived a light trap swaying and jolting recklessly down High Street behind a cantering pony. Envisioning a runaway, Mr. Thirkell, with surprising agility, got on the other side of Cobberly's gate, retaining, however, sufficient presence of mind to pipe shrilly, "Stop 'im!" a great number of times. As the vehicle flashed athwart him, he saw that its Jehu was standing erect, and urging his pony to a last burst of speed.

"Why, 't is Peter Duxsey!" exclaimed Mr. Thirkell, a blank astonishment superimposing itself on his apprehension. "Peter Duxsey a-driving like one possessed! And in the middle of the afternoon, too! Well, well, things is coming to a pretty pass!" he ended, on a strong note of protest.

Fifty yards farther on, the hurrying Mr. Duxsey drew rein outside his abode. Springing from the trap, he tied his steed to the post of the yard-door and dashed straight indoors.

"'T is a fire," decided Mr. Thirkell, with the natural disposition of the aged to connect all phenomena with calamity, "or else some one 's been took bad. Oh, I must n't miss *this!*"

He hobbled along as rapidly as he

could toward Duxsey's cottage. Before he had reached it, Peter Duxsey came flinging out of the place again, and now he was struggling into his best coat and had rammed his Sunday hat down on his head.

"What 's up, Peter?" quavered Mr. Thirkell, quite flustered.

"Eh?" abruptly returned Mr. Duxsey, craning his neck to stare up the street. "Nothing."

"You seem in a hurry, like," hinted Thirkell.

"And so I be," agreed Duxsey. "Bust!" he cried in annoyance. "Now I ain't got a clean han'kerchief!" And was off indoors again.

He was absent only half a minute, returning with a white handkerchief of extraordinary size, and one generous corner of this he carefully drooped from the outer breast-pocket of his coat.

"Goings on!" remarked Thirkell, indignantly. "Why don't ye tell me what 's up, like a man?"

He was piqued, for he felt that this inexplicable behavior of Duxsey's was in some way an affront to his position of oldest inhabitant.

Mr. Duxsey, completely ignoring him, began to march purposefully up the street.

"All right; but there 's a queer look in your eyes, anyway," old Thirkell called after him with some spite.

Mr. Duxsey's pace slackened as he neared Webster's shop, which was also the post-office. Outside that establishment he halted and fell to studying the printed notices in the postal portion of the window with a great air of being casual and unconcerned. Mr. Thirkell, following far more slowly, drew up at his side and waited, as it were vengefully, for the next developments of Duxsey's eccentricity. An effort to reopen conversation was tersely sterilized by the younger man.

A full ten minutes passed, and then the carrier's ramshackle omnibus lurched into view. Mr. Duxsey, observing it, took off his hat, and then crammed it more tightly on his head. Mr. Thirkell, noting this symptom of emotion, said, "Huh!" to show that he had his wits well about him.

The bus stopped outside the post-

office, and a young lady, a complete stranger to the village, emerged thankfully from the interior. The driver turned round and looked at a small trunk and a cardboard hat-box on the roof behind him. Mrs. Webster, smiling and receptive, appeared at the door of the shop. By these things Mr. Thirkell became aware that the new postal clerk had at last made her arrival.

"I 'll see to the luggage," volunteered Mr. Duxsey.

He clambered up, and forcefully possessed himself of the trunk, struggling into the shop with it, and dumping it blindly among the weights and scales on the counter. With the hat-box he bore more gently, handing it to the girl herself with a broad, ingratiatory leer. The bus rumbled off again.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Parkson," declared Mr. Duxsey, with great assurance. "I see your name on your box," he explained.

She smiled politely, and followed Mrs. Webster into the shop. Mr. Duxsey, heartlessly closing the door on Mr. Thirkell's interested nose, brought up the rear.

"Well, so 'ere we are!" he observed in large, affable manner.

Miss Parkson was fidgeting with the clasp of her purse, hesitating, and glancing to Mrs. Webster for guidance.

"Blessed if she ain't thinking of tipping me!" guffawed Mr. Duxsey in vast amazement.

Mrs. Webster, too, smiled at the notion of presenting a gratuity to Mr. Peter Duxsey the most prosperous of the younger dealers for miles around.

"Well, thank you very much," said the girl, embarrassed. "It was very good of you."

"That 's all right," he returned heartily. "I was waiting 'ere on purpose to carry it in for you. I see you get into the bus at Burcott Junction. First of all, you only caught my eye because you was a stranger; but when I see—" He decided to suppress that sentence. "Anyway, I asked Jim, as 'e was getting up on to the box, who you was, and 'e told me."

"Yes," confirmed Mrs. Webster, "I told him to look out for our new post-office young lady at Burcott Junction."

"Well, when I heard, I had another look at you through the window," narrated Mr. Duxsey, "and then I chucked up business for the day and drove back 'ome 'ere as fast as ever I could."

"But—" began the girl, perplexed, and then her cheeks flamed scarlet.

"I did n't want to lose no time getting to know you," said Mr. Duxsey, a man incapable of the finer uses of speech. "There 's far too many of us chaps in this village," he added.

She stared at him indignantly, but he beamed back at her in the friendliest fashion, clearly innocent of intentional offensiveness.

"Well, thank you again," she said distantly, and made to follow Mrs. Webster into the room behind the shop.

"That 's all right," he assured her; "glad to have had the chance. Oh, my name 's Duxsey—Peter Duxsey. I thought like you might like to know." Something in her expression at last stirred him to uneasiness. "In case—in case there 's any letters comes for me," he stammered.

She made no reply, and he passed out of the shop. Old Thirkell was lying in wait for him outside.

"Huh!" croaked Mr. Thirkell, with an astonishing sneer—"huh! I know what is up now!"

"Parkson—that 's 'er name," Duxsey informed him, with a strange satisfaction in possessing that knowledge.

"Huh!" repeated Mr. Thirkell, and challengingly pointed a walking-stick at him. "Love at first sight! Huh! Hee-hee!"

"You've guessed right for the first time I ever remember you so to do," cheerily returned Mr. Duxsey, and trudged off homeward, whistling blithely.

But within the half-hour he was back at the post-office.

"'Ere I am again!" he announced, entering robustly.

Miss Parkson had doffed her hat and donned a disconcerting official manner. The glance she gave to Mr. Duxsey was frigid and detached, and his courage unexpectedly petered out at it.

"Er—one three-ha'penny stamp, please, miss," he requested in subdued accents.

She served him in silence, merely

acquiescing in his existence and nothing more. He departed humbly enough, but he cheered up outside.

"No, it 's all right," he murmured to himself: "she was n't wearing an engagement-ring."

He did not go again to the post-office that day, but sat musing in his



"'Why not buy five shillings' worth at once, and have done with it?'"

chair in front of the fire till at last his old housekeeper's solicitude drove him to bed. He had a wakeful night, but he rose in the morning grinning serenely, as one who had been visited by happy inspiration.

He strolled along to Webster's shop before breakfast, gaining that emporium just as the shutters were being taken down for the day. Miss Parkson was already in her place. He greeted her deferentially, made purchase of a stamp, and asked the young lady behind the counter how she had slept. He was answered with the utmost briefness compatible with civility. He lingered, affected a quite unconvincing interest in the tin pails festooned above his head, and then left.

That same morning he had the ingenuity to write to his cousin in South Africa, and this, of course, necessitated inquiry as to the rate for postage thither. The information was given concisely, and the purchase of a stamp of adequate value was nothing more than a singularly arid business transaction.

Curiously enough, that afternoon Mr.

Duxsey discovered that he had no stamped post-cards in his cottage, and he remedied the defect. After tea he went along to make quite sure that he had taken out a dog-license at the beginning of the year. On both occasions he was waited upon with a swiftness which, in other circumstances, he would have found commendable. On each occasion, too, the attempts he made to create an atmosphere of sociability were baffled by Miss Parkson's immediate retirement behind the boarded-up corner devoted to telegraphy.

Mr. Duxsey, resolutely declining to lose courage, found occasion to visit the post-office no fewer than five times during the following day. He was glad to learn that his gun-license was quite in order, professing to have heard rumors of new taxation; he was gratified to learn that there was as yet no need to take out a game-license for such quarry as rabbits and wood-pigeons; he was pleased to hear that the parcels-post rate remained unchanged. His satisfaction in these things evaporated only when Miss Parkson, having imparted to him the knowledge he sought, turned unconcernedly away and strolled behind the partition.

It was after his third visit that day that his inventiveness gave out, and he fell back on the simple expedient of purchasing single three-halfpenny stamps, and next day, as he was driving off to a bartering over poultry at Brimpsfield, he stopped at Webster's and got off to buy a stamp. And when he drove back with a load of hens four hours later, he again pulled up at the post-office and descended to buy a stamp. And after tea that same evening he strolled along and bought a stamp.

Miss Parkson clicked her tongue audibly when he entered on that occasion. She snapped a stamp off the sheet and flicked it impatiently toward him.

"Thank 'e," he said. "Been a lovely day."

But she was gone.

He picked up his purchase, went out, and was back half an hour later.

"Well?" she inquired very, very distantly.

"That stamp you gave me just now," he remarked, "it 's tore half across.

"I see you do it when you snatched it off to give it to me, only I did n't say nothing at the time, because I thought you might be busy. Besides, you was off into your cubby-hole there so quick I 'ardly had time to."

She changed the stamp for him, though her fingers trembled so much under the stress of her emotions that the mishap was almost repeated.

"Thank 'e," he observed. "As I was saying just now, it 's been a lovely day."

But again she was gone.

The next day was Sunday, and though he was smoking his pipe up and down High Street all day, he saw nothing of her; but early on Monday morning he was once more at the counter of the post-office.

"One three-ha'penny stamp, please, miss," he requested brightly.

Miss Parkson frowned, and a distinct murmur of resentment escaped her lips.

"You seem to write a great many letters," she observed, eying him very straightly.

It was the nearest she had yet come to friendly conversation, and the heart of Mr. Duxsey beat faster within him.

"Oh, I should n't be buying a stamp once in a blue moon if *you* was n't here to sell 'em," he returned, almost wriggling with the desire to make himself thoroughly agreeable.

Miss Parkson set her lips, and gazed balefully at him.

"Why not buy five shillings' worth at once, and have done with it?" she suggested icily.

"No jolly fear," ejaculated Mr. Duxsey. "Not when I could see you—eight for a bob, five eights is forty—not when I could see you forty times for the same money."

Miss Parkson, as one at the limit of patience, drew in her breath with a hissing sound, and turned sharply away.

"Well, good-by for the present," observed Mr. Duxsey. "See you again presently."

He continued for the next two or three days to amass separate three-halfpenny stamps at odd intervals till the accumulation began secretly to dismay him. Then he learned, to his vast relief, that a helpful Government supplies blank forms to which one may affix penny

stamps, and, when twelve stamps thus decorate a form, the shilling they represent is added to one's credit in the post-office savings-bank.

Immediately, Mr. Duxsey became an ardent exponent of such officially fostered thrift. He forthwith opened an account. At once he began to concern himself with his deposit, every day demanding an elucidatory interview with the young lady behind the postal counter.

By the end of the nine days affairs had come to such a pass that Miss Parkson, dropping mere antagonism, openly rebelled.

"I can't be bothering with you a dozen times a day!" she declared stormily. "I don't believe—"

"You just 'a' got to attend to me," he informed her, imperturbably. "I can come in and ask you post-office questions as often as I like, and you can't prevent me."

"Oh!" she exclaimed in the greatest annoyance.

"That 's the way of it, and you knows it. As long as I 'm polite and only comes on business and be'aves myself, it 's your duty to listen to me. You can't stop me. If you could, I dare say you would."

"Yes; long ago!" she replied passionately.

"Just what I thought," he remarked. "But, as things are, I 've got the pull, ain't I?"

"And how long are you going to keep on being so—so—"

"So what?"

"Hateful!" she flashed.

"Why, till you and me gets better friends."

"Never! never! never!" she declared.

"Oh, well, we 'll see," he said easily. "Never 's a long time. Penny stamp, please, miss."

Thereafter, whenever Mr. Duxsey visited the post-office, he invariably found Miss Parkson engaged on tasks which demanded her closest attention for prolonged periods before she could disdainfully give heed to his requirements. He accepted these delays uncomplainingly enough, seating himself on a chair and finding recompense in watching her.

One morning, while employed in a long-drawn-out performance of some matter of routine, she glanced up and found his ardent gaze riveted upon her. A wave of color swept over her face, and she stood erect in some confusion.

"Now don't you let me disturb you," he begged. "Don't you hurry on my account, please. I don't mind waiting; not a bit. I like watching you."

"What is it you require?" she asked very formally.

He sat looking at her without response, noticing that the color had already flowed swiftly from her cheeks and that she was now very white.

"Can't you see I don't want you here?" she asked, with a perceptible tremor in her voice.

"Aye, I can see that plain' enough," he admitted, "but I don't see why you don't."

"I *don't* want you here. That ought to be quite sufficient for you."

"Ah, but it ain't. I can't understand why you should object. I 've always been as polite as polite to you, ain't I?"

"I wish you would n't come here."

"P'raps you—p'raps some one—" he stammered in alarm. "I mean, p'raps you 've got a fellow already?"

"A *fellow!*" she exclaimed in high contempt. "No, I have n't got a *fellow*. And I don't want a *fellow*, either."

"You don't *want* a fellow?" he inquired incredulously.

"No, I don't!"

He rose from his seat to lean confidentially across the counter.

"Ain't there not no one you could fancy as a fellow?" he insinuated tenderly.

Miss Parkson's harassed nerves gave way under the strain. There was the noise of a smart slap, a masculine shout of dire surprise. Then Mr. Duxsey stood back from the counter, rubbing his ear aggrievedly.

"Well, I don't call *that* very polite of you," he complained. "I asked you a civil question, and—"

"You *made* me! you *made* me!" she panted. "Why don't you—oh,"—surprisingly, tears filled her eyes,—“oh, I do wish you would n't keep worrying me! I *do!*"

Mr. Duxsey gulped, took off his cap,

scratched the nape of his neck, and resumed his headgear; then he went out of the shop, closing the door very quietly behind him.

For four full days he did not go near the post-office again. At the end of the fourth day, unable further to maintain mastery over himself, he went boldly into Webster's shop.

"A penny stamp, please, and I suppose you ain't changed your mind?" he said, speaking very rapidly.

"Changed my mind?"

"About fellows, I mean."

She darted an offended glance at him, and shook her head emphatically.

"I thought p'raps you might," he murmured.

He was looking at her so wistfully that involuntarily her attitude softened.

"No, I shall never change my mind," she said quite gently.

"Not—not if I was to—to ask you—"

"Let me see, I think you wanted a penny stamp, did n't you?" countered Miss Parkson, with a brisk return to her official manner.

Mr. Duxsey stood straight up and audibly drew a long breath through his nostrils. For several seconds he remained with chest fully expanded and with his chin squared fearsomely. Then exhaling in one mighty gust, he brought both his fists crashing down on the counter.

"Now for it, Peter!" he exclaimed.



"Huh! Hee-hee! you won't be bothering the parson yet awhile!"

"Oh, good gracious!" exclaimed the alarmed young lady.

"Look 'ere, Miss Parkson," said Mr. Duxsey, truculantly, "you 've seen me a good many times now; you know what I 'm like, more or less. And if there 's anything you wants to know about me, you can ask any one in the village, and I sha'n't be frightened of what they might tell you. I 've got a bit laid by, and I ain't doing badly, with one thing and another, in the dealing line. I ain't so very much to look at, I 'll own, but there 's plenty worse than me. Well, now, what about thinking of me as a 'usband?"

"I thought I told you—"

"Gals is allowed to change their minds. Why, they ain't women till they gets in the regular habit of it."

"I don't want to get married."

"But why not?"

"Because I don't! Oh, why do you keep—"

"Because I *do* want to get married. And to *you*, what 's more. I wanted to the minute I first saw you at Burcott Junction. And I 've wanted to worse and worse ever since."

"I don't want to get married," she said again. "I—I want to stop just as I am. I—"

"But *why* don't you? Won't you tell me? Come, now!" he coaxed.

"Let 's 'ave a fair deal. Just tell me—"

She shook her head.

"Please—please go!"

"I want to know first," he insisted.

Miss Parkson looked at him in a queer, aimless way for a moment or two. Then, turning swiftly away, she retired into sanctuary among the telegraphic instruments.

Mr. Duxsey waited, indeterminate. Then, to his amazement, he heard muffled sobbings.

"To blazes with everything!" he bellowed, and swarmed across the counter, and strode behind the partition.

"You—you must n't come in here!" exclaimed Miss Parkson, aghast, peeping at him with one eye over the top of her handkerchief.

"You got to marry me!" he roared.

"No! no!"

"I say yes!"

"No—I—I can't!"

"That be blowed for a tale!"

"I don't want to marry anybody," she whimpered.

"Now, look 'ere, if you *was* to marry anybody, would you marry *me*?"

"I—I—oh, *please* go back!"

"Would you or would n't you?"

"I—I might."

"Good enough!" he asserted, with satisfaction, and swung himself back across the counter just as footsteps drew up at the door of the shop.

"Thank you, miss," he said politely as a lady of the village entered. "I 'll remember what you was telling me. Ah, good morning, Mrs. Drew. Some of these post-office affairs take a lot of understanding, don't they? Still, I think I 've got it right now. Good morning; good morning."

He imagined he had covered his retreat very ingeniously, and so his chagrin was considerable that same evening when he met old Ephraim Thirkell in High Street.

"A-scuffling be'ind the post-office counter!" intoned Mr. Thirkell, in lofty disapproval. "I 've a-heard all about your goings-on."

"Then you 've heard lies," declared Mr. Duxsey. "Mrs. Drew never saw nothing."

"I don't know what Mrs. Drew saw," returned Mr. Thirkell, sourly, "though I 'll remember to ask 'er next time I see 'er. What I 'm a-talking about I got from old Bob Frensham, oo got it from Webster 'isself, and Webster got it straight from 'is missis. Ah, 't was Mrs. Webster a-eared you a-scuffling about be'ind the counter—eared you plain from the room be'ind the shop, though the door *was* closed. She said she 'ad n't the 'eart to interfere, and more fool 'er."

"I takes it very kind of 'er," championed Mr. Duxsey, dropping all further pretense.

"You can't 'ide things from *me*, you see!" exulted Mr. Thirkell, maliciously. "For all you 're so clever, you can't keep *me* in the dark. I *knew* something was up that day. Gussed it in a minute."

"You mind your 'ead don't bust with all the knowledge you packs into it," heatedly warned Mr. Duxsey, and made to continue his way.

"Ah, I knows lots more than you thinks," crooned old Thirkell. "Come to that, I dare say I knows a lot more than *you* do. You thinks you 're going to marry that post-office gal in the end, don't you? Well, I knows you 're *not*. See? And I knows *why* she won't marry you, what 's more."

"So you say!" retorted Duxsey, skeptically, but he halted.

"So I *know*," asseverated Mr. Thirkell. "She 's putting dooty before pleasure; that is, if it could be a pleasure to marry a fellow like you!"

"Go away with you!" scoffed Duxsey. "Why, you don't know what you 're talking about."

"Don't I? Don't I?" spluttered old Thirkell. "Anyway, I got it confidential from Mrs. Simpson, oo got it confidential from Mrs. Webster, and *she* got it from the gal 'erself. So now, then!"

"Got what?"

"Ah, now you 're *asking*!" taunted Thirkell.

"Not *me*. I don't believe for a moment you knows anything at all about it. What about them owls' eggs you said was pigeons?" he interposed dexterously.

"They *was* pigeons!" asserted the old man, passionately. "If they 'd 'a' been 'atched out, you 'd 'a' seen!"

"You know things!" derided Mr. Duxsey.

"Anyway, I do know all about this gal you keeps pestering. I do. I knows all about 'er invalid mother, and 'ow she sends 'er most of 'er wages, and 'ow she lives in London, and all the rest of it. So what about that?"

"Poor old chap!" murmured Mr. Duxsey, addressing space. "Come to wandering in 'is talk at last!"

"I ain't!" denied Mr. Thirkell, vehemently. "There ain't a clearer brain in the county than mine, I tell ye. I got it straight from Mrs. Simpson. Aye," he continued in malignant satisfaction, "you 'll 'ave no call to trouble about wedding-rings! That gal ain't going to marry no one, she says. It 's 'er dooty, she says, to think of 'er poor old mother before anybody else, and so she told Mrs. Webster. And quite right, too. Huh! Hee-hee! *you* won't be bothering the parson yet awhile; so you need n't think it."

"All right," remarked Duxsey, easily; "do you run away and play now, old chap."

"Run!" fulminated Thirkell. "Play! If I was only fifty years younger, or you was only fifty years older—"

"So that 's 'ow it is?" thoughtfully muttered Mr. Duxsey, completely ignoring Mr. Thirkell's recriminations. "So that 's 'ow it is, eh?" He strolled on a little way, and stood still again, with folded arms, to stare at the post-office.

"Right-o!" he exclaimed at last, and set out on a long, meditative walk.

The upshot of his ruminations became public property next day when through the village there percolated the rumor that Peter Duxsey contemplated traveling to London on business in a day or two. For the next twenty-four hours Mr. Thirkell was at pains to verify this rumor, and indefatigably gleaned such corroborative details as that Duxsey had borrowed the King's Head's railway time-table, that three of Duxsey's collars were hanging on the washing-line, although it was mid-week, and that Duxsey had bought a new pair of boot-laces from Pond, the cobbler.

"You 're a-going to London to see that gal's mother!" Thirkell straightly charged Duxsey on the ensuing day.

"Poor old chap!" cooed Duxsey, pityingly, passing on. "He stills sticks to 'is delusions!"

He went into the post-office and found Mrs. Webster and Miss Parkson chatting across the counter with a lady customer.

"Thought I 'd just look in and tell you I was off to London for a few days," he remarked. "If so be there 's any letters come for me, I 'd take it as a favor if you 'd hold on to 'em, after to-morrow, till I gets back. You see, my 'ouse-keeper she 's a bit nervous of my letters when I 'm away. She always makes up her mind that they 're important, and she hides 'em away to keep 'em quite safe, and then forgets where she hid 'em."

"Very well, Mr. Duxsey," said Miss Parkson.

"I suppose you ain't got no messages nor parcels I could be a-taking up for you?" asked Mr. Duxsey, addressing Mrs. Webster. "I should be pleased, if so, to be of service to you."

"No, there ain't any one I can think of in London," said Mrs. Webster, slowly, and then turned questioningly to the girl at her side. "What about *you*, my dear?"

Miss Parkson shook her head.

"I was thinking, Mrs. Webster," continued Mr. Duxsey in slightly louder tones, "if so be you had any friends in London, and wanted to send 'em a bunch of flowers, there 's any amount in my garden. A wonderful lot for the time of the year, and I 'd be glad to see some of 'em cut. Pity to let 'em go to waste when I dare say there 's folks in London what would feel cheered up just to look at 'em."

"True," agreed the lady customer. "Especially if they was ill or anything like that."

Miss Parkson opened her lips to speak, but changed her mind, and stood silently staring out into the street through the interstices of the official notices in the window.

"That would be a splendid chance," Mrs. Webster half whispered to her—"him taking them up. They 'd get there all fresh and —"

"Oh, no, I could n't bother him like that; it would be all out of his way," said Miss Parkson, turning again.

"This young lady 's mother lives in London," observed Mrs. Webster.

"Do she, now? Well, well, fancy that! Why, then, miss, 'ere 's just your chance," declared Mr. Duxsey, very heartily. "Do you let me take 'er up a bunch of flowers—a great big bunch, all bright and cheerful. Then, again, I could get a brace of rabbits just for the shooting of 'em, and if she cares about them—"

"Oh, I could n't trouble you!" demurred Miss Parkson, but looking quite wistful.

"A pleasure," stated Mr. Duxsey.

"Ah, and she 'll appreciate a bunch of flowers, too," said the customer. "A bunch of flowers straight from the country—you know what town folks are!"

"She *would* like them," agreed Miss Parkson.

"That 's settled, then. Do you just tell me where to leave them, and I 'll see to it the minute I get to London."



"And set out on a long, meditative walk"

I'll go there straight, the very minute, afore I sees to anything else."

"But it'll be quite out of your way—Camden Town."

"Why, that's just the very part I got to go on business!" roared Mr. Duxsey, and, at this happy coincidence, the girl hesitated no longer.

She wrote the address for him on a slip of paper, and he departed, promising that on the morrow Camden Town should witness something spectacular in the way of bouquets from his garden.

"He might have offered to call and see your mother for you," commented Mrs. Webster, when the lady customer, too, was gone.

"I'm glad he did n't offer," said the girl. "I'd rather he did n't see her."

"I understand, my dear. He might guess?"

Miss Parkson nodded ruefully.

Early next morning Mr. Duxsey's trap rattled by on its way to the station. Miss Parkson was looking out of her window as he passed. He bent down to take a vast, gay bunch of blooms from beneath the seat, and these he shook at her, and shouted incomprehensibly, but encouragingly.

For four days the village knew not Mr. Duxsey, and then, very soon after breakfast one morning, he reappeared at the post-office.

"Got back late last night," he explained to the young lady behind the

counter. "I saw to them flowers all right."

"Thank you very much indeed."

"That's all right; you wait a bit. I've got something to tell you. Your mother's down at my place."

"What?" ejaculated Miss Parkson.

"Your mother she's down at my place. Come back with me last night," he amplified in the most matter-of-fact tones. "I'd 'a' let you know last evening, but I thought I'd wait and see 'ow she got through the night first. As it is, she slept like a top, she says. It was a ticklish journey, it was, but we done it. Once I did think it was touch and go, but we came through all right. And now she's 'ere. Come to stop—come to stop for good."

"But I don't understand!" protested Miss Parkson.

"No, 't would be a sort of surprise to you, no doubt," he conceded tolerantly. "Your mother did write and tell you, the day before yesterday. She give me the letter to post, but I never posted it, of course, for fear you might come interfering."

"But however did she manage to travel all that way?"

"A rare old job I 'ad with 'er," he informed her, "'er being a' invalid, and one thing and another. I tell you, there was times when she quite scared me. But I got 'er down, safe and sound, sure enough, and last night I got the

doctor to look in and see 'er, just to be on the safe side. 'E said she was quite all right."

"But—but why did you bring her here? Why did you—"

"Bless you! I meant to when I went up to London. Why, that 's what I went for. That was the business what took me up. You see, I—I *knowed*, and I explained things to 'er very civil' soon as ever I got to see 'er. That was the *first* faint she did."

"Oh, how could you?"

"Well, when she come round, I told 'er just 'ow it was, and just oo I was, and how you would n't marry no one on account of 'er. Then I put it to 'er that she must come down along o' me, and then you and me could get married, and we 'd all three get along together as right as right."

"Oh, but—but that would n't be fair to you!" she fluttered.

"Look 'ere, miss, a first word and a last word about that," he said squarely. "I 'm the best judge as to whether I gains or loses by it, and I 'm more than satisfied. So there it can stop now and always. Yes, and I 'elped 'er pack. My word! you 've been a good daughter to 'er. You 've kept 'er *well* supplied."

"I—oh, what *am* I to do?" she cried, gazing round her in wide-eyed helplessness.

"Why, put on your bonnit and step round and see the old gal," he instructed her. "And tell 'er 't is all as I told her, and all, all right."

"Yes, I 'll come and see her at once. I 'll—"

"That 's it. But do you go cautious with 'er at first. She 's a bit fainty when she 's surprised. And that 's wonderful what lots of things surprises 'er. There was a boy yesterday—'e started to sell newspapers behind us just as the old lady was getting into the cab. Well, I smacked 'is 'ead. Still, once she 's settled into 'er stride, she gets along remarkably steady, she tells me. And the doctor 'e says that 'll do 'er all the good in the world, being down 'ere."

"Oh, I 'm sure it will; but—"

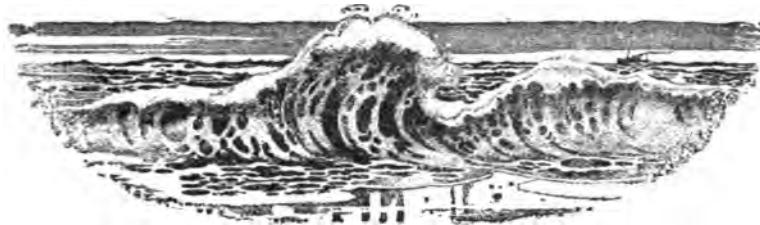
"There, you run along and get your bonnit. It 's no good your saying you won't 'ave me now, because you 've got no reason to say so now. Besides, then I 'd 'ave to take 'er back again; and if you knew the job I 'ad getting 'er down 'ere! There 's two packing-cases she wanted to bring along down with her, besides the trunk and the odd parcels and the shawls and the blanket and the umbrella and the basketful of medicines, etcetery, etcetery. But them packing-cases is coming along later. It was either that, or me taking it in turns with the old lady to faint every time the train stopped. But 'ere we are, and no one any the worse, and that 's all about it."

"Peter Duxsey," said the girl, "you 're a dear, and I 'll make you a good wife."

She sped off to fetch her hat. Mr. Duxsey, drawing in a deep breath of thankfulness, beamed round on every thing in the shop. A minute later he was marching proudly up the street, with the future Mrs. Peter Duxsey chattering excitedly on his arm.



"With the future Mrs. Duxsey chattering excitedly on his arm"



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

DAYBREAK OR DELUSION IN MEXICO—ALVARO OBREGON—THE MAN—THE PROBLEM—THE PROGRAM—THE MEXICAN CHALLENGE TO THE UNITED STATES—LA ZONE ROUGE—FOR PRESIDENTS AND PREMIERS ONLY—LITTLE ESSAYS ON BIG IDEAS—GILD SOCIALISM—THE BELGIAN CONFUSION OF TONGUES—THE HIGH COST OF RACIAL INTEGRITY.

DAYBREAK OR DELUSION IN MEXICO



We have been schooled to expect delusion at the hands of the successive Mexican presidents who have had their brief and fitful days since the sinister, but long-successful régime of Porfirio Diaz, the last government of sustained order and aggregate prosperity distraught Mexico has known. We have read the news of Mexican elections with a bored and cynical air, afraid to hope lest we be thought naïve. At last there is a break in our cynicism, at least a healthy suspension of judgment, and many have dared to think the election of General Alvaro Obregon marked the dawn of a better day in Mexican affairs, an armistice with revolution, the emergence of coöperation from chaos, the return to reason of a people sick and tired alike of the knight-errantry and the graft of civil war, the beginnings of amicable and mutually profitable relations between Mexico and the United States.

Which shall it be, daybreak or delusion? With Obregon, more than with any other man, rests the answer. Nothing can more profitably occupy these columns just now than a survey of the

available facts about this man, the condition he faces, and the program he proposes. As a people we know too little about Mexico, as Mexicans know too little about us. The interplay of Mexican thought about Americans and American thought about Mexicans has been a competition in ignorance. Hence the Mexican problem has been the playground of demagogues on both sides of the border. If only there were a way to substitute for the strut and bluster or the bland insincerities of diplomatic notes a genuine and comprehensive communion of peoples!

General Alvaro Obregon, President of the Republic of Mexico, is hailed as the strong man Mexico needs. Let us refresh our minds about his ancestry, ability, training, and rise to power.

The racial strains in Obregon are interesting. In Obregon observers affect to see a combination of racial traits that augur well for his leadership. Wilbur Forrest, writing in the "New York Tribune" of recent date, says:

Obregon is a Basque, a descendant of the sturdy admixture of bloods which inhabit the heights and valleys of the Pyrenees Mountains between France and Spain, the hard-working, law-abiding, intelligent little race

which is neither French nor Spanish, but which sends its representatives to the law-making assemblies of both France and Spain, in accordance with the geographic divisions.

On Obregon's other side, the Indian blood which courses in his veins is not that of the more unstable Aztecs, but that of the pure, unpolluted strains of Yaquis and Mayas, the agricultural tribes which inhabit the Mexican West Coast, and who love their farms better than war, but who can "outwar" the best of them if driven to it.

It is asserted that the blending of the fearlessness of the Yaquis with the stability of the Basque is likely to produce the sort of leadership Mexico sorely needs. Geneological gossip adds this further interesting touch to the racial analysis of Obregon: it is said that he is the great grandson of an Irishman, Michael O'Brien. This story, as told in a recent issue of "The Christian Science Monitor," runs as follows:

Approximately one hundred years ago an Irishman was sent by the King of Spain to rule as viceroy over Mexico. His name was John O'Donahue—or Juan Odonaju, as the more musically minded Mexicans translated. His closest friend and constant bodyguard was one Michael O'Brien, renamed Miguel Obregon by his adopted Iberian brothers, and it was to him that Juan Odonaju turned when Iturbide and his army, flying the banner of the "first empire," decreed an end to the three hundred-year-rule of the Spanish viceroys.

The story continues to the effect that O'Donahue and O'Brien repudiated their emperor and joined the ranks of Iturbide, the Morelian Indian, who recognized O'Brien's services to the "first empire" by making him General Miguel Obregon. As General Miguel Obregon, this Michael O'Brien was given control of the western coast of the land of Moquahtesuma, where, with his wife, who came from the land of his fathers, he left several sons. The story goes on to say:

When Iturbide's magnificent dream of a Mexican empire ended, scarcely a year after he and his wife were crowned in the cathedral in Mexico City, he left Miguel Obregon, otherwise Micky O'Brien, to his own devices in the distant west coast state now called Sinaloa. Like most Irishmen, Miguel was a

good mixer. He had more friends than dollars, but through these friends he was able to resign from the army and avoid any action by national junta. Obregon became a farmer, and later had a son, to whom, mindful of the days beyond the Atlantic, they gave the name of Patricio, or Patrick.

To this young Patsy the tongue of his fathers, like the toes of a horse, became useless, and to his wife, taken from among the girls of the Tierra Caliente, came sons and daughters, to whom "Irelandia" and "Los Irlandeses" were merely words culled from the speech of their grandsire, as he puttered among the flowers in the patio, orgabbed with his cronies in the village cantina.

One of these sons was the father of Alvaro Obregon, "whose Irish spirit has carried him through many a situation more warlike than Donnybrook fairs to the mastery of Mexico." And so, as the chronicler puts it, "the electorate of Mexico chose a great grandson of Micky O'Brien to sit in the teakwood chair of Hidalgo and Juarez and Diaz in the national palace at Mexico City."

Obregon does not at all answer the common conception of a Mexican revolutionary leader. He is not the picturesque type portrayed by Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man." He is so white that it is difficult to think of him as having Indian blood in his veins.

But it is not fashion notes or ancestral parades in which we are interested, but in the promise of leadership we may find in Obregon, the man. Obregon is thirty-eight years old, a man of abundant vitality. He has been described as farmer, student, merchant, and general. His home is at Nogales, Sonora, just across the border from Nogales, Arizona. It is asserted that he has amassed a fortune of several millions of dollars. He has concentrated on the chick-pea trade. His military debut was made as the organizer and leader of a band of Yaqui Indians and neighbors which set out to protect their properties from banditry. Later he threw this band into the service of Madero in the revolt against Diaz. Madero made Obregon a general. But Obregon returned to his farm in 1911, making the oft-quoted statement:

I would rather teach the Mexican people

the use of the tooth-brush than to handle a rifle. I would rather see them in school than on battlefields. I prefer any day a good electrician, machinist, carpenter, or farmer to a soldier.

When Madero was assassinated in 1918, Obregon denounced Huerta early in the game and joined the ranks of the Carranza adherents. Villa was an associate general with Obregon in the Carranza-Huerta fight. Later, when Villa turned against Carranza, Obregon turned against Villa and defeated him, coming out of the fight with the empty sleeve which is his badge of heroism that appeals to the Mexican imagination. Carranza, upon becoming *de facto* President of Mexico, made Obregon minister of war. Even before Carranza was inaugurated as the legally elected constitutional President a rift had appeared between Obregon and his chief. Obregon professed disappointment and disagreement over what he regarded as dictatorial and reactionary tendencies in the Carranza policies. On May 1, 1917, Carranza was formally installed as president. On that day Obregon resigned his post as minister of war. Between then and the death of Carranza Obregon quietly organized a revolt, singularly bloodless, that resulted in his elevation to the presidency.

As to Mexico's future relation with the United States, many profess to find great hope in the fact that Obregon knows the United States more intimately and accurately than any other prominent Mexican. They point out the fact that in 1918 Obregon, at the request of the United States Government, made a tour of the United States to the end that there might be at least one significant man in Mexico who knew the United States for something other than a land of dollar-grabbing capitalists and bluffing diplomats, as a land of both sincerity and strength.

In 1918 it was felt that the leadership of Mexico was becoming increasingly pro-German. Luis Cabrera, minister of finance under Carranza, was in South America attempting to further a project for an Hispano-American league that would unite Mexico with Peru, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil,

in an interchange of raw materials and manufactured goods and break their dependence upon the United States and upon certain European markets. It is said that Carranza dreamed of achieving the headship of such a league. In it all American officials saw the sinister inspiration of Herr von Eckhardt, who was then looking after the kaiser's interests in the Mexican capitol.

As one item in the American program of opposition to such policies, Obregon was selected as the biggest Mexican outside the government circle and invited to make a tour of inspection of the United States. He was graciously guided on his tour by Spanish-speaking American army officers. A tour of the cantonments, munitions plants, aircraft-production centers, shipyards, and railroad centers gave him a first-hand appreciation of the transcendent strength of the United States. Conference with government officials convinced him, it is hoped, of the sincerity of the United States in desiring only relations with Mexico that are mutually helpful. The importance of this tour stands out in bold relief now that Obregon is the guiding spirit of Mexican policy and action.

He is not wholly guiltless of anti-American utterances, nor is he wholly free from charges of atrocities that mark Mexican brawls, but knowing to what lengths the exigencies of domestic politics sometimes lead a man, and knowing with what a sizable grain of salt international news must be taken, we can afford to let bygones be bygones if the Obregon régime promises to "let Bourbons be bygones."

Obregon's statement, made at the time he announced his candidacy for the presidency, is gratifying. Of international policy he said:

Inviolability of Mexican sovereignty; absolute respect for the sovereignty and institutions of other peoples; complete recognition of all the rights legitimately acquired in Mexico in conformity to its laws by all strangers; to give all facilities to capital that desires to invest in Mexico for development of its natural resources; extension in the most ample manner to foreigners resident in Mexico of all the guaranties and prerogatives Mexican law concedes to them; a frank

tendency to reinforce and widen Mexico's foreign relations.

He has qualified these statements to an extent that will prevent the impression that he purposes to return wholly to the Diaz policy respecting foreign investors in Mexico. Obregon has said frankly: "I do not believe in making Mexico a mother to foreigners and a stepmother to Mexicans. They should be taxed, but treated fairly." But in basic contentions, the Obregon policy resembles the Diaz policy. And every responsible student of the Mexican situation feels that what Mexico needs just now is another Diaz policy, albeit duly fumigated and liberalized and linked with a comprehensive educational policy. Certain aspects of the Diaz policy were right. But Mexico will not tolerate another Diaz. Her blundering and graft-stained adventurings toward constitutional government since the fall of Diaz may have been a sad travesty upon democracy, but in them the Mexican people have tasted the wine of liberalism—a heady wine that never leaves a people as they were before.

The one thing that has made Mexico's relation with the United States in particular and the world in general a sore spot in world politics has been this question of foreign investments in Mexico. Foreign investors insist that the Carranza-inspired constitution means practical confiscation of foreign property in Mexico. The contention centers around the famous article XXVII of the 1917 Constitution, which deals with oil and mineral deposits. It has been held both by American investors and by the American Government that this article should not be made retroactive to the end of a virtual confiscation of American properties there. Before this comment reaches the reader it is probable that Obregon, through his accredited representative, will have given satisfactory promise of justice to all American rights legitimately acquired in Mexico in the past.

Carranza went down because he failed to reach a constructive solution of the agrarian problem and because he compromised with grafters. Obregon must succeed where Carranza failed in a hand-

ling of the land question, or his day will be brief. Obregon must cut loose from the graft-system and the government by mercenary generals. This will be no easy matter. It is notoriously true that most of the support of revolutions in Mexico during the last ten years has been for pay's sake. Loyalty has been in the market for sale, and for re-sale when a higher price was offered. Is this so ingrained in the situation that Obregon cannot cut loose from it and maintain his hold on the government? Time alone can tell.

Obregon faces three tasks that challenge the best he may have of vision and vitality.

First, the task of pacifying the country. At the moment of writing, this pacification seems measurably accomplished. The country is quiet as it has not been quiet for many moons. This is recorded timidly, lest a crop of revolutions spring up before these sentences reach the news-stand.

Second, the economic rehabilitation of the country. The natural basis for a sound economic future is at hand. Mexico, as many students have pointed out, has the five essentials to large production at low costs: (1) cheap motive power; (2) raw materials; (3) cheap labor; (4) an economically strategic geographical position; (5) virtually unlimited markets. But Mexico is in a bad way economically. She may have boundless stores of gold, silver, oil, and great potential output of cotton, rubber, tea, hennequin, or sisal, and a dozen other sorts of vegetable fiber, but between production and the ultimate consumer stand an inadequate and ramshackle transportation system and shattered credit. Mexico's railroad tracks are sadly in need of repair and extension, rolling-stock is worn out and the supply inadequate, and there is virtually no other way than railroad transportation for Mexican products to reach their markets. Rivers are negligible, there are no canals worth mentioning save irrigation canals, and the highways are in a terrible state. Before Obregon can attack this major problem of transportation he must reestablish Mexico's credit. And that is indissolubly bound up with the third task that confronts him.

Third, the reestablishment of Mexico's

foreign relations upon a basis of concord and confidence. The rest of the world must believe in the sincerity and stability of the Mexican Government before the money and credit that Mexico needs will be available for the reconstruction of the transportation system and other tasks.

The basic human element in the Mexican situation is not so intractable as ill-informed American opinion is likely to assess it. The most dependable observers assert that the Mexican peasant is by nature docile, gracious, hard-working, and essentially pacific, that he is amenable to just and kindly treatment. His reputation as a facile revolutionist, on whom a sense of loyalty sits lightly, is rooted in his desperate economic condition. Oliver Madox Hueffer, in one of his illuminating Mexican articles appearing in "The Evening Post" of New York, reminds us that in 1914 the average income of a Mexican family of five was about seventy-five cents a week—in a land that boasts millionaires and landowners whose estates cover hundreds of square miles. In the face of such dramatic contrasts between poverty and plutocracy, Mr. Hueffer says, "obviously if you offer a peon earning a dollar a week, Mexican, a gold dollar a day, and a share of the loot, to join your revolution, he does not hesitate." Instead of damning the Mexican masses for their proneness to revolution and banditry, it might be better for us honestly to study the facts of his life in something of a but-for-God's-grace-there-go-we spirit. If Obregon can bring constructive statesmanship to bear upon the land question, make it possible for the peon to get a little land and a fair chance to make a decent living, we may see an inherently peaceable peasantry turn gladly from its desperation-driven adventures in revolution.

But before any great constructive work can begin in Mexico, Obregon must reestablish credit and confidence. It is something of a cart-before-the-horse situation. If he could get ample credit quickly, he could begin work that would speedily make of Mexico a country worthy of confidence; but he must go the other way around, and restore confidence before he can get credit. If he can pacify the country and keep it

pacified for a good stretch of months, if he will surround himself with capable administrators, and place his cards on the table regarding his attitude toward foreign investors, he can get the needed credit. Then he can begin the economic rehabilitation of the country that underlies all else.

Obregon must live up to the tooth-brush creed quoted earlier in these paragraphs. He must tackle the problem of Mexican education in a statesmanlike way. Mexico is still a land of candle-light, not even of kerosene-lamps. A writer, commenting upon this fact, says: "One may imagine that there is not much reading in the evening in these candle-lit homes, and that some of Mexico's troubles would disappear if the distinction were removed between the candle-light of so many dwellings and the electricity or gas that illuminates homes in the cities." But the education that Mexico needs is not the learning of books primarily, but effective training in the twin arts of enterprise and self-government. The race that knows how to make a living and how to govern itself is well on the way toward education.

No interest has been paid on Mexico's foreign debt of \$500,000,000 since 1914. Obregon must find a way to begin payments. He must bring to his side a capable and statesmanlike sanitary expert with a national program. He must smooth out the labor situation. He must keep a weather eye on jealous generals. He must . . . but there is no end to the challenging problems he faces. It is strange that any man in Mexico would envy Obregon his position.

But the challenge is not all to Obregon. American statesmanship and the American press are alike challenged. There is no penalty too great for the Jingo or demagogue who would, either from editorial office or from legislative chamber, block or make difficult a constructive and intelligently patriotic Mexican program. We must rebuild Mexican faith in us as well as watch the border that separates the Mexicans from us. Demagogic interventionists have destroyed that faith. We can indulge in a lot of anti-British talk without serious consequences, because the English know the temptations of party politics and dis-

count much talk on that score. England has her own "bucaneers of opinion" who manipulate newspapers and can smile at our vicious cartoons and screaming head-lines. It has been said that the British Lion has had his tail re-set with a ball-and-socket joint, so that the universal sport of "twisting the lion's tail" can be accomplished without disturbing his equanimity. But with less-sophisticated Mexico the case is different.

The uneducated Mexican believes we are bent on conquest, and certain senators and editors seem bent upon strengthening that belief. We must break down this conception of the United States as a bullying hypocrite. Our Mexican policy must be shot through with justice, decency, and tact. We must, of course, insist that American interests legitimately acquired in the past be not confiscated, but we must not turn our State Department into an insurance company, guaranteeing shaky investments in Mexico, nor turn our army and navy into collection agencies for private investors.

We could not choose a psychologically worse time for intervention. From the most selfish of trade points of view, a blow at Latin American confidence in us would be bad business. Latin America has been a bit suspicious of us ever since we took Texas and California away from Mexico. We do not want to pursue a policy now that will fan that suspicion into a sort of Alsace-Lorraine *revanche* spirit. We have made marked headway in the gaining of Latin American confidence. During the war German, French, and English firms lost their grip on Latin-American trade. Of course, it was not a question of choice. Latin America had to trade with us. Now the race for markets is again under way. If we should intervene in Mexico, all Latin America would look askance at our "new imperialism," and every European firm would have a new talking-point in the effort to recapture Latin-American trade from us.

And, then, a war with Mexico would not be the breakfast job many lightly assume it would be. It is interesting to record a conversation which Mr. Hueffer reports as having taken place between General Funston and Huerta at

the time the American force landed at Vera Cruz in 1914. The report reads:

The American General had asked General Huerta, the Mexican President, what he proposed to do about it. His idea was simple. If the gringo army sought to take his capitol, they would earn his eternal gratitude. Every Mexican, forgetting internecine quarrels, would hasten to join him in repelling the hated foreigner, and for the first time in years Mexico would be united. He did not propose to give battle to the invaders. His very much simpler purpose was to scatter his men about the country, each armed with a Mauser and sufficient ammunition. From behind trees and rocks, out of gullies and ravines, the individual Mexicans were to snipe the American forces. As soon as a Mexican could produce satisfactory proof that he had killed one gringo he was to receive a certain amount of blood money and to be allowed to go home. General Huerta calculated that towards such an end he could raise 300,000 men, and that when they had killed their one apiece of the 13,000 invaders (the number of Marines General Funston had with him) he would have quite a lot still left to go on with.

Another Boer War, and in a country much better adapted to that type of warfare! We would need several Creel bureaus of information to keep up the morale of an American army facing that sort of task.

It has been estimated that the money spent on the first six months of General Pershing's campaign on the Mexican border would have been ample to have established a good public school system and a modern hospital in every Mexican city of over four thousand inhabitants. We may grasp some idea of the cost of a real intervention in Mexico, if we remember that General Funston once seriously said that with a million men and three years in which to do the job he might conquer Mexico.

No sensible and personally disinterested American has any stomach for a Mexican war. But we may not be able to arrive at our decisions solely upon our own best judgment. We may feel that in theory a "hands-off" policy is the wisest. We may believe that in the long run democracy cannot be foisted upon a people with machine-guns. But will all

Europe back us up in such a thesis? Other nations have private investors who are working day and night, as some of ours are, to identify their personal investments with the "national honor." What if they succeed? If one or more European nations demand that we "clean up" Mexico or clear the road for them to do it, we shall have to intervene, surrender the Monroe Doctrine, or fight the European nations in question.

Is n't there statesmanship enough in the United States to devise ways and means of such prompt and pacific economic and financial aid and administrative counsel as will enable the Obregon government to bring order out of chaos, reestablish Mexico upon a basis of justice and prosperity, and thus remove Mexico from the list of international plague-spots? That way only lies peace.

LA ZONE ROUGE

BEHIND this French phrase lies an interesting and highly suggestive story as told by M. Claude Rivière in "La France," which is a magazine published in the United States in the interest of a better understanding between the American and French peoples. In the midst of detailed records of reconstruction that only the most accomplished of writing can invest with sustained fascination, this story blossoms.

When the French authorities began the task of reconstruction in the devastated regions, they found that in certain districts the villages had been so completely demolished and the soil so blasted that redemption of village or soil seemed hopeless. Trees, houses, green herbiage, these familiar things, were all gone. Nothing remained save a "curious yellowish grass" never before seen in that part of France; only a great waste of shell-marked earth. What should be done! The Gallic sense of the dramatic came to the rescue. The French authorities planned to preserve these districts just as they were, to turn them into "protected" districts—protected from any attempt to redeem them. Districts that had been the scenes of exceptional German barbarity were to be left in their

tragic desolation as an eternal reminder and example.

The French authorities doubtless thought their plan highly dramatic, but they proved poor dramatists beside a humble French peasant who upset their calculations. M. Rivière stood one day looking off across a panorama of devastation in one of these protected districts. When he lifted his field-glass to his eye, he saw on a distant hillside a small square of vivid green. It was a small field in cultivation. M. Rivière went to the spot, and found an old peasant happily busy. This peasant had ignored the new law that made this district part of *La Zone Rouge*, the red zone of reminder that was to keep the memory of war barbarities ever fresh. He had gone quietly back to his home place, with his own hands removed the unexploded shells from the soil, and coaxed it back to fertility. He did not have the air of one playing a part. It was the natural thing for him to do. To M. Rivière he said simply, "We have always plowed the land; we must plow again."

Again, in the shell of what was once the village of Nanteuil la Fosse, M. Rivière came upon an old woman who was living alone in the desolate wreck of her former home despite the fact that she had to walk ten miles to buy food. Nor did she have the air of one playing a part. It was the natural thing for her to do. To M. Rivière she said, "*Je veux mourir dans ma maison.*" She wanted to die in her own house. That was all.

Editors have commented upon this as significant of the invincible spirit of reconstruction in the French people. There is perhaps a deeper significance for us in the story, for it suggests that while the official mind may be concerned with keeping green the memories of war hatreds, the minds of the common folk are more concerned with keeping fields green and getting back to normal human relations. The ugly scars of war would disappear with reasonable rapidity were it not for certain types of minds and interests that make it their business to aggravate them.

We have our own *La Zone Rouge* in the intellectual life of the nation. We have paid our respects to its creators before in these columns. It is unnecessary to do

it again now. It may be suggested, however, that we would do well to ponder the old peasant's words, "We have always plowed the land; we must plow again." We shall not forget the assaults made upon civilized ideals, but the future is before us, and it cannot rest upon a foundation of warmed-over hates. We must weld the world together into a confederacy of men producing again good goods and good policies. We must plow again.

FOR PRESIDENTS AND PREMIERS ONLY

THIS is a note, offered in all humility and respect, for the private reading of presidents and premiers, men who, by the grace of God and the electorate, hold the destinies of peoples in their hands in these fateful times. It is a simple suggestion that the present heads of the governments of the world take a few hours off, from golf-games if necessary, and re-read the history of governors and governments before they plunge into the business of 1921.

It has been said that the lesson of history is that men do not learn the lesson of history. Certain it is that presidents and premiers walk blandly and blindly into the plain pitfalls of their predecessors. A conscientious reading of history might mitigate, if not cure, this tragic blindness to the past. A certain distinguished statesman, who has himself ignored some plain lessons of the past, years ago said this about history:

Its function is not one of pride merely; to make complaisant record of deeds honorably done and plans nobly executed in the past. It has also a function of guidance; to build high places whereon to plant the clear and flaming lights of experience, that they may shine alike upon the paths already traveled and upon the paths not yet attempted. The historian is also a prophet. Our memories direct us.

In a search for the wise counsel of history, all presidents and premiers might read with profit the thirty-eighth chapter of H. G. Wells's "The Outline of History" on the career of Napoleon

Bonaparte, not to learn the suicidal folly of overweening ambition, but to study the tragic failure of a statesman in a time of unrest and revaluation.

The next ten years may be not unlike the years of Napoleon's ascendancy. Statesmen now, in the United States, in England, in France, in Germany, in Italy, in Japan, in Russia, may repeat Napoleon's mistake. Rejecting their opportunity to hammer a new world into shape, they may become the defaulting trustees of a newer freedom that war and revolution may have made possible.

But let us hear what Mr. Wells says about the years following the French Revolution and about Napoleon's relation to that restless and potential time. The glaring timeliness of these passages will make comment unnecessary. The reader will notice how easily they might have been written of our own time. Writing of the ebbing tide of revolutionary enthusiasm, Mr. Wells says:

The ebb of this tide of Revolution in the world, this tide which had created the great Republic of America and threatened to submerge all European monarchies, was now at hand. It is as if something had thrust up from beneath the surface of human affairs, made a gigantic effort, and spent itself. It swept many obsolescent and evil things away, but many evil and unjust things remained. It solved many problems, and it left the desire for fellowship and order face to face with much vaster problems that it seemed only to have revealed. Privilege of certain types had gone, many tyrannies, much religious persecution. When these things of the ancient régime had vanished, it seemed as if they had never mattered. What did matter was that for all their votes and enfranchisement, common men were still not free and not enjoying an equal happiness; that the immense promise and air of a new world with which the Revolution had come, remained unfulfilled.

Might not this have been written about the Russian Revolution and the godlike idealism that surcharged the international conversations preceding the armistice? Now, as then, the ebb tide of idealism has turned many into cynics who doubt the validity of idealism itself. Let such read the succeeding paragraph:

Yet, after all, this wave of revolution had realized nearly everything that had been clearly thought out before it came. It was not failing now for want of impetus, but for want of finished ideas. Many things that had oppressed mankind were swept away forever. Now that they were swept away it became apparent how unprepared men were for the creative opportunities this clearance gave them. And periods of revolution are periods of action; in them men reap the harvests of ideas that have grown during phases of interlude, and they leave the fields cleared for a new season of growth, but they cannot suddenly produce ripened new ideas to meet an unanticipated riddle.

Might not this have been written in explanation of the utter failure of certain Elder Statesmen at Paris, intellectual and moral bankrupts face to face with a creative opportunity?

With such a stage-setting, Napoleon entered the political drama of the post-revolution time—a time that appears more and more like ours as we proceed with the history. Listen again to Mr. Wells:

Revolutionary idealism was paling before practical urgencies . . . the public was in that state of moral fatigue when a strong and honest man is called for, a wonderful, impossible healing man who will do everything for everybody. People, poor lazy souls, persuaded themselves that this specious young man [Napoleon] with the hard face . . . was the strong and honest man required.

Now surely here was opportunity such as never came to man before. Here was a position in which a man might well bow himself in fear of himself, and search his heart and serve God and man to the utmost. The old order of things was dead or dying; strange new forces drove through the world seeking form and direction; the promise of a world republic and an enduring world peace whispered in a multitude of startled minds.

Had this man had any profundity of vision, any power of creative imagination, had he been accessible to any disinterested ambition, he might have done work for mankind that would have made him the very sun of history. All Europe and America, stirred by the first promise of a new age, was waiting for him. Not France alone. France was in his hand, his instrument, to do with as he

pleased, willing for peace, but tempered for war like an exquisite sword. There lacked nothing to this great occasion but a noble imagination. And failing that, Napoleon could do no more than strut upon the crest of this great mountain of opportunity like a cockerel on a dunghill.

Surely Napoleon's opportunity for creative statesmanship was great, as the opportunity of this time is great. Napoleon might have weaned the people from their excesses, and consolidated the gains of the Revolution. Instead, he surrendered himself soul and body to the old dynastic system. He even sought out a matrimonial alliance with the old order. Failing in his attempted winning of a Russian princess, he married the Archduchess Marie Louise of Austria. So, as Mr. Wells happily phrases it, this man who might have been the "maker of a new world" was at last content to be the "son-in-law of the old." In a time that called for a man of vision, Napoleon proved only a man of visions, and insane visions at that.

There is another passage in the thirty-sixth chapter of this history that statesmen could profitably read in connection with the passages just quoted. Mr. Wells has been discussing the way in which the "Great Powers" succeeded the "Grand Monarchs" as the dominant factors in world politics. He has trenchantly described this latter-day glorification of the "Powers" as a sort of state mythology, a reversion to that primitive personification of the nation noticeable in the Old Testament. But Mr. Wells is concerned with the deep and determining undercurrents of history, and attempts always to distinguish undercurrents from eddies. This present deification of the state, he contends, is merely an eddy of faltering faith on the surface of an irresistible current leading to the moral and intellectual reunion of mankind. Of this he writes with his accustomed passionate conviction.

For a time men have relapsed upon these national or imperial gods of theirs; it is but for a time. The idea of the world state, the universal kingdom of righteousness of which every living soul shall be a citizen, was already in the world two thousand years ago, never more to leave it. Men know that it is

present even when they refuse to recognize it. In the writings and talk of men about international affairs to-day, in the current discussions of historians and political journalists, there is an effect of drunken men growing sober, and terribly afraid of growing sober. They still talk loudly of their "love" for France, of their "hatred" of Germany, of the "traditional ascendancy of Britain at sea," and so on and so on, like those who sing of their cups in spite of the steadfast onset of sobriety and a headache. These are dead gods they serve. By sea or land men want no powers ascendant, but only law and service. That silent unavoidable challenge is in all our minds like dawn breaking slowly, shining between the shutters of a disordered room.

Drab-minded, but megaphonic, apostles of a narrow "America-first" nationalism will set this down as the ravings of a romanticist. To some of us it is solid history. Some of us, many of us, believe that the statesman who ignores this inevitable sweep of history will find his St. Helena.

There would be little point in consuming space with these quotations from the history of another day if from their sentences leaped no light to guide us in this day of similar conditions and similar challenge. But the parallel is there. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what history saith to the statesman. In particular, let Mr. Harding hear!

LITTLE ESSAYS ON BIG IDEAS

Introductory

THE isolation of editors is a great drawback to the production of magazines with a maximum of interest, instruction, and charm. A New York editorial office is in the suburbs of the national mind, not at its center. Only by eternal vigilance can an editor save himself from the sins of provincialism in ideas and interests. The vastness of our country makes intimacy between editor and reader a thing to be achieved only by careful planning and ceaseless effort. Otherwise, the editor falls into the fatal error of creating a mythical "average reader" who does not exist, has never existed,

will never exist. His mind becomes the indoor mind of a desk-man who will spend more time on speculations about writing "over the heads" of his readers or "writing down" to his readers than he will spend finding out what is going on in the minds of his readers.

How different our magazines would be if every month the editor's readers could talk back to him in a sort of New England town meeting of subscribers! The readers of "The Tide of Affairs" are displaying a gratifying facility with their pencils and pens. Every month brings a basket of approvals, disapprovals, inquiries for further information upon subjects sketchily dealt with, suggestions of subjects that interest this or that reader, and so on. The time invested in answering this correspondence personally is cheerfully invested for the purely selfish reason that these reactions from readers are the only known antidote for the blight of the indoor mind and the sins of provincialism that haunt editorial offices.

All this is a roundabout introduction to a series of essay editorials that will run through the year 1921 in these columns. This series is prompted by three letters that have come to the writer's desk, one from a big business man, one from the president of a woman's club, one from a reader in a far-away country district.

The big business man writes that he is a busy man who does not read books, who has n't time to read many books, but that everywhere he finds the air of discussion full of phrases the fundamental meaning of which he would like to know. He writes that at dinner tables and in his clubs he is constantly running across the casual mention of gild socialism, syndicalism, philosophical anarchism, trade parliaments, sovietism, Whitley councils, proportional representation, the short ballot, occupational representation, the social-unit plan, industrial democracy, Bolshevism, the Non-Partisan League, Sinn Fein, dominion home rule, Lord Leverhulme's six-hour day, co-partnership, and the like. He goes on to say:

Of course, when these things are mentioned, I look wise, as the rest do, and manage to carry my part of the conversation.

But the fact is that there is hardly one of these things that I could decently and specifically define. And I suspect my associates are in the same boat. I have noticed that the average talk about these things sticks to glittering generalities.

Of course, I read the newspapers and the magazines; but the newspaper and magazine discussions of these things always assume a prior knowledge of the fundamentals of the subject. It is just those fundamentals that many of us don't know. Because we don't know the fundamentals, a lot of newspaper and magazine material is Greek to us. If you writers did n't assume so much background knowledge on the part of your readers, you would have a wider circle of readers. But I don't want to tell you how to run your magazine. I want to make one specific suggestion. Can't you give us in "The Tide of Affairs" a series of simple informative essays on a lot of these things about which we are all talking so much and about which many of us know so little? Don't worry about their being timely or untimely; we can get the current news about these things from the daily paper; give us a series of fundamental definitions, so we can talk about these things intelligently, without bluffing.

The challenge of this letter is accepted. Beginning with this issue, there will appear in these columns throughout 1921 a series of informative essays upon significant phrases that bulk large in current discussions of social, political, and industrial issues. These essay editorials, it is hoped, will furnish at least a suggestive outline of information the reader requires before he can read with ease and understanding current news and magazine articles on these subjects. Necessarily these essay editorials will be suggestive rather than exhaustive, and must, therefore, be read indulgently by those familiar with the literature of the subjects.

At no point in the series does the writer purpose to advocate or denounce; he simply explains. The reader must himself assume "the intolerable fatigue of thought" involved in advocacy or denunciation. Guild socialism is chosen at random as the subject of the first essay, which follows.

GILD SOCIALISM



GUILD SOCIALISM, broadly defined, is a proposal for self-government in industry. It must not be confused, however, with the medley of proposals for industrial democracy—shop committees, works councils, shop stewards, and the like. These are half-measures, compromises with the existing industrial order. Guild socialism anticipates a completely new order of industry. And not that alone. Under guild socialism the state as well as the shop would be reorganized. Its exponents speak of the gild state.

It is perhaps unfortunate that the word "socialism" appears in its name. When all is said, the fact remains that orthodox socialism implies a centralized bureaucratic state; with all its emphasis on economics, it is essentially a political concept. Guild socialism, on the contrary, is from first to last a blow at bureaucrats, a plea for decentralization both in politics and in industry. To call it socialism attracts to it a mass of unnecessary antagonisms. Orthodox socialism is a call to the future, the proposal of a new and untried scheme. Guild socialism is a harking back to the past, a plea for the revival of the gild system that prevailed in the Middle Ages. Many forms of orthodox socialism would, many of us believe, erase the individual man; guild socialism exalts him.

But these are the sort of dinner-table generalities, from the foggy indefiniteness of which our correspondent asks us to help him escape. Let us condescend to details, sketching briefly the historical background of the gild system, and then stating succinctly the main points of the theory.

We must dismiss the matter of the historical background of the gild theory with scant attention, although a thorough study of the medieval gild system is the best way to arrive at a just judgment of the soundness or falsity of the theory. But that is the task of a volume, not of an editorial article. The gild system was general in the Middle Ages. The gilds ranked with the kings and the barons as the basis of medieval society.

¹ In conformity to the Century Dictionary, the form "gild" is here used in preference to "guild," the commoner but corrupted form.

Contrary to certain critics, the gild system and feudalism were not synonymous. The feudal barons were at enmity with the gilds and the medieval cities, and in the end defeated them. So, for purpose of historical background, it is well to focus on the relation between gilds and the king.

In our time government tends more and more to become centralized and political; during the Middle Ages government was predominantly local and economic. The king exercised relatively few functions of government as compared with the extensive functions of our present highly centralized governments. The local gilds were the centers of real government. The men of the Middle Ages felt little need for the extensive system of laws we now have. In their gilds, associations of craftsmen, they managed their own business affairs and carried on all of the mutual helpfulness that organized society implies. By the gild system men were organized along the lines of their trades. Each trade had its own gild. Every craftsman had to belong to it. The gild held a monopoly of its trade. The state delegated to the gilds jurisdiction over their members, or in some instances jurisdiction was delegated by the municipality. The gild regulated wages, hours, and conditions of work, fixed prices, and established and maintained standards for quality of work done, supervised the system of masters and apprentices in a manner that made a trade a sort of craft university. These gilds so completely served all the purpose of government that the men of the Middle Ages needed little else in the way of government.

Since then, as already noted, local government has given way to centralized government, and the whole basis of government has shifted from economics to politics. By some, in fact by most men to-day, this shift is regarded as a necessary process accompanying the change from the simpler life of the Middle Ages to the more complex and interdependent life of modern times. But the apostles of the gild theory do not think so. Mr. G. R. Stirling Taylor, for instance, says:

Since the Middle Ages there has been a continual weakening of the local power, and a

still more rapid growth of the central political organization . . . the most inevitable result of this development is that government has ceased to be conducted by the men who are intimately in touch with the work in hand, and has passed into the control of the political amateurs and the clerical bureaucrats, who often have every qualification except personal knowledge of the work they are trying to manage. . . . Modern government must sooner or later break down, because it is growing so complex and so remote from the facts of the case, that a sainted professor himself could not keep his head and heart in such a turmoil and confusion.

Government has come to be a massive structure in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd, and Rome. In these overstrained centers we find a vast crowd of officials who have but a trivial knowledge of what they ought to do; while outside are the passive citizens who scarcely can discover what has been done. It is a tragedy of cross-purposes.

The apostles of gild socialism are proposing a return to the principles of this society of the Middle Ages. Broadly speaking, three principles would underly a reorganization of a modern state on gild principles.

First, the principle of organization by function. Under this principle the basis of representation would be a trade or a profession rather than a geographical area. Gildsmen claim that there is no unity of interests in the modern political areas, as counties, districts, states, and that no human being can *represent* all the people and all the interests of a geographical area. They claim that government would be better if men were chosen to represent constituents in relation only to the matters of trade or profession that they actually knew something about from practical experience.

Second, the principle of self-government in the gilds. Under this principle political interference in the affairs of a trade would be reduced to a minimum, and the government of the work of the world, which takes up most of our waking hours, would rest in the hands of those who know about it. Thus a series of industrial self-governments would take away from political government much of its present jurisdiction.

Third, the principle of decentraliza-

tion and small units. The whole gild philosophy rests upon the conviction that overcentralization has been suicidal both in politics and in industry. The gild state would throw most of government into the hands of local communities, and in industry would aim at the smallest possible unit that the efficiency of a trade or occupation demanded.


We cannot do more than state these principles baldly. There are a thousand qualifications and ramifications that must be followed out before one should pass final judgment on the theory.

But would the gildsman have no state in the present sense? Push the theory to its logical outcome, and the state would be simply the linking together of all the gilds into a national parliament or congress. But the partisans of gild socialism realize that "for the first stages, at any rate, there would be all sorts of little nooks and crannies left outside, and hundreds of quite useful citizens who would not be clearly sortable into appropriate gilds." The less dogmatic supporters of the theory also recognize that man is a consumer as well as a producer, and that it is difficult for him always to harmonize his interests as producer and his interests as consumer in one organization. There is heard, therefore, the proposal that there be organized one chamber on the basis of representation from trades and occupations to represent the citizen as producer, and another chamber on the basis of representation from geographical areas to represent the citizen as consumer.

In all proposals a modicum of political government is assumed to provide a sort of impresario for the numerous local economic governments. Most students of the theory recognize that the time is not ripe for the return to the system of local gilds, and therefore propose as an immediately practicable program a policy of national gilds. This is the turn given to the agitation in England. But the goal is the thoroughgoing decentralization into local gilds.

The reader will do well to read the stimulating volumes of Penty, Hobson, Orage, Taylor, and other able exponents of the theory. The writer will be glad to suggest complete bibliographies to interested readers of these essays.

THE BELGIAN CONFUSION OF TONGUES

 BELGIUM has her Babel, although her confusion of tongues is a matter of only two tongues, the French and the Flemish. The dominant problem of Belgium's internal history is the conflict, of long standing and sustained vitality, between the French-speaking Walloons, who occupy the southern half of Belgium, and the Flemish speaking Flemings, who occupy the northern half of Belgium. This conflict was adjourned during the war, but is again acute. The old movement for a racial partition of Belgium, at least in an administrative sense, is once more in full swing. Little of the news of this conflict has appeared in the American press. At the moment of writing the only American press report of marked significance that has come to the writer's attention is a column of special correspondence that appeared in "The Christian Science Monitor" in the early part of September last.

But since we are bound to hear more of this as time goes on, this is a timely moment for sketching in the background of this Belgian language question and for summarizing such fragmentary current news as may be available.

For a statement of the background of the problem, it is perhaps permissible to plagiarize, without the formality of quotation marks, certain paragraphs from the chapter on Belgium in "The Stakes of the War," of which volume the writer is co-author with Mr. Lothrop Stoddard.

Belgium is a sort of geographical half-way house between the marshlands of the North Sea coast and the uplands of west-central Europe. The north and west parts are low plains. The south-eastern half is hill country. Here again geography has played a determining rôle in history. The geographical difference between the two portions of Belgian territory accounts for the racial difference between the two parts of Belgian population. The play of cause and effect was in this wise:

The low plains of the north and west of Belgium fell easy prey to the Germanic barbarians when they swept southward at the fall of the Roman Empire. To-

day the modern Flemings, the descendants of these invaders, form a solid block of population which is thoroughly Teutonic in blood, language, and basic culture. They are, in fact, blood-brothers of their northern neighbors, the Dutch.

But the more defensible hills of the southeastern half of Belgium enabled the Latinized Celtic population to hold its ground against the Germanic invaders. There was not, therefore, the racial displacement in the southeast that there was in the north and west of Belgium. The modern Walloons occupying this region of Belgium are descendants of the old Latinized Celtic folk, and therefore are a French-speaking people closely related to their kinsmen in France.

For more than two centuries previous to 1870 France aspired to control Belgium. During the Napoleonic era Belgium was actually in French hands. As a barrier to French aggression, the Vienna Congress of 1814 united Belgium and Holland into the Kingdom of the Netherlands. But this union was of short duration, because the French-speaking Walloons, whose racial self-consciousness had been intensified by the preceding generation of French rule, chafed under the rule of Dutchmen and Flemings which the Kingdom of the Netherlands involved. The Walloons, taking advantage of the religious cleavage between the Catholic Flemings and the Protestant Dutch, won sufficient Flemish support to launch the successful revolution of 1830, which resulted in the establishment of Belgium as an independent state.

From 1830 until 1914 Belgium enjoyed unwonted immunity from foreign pressure, but the vexing problem of a growing breach between the Walloons and Flemings persisted, and the proportions of its menace grew. During the generation after 1830 there was a marked racial and cultural revival among the Flemings, giving momentum to a growing protest against the privileged position that the Walloon leaders of the revolution of 1830 had accorded the French language and culture. The Walloons, jealous of their advantages, feared that the slightly more numerous Flemish element might ultimately secure political supremacy.

In the years immediately preceding the Great War Flemish-Walloon antagonism was acute. Flemish extremists threatened secession to Holland, while Walloon extremists hinted at union with France.

Then came the German invasion of 1914, and differences of race and culture were temporarily adjourned in the face of a common disaster. But these differences were only *temporarily* adjourned. As already stated, they are again acute.

The strictly French-speaking and the strictly Flemish-speaking elements are divided with fair evenness. Pre-war figures reckoned the French-speaking Walloons at about 2,833,000, the Flemish-speaking Flemings at about 3,220,000. In addition there were about 871,000 persons who spoke both French and Flemish. The majority of this bi-lingual *bloc* should probably be classed as Flemish in blood.

Before summarizing the reports that indicate the acuteness of the present situation, we may pause to comment upon the inevitably bad consequences of any actual racial division of Belgium. Such division would imply the extinction of Belgium as a state. Of course a racial division of Belgium could be made along fairly clear lines, leaving very few conflicting elements in either part. But, once divided, the two parts would become pawns and prizes in a not-to-be-welcomed diplomatic game. The undoubtedly latent imperialistic spirit in certain quarters of French political life would begin to cast longing eyes at the French-speaking Walloon part, while in Holland the partizans of the "Great Netherland" school of political thought would dream anew of annexing the Flemish part. It must be remembered that Flemish and Dutch culture are essentially the same. There is virtually no racial difference between the two stocks. The Flemish tongue is a dialect of the Dutch. The literary language of the two peoples is the same. This racial and cultural unity has caused many on both sides of the Belgo-Dutch frontier to look with regret upon the violent separation of 1830 and to dream of a reunion of this Flemish part of Belgium with Holland. This is part of the "Great Netherland" dream.

Then, too, an isolation of the Flemish

part of Belgium would be an unhappy thing in the event of a possible recrudescence of the Pan-German dream. In the heyday of Pan-German agitation, the Pan-Germanists always emphasized the Teutonic cast of the race, language, and culture of the Flemings, and their close historic affiliations with Germany. So the Flemish part of Belgium, set off by itself, would be a tempting target for Pan-German propaganda. But probably that need not worry the world, for a while, at least.

Strong economic interests which both France and Holland have in Belgium would add fuel to the fires of racial aspirations. France has a big interest in Belgian coal. A close economic connection exists between the adjoining industrial areas of southern Belgium and northern France, and it is this part of Belgium which is French-speaking. Before the war, in a typical year, France exported to Belgium to the extent of 908,000,000 francs, while Belgium exported to France to the extent of 752,000,000 francs. That is to say, France was importing from Belgium more than from any other country with the exception of Germany. Clearly, it would be to the economic advantage of France to incorporate the Walloon portion of Belgium, if a racial separation should set it adrift as an international waif.

Holland, too, has an economic interest in Belgium. Before the war, in a typical year, Holland exported to Belgium to the extent of 356,000,000 francs, while Belgium exported to Holland to the extent of 367,000,000 francs. If the unified Belgium with which Holland has enjoyed this considerable trade were dismembered, it would clearly be to the economic advantage of Holland to tie up to herself the congenial Flemish portion.

In other words, if a racial split were effected, the racial contentions of Flemings and Walloons, now simply Belgium's vexing internal problem, would overnight become a vexing international problem. And we have enough vexing international problems already banked on our study-table.

The present situation in Belgium has many interesting angles. As the virility and sweep of the Socialist movement has become evident, there has been awak-

ened in the Conservative party an active support of the interests and program of the Flemings. The Conservative party has lined up on the Flemish side of the language question for the very practical reason that most of the supporters of the Conservative party are found in Flanders. The Flemish Conservative priests are battling manfully for a Flanders of one language, and that language Flemish. The particular point of their support of the Flemish element in the racial conflict is that they think the best way to guard the people against the yeasty revolutionary ideas to be found in French newspapers and books is to have a people who cannot read French. The column of special correspondence referred to in the opening paragraph of this comment offers these points of information:

When the war broke out, the German Government, finding the field already sown, began to foment discord between the Flemings and the Walloons, and promised employment and money to those willing to strengthen the barrier between the two peoples. Numerous agents, mainly among the teachers, professors, and government officers were recruited by the German Government.

The Flemish propaganda reached as far even as the war zone and permeated the army, in which were included eighty per cent. of Flemings. A few desertions were recorded and several chaplains were deported. Under the protection of Berlin, a would-be "State of Flanders" was founded, governed by the so-called Council of Flanders. This entire Council was received in Berlin by the German Government during the war.

As soon as the Belgian troops returned to Flanders, the notorious "activists" fled either to Holland or to Germany. They were later condemned to capital punishment for high treason, and executed in effigy in the great market-place of Brussels. Many of their supporters not under arrest, however, formed the "War Front Party," of which the motto runs, "Flanders Free," for a state in the state. These men constitute the sedition-mongers, secretly supported by the audacious Flemings, who have brought about the recent troubles.

The active elements of this faction are mainly found among the clergy and the young men of the Roman Catholic schools

and universities and former soldiers. A number of newspaper writers write in sympathy with this party, and five deputies openly defend it in the Chamber of Deputies, while many others lend it secret support.


There follows a list of facts which have not appeared in our newspapers. For instance, last June a lecture was scheduled under the auspices of university professors in favor of the French language. Feeling was running so high that the meeting was prevented by a band of opponents armed with sticks. On June 11 last language riots took place in Antwerp. The police were obliged to intervene. There was one fatality among the students. On July 29 last events of a more serious nature took place, resulting in an invasion of Parliament by the mob and assaults upon officials.

A touch reminiscent of war-days is given to the record by the statement that all these events were foretold in secret documents addressed to an agent of the crown prince. These documents, it is asserted, were found in a hotel in Antwerp shortly after the Spa conference. These documents were published in one of the Brussels newspapers.

But the really significant point in current developments in Belgium is the passage by the Chamber of a bill that is regarded as the opening wedge for a policy of thoroughgoing administrative separation of Belgium. Under its provisions the state officers in Flanders will be allowed to write in Flemish only. The appetite grows by what it feeds upon. So this victory is followed up by an agitation upon the part of the Flemings for the suppression of the French University of Ghent and the substitution of a Flemish university. If to the support of this agitation the weight of the Conservatives is given, there is a possibility that this may happen.

It is frequently remarked that newspapers are discouragingly undramatic in these post-war days. But the internal problem of Belgium is a good illustration of the innumerable dramatic issues scattered about the world to-day. The student of world affairs to-day need not grow drowsy and nod as he follows the daily story.

THE HIGH COST OF RACIAL INTEGRITY

 LAST month, in these columns, we commented upon the difficulty of handling questions of race, as in Australia and in California, in a manner that will avoid dangerous international tension. A note of news from Australia's intransigent Premier, Mr. Hughes, apostle of the "White Australia" doctrine, suggests and emphasizes this difficulty. He does not beat about the bush. He thinks a fight is somewhere in the offing as a result of the "White Australia" policy, and asserts that good Australians will not wince at paying such a price for their racial integrity. He says, in a discussion of Australia's defense needs:

The most vital point of our policy is the White Australia, and it is also the one which is calculated to be the most fruitful in provoking international complications. I do not believe there are five per cent. of Australians who will not readily admit that on this principle there can be no concession. . . . On this principle we must be always ready to defend ourselves. We cannot hope to maintain a White Australia by mere pious or blatant declarations of our intentions and determinations. Behind this there must be some force, and it cannot be anything less than the utmost resources of this nation.

What is this we hear? Is it the whirring of the wings of the dove of universal peace that was to follow the victory of arms consecrate to democracy? Has the modern quest of the holy grail ended in a blind alley?

We read with startled minds the news of a new rivalry of armaments that bids fair to be well under way before this year closes. Here is Australia asserting her willingness to spend £8,000,000 as one year's appropriation for defense of the "White Australia" policy. She talks of £3,959,000 for her youthful navy, of £3,250,000 for her army, of £600,000 on aviation, military and civil, to say nothing of her willingness to collaborate in a scheme of naval defense for the British Empire, to be determined by the Imperial Conference this year. The politicians have befuddled our minds on the League of Nations, but this we know—we need something beyond egoistic nationalism.



LITTLE MISS ALEXANDER
From the painting by James McNeill Whistler

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The 47 Workshop

By GEORGE P. BAKER

THE Johnston Gate is the official entrance of Harvard College. Passing through it early any autumn evening, you will see a little group of young men and women near the door of a long building on your right, evidently waiting for some one. The building is Massachusetts Hall, storied with memories of its successive uses as dormitory, as barracks for Revolutionary soldiers, as dormitory again, as lecture-rooms for courses in history and economics, and as drill-hall for members of the R. O. T. C. during the recent war. For years now its lower story has been given over to the 47 Workshop. That waiting group means that the hour is close on seven-thirty, when workshop rehearsals begin.

When the low double door is opened, you may echo the words of a faculty member on seeing it for the first time, "What a queer old rattery you've got here!" Your first impression of the rectangular room, thirty feet by one hundred and fifty, is bewildering confusion. You have entered under a medieval archway of canvas, against which a waggish property-manager has set two imitation-marble pillars, one surmounted by a Russian brass pot, the other by a New England tea-kettle, and hung high above all a placard, "Furniture and Undertaking." On every side is scenery, stacked in wooden compartments or packed flat against the walls. In one corner is a

seemingly inextricable tangle of large properties: tables, fireplaces, bits of staircase, tree-trunks, chairs, and stools. Other large properties are piled on top of closet-like inclosures diagonally opposite, in corners at right and left. One is the tiny office of the Workshop; the larger is the room where small properties and lighting apparatus are kept. At the lower end of the room drops and gauzes rest on brackets. An ungainly wooden structure just in front of these drops, which looks like a medieval battering-ram, is a staging of different levels for scene-painters. Not even the middle of the room offers wholly free space. The ceiling rafters, put into place long before the days of iron girders, require the support of two iron pillars. From these, broad white lines run slantwise to piles of scenery at the back of the room. On these lines wooden chairs have been so placed as to suggest a room with doors and windows. The space thus inclosed, twenty feet at the front by twelve feet deep, represents the stage in Agassiz House, Radcliffe College, on which Workshop plays are produced. Just in front of this suggestion of a stage are a gilded, high-backed bench and a small, dark table. If you have happy memories of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's *Hamlet*, these will look familiar. Bidding farewell to the American stage in a performance of "Hamlet" at Harvard University, he passed on these and other properties to the 47 Workshop as

evidence of his generous interest in it. To-day its director conducts rehearsals from this bench, across this little table. To left and right of these are set chairs facing the inclosed space, from which members of the Workshop may watch the rehearsing. And even as the seeming confusion has simplified into these details, you come to understand that here is an ordering, but badly crowded because of insufficient space.

People of all ages have been coming in. Some go to the rows of chairs flanking the director's table, students who, as part of their work in play-writing, are required to watch rehearsals carefully; members of the company not acting; and an occasional visitor. Others join the group who, entering first, have been sitting on or near the semblance of a stage: all these are actors. To and fro move other young people, readjusting furniture on the stage or bringing small properties from the neighboring store-room. The director, entering, quickly takes his place at the little brown table. A young man, giving a final touch to one of the stage properties, comes to a chair at the director's left and takes up the prompt-book. At the director's right sits another young man, the author.

What is this play? Not something already given on the professional stage, and not, except in the rarest instances, a play of another country as yet unperformed on the American stage. The author is one of the group of would-be playwrights to which most of the watchers belong. The play they have seen grow in the class-room till the director believes it ready for trying out. They know what are the questions, technical and human, which discussion of it has raised. Most of them have taken sides for or against certain qualities in it. Some believe that the director is justified in giving it a chance; some do not. In all this lies the reason why at moments the listeners lean forward to watch absorbedly the working out of some stage position or the handling of a scene. That is, the plays produced, whether of one or more acts, come, except in the rarest instances, from English 47 or English 47a, the two courses in play-writing at Harvard, which are repeated at Radcliffe, the college for women.

The plays written in these courses are of three kinds: those which are never finished or which, when completed, do not justify themselves; those which have promise, but seem to the director not yet to warrant careful production before the Workshop audience; and those which, like the piece in rehearsal, deserve this opportunity. The first group are relegated to the desks or waste-baskets of their authors; the second, as far as possible, are acted in this room, after brief rehearsal by aids of the director, for his criticism and that of the classes. The proportion of the third group is large, for English 47a is open only to those who have shown unusual ability in English 47, and admission to the latter course depends on competition. From the one-act manuscript annually submitted the first of June the director will pick not more than from twelve to fifteen persons for the course, and he reserves the right to reduce this number to any extent he may think wise if the manuscripts submitted show slight promise.

Rehearsals the world over are pretty much alike, dull enough after a few minutes, unless the watcher is specially interested in play, author, actor, or producer. What differentiates a Workshop rehearsal from amateur work is the evident absorption of everybody in his task. When an actor goes off stage, it is to work on his lines, or, stepping into the office or property room, to confer as to his part, costume, or kindred matters. Any attempt by a new actor at the social amenities common in the wings at an amateur rehearsal is quickly squelched by the actors of longer standing. At any noise on the side lines the director stops the rehearsal. Sociability, for which many amateur organizations seem primarily to exist, comes only before the rehearsal or in pauses to rest the actors. Then, while the director consults with his aids as to any questions awaiting his attention, lookers-on and actors mingle. Rehearsing in the Workshop accords in at least one respect with ideas of Mr. Arthur Hopkins in his booklet, "How's Your Second Act?" At the earlier meetings there is no attempt to force any set of movements or any definite interpretation of character on the actors.

The basal idea in all branches of the Workshop is to discover what special ability, if any, each person has, and to help him to develop it. Consequently, at a first rehearsal the actors move as they like, except when they get into bad groupings. This freedom is given that, "finding themselves in the parts," they may make the broader interpretive action as personal as possible. When the main positions have been obtained in this way, the director does more in suggesting the movement which reveals characterization or adds beauty to the grouping; but always there is the repeated question, after a movement or position has been tried successfully: "Now do you feel easy, comfortable? If not, what do you want to do?" If the actor has a definite suggestion, it is tried. If possible, it is not discarded until the actor is convinced of its undesirability. Usually the first week goes into main positions, the general interrelating of the acts, and memorizing lines; the second into details of position which are interpretive or which give beauty to the grouping, to finer points of characterization, and to the climactic movement of the play; and the last week to polish, dress rehearsals, and final performances. It has been proved that the actors of the Workshop get better results by rehearsing three or four hours a day six times a week for three weeks than twice or thrice a week for a longer period.

Students, until trained, even those who are interested, watch rehearsals very ineffectively. It is useless to attend now and then, or to come for part of a rehearsal and leave when other attractions call. It is equally useless to watch eagerly for corroboration of one's own ideas as to coaching or for ideas to combat. Each producer has his methods. If he gets good results, the points to be watched for are, what fundamentally he strives for, and how this is attained. Nor should his ideas or ways be slavishly adhered to, but used or discarded later by any watcher as his judgment, matured by experience, deems wise. Rehearsals have no steadily climactic movement. Some advance the play or individual scenes with great strides. Some move jerkily. Some

hang fire. Some seem almost to retrograde. Any wise director knows that his cast may at times grow a bit stale on one side of the work. Then he shifts them to another, or subordinates everything to bringing an actor or a group up to standard. The watcher, failing to keep his eye on the advance in the whole play, deems these slow rehearsals signs of the director's ineptness, or unimportant, and cuts them. A few days later he is greatly surprised at what seems to him the sudden, unexplainable betterment in the rehearsing. When a final rehearsal goes badly, young coaches are too ready to rest on that silliest of traditions, "A bad dress rehearsal makes a good performance." Correctly understood, this means one of two truths. The badness may result from the nervousness or weariness of the company. If so, because of the bad rehearsal, the effort of every actor to do his very best on the first night may make the play go brilliantly. More probably the saying means that an experienced producer, facing a bad dress rehearsal, will arrange meetings within the next few hours with the actors and his aids by which he will bring the play into far better condition. If, on the contrary, the company on the first night does not believe that the producer has done his utmost for them, and that, therefore, the fate of the play is wholly in their hands, they will, from lack of steadiness, turn a bad dress rehearsal into a bad first performance. Discipline must lie back of all good rehearsing, but not the immediate, unquestioning obedience of militarism. The producer works mainly through persons, not groups or masses. To work, not in spite of, but with, the individual, there lies the difficulty, the everlasting problem, and the inspiration of producing. Moreover, putting on a play is not, properly, to find a field for the exhibition of the producer's fads, a very common fault among amateurs, and certainly not unknown among professionals. Students of producing must be made to understand that a play is not its scenery; its lighting; its theories of movement, gesture, voice-handling; its schemes of color: but recorded emotional states which will fail of their proper effect if they are not made to

produce in any audience the emotional response desired by the author. This they must do with whatever aid settings, lighting, or other accessories may give, but not as secondary to them or despite them. The producer's art is interpretation by all these aids not of his own individuality read into the play, but of the author's purpose divined by close study of the piece and, better still, by sympathetic consultation.

Of course the play could not be produced in three weeks were there not the discipline already mentioned and hearty coöperation by many skilled people. Just before a piece goes into rehearsal it is read to the artistic and producing force as well as to the actors, all of whom watch it for the special problems it may have for them. Immediately after the reading, copies of the play are handed to the costumer, designer of scenery, property mistress, the person in charge of lighting, and the stage-manager. As soon as possible, these meet individually with the author to make sure that they know exactly what he wants, and, as groups, to establish their plans co-operatively. Within a few days the director sees either a rough drawing or a model of the scenes. If the settings submitted are known to be satisfactory to the author, the director makes no changes unless important stage business already in mind requires them. He wants to give the author and other persons at work as complete self-expression as he can, and he relies on his aids to see that costumes, properties large and small, lighting, and scenery are satisfactory to him when the first rehearsal is called. Till that time, when he will know just what he thinks the play demands in all these respects, he reserves further discussion. Moreover, he trusts the author, who attends all rehearsals, to see that the different departments give him or her what the play, as it is developed from day to day, requires. He knows that, if the author makes undue demands, the head of any department will come to him for arbitration. The Workshop is no place for the furthering of personal idiosyncrasies or the fostering of fads. The desired result is to make the play, when produced, as nearly as the equipment of the Work-

shop will permit, what the author thinks he wrote. Then, if the play fails in part or as a whole, its author will not seek to find excuses, but will painstakingly search out how the faults may be remedied.

Except for the making of scenery flats and a few of the more bulky properties, the organization does all its own work. To-day this may not be unusual with experimental theaters, but it was when the Workshop began its history in 1913. It is the undeniable evidence provided by the Workshop that such an enterprise may depend wholly on itself, which has in large part made the practice wide-spread. How are all these needed workers gathered? Admission to English 47 and 47a has already been explained. For the other activities any student in either college and even outsiders of all ages may volunteer. This is because, with one exception, there is as yet no course offered in the other activities. The exception is instruction in designing and painting scenery, a course offered in the school of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. Though this is no part of the Harvard or Radcliffe curriculum, a student may enroll himself in it as outside work. Its members design much of the Workshop scenery, and paint virtually all of it. It is high time that this and play-producing should be accepted at both colleges as course work, though not to count for any degree. There is the demand, and from very promising students, but till such work is part of the curriculum, naturally it cannot be so organized as exactly to meet the needs of the Workshop. On the other hand, when established, such courses must be the expression of more than one set of theories or one personality. Otherwise they will soon become set in method. The Workshop is not a place for the mere systematizing of established practice. Its very breath of life should be rebellious experimentation. Only by feeding in new material constantly and by giving all sorts and kinds of persons a chance can that breath be kept stirring.

Naturally, with all these activities centering in lower Massachusetts, the room is rarely vacant. The inclosed space in one corner, grandiloquently

called "office," is so crowded with its desk and two chairs that a necessary filing-case must be placed outside, among the scenery. So constant is the coming and going through this "office" that it is really a passageway. Round the director's rehearsing-table meet three times a week the Harvard classes in play-writing. At whatever hours are free from other engagements, students, or members of the company who have had some experience in production, rapidly prepare for presentation to the classes and the director the second kind of plays already mentioned. Here all carpentry goes on, and large properties are made. Here the scenery is painted. Here committees meet. Here the director holds the innumerable consultations which the work entails. Is it any wonder that the activities sometimes clash and that, as something must give way, an important rehearsal must often be transferred to strange and unfavorable conditions, in order that scene-painters or other workers may finish their labors in time? Cramped, overcrowded, bursting with the energy which all this youth, working coöperatively, insures, the Workshop pleads for an adequately equipped building of its own. Without this it cannot do properly the work which it is called on to do; without it there can be no development of instruction for which there is a steady, insistent demand from people so competent that their needs should be met—needs in play-producing, lighting, and stage design.

After two weeks of rehearsing in these conditions, a Workshop play goes to its first dress rehearsal. Two nights before, the producing force, except the director and his immediate subordinates who are still at work in the rehearsal-room, meet in the auditorium of Agassiz House, Radcliffe College. Here, on the only stage in the two colleges available for the Workshop, they labor for the next forty-eight hours to perfect the details of setting, lighting, and properties that must be settled before the first dress rehearsal. They are badly hampered because during the day the room is in almost constant use for lectures or various student interests, and the stage force is not allowed to keep the building open after eleven P.M.

Why dwell on dress rehearsals—times of necessary adjustments to the actual stage, of confusions hard to clear away, of weariness and even discouragement to persons who should know better? No matter how bad a dress rehearsal, all is not lost. There is still time between it and the next evening for special rehearsing of actors, groups, scenes, acts, for consultation with actors and committees, which may bring the desired improvements. If the repeater of that phrase about a bad dress rehearsal could be present in any producer's office the day after one, he would not dare utter it again, for he would learn that, if the director and his forces have been busy before, the intensity of their work is tenfold increased in these hours before the first performance.

The Workshop usually produces a play for only two nights. Very rarely it repeats it for a charity. Its principle has been that it exists for its authors and its own audience, and that it should be seen under its own conditions rather than exhibited elsewhere merely as an entertainment. Of course it disregarded all this in war-time, playing in Cambridge, Boston, or at Camp Devens for sailors, soldiers, and radio students.

One must be prompt at any regular performance. The doors, which open at seven-thirty, are closed at eight. Five or ten minutes later, when the director has finished a brief talk to his audience, the doors are opened to late-comers. Thereafter no one may enter until the end of the first act. No doubt this seems hard, but at a Workshop performance a first act is not confused by belated footfalls, slamming seats, or bits of dinner conversation. So well known is the rule now that very rarely is any one obliged to wait outside.

Passing up the staircase, one will notice on one's left a table where any of the printed plays from the two courses may be had. At the door of the small auditorium—with its gallery it seats four hundred people—Radcliffe seniors in cap and gown give programs to all entering. There are no reserved places, and consequently the floor is usually filled within fifteen minutes after the door is opened. Therefore, unless one is early, one may have to go to the

gallery, where there are very few good seats. Unfortunately, the auditorium was built for lectures, and out of four hundred places, only a little over two hundred have a view of the whole stage. That is why the Workshop confines its audience to four hundred members, providing for some two hundred each night, and restricting guests to the number of tickets returned each time by members who cannot use them. The audience is of all ages and in all kinds of dress, for an effort to make "no evening dress" the rule has not been wholly successful. Scraps of overheard conversation will show one that this is not a homogeneous group. Here are members of the faculty and, of course, students from both colleges, but here also are professional musicians, artists, writers, architects, and a fair representation of the general public. Now and again one will recognize some play-placer or manager watching a play which may become available. There is no orchestra, but conversation is as general as if there were.

At first the Workshop welcomed any one willing to watch the trying out of plays admittedly not yet ready for the professional stage. As a gain in the quality of its plays and their presentation increased requests to see the performances, it carefully developed methods by which people coming irregularly or not complying with the rules of membership are removed from the audience. Membership now comes as in a club, on proposal and seconding by persons already in the audience. First chance is given people practising one of the arts which, in the broadest use, are applicable to the theater. All members must agree to attend regularly, and within a week after each performance to send to the Workshop office written comment on the production. To each member is sent annually a card detailing the ways in which he may cooperate. This he is to return with a check against the ways he will aid, if called on. He may do something as little laborious as lending properties, or may share actively in any of a dozen or more kinds of cooperation. Though no membership fee is charged, as many of the audience as care to contribute may send in any

sum they wish. The amounts, ranging from one dollar to three hundred and fifty,—the cost of any entire performance,—pay for all the performances, the office expenses, and an occasional lecture.

A Workshop audience on a first night is unusual in this respect: no critic there is burdened by the sense that, in making his criticisms, he must so phrase them as to entertain or at least interest his readers. Everybody has come to see the trying out of a play guaranteed by the director to be interesting in itself and to contain problems which only production can solve. Just what those are only the small part of the audience also in the courses knows. This gathering is well aware, too, that comments written to be clever at the expense of the dramatist the director reserves the right to throw into his waste-basket. It knows it must give its reasons for its likes and dislikes, and that all comments, except of the self-exploiting kind, will be read both by the director and, when the names have been removed, by the author. That the director knows who writes each criticism produces responsibility. That each comment is for the author anonymous promotes honesty of statement. Comment is asked for not merely on the play itself, but on any part of the production—lighting, setting, stage-management, the acting, or the producer's own work. This audience meets, then, not idly to be entertained, but to do its part in making the subsequent performance of the play produce on the outside public the emotional effect the author desires.

It is eight o'clock. The director comes to a place just in front of the stage, and for a few minutes reports to the audience, as to a large committee, on the developments in the Workshop since the last production and on any matters of special interest concerning the play to be performed. As he retires, a few late-comers enter. Chimes sound, and the house is darkened. As the curtain draws aside, a very small stage is revealed, but its extremely cramped conditions have been skilfully disguised by the designers of scenery. Originally a recessed lecture platform, twenty feet

wide by eight feet deep, and not as broad at the back as at the front, it is shut in on both sides by steel-girdered walls, with one door on each side, down stage, close to the proscenium. There is no room between the scenery and the walls for storing scenery between the acts, not even, indeed, for an actor to pass. Overhead the iron-girdered floor of an upper story comes nearly to the top of the curtains; consequently, nothing may be rolled up out of sight. Between scenes everything must be taken off stage. To carry a piece of scenery to a room near by necessitates six turnings. Nothing could be more cramped, more laborious, more unrepresentative of ordinary stage conditions. It is necessary to emphasize all this, because the director has frequently been blamed for his critical and uncomplimentary attitude toward a stage which seems to many who have not examined it to do whatever is needed. Is it not clear, however, that a stage which does not provide and cannot be made to provide representative or even adequate lighting conditions, where all scenery must be specially designed, constructed, and painted for it, where all scene-shifting is far more complicated and time-consuming than it would be on the stages of high schools or club buildings, where stage positions cannot be freely handled, but become largely a question of avoiding the furniture, is not a just place on which to ask any one to train people either as playwrights or producers? How to meet the problems of production on a normally equipped stage should be the question, not the performance of acrobatic feats in adjustment not likely to be called for anywhere else in the country.

The play is on. Unquestionably the majority of the pieces are realistic, for students are encouraged to write of what they know; but satire, fantasy, and romance are also seen. In the acting well defined characterization and sincerity are offered instead of finished technic. No playing to the audience is allowed. Applause for an actor on his first appearance is deprecated as unfair to new-comers or persons entrusted with parts likely to become unsympathetic as the play develops.

No flowers are sent over the footlights. If kind friends cannot be restrained, the flowers are sent to the dressing-room. The Workshop gives no opportunities for uncomfortable comparisons of the number of flowers sent one member of the cast rather than another. Applause may accompany an exit if it is spontaneous recognition of notable acting, but every effort is made to hold applause till the end of an act. Even then there is no parading before the curtain.

Waits are usually short,—from five to ten minutes—except for a pause which usually comes before the last act, but is sometimes shifted earlier to cover some time-consuming change of scenery. In this twenty minutes as many of the audience as wish go into a large room just across the corridor for coffee. Here a special committee looks after new members, guests of the organization, or any one who may wish to meet officers of the Workshop not busy behind the scenes. When the chimes sound, this coffee-room group drifts slowly back into the auditorium.

After the last act the audience frankly shows its immediate response to the play, applauding warmly and long, calling for the cast and even for the author; merely calling the cast; or only applauding perfunctorily; or going out puzzled, dissatisfied, without applause. Sometimes there is even the hum of querying protest.

The director watches every play from his place at the back of the auditorium. Immediately after the final curtain he joins the cast in the coffee-room, criticizing, making appointments for special rehearsals, and trying to convey his impression of the play from the front of the house. When he finishes, there follows the one period of relaxation in the evening. Author, working force, actors, and director interchange comment and comparison.

Within a week the written comments are in, over ninety per cent. of them and sometimes a clear one hundred being helpful. The director considers carefully to what extent they justify or negative questions which class-room, rehearsing, and production have raised in his mind. Of course there are many

people who wish any play revised as they would have written it. There are carping critics; there are the romanticists who cannot appreciate realism and the equally uncompromising realists. Above all, there are the moralists who can see no justification for treating any subject conventionally held to be unsavory. But as all these people will be present in any large audience in a professional theater, their comments must be thoughtfully considered. The author, when the papers are handed to him, is to read them as impersonally as he can, and uncombatively. After a first rapid examination, he is to put them away for a week, not trying to formulate opinions as he reads or immediately thereafter. In a week or ten days he is to re-read the comments more carefully, and note whether they have not already shaped in his mind opinions as to where the play failed—in clearness, emphasis, characterization, climax, or convincingness as a whole. Then he is ready for consultation with the director as to rewriting. No time is set for completing this revision. According to the difficulty of the problems to be met, it may take weeks or months.

What happens to the play when revised? If a producer or play-placer, after watching it in performance, has not asked to see it when revised, the author may send it to some producing group. This happened when the Washington Square Players took Edward Massey's "Plots and Playwrights," after its production and consequent rewriting in the Workshop. If a short play, it may, like eight already published, go into a volume of Workshop plays, and be given frequently in schools, colleges, settlement houses, by amateur clubs and experimental theaters. From these books a play may even go into vaudeville, as has been the case with Eugene Pillot's "Two Crooks and a Lady." Short plays not included in these volumes and long plays not successful in finding professional production may, if approved by the Workshop directorate, be sent out in manuscript for royalty performances. Any promising long play not placed earlier is sure to go into the annual prize contest on October 1. The Craig Prize, offered by

Mr. John Craig of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, as an experiment sure to aid the work at Harvard and a possible good business venture, had unexpected success. For five years, until just before the United States entered the war, the contest produced a play which ran from five to twelve weeks at the Castle Square Theatre. Of these Mr. Ballard's "Believe Me, Xantippe," Miss Lincoln's "The End of the Bridge," and Mr. Kinkead's "Common Clay" had professional production elsewhere. In 1919 Mr. Oliver Morosco established a prize for past and present students of English 47 and English 47a who had not yet had professional production. "Mamma's Affair," first produced in the Workshop, and afterward revised in the light of the written criticisms of its audience, won the prize, had a season of three or four months in New York, and is now on the road. Three other plays entered in the competition were taken by Mr. Morosco. One of them, Miss Hinkley's "The Clam-Digger," has been tried out in Los Angeles, and is to be given on Broadway this coming season. Its author has had one short play and one long play tried out in the Workshop. Each of the other successful competitors had had work produced in the Agassiz Theatre.

There are, then, three stages in the Workshop for the would-be dramatist. The first year goes into general technic. Each member of English 47 is expected to acquaint himself fully with all the methods of the Workshop and to share, as far as his capacities permit, in any opportunity it offers. This first year may bring production of a one-act play at Agassiz House or, in very rare instances, of a longer piece; but members of English 47 should not be disappointed if the time means only a better grasp on what they want to do and how they may do it. Writing worthy of production will far more probably come in English 47a, the second year. The director, on his side, in English 47 tries to distinguish the members who can be happy only when writing plays from those who are as much interested in other forms of writing. He believes that the second group should be urged to devote themselves to these other forms. Among

those who feel that they must write plays he tries to discover any special gift, any growing individuality. When he finds this, he readily admits the student to English 47a. Knowing from experience, however, that latent power reveals itself very slowly, he uses his discretion in giving a second chance to some of those who in the first year have done little more than prove the absorbing interest writing plays has for them. In English 47a he aims to give the student of individual promise every opportunity to develop, and to the others a chance to release and reveal any power latent thus far. He never collaborates. He does not force his own ideas or solutions on the worker. The great desideratum is to train the would-be playwright to intelligent scrutiny of his work and independent solution of his problems.

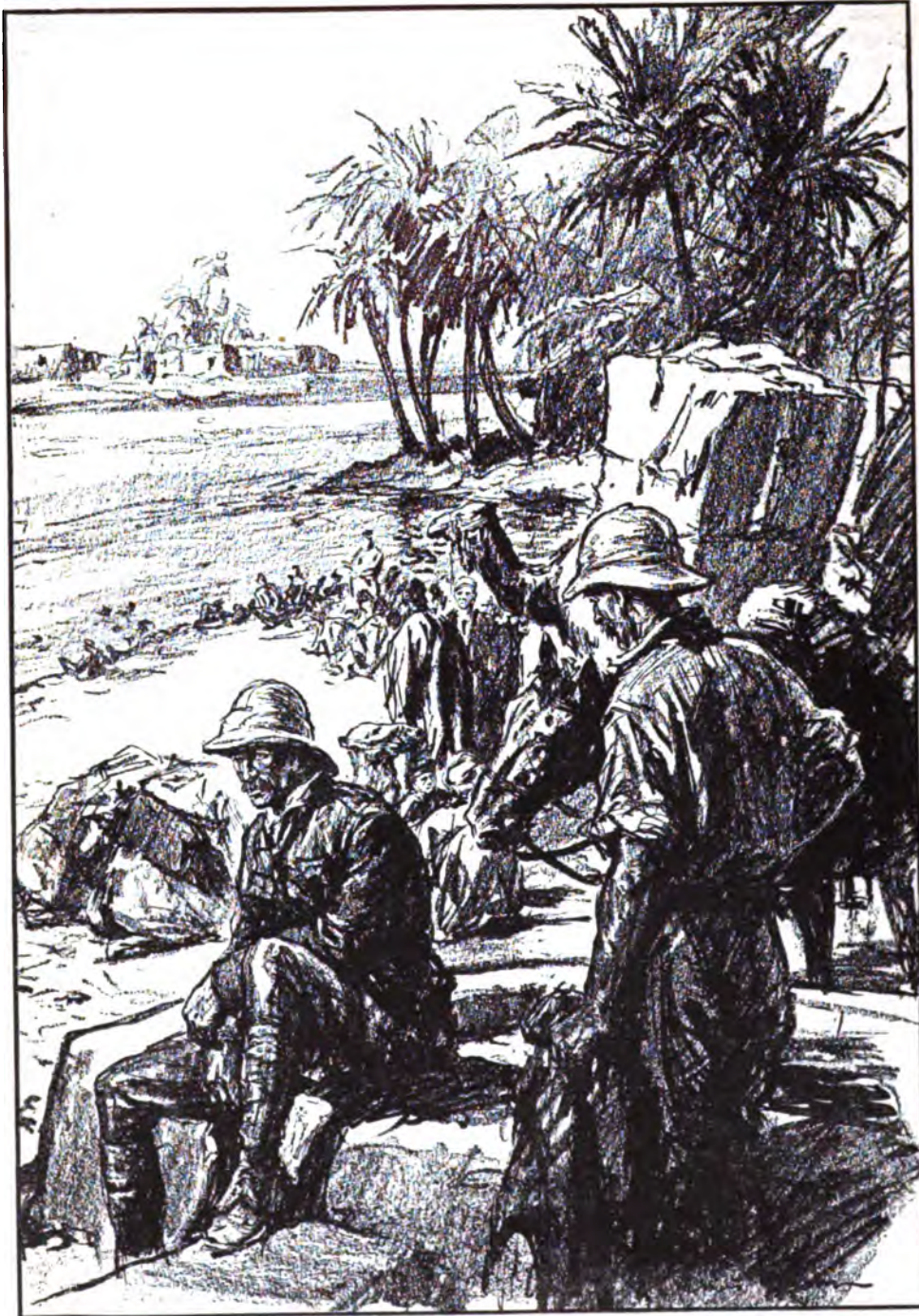
If it be said that all this work is possible only for him or her who can afford the necessary tuition, the MacDowell Club of New York City meets this difficulty with its fellowship, named in honor of Edward MacDowell. It grants, on the basis of a competition, to an unmarried man or woman a sum of money sufficient for one year at Harvard or Radcliffe. Annually on the first of June competitors submit an original prose play of three or more acts. The first holder of this fellowship was Fennimore Merrill, whose one-act play, "The Shop Window," produced by the Washington Square Players, gave promise of fine satirical comedy later. Mr. Hubert Osborne, whose "Shore Leave" was recently successfully tried out in Toronto by Mr. Belasco, held this appointment. So, too, did Miss Butler, author of the successful play in the recent Morosco competition. A play of Mr. Merrill's was the first given by the Workshop; Mr. Osborne had two one-act plays produced by it; and Miss Butler, "Mama's Affair" and a second long play.

There remains a third stage in the

development of a Workshop playwright. The Workshop likes to keep up relations with its authors after they leave the classes. It welcomes them back to its productions. The director urges them, when they have writing to do, to come to Cambridge for it. This is not for consultation, but rather that they may work under congenial conditions. In one way he still stands ready to aid the playwright in this stage. If he is not overpressed with material from the courses, he will produce promising plays of theirs which they feel need such criticism as the Workshop audience provides. Of course such production is not open to graduates of the courses who win professional recognition.

As to such instruction as the Workshop offers, the attitude of a considerable part of the public is amusingly contradictory. Very dubious at first whether any courses in play-writing will be of real practical use if they are successful, this part of the public makes a complete face-about. It now demands correspondence courses, instruction in the whole subject in a summer school of six weeks, text-books that, with one reading, will put a would-be playwright on Broadway—a dozen absurdities or impossibilities. There can be no patent pellets for would-be playwrights. No one in the Workshop is encouraged to expect professional production while in the courses or immediately thereafter. One of the first ideas inculcated is that a dramatist must make haste slowly. Work, hard, self-scrutinizing work, sustained for a long period in the face of many discouragements through sheer love of that work—this, granted some natural gift for dramatic writing, is the great essential. No one, no system, can create a dramatist. No one can help him as much as himself. But the difficult road may be shortened for him, and, above all, he may be helped to help himself. That is all the 47 Workshop tries to do.





"Vignolles was still brooding"

The Truth About Vignolles

By ALBERT KINROSS

Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr



S there any better place than London on a fine May morning, and is there any better spot in it than a tuppenny seat looking out on the Row? If there is, I have yet to find it. You sit at your ease and watch the world go by, and sometimes—almost always—there arrives a friend that you have lost, the ending of a story, or the beginnings of a new one. It is Vignolles who has set me going and who has brought about these cursory reflections. Without that seat, without the Row and London on a fine May morning, I should never have known what had become of the old fellow after that last day we spent together.

At the depot, and subsequently, I had come to look on him as one of the lost ones, as one of the many who have vanished. They are so many that one more or less makes little mark. But there were circumstances about his disappearance not altogether creditable; in fact, Vignolles went to Port Said next morning,—he had begged a whole day's leave,—and after that we had no trace of him. Some said he was a deserter, just an ordinary deserter, and that, perhaps, he had got aboard a neutral ship and cleared out of it. The Camel Transport Corps is n't exactly an alluring proposition. But there were others, and, indeed, the most of us,—for the old chap had n't an enemy,—who were pretty certain that Vignolles had reached Port Said all right and then come some sort of cropper in Arab Town, the festive quarter. After these months in the desert, it seemed more than likely. Knocked on the head or knifed or even poisoned; the drink they sell has little relation to the label. He may have turned quarrelsome after a dose of it, and in one way and another he had a good deal of money on him. But

here was the man himself, bronzed, lean, and as gray as ever; rather grayer, for he had dyed his hair to get into the war. A man who does that is n't likely to funk it, to run away or stow away aboard a neutral boat and clear right out of it.

I had always stuck up for him and was ready to take my oath he had played the game, so I had no hesitation, when at last he came strolling by,—you will remember I was sitting on a tuppenny seat in the park that fine May morning,—I had n't the least hesitation in getting up with rather a shout of welcome; and he, apparently, was just as glad to see me again. He had few friends in London; he had no engagements. We finished that day together, and after that there were other meetings; and now, once in a blue moon, he writes to me.

The last day we had spent together had happened a few years before that; in 1917, to be exact. Yes, in the autumn. One remembers it specially, for it was after Allenby took hold, and Murray went home with our sincere good wishes; it was before we broke the Turk and pushed up to Jerusalem. Vignolles was in all that, but I was n't; and I have put his story in one piece, though I dare say he told it to me in several; and perhaps I've filled in gaps and dwelt a little on the peculiar characteristics of the man. For he is a character, rather a rare one, rather of the romantic sort, one of those persistent children of unrest who give our ordinary life and standards the go-by and venture on a world tour of their own.

He was a man past fifty and had always been in the thick of it. That, I imagine, was his passion, the ruling motive of his life. Most people, therefore, would call him an adventurer; the war threw up many such. They flocked home from all the corners of the

earth at the great call, and Vignolles was one of them, the only one, however, whom I knew with any intimacy. He had the two South African ribbons, he had a Japanese, he would have had a Bulgarian, only just now they were the enemy, and he had others besides. He bore no ill will whatsoever toward any of his numerous adversaries; indeed, like many of his kind, he often expressed a peculiar horror and detestation of war,—of its cruelties, its injustice, its brutalities,—though, somehow, he could n't keep away from it. He had abandoned a rubber-growing proposition farther East to be in this one. He had sailed all the way to London, and there he had been refused at the first asking; and then he had returned to his hotel, had dyed his hair, which was prematurely gray, and gone back with a decent lie that made him eligible. He had come to us of the Camel Transport Corps by way of the yeomanry, and he and I—we were both "old stiffs," though for the nonce disguised as subalterns—had struck up a friendship that was quick and intimate, and salted with our mutual joy in the adjutant, our lord and master, and young enough for either of us to have dandled on a paternal knee.

But to return to that last day, the day before he disappeared. We had risen at dawn as usual, we had been on parade by six, and then had ridden off to exercise our sections. After breakfast, when the camels had been scraped and cleaned and cleared of ticks, we were to lead them out to the water-troughs. One fed twice a day, but one watered only every other day, and the jaunt was always a bit of an excursion. Here in London it seemed romantic, and to a tourist watching us it would have looked like something wonderfully picturesque. I can hear the click of his camera and his expressions of delight as we came by. But had he been one of us, he might have made a different song of it.

There was the depot, naked in the sunlight, with its two wooden huts for offices, its long rows of tents, and its longer rows of camel lines, all beautifully laid out in the marshy land on the African side of the canal. Brown and baked it was, very much like Vignolles, before it joined the reed-beds and the water.

It was endurable by day, a hard and healthy life, spent mostly by us on our Arab ponies; but after sundown, to the flies were added the mosquitos, and to the mosquitos, the sand-flies. The mosquitos were the fiercest and the most voracious I have ever known. They would eat through your drill riding-breeches, they would sting through your flannel shirt. If you played a rubber of auction after mess, you kept one eye on your cards and another on them; and when at nine or ten you went to bed, diving with all speed under your mosquito net, in they came after you. Once inside, you lit a candle and hunted them, and when all seemed secure, you went to sleep. But somehow or other they would evade you, and when you scratched the places they made, you risked a septic sore.

At sunrise, however, all would be well again, and Vignolles and I, and such other subalterns as were awaiting orders here, would meet upon parade. One day's ritual was very like another, except that on every other day we watered. And then all the camels, four or five hundred of them, would march out in a long line, two by two, with an Egyptian driver to each pair. These men wore bright blue gowns—*galabiahs*, they call them—of the same color as the eternal blue of the sky; the camels, and Vignolles and I in khaki, were of the color of the desert; and when the whole line of us stood out in silhouette against those spacious horizons, like a frieze of blue-brown on a blue-brown background, we made a most wonderful picture. This is where the tourist would have come in with his camera.

The last morning Vignolles was peculiarly silent as we rode on together; for, out of the depot, we usually left the men and camels to their *reises* and *bash-reises* and enjoyed our freedom and the soft, clear air. Sometimes, quite frankly, we played the ass, putting our ponies at any obstacle we met, a jump or a hillock, or racing the little beggars over broken ground. But that day Vignolles was absent and moody, so much so that at last I asked him what was up.

"You and I are getting shot out; too old," he answered. "I had it from Goffin,

the quarter, in the orderly-room. He 's rather a pal of mine. I suppose there 's a push coming on, and they think we won't stick it."

"And we 're both as fit as fleas," was my reply. "Still, I suppose it had to come. It was bound to come some day," I added, "though they might have let us crock up decently, like men."

"The chief 's taking no chances—not this time," said Vignolles, briefly. "You and I are going down to Cairo on some garrison job,—local transport,—carting stores and washing for the hospitals; just the same as sitting tight at home."

"Horses, I suppose, casts and crocks like you and me. By gad! I don't feel a day more than forty."

"They don't give a damn about us; I wish I 'd lied when I took my commission. I was fool enough to tell the truth." And then, more matter of fact, he pursued: "A couple of young uns are coming here to-morrow. They will take all the sound camels and men away with them, and you and I, me lad, will be back numbers."

I felt it as much as he did, but of the two of us I was rather the more English.

"Well, I don't care," was what I answered. "If they don't want us, they don't, and there 's an end of it."

"I did n't join up to live in a billet and do a garrison job in Cairo," said Vignolles, brooding. "If I can't be in it, I 'm not going to be out of it. They shoved me out of the yeomanry because they thought me too old; that 's how I got into this institution. Transport is n't so bad, not in open fighting, the sort you get out here; but now they 're shoving us out of that as well." For a full minute he dwelt on it.

I reflected for a while. The thought had often occurred to me.

"It 's all right for you," I now said; "you 've only got to ask, and they 'll jump at you for Intelligence." To my knowledge he spoke Arabic, French, and Spanish, the first uncommonly well.

"And sit in a ruddy office. No, thanks," he answered. "The Arabic 's all right; it helps me with this job"; and then he turned and smiled for the first time that morning. "My late C. O. had the same idea; it was before we came out here. He introduced me to an

Intelligence—*wallah*, a colonel. Polite way of getting rid of me. I looked at the chap, and he looked at me, and we both hated the sight of each other. He was one of those regulars that don't know their job, but he 'd taken the brass hat and the wages; and he knew that I knew it, and I knew that he knew I knew. No, I could n't work under a thing like that, bluffing half his time and expecting people to carry him the rest of it, and he scooping up the credit till he got found out. No, transport 's good enough for me," he ended.

We dropped the topic till we came to the drinking-troughs. There were rows and rows of them alongside a canal. Camels take five and twenty minutes to fill their skins, and though they go in lean and baggy, they come out as round as a barrel, with their sides full of it; so you must give them room to expand and not crowd 'em. We let half of the drivers fall out at a time and take a dip in the fresh water. Some went in with a net and caught gray mullet that were leaping. Fine swimmers they were, and, though not much to look at as they plodded along with the camels, they stripped like statues—like bronze statues.

Vignolles was still brooding. I remember one curious remark he made; there was a good deal of truth in it.

"I suppose the worst day in a woman's life," he said, "is the day she realizes that men don't care a damn about her. Sooner or later it 's bound to come—the day she 's finished and the youth gone out of her. We two are a bit like that, getting fired and sent down to a garrison job."

After lunch we went across the canal together and saw the field cashier. We owed a mess bill, and Vignolles suggested paying it. He drew the usual fiver and cashed a fat check for allowances. He must have let them run a few months or got tangled up over his transfer. When we returned, we got orders to dish out a full equipment to the men, marching out state and winter scale. This kept us busy till nightfall. The Gyppos were like children receiving presents off a Christmas-tree as they pranced about with their overcoats, their boots, their canvas water-bottles, their shirts,

and the rest of it. To the simple mind it was all so much treasure-trove.

At dinner Vignolles asked the adjutant whether he might take the next day in Port Said. He got his leave all right, and went off bright and early; nor had I a word or a sign of him till he turned up, three years later, that May morning in the park.

He had gone off to Port Said, but we in the depot had been uncommonly busy. Not that I was in it overmuch. I looked on most of that day, reading my death-sentence. The two young officers had turned up, and, led by the major and the adjutant, had taken the pick of the camels. The men had been vetted and inspected, all gay in their new togs. The pack-saddles had been counted out, and the coarse rope nets that go along with them and in which you sling the stuff. The forage had come in from the supply-dump on the canal. It looked like business at last. Next morning they would all start out, leaving the depot empty, with Vignolles and me behind. But no Vignolles appeared, and I was alone as I watched the long lines loading, the brutes down on their knees, the packs made fast across their humps, the rations slung into the nets; and next their long necks bobbing as they passed out with the drivers that had once belonged to Vignolles and to me, and Achmet, the *bash-reis*, fitting to and fro on his *hagheen*. There were the two young officers in charge of it all, and Coldcott Pasha, the inspector himself, inspecting. Then off they marched out of the depot, then to Kantara Station and the bridge that crosses the canal, and then away into The Sinai Desert and off to Palestine. I watched them swaying down the road, a mile of them. I had little or nothing else to do. My work was over; and though it was morning, it felt like evening, like autumn, like the end of something that had been warm and rich and strong. Yes, Vignolles was right.

I turned at last and went back slowly to the empty depot. The inspector himself was in the mess-tent, a large man, one of Kitchener's men, with all the Egyptian ribbons. He had created the corps and was its father. I remember that most of us were rather afraid

of him, and silent and abashed when he sat down at the head of the long table, the major, very respectful, on one side, the adjutant, all aglow, on the other. He left after lunch, and we subalterns breathed more freely. Isaacs, who did some odd job in the store-tents, took four fingers of whisky; Hamilton, the quartermaster, was pleased because the great man had spoken to him; and the subaltern with alcoholic objections, whose name I misremember, was hurt because he had been ignored. As one of the finished, the extinct, I had made myself as small as possible. It was only after the chief had gone that somebody asked what had become of Vignolles.

He had been to Port Said was all we knew of him.

"Humph," said the adjutant.

And that, in so far as I was concerned, seemed the end of Vignolles.

In his tent the bulk of his things were nicely packed and all in order. He had left us a home-made bed, the canvas rather busted, the frame and legs quite sound, and his mosquito net and an old uniform, as souvenirs. The mess servants collared these. The rest, after the usual inquiry and all manner of reports and writing, was duly forwarded to his next of kin. A married sister, I believe she was.

Thus ended Vignolles, who passed out of my ken till suddenly he came strolling by that fine May morning. I, poor wretch, had gone down to Cairo, just as he had predicted, and no sooner had I been introduced to the worn-out steeds and taken stock of the wagons, staff, and stables now in my charge than one of those accursed mosquitos found me out. I had a stiff dose of malaria, and went home in the spring.

Not so my friend, however. But let us listen while he unfolds his own story.

"I was a B. F.," was how he began it. "I was a B. F.," he repeated. For the benefit of the uninitiate one may explain that these initials stand for a certain kind of fool. "I always am a B. F. when I follow an impulse instead of acting according to the book. And yet, by Jove! half the fun one gets in life comes out of these impulses, and most of the pain as well, I suppose. The pain does, right enough. You remember

I went off to Port Said early that morning? I called at the bank there and cashed three checks, five pounds at a time and dated three consecutive days. The cashier said that was all he was allowed to do. Then I drew a fourth check for a hundred, and told them to collect it in London and open a credit for me when they got the brass. I dare say all that came out at the inquiry. Must have looked pretty dirty; but these things can't be helped when you're following an impulse instead of sticking to the rules. I rather overdid it; but I was n't going to be out of the show. You knew that. When I'd done with the bank, I had a bathe in the sea, and I lay out in the sun and thought things over. Next I went to a Greek barber's and got a fresh coat of dye, jet black; made me look ten years younger. No need to stain my face. I was well burnt, neck and all, and I'm by way of being a brunette; had a French grandfather, regular old *Othello*—came from Arles.

Next I had a darned good lunch at the club and read the papers and slept and sprawled in chairs. Then I went back to the sea-front and picked up with a Syrian girl and her mama and stood them tea at the casino. Mama asked me whether I was married and told me the girl would get two thousand on her wedding-day. I liked looking at a white girl, or almost white; had n't seen one for months and months. We talked in Arabic a little, but they preferred French—more civilized, I suppose. Papa came along presently, and they asked me to visit them. The girl was round and plump and had what novel-writers call 'mysterious' eyes. The mystery is easily solved. The mystery is that there is n't any mystery. It's all in the shop-window, so to speak. 'You will call?' they pressed me, and the mother said, 'When?' I said that, being in the army, I could n't quite tell, but, if they would give me their name and address, I would write. I gave them my



““You hop off to your tent,” I said, “and get your things together and come back here””

name, and then we separated. The girl was very soft and gentle, something like a dove. Mama and papa were fat and coarse. She ought to have left them behind when she went out hunting. They made one look ahead too much. Next I dined at the Marina," he pursued, "and there I met a Hollander I'd known out East; first officer on one of their mail-packets.

"Who's going to win the war?" he said when we'd got comfortable.

"What war?" I asked; and then we talked rubber and old faces out yonder, and he said, if I was sick of it, he'd take me off to the Dutch Indies.

"At your age, with your dyed hair and mustache, you're an old fool," he said. And, by gad! he was right. I took the last train back to Kantara, and he walked with me to the station.

"If you'd been a German," he said, as we shook hands, "you'd have come along with us and got out of it. Plenty good jobs going in Java or Sumatra." I grinned at that.

"Not me!" I said. "So now you know who's going to win the war?" He looked at me for quite a while before he tumbled to it and laughed. Thick-headed fellows, these Dutchmen.

"At Kantara I sat out on the bank of the canal and smoked a pipe and felt very happy. You see, I'd taken my line, burnt my boats, knew exactly what I was in for. And I was n't going to be out of it; I'd got round that corner. I enjoyed the moon, the few big stars that held their own with it, and all that ghostly splendor. The bridge was up, and great ships with their search-lights blazing came and went, like ghosts of ships that once had ridden clear under the sun. I heard the train start from the station on the eastern side, the one that runs bang through the desert into Palestine. I heard it till I lost it. I heard the challenges of sentries on the other bank and fellows answering; and then at midnight I went back to the depot. Our watchmen were asleep as usual; they always went to sleep after the orderly officer had made his last round. You can't expect a Gyppo to keep awake unless he feels like it, and these *nabatchis* had been on duty all day. There was nobody about.

One heard the camels mutter and grumble, and one or two of you fellows were snoring. I sneaked into my tent, and when I came out again I was exactly like a driver—just an ordinary Gyppo, all complete. You remember we gave the men an entire outfit that last afternoon, marching out state, winter scale. Well, I'd kept one lot back for myself. Perhaps it was this reëquipment that gave me the idea. Ali Selim, one of my drivers, had to go short. I pinched his togs and water-bottle and blanket—the whole blooming outfit. He made a bit of fuss, but I said '*Tamam*,' and he trusted me. Ali Selim and I were rather pals; all my men and I were rather pals. You see, I could talk to them and understand them. They liked me in their way. You can tell that by the songs they sing as they go marching. You remember how one of them improvises a line, and the others all repeat it, and there's a refrain to match, which comes over and over again? They're poets in a primitive, easy way of their own. They used to sing very nice things about me to my face, and I believe they meant them. You got it, too. There was one day when you'd walked into them pretty heavily; they'd let the lines get a bit musty, and the adjutant had made a fuss, and you'd passed it on, cursed and damned 'em uphill, I suppose, and tried to talk to 'em. They made a song about you that day. 'This man is a bore,' it began,—that's about the gist of it in English,—'his wife deceives him, and his children are another's.' I don't suppose you knew what they were yapping about; in fact, you said you liked to hear them singing as they marched. I did n't put you wise, but I told Achmet, the *bash-reis*, that if they sang more of that particular ditty, they'd be flogged, and that you were a noble officer who had done his duty. They all grinned, and changed the subject, and pretended to be sorry and repentant. You know what kids they are."

"And Ali Selim?" I suggested as he paused over this anecdote and smiled to himself a little as much as to me. Vignolles resumed:

"Oh, yes. I thought you'd be inter-

ested. Well, here was I, and here was Ali Selim, whose togs I 'd pinched. He was a middle-aged man who 'd married a young wife, a virgin. He 'd found the money for that, but he had n't found the money to have his *fantasia*. That 's the wedding celebration, the bridal night, the drums and dancing, the feast, and all the rest of it. If you marry a widow or a divorcée, she can go without; but a young girl has to have her *fantasia*. It costs money, and the bridegroom has to pay; he 's introduced to his bride and the joys of paradise as soon as it is over. Ali Selim had n't the money to pay for his *fantasia*; that 's why he joined the camel transport. He meant to earn it with us and go back home and have his wedding-day in earnest. So far he 'd only put his name to the contract and handed over the money for the bride. When his time was up, he was going back to his village and have his *fantasia* and moons of bliss. The old dog told me all about it. 'A virgin, high-breasted.' Being a villager, of course he 'd seen her; they wear their veils only when they go into the towns.

"I 'd fixed up with Achmet, the *bash-reis*, that Ali Selim was to be one of the picket on that particular night. I found him fast asleep in the forage bin and dreaming of Aziza. He was a tall, dried-up old fellow, a bit like me, but, I dare say, twenty years younger. They age more rapidly than we do. I shook him awake, and he came to with a start, and when he saw it was only another driver he began to be very rude. But having cursed my religion and said the worst about my father, he suddenly realized that I was his *zabet* and pulled himself together.

"'You hop off to your tent,' I said, 'and get your things together and come back here. Then you can go to your village and have your *fantasia*. Here are twenty pounds for you,' and I showed him the notes in the moonlight.

"'Hader, *Effendim*,' said he, and went off. He asked no questions; it is not their way. They 've been slaves, or something near it, for so many thousands of years that they still believe in miracles.

"Ali Selim came back with his few belongings.

"'Now give me your identity disk,' I commanded. He took it off his neck, and I hung it round my own. Then I handed him the twenty pounds. He smiled all over his face and stowed the money away inside his *galabiah*. 'Now you must go,' I said. 'If you are careful and keep away from the canal, you 'll be home in a couple of days.' His village was a place called Abu Zeid, not far from Zagazig. He grinned a confident grin; he was sure he could make it. I went with him as far as the marsh on the edge of the depot. 'There are fishermen and boatmen on the water above here,' I said; 'any one of them would help you.'

"'Have no fear, *Effendim*,' he answered; and then he took my hand, and I let him kiss it. It is their custom. 'My own father has not been to me as you have been,' he said; and the old dog meant it—I think he meant it. You know, I always liked these men; they were like children," and Vignolles, grown thoughtful, puffed away at his cigar for a long moment.

"I had no fear," he resumed. "Once clear of the depot and if he kept away from what we called the canal zone, Ali Selim would be all right. One Gyppo in a dirty *galabiah* is very like another. I went back to the lines and took his place, and next morning I fell in with the others and was given my two camels and out I marched with the rest. 'You may have seen me. I certainly saw you, and our young friend the adjutant, pink and proud of himself. I 'd taken a rise out of him at last! Made me chuckle; did n't know what a fool I was making of myself just then. It is possible that some of the Gyppos spotted me, but to them it would be some deep white man's game, and they 'd naturally keep out of it. I just carried on as though I were Ali Selim. I had his kit, and the identity disk round my neck was stamped with his number, while my own was hidden away in my belt. You looked as though you had a proper old hump as we came trailing by; but, by George! you were the wise man, and I was all kinds of a damned old fool.'" Here he paused and let me see to the end how he had managed it.

"We marched to Karm, clean across

the Sinai Desert," he pursued, "and I stuck it all right. We did only two miles an hour, and not more of that than was good for us. I enjoyed this part of the business; perfect weather, only one sand-storm. The two young officers were pretty decent and did n't worry us except when we got in other people's way. Most of us stuck it; only three or four fell out. You ought to read the story of Napoleon's army on this same excursion; makes your flesh creep. Those who fell out were finished, worse than finished. We marched all night, and slept in the middle of the day. It was clean and fresh, no flies worth mentioning, no mosquitos, a scorpion or two every once in a while, and lots of sand-rats—jerboas, I think they call 'em—and lizards; and we saw gazelle, and there were hawks and eagles. It's an up-and-down country of sand shaped by the wind, with shifting hills and valleys, all one color of desolate brown under a sky that's blue all over. And then you're never very far from the sea; that's sapphire and emerald, with a white edge where it breaks in little waves. At night everything comes closer.

"We watered at wells or off the pipeline,—they'd laid the Nile-water clean through to Palestine,—and there were oases, with Bedouin and mangy camels and date-palms and ripe dates at Katia and Romani and El Arish. At El Arish we got a bathe in the sea, camels and all, and it did us good. I'd got a sort of a grizzled beard by then, and my own mother would n't have known me. We met all kinds of things on the way, and there was a wire-road. They'd put down that as well—a net of wire, five or six yards wide, pegged down on the sand the whole way through the desert. You could march or drive a car on it, just like on a metaled road. The Londoners and the Irish came along and said all sorts of rude things to us poor devils plodding in the sand; but, I lay, we said ruder. And Anzacs and Aussies on horseback. We could n't match what they said; big-hearted chaps, though. And the yeomanry, my old lot, they let us alone. Gad! what would n't I have given to have been along with them again! I looked out for my old charger, but could n't find

her. But we'll let that go and return to the procession.

"There were Indian cavalry and the real Camel Corps, and some of our old oonts started getting affectionate when the ladies came along. Confounded nuisance they are when they go *magnoon* and throw up their heads and lash with their ridiculous tails. My two gentlemen behaved themselves. And so we tumbled into Rafa and out again as far as Karm and Jasus; but I was dead beat. I'd walked the whole breadth of Sinai and a bit over; but I'm glad I've seen it. We kicked up coins and broken pottery in some places; there must have been water and cities out there years and years ago. I'd had the sand and the stars and an air like milk and the prologue of an immortal story, and I'd seen old Allenby dodging about in his big car. He even took the trouble to look at us and gave us a better salute than we gave him. Well, I'd had all that, and nothing much to do but admire it all.

"We'd stayed two days at Rafa, at the advanced depot, and there we were resorted and pooled along with a tribe of others; so that, when I went out on the last stage, I was among fresh men and animals. Not one of our old lot in the whole caboodle! We were in Palestine now, or over against it. Palestine is a green place, with trees and cactus-hedges, if one comes upon it out of the desert. But just then it was all burnt up, really. You should see it in the spring. And there were hills in the distance, and the Holy Bible. It's the landscape you read of and get read to you in church or when you're a kid, and there are wells all along the sand-dunes on the edge of the sea. I think the sea-water gets filtered somehow and the salt taken out of it as it passes through the sand into the wells."

He paused for a moment here to fill a pipe, an ancient brier that he had fished out of his pocket. His cigar had come to an end, and he had declined a fresh one; and then I, seizing on the opportunity and rather curious about these fellaheen camel-men that he had so taken for granted, said:

"What do the Gyppos talk about among themselves when they get going?"

I 've often wondered." And, indeed, I had, as, deaf and dumb myself, so to put it, I had seen these drivers squatting before their tents for hours and keeping up an eternal conversation, always dramatic, always eloquent, as though they were laying bare high secrets of state or expounding the mysteries of the universe.

Vignolles laughed.

"What we talked about, or what they talk about? Money and women mostly," he answered; "same as people do in Europe, only it 's different money and different women. And then there 's eating and drinking and one's relatives, and land and crops and things; but it 's money and women mostly. Can't say it 's always very respectable."

"And the war?" I asked next. "What it was being fought for and why; and democracy and the League of Nations?"

Vignolles laughed again.

"They did n't know and they did n't care; no business of theirs. They got their keep and so many piasters a day; that was all they thought about the war. I 've met staff-officers who thought no further."

"And aëroplanes and tractors and the pipe-line and the railways and all our other devilments—what about these?"

"Magic; magic of the unbeliever. Satan 's always in league with the unbeliever, and Allah protects the faithful. The Koran makes no mention of aëroplanes, so they despise them."

"And what about their religion?" I asked. "You 've just mentioned Allah and the Koran, and people are always gassing about Islam and Mohammed."

Vignolles hesitated.

"That 's rather a poser," he said at last. "You see, it 's a habit, a state of mind, rather than a faith. And there 's not much love in it; that 's where Christianity has them beat. We 're always in love or about to be in love; they 're not troubled that way; they get too much of it, if anything. And so they fall back on a code; it 's very good for one if one sticks to it. Mohammed was something of a physician as well as a man of the world, and so he prescribes cold water and physical drill—they call it ablutions and prostrations—and fasts and continence and no alcohol, and a few

prayers just to clinch matters. If he could have made the world stand still and be exactly the same in London as in Mecca, in Tokio as in the Yemen; if he could have canceled the renaissance, the Roman Church, and the discovery of America,—I omit a dozen similar trifles,—Mohammed would have been all right. And if you 're still living in the seventh century, and the climate 's pretty warm and living 's cheap and sufficient, then Mohammed 's a prophet. Our men were seventh century; one or two of them were bloody-minded fanatics, especially when they quarreled about the direction of Mecca. You turn your face that way when you pray. They had a fight about it, and Ibrahim bit off the end of Khalil's nose. Most religions seem to tend in that direction if one 's properly aroused." Vignolles ruminated, lingering for a moment, so it seemed, with his own God, the compassionate, the merciful enskied above the rancors of our little creeds.

"Well, you 'd got as far as Palestine," I prompted him at last. "And what happened after that?"

"The show came off all right; you 've read about it, and so have most people. And I was in it. One show 's very like another, but this was rather an uncommon and romantic business. I suppose I 'm one of those moths that can't keep out of the flame; and so are you, and so are most of us. I 've often thought that if the Belgians and the French had just sat tight and let the Hun march on and on and on, and smoked their pipes and looked at the fools marching, even the Hun would have seen the joke at last and turned to the kaiser and said, 'What the hell are we doing here?' Instead of looking on and smoking their pipes, the French fought 'em. Very natural and human thing to do; I 'd have done it myself. But if we were angels instead of men and women, we 'd just sit tight and leave war to the fools."

"But the Turk was—something more than a fool," I ventured.

"Quite right," answered Vignolles, thoughtfully. "He 's got a certain point of view. It does n't square with ours; it can't live in the same street with ours. So I don't blame him as much as I blame the Hun. Nothing the

Hun loves better than living in our street; can't keep him out of it. If you chuck him out at the door, in he comes by the window.

"Well, I carried on, and saw the Turk take the knock," he resumed; "and as he belongs to the Dark Ages and I don't, I was n't sorry for him. It was a fine sight, lots of cavalry; a good, open, honest show it was after the first good biff; and when we 'd got 'em fairly on the run, and the rains came down and slowed the pace and washed us out, so to speak, we 'd have finished them off then and there instead of a year later if we could have used the whole of our army instead of the half of it. I began to feel that I was an old, old man, and that I 'd have done better to have gone down to Cairo like a good boy and relieved some younger fellow, if they could have found one. I stuck it out, though. I remember two of our Gyppos got killed by a bomb; they ought to have thrown themselves flat on their bellies instead of sprinting. There was one on the right of me and one on the left of me. I envied the poor devils. They were at peace; it was all over. One of 'em twitched a bit, but he could n't feel anything. I envied them. And next I thought of the women in the mud village on the Nile, and the children and the howl they would set up till God comforted them. It 's these people that war hits, not proud fellows like you and me.

"I stuck it out," he pursued; "and, well, we camel-drivers saved the situation. It had been difficult enough in the dry weather, when half the army had to stand by because there was n't enough water; but when the rains came, it looked as though the other half would have to shut up shop as well. The whole country had turned into a quaking bog, and all the wheeled transport went to blazes. Armies are n't like voters; they can't live on air and promises. The navy carried on along the coast, but the horse transport and the regimental limbers had got stuck in the sand before we started; and now the tractors and lorries were all stuck in the mud. But we camels kept it up somehow, thousands and thousands of us there were, working in three echelons, each lot doing a stage; and though lots of the poor brutes split

when they slipped up in it, and lots laid down and went to pot from sheer exhaustion, the most of us hung on. I had about fourteen different kinds of fever when we started for Jerusalem.

"We 'd carried water and we 'd carried forage and we 'd carried beef and biscuit; we 'd carried all sorts of truck, and now we were on ammunition. The last day I was out and about the Jacko guns had found us, and one of the camels took a direct hit and went up like a packet of fireworks. I told you I had about sixteen kinds of fever: I suppose it was that made me stand fast when the others ran. Can't expect a Gyppo to stand fast with a camel-load of eighteen-pounder shells going off like a bunch of rockets. There was the officer and me getting a move on the convoy; the camels stood like heroes and did as they were told. The officer cursed in English, and it did me good to hear him; and I suppose I cursed one better, but he must have been too busy to notice. I don't remember any more of it till I woke up in a Gyppo hospital, with a hole down one side of me and no temperature to speak of. Lord! but I was happy to be warm and cozy and well out of it!

"There was a Syrian doctor and an Armenian dresser and a Jew and lots of Copts and Moslems, and they all looked after me like angels; seemed they had special orders. I 'd behaved rather decently, it appeared, and I was Ali Selim el Tantawi, so they said, having read the number off my identity disk or some nominal roll or other, or maybe it 's what I told 'em. And they had n't pinched my money, either. It was all O. K. with the other disk inside my belt, and the fag-end of my check-book and half a dozen odd papers.

"The officer looked in—the same kid who 'd been in charge of that last convoy. He could n't say much, but he had lots of baccy and cigarettes, and said there was plenty more where these came from. I felt rather a cad for letting him *quaess* away in Arabic, when he 'd got nothing out of the show, not even a mention. I found a Gazette one day and hunted about for him; but all the office-*wallahs* had n't forgotten their noble selves, you bet your boots on it.



“We did only two miles an hour, and not more of that than was good for us”

“They let me out in the spring, and I was sent to the advanced depot. It had moved north to Ludd, somewhere between Jaffa and Jerusalem, out on the plain, with the blue sea on one side and blue hills on the other. Nothing much to do there except eat and drink and sleep. They 'd a sort of infirmary for us to get well in. I got well. It was a wonderful place, all among orange-groves in blossom; smelt like a thousand brides, and I 'd just missed the almonds. There were scarlet tulips and beds of dusky iris and banks of great yellow daisies. They let us wander where we liked, and the smell of it and the sight of it made me feel new and beautiful. Most of the men sat still and basked and would n't go out except when there was a girl calling; but I found Bedouin camps and Jew colonies and black Jews from the Yemen. There was a Moslem bailiff in one of the farms who wanted me to marry his daughter, a widow, going cheap; and I met a woman who asked me to sell her a camel—she had twenty pounds Turkish in gold that she brought out of her bosom,—and there was a Jew farmer who offered me a job of hoeing in his vineyard. And I met jackals and pi-dogs and a harlot from Surafend. It was just

like living in the Bible except for Allenby and his men and the banging of guns beyond Jaffa, and the aëroplanes that came and went, and the railway-line that had come up and the new ones they were building.

“I got as far as the sea at Jaffa and saw a street of shops again, and took a *shuf* at the Jewish suburb packed with Zionists. Intellectual-looking lot of blokes; too much brains and not enough beef. It 'll take 'em three generations to get going. And I hopped on a lorry one fine morning and wound up into the hills and landed plumb in Jerusalem. It smelt like a 'jakes,'—I think that 's what Shakspeare calls it,—but when you got on the Mount of Olives and looked down on the city and over to the Dead Sea and the Mountains of Moab, you forgot all your troubles and even forgave the Turk and how he 'd failed on sanitation. I suppose Jerusalem grows on one. I could n't give it a fair chance. They let me in at the mosque. Omar, is n't it? A perfect place. I sat in the sun like a lizard, in one corner of the big square where the women come for water, and time seems to have left off, and present, past, and future are all one. Ever read Josephus? The Old Testament 's poetry, and Josephus is the

prose of it. They tried to kick me out of the church when I went up the hill again; but I told the priests that I was a Copt, and then it seemed to be all right. I followed a party of reverent Tommies in charge of a padre and heard all about it. They said it was 'a bit thick'; but who was I to contradict them? Religion's rather an industry up at Jerusalem, same as in Rome, same as in Mecca. When I'd done, I squatted down at the corner outside and waited for the lorry. The crowd did one good. I've never seen anything like it, a human menagerie. Licked all the zoos. Bedouin, Australians, all sorts of Jews, Indians, West Indians, Gyppos, and real live female Yankees dishing out money or medicine or something. I've left out priests and nuns and such-like. Some came from Abyssinia, and were long and black and bony. I forgot all about the lorry, and had to get a lift on a van. Very decent fellow in it; Intelligence, I believe. He took me as far as Ramleh, and then I walked. They called me into the office three days later and told me that my time was up and that I could go back to my home whenever I wanted; but if I liked to sign on again, they'd be glad to have me. They'd give me a *reis's* job and a *reis's* pay.

"There was a wad of money owing to Ali Selim, and I got that. He'd had my twenty pounds and done nothing for it; and he'd had the *fantasia* and the henna and the high-breasted virgin into the bargain, which I had n't, not by a long chalk. And there was my own pay, all dried up, I supposed, and me posted as missing or something worse. I've a sister,—she'd hear about it,—a good sort, though married to a stock-broker who dresses every night for dinner and can't talk anything but shop and golf and auction. I sent her a picture post-card from Jerusalem and signed it 'Tonino.' She'd know it was from me. She's forgiven me all right, though my brother-in-law can't get over it. But he's built that way, bless him!

"Well, I'd got a wad of money and a paper to take me home to Abu Zeid," Vignolles pursued, reverting once more to the main argument, "and a squad of

us time-expireds and crocks and what-nots was marched down to the station, and back we went to Egypt in an open truck, all very friendly and rejoicing and full of plans and wickedness, and packed like herrings in a tin.

"I did n't see much, because it grew dark soon after we started, but we left the scent of the orange-groves behind us and the twisted olive-trees, and the miles of barley you come to lower down. I saw all that, and then it was night, and we were making for the desert. I slept through it this time instead of walking. At Kantara East we got out and were marched over the canal to Kantara West, and I could see the depot where I had started from about six months back. Had n't changed much; the men were getting their breakfast.

"They gave me a ticket to Zagazig, third-class on the state railway, but I did n't get there. I wanted to see Cairo again and the Pyramids and the wonders of Memphis. Sakkara they call it nowadays; it's a better period than Thebes. I went down to the stables at Kasr-El-Nil and Abu Ella, and asked the drivers if they knew you, an old officer—*kadim*.

"The fat one with the red face? He came and went," they answered. So I knew you'd got out of it.

"And when I'd done Cairo and Sakkara and the Pyramids and the two museums," Vignolles resumed, "and all the cinemas and the *Mille et Un Nuits*, and the theaters in Emad el Din, and refused a job at a mosque and another at a brothel, I powdered myself more than usual and paid my bill at the hotel in Clot Bey where I'd lodged, and went off to the Fayoum. It's the only green bit of Egypt that is n't hand-made and flat-ironed. And after that I got a passage on a boat or two,—or was it three?—and sailed down the Nile to all the tombs and temples. It was growing warm and oveny, but in a dirty *galabiah* and next to no underwear you don't feel it. I had a six-week's holiday that passed like a dream, doing just what I liked and sleeping mostly under stars and moonlight. The fellaheen Gyppos are much the same as other peasantry. If they're decently governed by honest men, they're like little

children. When they 're stirred up by agitators and priests, they see red and run amuck. They treated me like a king and hardly charged for it. I only used my fists once, and that was in the tourist country; a damned guide was making rude remarks about one of our sisters. Luxor was full of army nurses, and V. A. D's and spoony officers. The girl and the major she was with both offered me money when I explained matters. Most remarkable English I used to the major, and 'No, O beloved!' says I to the girl in Arabic; and she blushed so prettily and put her money away, though she only guessed the gist of it. A fair Saxon girl she was, with straw-colored hair, long legs, pink cheeks, a throat like cream, and eyes the color of forget-me-nots. I had n't stood face to face with one like that for ages.

"The officer grinned at me as I slunk off, and said, 'Some of these Arabs are n't bad fellows.' Lucky young dog! But he had n't deserted. I knew that, when my time was up, I 'd have to try and get hold of the money I 'd banked at Port Said, and then sit tight in Arab Town till I came across another Dutchman or some Greek sea-captain who 'd do anything for a price. Or else I 'd have to reëngage and do a depot job till the war ended. Can't say I fancied it.

"I got back to Cairo all right, and bought a ticket for as far as they 'd let me go without a permit. I could have got one for nothing, but I 'd money left, and I did n't want to be messed about by native officials who 'd want bribes or a *bini* or some other species of corruption. I 'd only got to go back to the depot and say I was Ali Selim el Tantawi, and I 'd get a *reis*'s job straight away, and stick there or go up to Ludd. I hung about on the station platform and waited for the train. It came in all right, and while it was standing, who should turn up but the inspector himself, old Coldicott Pasha, and a little staff-colonel with blue tabs and a clean-shaved face! I 'd seen him up at Karm, bossing the supply people and everybody else, a clever, brainy-looking little bloke. Seemed to know what he was doing, and no frills and no fuss and no ~~standing~~ on his dignity. I take off my hat to him, though, as a rule, I 'm

ag'in' staff-officers. Men go rotten in an office unless their heart 's with us poor devils who do the job.

"The inspector and the staff-colonel strolled up and down, and, 'There 's this fellow Ali Selim. I 'm getting off at Zagazig,' I heard the pasha say; and the little colonel nodded. I could n't catch any more; but, you bet, I had pricked up my ears and was thinking. And next the chief's body-servant, a good-looking Gyppo, came up and said he 'd put the suitcase in and would his Excellency be seated? I could follow that; and then the two big-pots nodded to one another and separated. The little chap went back to his car, and the inspector got into a first-class coach with the paper. The Gyppo servant went third-class with me. He 'd got fine clothes, and thought a devil of a lot of himself, being servant to a pasha. The inspector was really a high government official who 'd been lent to the army, as you know.

"The servant laid down the law to us poor wretches in cotton *galabias*. He and his master were going to Zagazig on some government business, and then to Abu Zeid to do honor to an Egyptian—a brave man, a regular lion, who had killed a score of Turks; cut their ruddy heads off, dishonored their women, done all sorts of gory things. The pasha had money for this hero, five pounds, and a parchment written with his marvelous deeds. Yes, what this man had done was written down. The servant had packed the pasha's leather box and put in the scroll and the paper with the money. The pasha had asked him twice whether all was in order, and he had not failed. The whole coach listened to him as he told this story. 'Twenty Turks!' they cried. 'Truly this Egyptian is a lion.'

"'All Egyptians are lions,' said a traveling student in a silk caftan and shirt; 'they could eat up these English dogs in one mouthful if it so pleased them.'

"'By Allah, they could!' cried one young man, grown wildly excited.

"'And you, O Father?' The student had turned to me.

"'The English are lion-tamers,' I answered him. 'They have lions in their

country, but they keep them on a chain and teach them to catch dogs like you. When they have caught them, the lions are commanded to let them go.'

"The student winced at this, as did three or four others among the men in trousers or caftans; but the fellaheen and the women were on my side.

"One of the women, a Bedawi with a keen eye, had the courage to say: 'By Allah! this old rig is right. The English are men and women like ourselves, and they are all lions. I have seen Kitchener Bashaw, and my belly turned to water.' It went on like that and worse till we got to Zagazig. There I got out and walked to Abu Zeid.

"The chief did his business in the town, and his car overtook me as we entered the village. Really, it must have been the *mudir's* car; he 's the governor of the district. Our friend, the body-servant, sat proudly next the driver, and the *mudir* had a frock-coat, and a red tarboosh on his head, and an order with a blue-and-yellow ribbon. He was no end of a swell. And there was Coldicott Pasha in uniform, with his two rows of decorations, and the headman of the village, a fat old rascal with a huge stomach and silk caftan, and a low tarboosh with a big blue tassel, and a white cloth wound round it—a regular old-fashioned Gyppo. I joined them, so to speak, and watched the arrival and all the ceremony.

"It was a big village, with a square and a mosque, and the population in its best clothes, and hens and donkeys and camels and water-buffalo all mixed up with everybody, and pigeons overhead; and drawn up in the center was the hero of the age, Ali Selim el Tantawi. Behind him stood a young woman, with the end of her head-dress stuck into her mouth,—they don't wear the veil in these outlying villages unless they 're rich and important,—and she was pretty enough to do without it. A pure Beddo, with a fine nose and small features, but almost black. Her I took to be the Aziza who had come to him in his dreams. But they were both of them very wide-awake just now as the *ghaffirs* cleared a space and everybody cried, 'Shut up!' His Excellency stepped forward and made a speech, and

handed Ali Selim his hard-won fiver and the parchment, which was read aloud to us, recounting my great deeds—I suppose they were mine—below Jerusalem.

"It was the rummiest go I 've ever been in," went on Vignolles, after the gust of Homeric laughter which had shaken us both had spent itself, "the perfection of comedy.' There was that rascal Ali Selim, accepting everything without moving so much as the tail of an eyelid; there were Aziza and the crowd doing exactly the same; there was the *omdeh*, who would claim a commission on the five pounds for not giving the show away; and the innocent *mudir*. I believe he was innocent. But the most innocent of all, if I except the hens and donkeys and the water-buffalo, was old Coldicott Pasha himself. It was good policy to do what he was doing, and I suppose that was mainly why it was being done, a sort of propaganda act. But he went through it splendidly, with a fine, soldierly seriousness and a touch of broad humor at the end, just as Kitchener Pasha, his bygone patron and master, himself might have done it—something about keeping the five pounds for the circumcision ceremony when Gamila—that means the Beautiful One—had born the lion a lion cub. Everybody laughed and yelled when he had done; in fact, in the circumstances, I 'm surprised they did n't have hysterics. 'Yahia el Basha!' they cried, and they meant it. Most of them thought him a fool, like all the English. But an honest fool, which is ever so much better than being a clever rogue. They love an honest man, do these Egyptians. As one of their wisest once said to me: 'We have brains enough—too much brains. The English are fools, but they are honest; and honesty is what we need. By Allah! we need it! That is why I am for the English, and may God prosper them!'

"But Coldicott Pasha was no fool; indeed, I have often suspected that he smelt a rat, but that he was far too clever to disturb it. He let them shout and yell and he moved no muscle of his grim old face. He only smiled with his eyes as he let the crowd fawn on him and went back to his car. The *mudir* and the body-servant hopped in and

off they drove. I followed them, thinking pretty hard.

"On the station platform at Zagazig I saw the pasha again. He had dismissed the *mudir* and was walking slowly up and down. It was the hour of sunset, and the train would n't be in till long past nine. He was alone and evidently enjoying the relief of it. The evening hour is made for solitude and meditation, and I dare say he was going over the day's events. This is where I came in.

"Like the lady in the train, my belly turned to water when I first found the simple idea of going up to him and saying, 'I 'm Lieutenant Vignolles, the deserter.' But the moment after I also recalled that I was Ali Selim el Tantawi, the lion of the age and the rightful owner of that five pounds and parchment history.

"I bowed low and announced myself. I don't know where I found the cheek to do it; but some spring or clockwork inside of me went off with a click, and there I was.

"'Who are you?' asked the inspector.

"In perfect English I repeated what I had said; and next I produced my identity disk and slipped down my *galabiah* and showed him the long scar in my side. We were alone there in the twilight, at the end of the empty platform, between trains, and at the hour when most Gyppos are praying or pretending. It sounds extraordinary, or would to men whose idea of a railway-station is Charing Cross or even a country station outside a little town.

"And then I said: 'I 'm also one of your subalterns, sir. Vignolles. I don't know whether you remember—'

"'So you 're Vignolles?' he had cut me short.

"I admitted it.

"'And all those people were fooling me. I thought there was something queer about 'em.' He said that more to himself than he said it to me. 'Well, what can I do for you?' he asked next. 'Put you under arrest, have you court-martialed? What is it?'

"I told him how I had been ordered down to Cairo, and how I had felt as young and fit as most people, and how I had gone to Port Said and come back

and turned camel-driver and bought off the true Ali Selim and gone up-country with the draft. 'You were quite right, sir, and I was absolutely wrong. I was too old,' I had ended it—a nice slim sketch of how I had gone *magnoon*.

"He was interested and he made me fill the outlines. And so we went right through the story—the tramp across the desert, and then from Rafa to Karm with the company to which I had been posted, and how we had carried on when everything else got stuck and went to pot. The old beggar encouraged me. 'Go on,' he ordered. 'I want you to go on,' he said, as keen and hot as mustard, though he hardly showed it except by imposing his will upon my own. Of course I went on, and he heard me out to the end and jogged me and asked questions.

"'Thank you, Mr. Vignolles,' he said, when I had finished.

"And then I said: 'I don't mind going back, but I 'd only be a nuisance. I could n't stick a second show; I 'm too old for it. I was too old for the last.'

"'Yes, the wet gets into one's bones at our age,' he answered, 'and we can't do without our sleep. You 'd better go back to the horses. I 'll send you off as soon as you 've got some kit.'

"We had time to spare, and as I lingered he remarked:

"'You 've made a proper old fool of yourself'; and smiling rather grimly with his cold-blue eyes, 'you 've made rather a fool of me, Mr. Vignolles.' It was a complete and perfect survey of the situation. And next, growing almost human, he ran on: 'It 's the climate; most people go a bit daft in hot countries. That 's what 's the matter with Egypt; all of us out here are a little mad. I 've had nearly forty years of it, so I ought to know.' And, dismissing me, as no doubt he had dismissed the *mudir* an hour ago, as he dismissed everybody he did n't want particularly: 'I 'll tell records that you 've turned up again; had shell-shock—or was it sunstroke? We 'll call it sunstroke. You 'll come with me as far as Kantara, and then you 'll go to Port Said and collect that hundred pounds you mentioned; we 'll square that with the bank for you.

Then you can buy a new outfit and come back to the army as a subaltern. You 'll report at the Horse Transport depot; can't have you in camels. And then you 'll be sent to Saloniki; they 're asking for spare officers.'

"'And there 's nothing else, sir?' I don't know why I put the idiotic question, but I suppose I could n't quite get over the fact that I was to escape without the regulation ceremonial.

"'No; there 's nothing else,' the inspector answered. 'You 'd only make me look a worse fool than the last time, would n't you? And, besides, you

had n't deserted.' Quite suddenly he had grown entirely kind, entirely human, his blue eyes softening as I looked into their depths. 'You took the fever and the gunshot wound.' And with a finger to his double row of ribbons, he added, 'It 's you fellows I have to thank for most of these.'"

So that was the finish of it, the truth about Vignolles. I only learned it after three years, when he turned up in the park. If any of the old lot chance upon this history, it 's up to them, to all of them, to spread the news.

Sonnets

By DAVID MORTON

Moons Know No Time

Moonlight is memory, though the sun forget;
 And moonlight lingers by a crumbling wall,
 And grass-grown walks where flagging-stones are set
 For feet that pass that way no more at all.
 Summers gone by, and laughter that is still,
 And hair whose gold is hidden from the sun,
 Moonlight, remembering on a lonesome hill,
 Might half-return them, one by ghostly one.
 Suns mark the days, but moonlight knows no time,
 Dreaming all Aprils from a lighted face,
 All lovers from a whisper hushed like rhyme;
 And summers that have gone and left no trace
 Are one with each new summer come to flower,
 Moving in moonlight through a haunted hour.

Fugitive

Behind these falling curtains of the rain,
 Beauty goes by, a phantom on the hill,
 A timid fugitive beyond the lane,
 In rainy silver, and so shy and still
 That only peering eyes of some hid bird,
 Or furry ears that listened by a stone,
 Could guess at something neither seen nor heard,
 Finding escape, and faring by alone.
 For eyes like ours, too faint a thing and fleet,
 Too lightly running for such ears to hear
 The stealthy going of those weightless feet,
 No thrilling sight or sound of her comes near;
 Only the shining grasses, where they lie,
 Give hint of silver slippers hasting by.

QUAINT OLD RICHMOND

by Mary Newton Stanard

Illustrated by Frank Hazell
from photographs by Huestis P. Cook



EW RICHMOND is charming, with bright eyes looking toward a bright future. Its tree-lined streets have homes in endless variety for those who still cling to the tradition that home means a house. Many of these flaunt a fan-light, a brass knocker, or white columns, doubtless from a sense of what is becoming in an old and storied city. And it has apartment-houses equipped with every comfort save the sense of permanency given by long association, perhaps inherited association, and that seclusion which one's very own walls and shrubbery and one's own problems of plumbers and provender impart. Of course there are more and more people who decide that the real way to secure peace is to avoid these very problems, but what have they to do with quaint old Richmond?

New Richmond has its big-business buildings; its strong Reserve Bank; its modern department stores, like miniature cities, up and down whose thoroughfares women shop and exchange greetings and gossip; its clubs; and its parks where great trees spread tents of green for children to play under, where lakelets and fountains sparkle in the sun, and lovers stroll in leafy lanes. But here, there, and everywhere quaint old Richmond peeps with piquant unexpectedness, with charming contrast, over the shoulder of shiny newness.

Yonder ragged hillock, which the city engineer, in laying out new streets, has purposely omitted to grade to the level of stately Monument Avenue, is the remnant of a Confederate earthwork and did its bit to help defend embattled Richmond in the eighteen-sixties.

Yonder graybeard in faded gray uniform and brass buttons, sunning himself on a green bench, with his crutch beside him, on the green velvet of William Byrd Park, is a member of the fast-dwindling gray family in the Confederate Soldiers' Home, a stone's-throw away.

The very name of this park conjures up a picture quainter than that of the gray veteran—a picture of a figure in the curling locks and gallant dress of the eighteenth century, planning the foundation of Richmond, "at the falls of James River," and later writing in his diary, "Thus did we build not castles only, but cities in the air."

The chanted words: "Wah-termil-yon! swee-eet wah-termil-yon!" if the season be summer, or, if it be winter-time, "Swee-ee-ee 'tatuhs! good swee-ee 'tatuhs," or, perhaps, "Chris'mus-tree-ee-ees! pretty Chris'mus-trees!" may charm the hearer any day, on any street, from contemplation of the spick smartness of some speeding motor-car to a small two-wheeled, canvas-covered country cart, drawn by a mule, and driven by a ducky with a long switch for a whip and the voice of an angel.

"Way down-town," in the Old Market district, the ghost of quaint old Richmond walks in broad daylight for the delectation of any one who will wend his devious way through the cobblestoned streets that lead to it. If he will keep his eyes open, he may have a glimpse of an *original* fan-light, grimy, but graceful, above some battered door, or a finely patterned iron balcony still clinging to a sagging wall. It is in the Old Market that the covered cart with its ducky and its mule is seen in the

glory of goodly numbers, and there women with ebon skins and snow-white, sparkling teeth laugh and chatter or croon old melodies as they shell black-eyed-peas or make up nosegays that charm coin from the most canny of purses. From gardens of the vague regions somewhere in the country whence the covered carts have come they bring in season sweet violets and sprays of lilac and bridal-wreath that are the spirit of spring made tangible, and wreaths and "bunches" of holly that create warmth and cheer on the iciest day of winter.

"Way down-town," too, are those picturesque institutions upon which the fortunes of early Richmond were in great part founded and many of which still thrive—tobacco factories. Preparation of the weed for the market seems inseparable from accompaniments which address themselves alluringly to the olfactory and auricular organs. Long before the barn-like walls of the factory are sighted, a pungent odor, with a quality of enchantment peculiar to it and its product, pervades the air. And as the visitor draws near enough to hear the singing of the negro "stemmers," men and women, boys and girls, he might well wonder if he is not approaching a plantation instead of a factory.

On a pleasantly remembered night a welcome guest in Richmond, one of the daughters of Longfellow, stood a little withdrawn from the crowd which streamed through the reception-rooms of the governor's house, a look of pleased meditation on her face. Her reverie interrupted by greetings, she exclaimed: "At last I've found what I was looking for. I expected all Richmond to be like this." "This" meant the ample proportions, the classic line and ornament of rooms designed over a century ago for what has been the home of every governor of Virginia since, and to which have been welcomed not only every Virginian who has cared to come, but notable guests from all quarters whom great occasions have drawn hither.

With an air of quiet dignity the old house sits in its corner of Capitol Square, looking serenely upon congenial scenes. In front of it, a little to the left, is the

building which has been the capitol of the Confederate States as well as of the State of Virginia. Farther on is the impressive Washington monument, with its virile equestrian figure of the great commander, with other giants of those days—Henry, Marshall, Nelson, Mason, Lewis—standing about him. The whole group is now taking on the beautiful moss-like mold which time bestows on fine bronze.

Beyond the green and shady hill and dale of the square, which makes a fit setting for these jewels of quaint old Richmond, sky-scrapers soar to heaven, traffic roars, business buzzes. The boundary between them and the square is no imaginary line, but a high iron railing, itself a characteristic thing in these days of low hedges and copings. It makes a harmonious barrier, though, of course, occasional iconoclasts will cry: "Down with the old fence! Such curiosities are for museums, and have no place in the world to-day."

Perhaps these are not aware that the railing, in addition to helping to create an interesting atmosphere, serves a humane and practical end by preserving from dogs the lives of numberless squirrels that the ancient trees furnish with homes. Children swarm in the square to watch and feed them, and, quite incidentally, enjoy the air and exercise. But, then, children themselves in any number have become so old-fashioned as to be almost quaint, and folk might be found who would relegate them also to museums.

Richmond has always been a law-abiding and Sabbath-keeping community, and new Richmond has its fine churches. The spire of one of the newest stands against the sky near enough to the Lee equestrian statue to group, with striking effect, with that noble work of the French sculptor Mercier. But there are also among the city's churches many which, architecturally and historically, belong distinctly to other days, and contribute to the suggestions of a mellow background that stimulate memory and imagination. Preëminent among these is St. John's, from one of whose pews Patrick Henry cried, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

An old-time negro, who was long the



Scene near the Old Market

sexton of St. John's, used to be quizzically asked by tourists:

"Well, which did Pat get, liberty or death?"

"Got bofe, suh," was the prompt and apt reply.

The little white church, with its little white steeple, provided at that time the largest public hall in town. It stands atop Church Hill, in the midst of a full graveyard, among whose mossy stones, with their crumbling epitaphs, it is pleasant to wander and to dream. A grave which has never known the dignity of a stone is that of the mother of Edgar Allan Poe, who, while the company of which she was a star was playing in the first Richmond theater, died in a lodging-house a few blocks away.

Old Monumental Church rose from the ashes of the theater and those who perished in the flames that destroyed it a few weeks after the star's death. Upon a monument within the church porch may be read the names of the unfortunates, among them that of the Governor of Virginia and those of young persons whose wedding bells were soon to usher in a season of merriment. Now the whole town was in mourning.

To this church was wont to come the dead actress's gifted son when a curly-headed lad, to sit beside his foster-

parents, John and Frances Allan, whose names appear upon the door of one of the square pews.

A tablet also marks the pew in which the great Chief-Justice John Marshall prostrated himself so humbly that it is said his long legs protruded beyond the open door of the pew into the aisle. The chief justice had only a few blocks to walk from his church to his home. New Richmond has covered the grounds and garden of this interesting house so completely with the John Marshall High School building that the homestead itself might appear to be dwarfed but for its dignity of line and proportion and its venerable air. So reminiscent is it of him who once made his dwelling there that something of his sturdy personality seems to hang about it, and if you will look long enough, your mind's eye may see a towering figure in shorts and cocked hat come out of the door and down the steps. Perhaps he walks slowly and carefully, leaning tenderly toward the figure clinging to his arm—a frail little lady in a calash and shawl. She is the love of his youth and of his maturer years. Or perhaps he steps jauntily, and is accompanied by his genial and pious chums, Parson Blair of the Presbyterian and Parson Buchanan of the Episcopal Church. Doubtless the three

are out for a half-holiday at the Barbacue Club, on the edge of town, where they will match one another at their favorite game, quoits, and sip a julep afterward without the slightest thought of impropriety, bless their hearts!

Footsteps of Poe in Richmond have gradually faded to almost obliteration. The Allan mansion and garden have given way to a row of brick tenements,



Home of Chief-Justice Marshall, showing John Marshall High School on the left

one of which, now used as a drug-store, bears a tablet inscribed with his name. The Swan Tavern, to whose frequenters the charm of his living voice was familiar and where he was too often persuaded to taste of the cup that cheers, has been elbowed almost out of existence by "movie" houses. Only a small, featureless corner of the rambling frame structure remains. The home of "The Southern Literary Messenger," at whose editorial desk he did brilliant work, has only lately fallen before the relentless advance of business. A spot which he loved, and which will always be kept inviolate, is the plot in old Shockoe Hill Cemetery where lie the ashes of the woman to whom he wrote:

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

For his sake an occasional pilgrim still lays a flower on the grave within this plot on which, beneath the summer moon, the romantic young poet loved to lie.

A more frequently visited tomb is that of President Monroe, within a curious cage-like inclosure of elaborate ironwork, protecting the marble sarcophagus, in Hollywood Cemetery. The

author of the famous "doctrine" is in good company in this beautiful city of the dead overlooking the falls of the James River, for both it and Shockoe Hill, in the heart of town, can show long lists of illustrious inhabitants.

The old Medical College of Virginia is used for some of the work of the present college. From this impressive and unusual-looking building have gone forth many distinguished

physicians and surgeons of the past. Its negro janitor, "old Chris," was for years one of the most picturesque characters in Richmond. He was suspected by many of his own race of being a body-snatcher and a dangerous person to meet after dark, and this building of Egyptian architecture, with its strong suggestion of a mausoleum, to which he proudly gave his care was believed by them to be haunted, and was therefore regarded with fearsome awe.

Reminiscences of

. . . The glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome

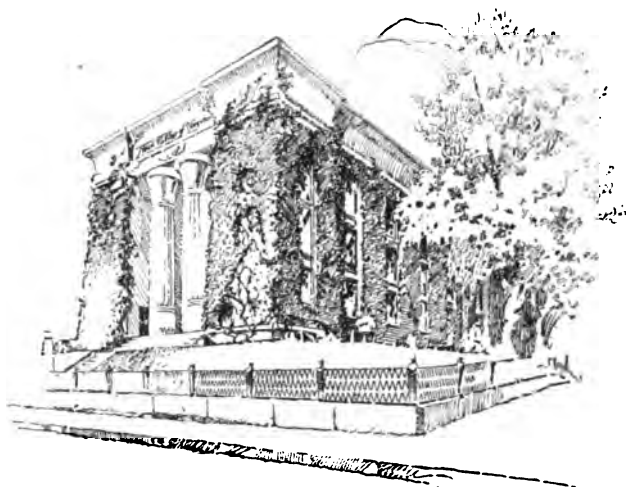
haunted the Richmond that Poe knew in column and arch and pediment at every turn. Many, many a building, from modest dwelling to state capitol, bore suggestions of classic influence. To most people they were simply the stamp of home. To-day a more varied, but less noble, taste has so nearly blotted

out the old buildings that they have not only the charm of the quaint, but the value of the rare. A few fine examples have been preserved by becoming homes of public institutions. Among the most interesting of these are the Confederate Museum—which was the White House of the Confederacy during the Civil War—and its near neighbor, the Valentine Museum, for years the home of Mr. Mann S. Valentine, who bequeathed it to the city, with his fine collection of artistic, archæological, and literary treasures.

The Valentine Museum was originally the home of John Wickham, the brilliant lawyer who was counsel for the defense in the trial of Aaron Burr. To celebrate the acquittal, Mr. Wickham entertained his client and Chief-Justice Marshall, who presided at the trial, at dinner in his earlier home in this same block. Though the house was not built until several years later, a magnolia-tree said to have been planted in that year of 1807 is, with its great girth, its gleaming foliage, and its brilliant white blooms, the pride of the garden to-day. Most of the gardens, which were a characteristic of old Richmond, have long been buried, with all their memories of fragrant flowers and aromatic herbs, of children's laughter and lovers' vows, beneath the bricks and mortar of houses crowding one another for standing-room in new Richmond; but behind its old brick wall a part at least of the Wickham garden remains. No children play in its spaces of sun and shade to-day; no lovers tread its walks on summer nights: it is only a museum garden now. But birds still drink from its fountain, and bees and butterflies from its blossoms, and its marble fauns and Floras, though time-worn and weather-beaten, smile perpetually from their pedestals under the trees. Perhaps the whispering leaves are regaling them with reminiscences of scenes when

Moore's melodies were sung to guitars under those green boughs, of that memorable day when Tom Moore himself was a visitor there, and of other incidents in the old garden's story.

Within the house, with its richly carved woodwork and winding stair, are many souvenirs of Richmond past, among them a charming painting showing an old negro playing on his banjo in



Old Medical College of Virginia

a garden,—perhaps this one,—while a group of lovely children dance on the green turf.

Much that is most quaint and most beautiful in Richmond is within doors—in mantel and cornice, in door-frame and window-seat. And much is in modern houses, large and small. For when the westward movement beginning in the eighteen-eighties caused the desertion of old homes down-town, in what was known as the "court end" of the city, those who emigrated took with them their heirlooms in tables and chairs, in cupboards and clocks, in oil paintings, and portraits by St. Memin and Sharples, in Wedgwood and luster, in silver and in jewels.

The chief conservers of the quaint in Richmond are women, of that stable element known as the representative families—families that built the town materially, socially, and spiritually. Many of them are related by blood or by marriage, and long and intimate

association has given them something coveted by new-comers, but never to be attained. A gracious matron of this privileged circle, coming out of her home on fashionable Franklin Street, at a point where the trees are of great enough age to arch that thoroughfare, was asked whither she was bound.

"Only over to the house on the corner," she replied. "Strangers have moved into it, but a doctor's automobile has just left the door. I never permit a doctor's car to stop on this square without knowing the reason why, and if I can be of service."

The tender look in her eyes would have made any hearer exclaim in his heart, "Long live quaint old Richmond!"

This circle still rejoices in a few perfect specimens of a rapidly vanishing type, the genuine old lady. Enthroned in a "wing" chair, beside an open fire, looking like a twin sister of "Whistler's Mother," she makes a delectable picture. She is serenity personified. A pride of race that knows no trace of snobbery, consciousness of the respect and affection of children, grandchildren, servants, and friends, and richness in experience have made her so. Most of all, richness in experience. She has learned so much from life! She has known many griefs, but has found that time heals. When clouds lower, she lifts up her heart in prayer, and the act brings the silver lining into view.

There are women of her age every-

where, but most of them are camouflaged to imitate youth. Those of her type and babies are the only people in the world not playing at "let 's pretend." They have impressive fashions of their own, which change not with the years. They are not "in mourning," but black attire, built on lines of classic simplicity, and relieved at throat and wrists by demure white bands, has become a habit. They eschew hats, and walk abroad in prim, black bonnets, tied under chin with austere bows, from which float long black veils. Indeed, they have taken the veil as irrevocably as any nun. It is their badge of loyalty to old love. Often the white ruche known as a "widow's cap" peeps from beneath the bonnet's brim, but in addition to "widows indeed," there are certain widowed maids who have kept unbroken through the years the troth plighted to lovers sacrificed on the altar of the Lost Cause.

One and all they are intensely feminine, and as redolent of sentiment as a tea-rose is of fragrance.

Children adore them. They know "by heart" such fascinating stories, songs, and "pieces of poetry"! Their bosoms pillow young heads soothingly. The touch of their soft, wrinkled hands is a caress. Delightful gossips are they, though their quaint "personals" concern people long dead. They tell in tones of confidence of a belle who kept two lovers uncertain as to which she



An old East Franklin Street home



War residence of General Robert E. Lee, now the Virginia Historical Society

would take until the invitations were out, a few days before the wedding. She entered church to the wedding march, with a pensive paleness instead of the proper blush on her face, and clasping in the crook of her elbow *two* bouquets, the bridegroom's white roses and his rival's red ones. Another belle discovered that the man to whom she was engaged was "dissipated, my dear!" They were desperately in love, this man and maid. He vowed that he would take his life if she discarded him, and she believed that to do so would cause her own death of a broken heart. So she continued to be engaged to him, and let him visit her every evening and walk from church with her every Sunday, but would not marry him. Upon his death, when both were old, she "went into black" for the rest of her life.

For the type poignant pleasure or pain in living is over. Romance or adventure no longer waits around the bend of the road or over the hill. So, till the last great adventure of all, they zestfully content themselves with living again in the lives of younger generations. No dread of that last adventure disturbs their serenity. They expect to fall to sleep erelong, to wake in a still happier world. Meantime, they placidly sit, with hands folded in black silk laps, and shed around them sympathy and affection while they wait.

On what a very few years ago was one of the quietest of down-town blocks, deserted as a residence street and so remote from the marts of trade that there were few passers-by to read the legend on its wall, stands a plain, substantial brick house which was, in its

prime, a type of what was considered in Richmond a suitable home for a gentleman of comfortable means, with a family of cheerful size and servants enough to make life easy. This became in time the war residence of General Robert E. Lee, and now for thirty years has made a congenial home for the Virginia Historical Society. Of late, tides of business have eaten their way into even this quiet cove. Newness and progress press it hard, but it calmly watches the world go by.

It was to this home that General Lee returned from Appomattox. One of the dear, black-bonneted old ladies described, who from her porch near by was an eye-witness of this return, loves to tell of it. She says:

"He rode Traveller, and was, as usual, a commanding figure, though his gray coat was dingy from hard service, and both he and his horse looked tired and dispirited. His expression, though calm, was unutterably sad. With him came his staff, gaunt and pallid, in ragged uniforms, on bony, weary old horses. Dilapidated camp-wagons creaked after them. One of these was

covered with an old quilt in place of the customary canvas. Not a very inspiring cavalcade, it would seem, yet when the blue-coated soldiers of the winning side, who then occupied the demoralized city and filled its streets, recognized the defeated hero, the air rang with cheers, loud and prolonged. General Lee acknowledged this tribute by gravely lifting his hat. Again and again the cheers rang out. Again and again they were acknowledged in the same manner until he reached the gate of the iron railing inclosing his small yard. Here he dismounted, and, still acknowledging the vociferous greetings of the men in blue, backed up the stone steps of his house and through its door, which immediately closed behind him."

Next morning a little before eleven o'clock the same witness saw him emerge from the house, still looking very sad, but much refreshed by a night's rest, and clad in a handsome new uniform of Confederate gray, the gift of friends. He walked off toward St. Paul's Church, where there was to be a service, with an air of deep meditation, but the very picture of soldierly grandeur.



Watermelon-vender

The Return

By H. DE VERE STACPOOLE



HE stars sparkle like burning salt, and from the woods comes the bark of a wolf—the bark of a dog wolf answered by the howl of his mate.

The same old woods, the same sky, the same night, but across the arch of the sky to-night, of all nights that ever shone on this world of snow and wrong and regret and exile, there is written in letters of fire, leaping like the stars, the words, "Russia is free! Russia is free!" The chains of the people are broken, and God has come to rule.

I have been six years in exile; or is it seven? I was forty when I came here, but now feel sixty, and the hands that were the hands of a journalist and man of letters are the claws of a beast; but my soul is still the soul of a man.

I have no hate left. It burned itself out long ago and left me in peace; there is not an old scar on my body that has not ceased to cry out against the ruler that made it, for I have recognized that he was a condition, not a man.

Well, well, it is easy to pride oneself. It was not I that told myself that, but the wind and the sun and the stars and the silence; for this is the country of silence and the country of signs. Here the stars beckon, and all nature talks to the heart in the alphabet of the deaf and dumb.

All things go forward, pressed by a tide that has its ebb and flow. It is useless to hate the ebb or love the flow; and look, if you doubt, out of the silence, which is the world beyond this silence, a hand has reached and written those words across the sky, "Russia is free!" Yet the wolf howls on the same.

We are free; we have been free a long time, yet we did not know. This little post is so far, so far, that the news forgot us. How long have we been free? Six months, eight months? I do not know. The messenger said, "Oh, a long time."

Perhaps he was ashamed, perhaps he himself did not know; his very coming was an accident. That is Siberia.

He was a fat man in furs, with the face of a Mongol, and he sat in the warmth of the main hut, with his hands crossed on his big belly, half drowsy, resting before he went on. He seemed to care about nothing but that he and his horses were fed, and the number of versts between here and Berizov. He showed the guards papers; he told us we were free, that we could go back. How he did not say; where he did not say. "You can go back." We did not ask; we knew, and I sat for a long time, when he was gone, walking in the streets of Moscow. Moscow! with all things realized, and the past a bad dream.

Then comes the moment of grief: but why have my brothers forgotten me? And the answer, How could they know? I was moved here a year ago, the archives of the old Government may have been destroyed, they were busy completing that which I long ago lent my hand to, and the best men are men, and men are small. The wind has told that.

Then I woke to hear the others. The guards were one with us, as though they had been plotting revolution all their lives. Eight words dropped by the messenger had broken everything for them that had to do with the past: "The people are living in the Winter Palace."

THERE are fifteen of us here, which, with the guards, makes twenty-two; yet when I woke from my reverie there might have been a hundred men talking. I have come to believe that there were forty-four men here, not twenty-two, each man being double; for, now when I heard them talking, each man was a different man from what he had been only an hour before. Truly the word "revolution" has its meaning, for here were men brooding who had been careless and laughing, and men laughing who had

been brooding, and Chicherin, my friend and confidant, idealist, dreamer, was talking like a drunken man about women!

I had seen much, but this was the most extraordinary thing I had ever seen. Here was a man with one burning ideal, freedom; in a moment it had been realized, and, behold! in the next he was talking like an animal! It was as though the idealist had completed its cycle of existence and died; just as a butterfly completes its existence and dies.

Oppression made Chicherin great, made him even renounce those women whom he evidently loved so much, risk all, lose all. And now that oppression has vanished—

They say a business man, when he retires, deteriorates; relieved of hard work, he dies. Hard work, oppression, the things that seem to destroy the mind and soul, after all, may they not contain the true food of the mind and soul?

And yet, again, there is Katkoff, another friend of mine, and a relative of him who once edited the Moscow "Gazette." Exile and brooding had made him seem like an animal; one would swear that he had forgotten all things. Food was his great concern, and, behold! now he was sitting with head raised and the light that had vanished returned upon his face like the dawn of the new world.

And I myself? In my reverie I was walking the streets of Moscow with Sonia, whose dreams never rose above the level of millinery, but whose eyes were of the deepest, strangest blue. A little type-writer girl, she was the first thing that came to me out of the new world. Man is man.

Katkoff, here, has always been nicknamed the Dog. Not out of derision or contempt, but fondness. He has the look of a faithful dog, and his mind is instinctive. That is perhaps why he is higher than us all.

I HAVE said that we are a small post, so far, so far; yet we are only fifty versts south of Berizov, the town of birch-trees—Berizov, beneath whose snows lie buried the flower of the Russian court and army; Berizov, where Menzikoff, prince and courtier, found his tomb; exiles all. Has the trumpet of the Revolution found these? What would they

say? How could they believe, "The people are living in the Winter Palace"?

BOOM! boom! boom! The drum that rouses us to work or brings us to meals is beating; Chicherin is the drummer, and we are huddled together, making our last preparations for departure. Guards, exiles, all of us, are off, taking everything. For Berizov? Never. West.

The sun is rising in the west, which has so long risen in the east. Across the Urals and beyond, on foot, on our hands and knees, anyhow; beyond.

Sledges packed with provisions, the axes we have laid to trees, the rifles that have been leveled at our hearts—everything goes with us but the agricultural implements we have used and shall use no more. We shall fish no more in the Obi, nor send our logs down in rafts in summer, nor take furs in winter. The black fox, the lynx, sable, marmot, marten, squirrel, are free of us. Boom! boom! boom!

We have become different since last night. Then every man was thinking differently from his neighbor; now we are all thinking the same. Free men in a free world, we are not free; an imperative magnetism draws us, a whirlwind drives us, we move as a train moves on its metals. West.

Then, close together as if for company, and ever looking back at the log houses we shall not see again, across the snow in the early spring dawn, at the birch-trees and the firs marking the line of the Obi, we move off.

One thing small stands out—the drum which Chicherin flung away and is lying there near the door of the general hut. It will never beat again. The drummer has gone west, and the noise of his drumming fills the world from the far sea to the Urals and beyond. We follow his call to freedom across the Urals and beyond. Boom! boom! boom!

THE snow is covered with the tracks of beasts, wolf and fox, and the spoor of reindeer who went north in the night. There is not a cloud in the sky. We notice that now for the first time, though the sky has been cloudless for many days. The sun is shining. We notice that now for the first time since

exile took us; the wind is blowing, our hearts are beating, we have faces and hands and arms and legs.

Men fight with one another to pull on the sledges, laughing all the time. Chicherin, suddenly running backward before us with arms outspread, cries:

"Brothers, we can go east or west, north or south; it is only our will that matters."

"We can say what we want," cries another. "Curse the Romanoffs!"

"And have what we want," cries another. "The world is ours."

And the wind blows in our faces like the breath of God.

We reach the great fir forest, which is two, being divided by a street of snow half a verst broad. It goes due west. We have no compass. Katkoff, the Dog, is our compass. He has the instinct of an animal for direction.

Here, suddenly, distance rises up before me and appals me, the distance to be covered on foot, and I say to myself, "We are surely mad."

At noon we halt to rest and eat, the forest still on each side, and on the wind that stirs the branches comes a voice, "They are surely mad." No one hears it but me.

We have gone one inch on our journey. While I am eating I am thinking. There are seven passes across the Urals, and that from Perm to Yekaterinburg would be the best for us, but that is far south. Could we cross there and continue south, we would find the railway at Ufa or even Samara. We must find the railway.

But what made us start like this in such a small band? Why did we not make for Berizov, where we could have joined a party bound for Russia, better supplied, better led? I think it was Katkoff.

He wanted to get "there," and "there" lay west, and Berizov north, and he said he knew the way and would lead us. We scarcely heard him before we had agreed.

Two years ago he escaped, crossed the mountains and reached Ust Woina, where he was captured.

Then, breaking silence, I speak about the railway. Katkoff answers:

"Which railway?"

I reply:

"The Transiberian."

He laughs at me, pointing out that to reach that we should have to march across Russia.

Even to reach the railway from Perm to Solvitchegod would be useless. No, our destination is Archangel, and from there by rail to Moscow. It would be only three hundred and fifty versts. Once we had crossed the Petchora River, it would be easy.

He draws a map on the snow, kneeling with the sun upon him, his cap off, and his hair hanging over his eyes.

The others all agree. The railway from Archangel to Moscow, what could be better? There would be no fares to pay. Returned exiles, and the railways in the hands of the people.

I suddenly see a Pullman dining-car that took me six years ago from Moscow to Spask, the food on the table before me, the bottle of wine. Then it vanishes, leaving nothing but the snow and the fir-trees and Katkoff rising up and brushing his knees.

The sledges go on again, and now the forest breaks up, and now before us lies the Sosva River, frozen, and the great plain beyond, and away, far away in the blue sky, a summit—Toll Poss. The Urals!

"See! see!" cries Chicherin, moving his arm from north to south, where the dazzling sun shows a line of ridges, the Urals, cut as if with a graver's tool, unspeakably distant.

We could never see them from the post. The rising ground and the forest hid them; but they are there, standing forever, heedless of all things; barriers once, but barriers no more.

And the great summit is not of these, but beyond them. He is in Europe, we are in Asia. He is in Russia, we are in Siberia, and he beckons us home.

"Two days' tramp," says Katkoff.

Away, far away, to the northwest, things are moving on the dazzling plain. Reindeer, making north, and overhead a great bird is flying toward the mountains. The birds have always been free.

Away to the north, there, lies Munkeshsk on its bit of river, sixty versts or so away. Then we go on.

We are under the mountains making a bit north for the way through them that Katkoff knows. Munkeshsk lies to east of us. This is the third day out.

UP a long valley, always rising, then from rock to rock, hauling and lifting the light sledges and their loads. It would be nothing of a climb without them; with them it is terrific. Granite rock and snow, higher up limestone and quartz; yet the mind passes over them like a bird to beyond.

"It is right," says Katkoff; "we have to pay something for our freedom. Remember what our brothers have paid, what they have been paying all those months while we were there doing nothing."

Not only have we to carry our provisions, but the furs in which we sleep, the old half-outworn furs we wear, and winter furs that would have been taken to Berizov in a month's time, and which we have sewn together hurriedly to make bags, into which we get at night like the Arctic men, only here it is not cold as there. The spring has come mild, and the frost does not do more than hold the snow from melting.

But up here it is colder. Looking back, we can see the plains of Asia, and we are going easier now, for there is a true path, though blocked at times by boulders.

Katkoff says it is the eighth pass of the Urals, that a few men who know the hills use it, but mostly foxes and wolves.

Now the summit of Toll Pass shows clearly away to the south; we are on the top.

A vast rock, which we climb in turn, gives us a view of Europe. There is no plain here to see, but forests and hills. The wind has died away, and the silence is terrific. Great ravens come up from the valleys below, rise, sink, and vanish.

Yes, we have gone more than an inch on our journey now. There is Russia, the first mighty versts of the land of everything but freedom yesterday, today the land of everything.

Looking, I hear the others below crying out, "A man." I come down.

Here is the man. Coming along the path between two rocks, muffled and carrying a pack. A man! It is a scare-

crow. He shouts when he sees us, and comes on; the beard on his face sticks out like a brush, his eyes are bright as the eyes of a bird, and his call is like the call of a bird. Then we see by the last rags of uniform, hidden and peeping through other rags, and by something indefinable, that he is a soldier. We shout and surround him.

"Where from?"

"Tannenberg." He shows us a scarred arm.

"But that was years ago."

"Which?"

"Tannenberg."

"I do not know."

"We heard of the battle years ago. Is the war still going on?"

"It still goes on."

"And the army, how is it?"

"There is no army."

Then we know that he is mad.

"Where are you going to?"

"Tomsk."

Katkoff places his hand on his shoulder; he pushes him away. Something black is dangling from his girdle; it is a dead crow.

The atmosphere has become pestiferous. We let him pass. He goes on as though we had never met.

"There goes the Russian Army," some one says and laughs. Chicherin shades his eyes after the man.

"The war has blown him here," says Chicherin. "What a war! Brothers, let us remember this."

He lasts us the whole day, that man and the picture of him, and we push on, thinking and talking of him. He has come across western Russia and Great Russia, through time. His figures should be eternal, beside Napoleon.

Boom! boom! boom! The old drum lying on the snow seems beating again, the drummer a skeleton with a dead crow tied to its middle; it summons up the glories of the past.

WE are over the Urals and among the foot-hills, and seven men are dead, killed by the man from Tannenberg. He had with him some disease and left it with us, burning fever, delirium, death. I alone, with Katkoff, escaped whole.

We are in a land of trees, a land of hills; we are close to the Urals, but can-

not see them. How different this side from the other!

The stricken ones have all recovered except the dead, but are wrecks, and our going is slow.

Birch-woods, fir-woods, all preparing for the change of spring, and a little tree we passed to-day covered with a mist of green. It looked confused, finding itself there, confessing its faith in God before the others.

The trees believe in His goodness, else they would not put out their leaves. Were the trees to turn atheists, there would be no spring.

Spring is coming to the world of things as well as to the world of men, and I fancy as I go all these woods refusing to believe and trust and love, all but that little tree. It is a weird thought.

We are across the Petchora River, and ten versts to the north lies Koshva. I am in a herdsman's house alone with him and Katkoff, who is nursing me. The rest have gone on, leaving us, but leaving with us food.

I thought I had escaped, but the burning fever has taken me. Every man left me to my fate, but the Dog was faithful.

The man from Tannenberg is standing at the door, holding up the dead crow and inviting me to go with him. I rise and follow; we walk together like ghosts through the woods, ever making east. I burn like fire. He tells me that all Russia is burning, but that it will be cooler on the Urals. I ask him where he is leading me, and he answers, "Tomsk."

I ask him, "What of the army?"

He answers, "It is gone."

I ask him, "What of the war?" and he answers, "It still goes on."

Now we are on the Urals, on a peak higher than Toll Poss, and the plains of Asia lie before us under the sapphire sky of spring. Then he goes on and leaves me and, as I watch him going, a voice cries, "There goes the Russian Army," and I am lying on the straw again, with Katkoff putting food to my mouth.

When we go on it is through lands green with spring. Since leaving the post I have passed through space and time, from Asia to Europe, from winter's end to full spring, great distances. I am like the man from Tannenberg.

What is the matter with Katkoff? It seems that during my illness he went to Koshva for drugs, but could not get them. Since then he has been gloomy.

WEST, always west. On leaving the post, we each took a second pair of boots from the store. It was as well.

When they deserted me, they left my second pair with the provisions. It was as well. I shall soon want them. What has become of our companions, those others? Who knows?

It has rained, and the rain has passed, leaving behind it sunshine and a thousand perfumes; the very earth smells sweet. All things are new.

Passing through a wood, in a path we see a man. He is a long way off, and as he comes toward us, Katkoff says:

"There is a man at last. For two days we have met no one."

He is a priest, but in rags.

He has lost an eye, and his face is scarred as if by brambles.

We ask him what news, and he answers:

"The Revolution still goes on."

"Against whom?"

"God."

He is mad, and he leaves us, waving his arms and singing, and the trees take him, and we go on.

THE Timan Mountains lie far behind us, and before us now a great plain. The gods of distance walk with us, touching all things with their wands and making them great. Katkoff flings himself on his face upon the ground before the plain as before an idol.

"I cannot go on."

I sit beside him, and a great bird wheels over our heads and cries. The desolation surrounds us. Then we go on. For an hour I walk with the Urals before me, beckoning me to freedom. They vanish, and there is only the plain; the sun is sinking before us, and its light is on our faces.

Katkoff, who has been strange for many days, says to me:

"Have you thought that we are walking toward the sunset, not the dawn?"

I sit beside him as the stars come out, and the gods of distance sit beside us. I say:

"It is a long journey to meet our brothers," and Katkoff replies:

"It is as though we were walking toward the stars." He points to the stars on the horizon, which we can see, but never reach.

I say that, and he replies:

"I will reach them."

We sleep, lying on the ground, and when the dawn awakens me, I turn to Katkoff. He is still sleeping. I try to rouse him; he will not move. He is dead.

He has reached the stars. I try to dig him a grave with my hands, but the ground is hard, and I can do nothing. Then I sit beside him, and the wind blows the dust around us. I talk to him. Far better to lie out under the sky of God than to lie in the dark beneath the ground.

Then I go on, taking what food there is left. I have no compass, but the Dog is leading me. He walks beside me, though I cannot see him.

A thousand willow-trees are waving in the wind before me, silver gray in the wind and bordering the Washka River.

Every tree speaks a tongue of its own, and the silver-gray willows tell me what has to be whispered. Out from among them comes a girl as joyous as spring herself; before her rises a gate, and behind her lies a garden. She stands at the gate; she is waiting for me, and as I approach, she fades away, leaving only the willow-trees. She died years before I knew Sonia. That is youth. She returns a sadness and a ghost. That is love. The Washka, flowing to the white sea, murmurs her name as I sit by the bank, and then the willows speak to the wind with the voice of those pine-trees beyond the Urals. "Surely they are mad!"

Love has called up other loved ones, and I see the faithful Katkoff kneeling on the snow, drawing his map, so many versts to "there." I see Chicherin and the rest. How has it fared with them? Have they, too, reached the stars, or are they wandering like me in a land where the people are dumb?

For the few peasants I meet are dumb, with scarcely a word for a wanderer like me. I would starve but for the Dog, who still leads me, always to somewhere where I can get bread.

O Russia, what a wilderness! So great that your heart is above the heart of man, and I am a stranger in the land that is my home. You cast me coldly into exile, and as coldly you receive me. It is the fault of your size, and the space that lies between man and man; only in the cities is there warmth.

THE Dvina lies before me so broad that I can never cross. But the Dog is still with me. A boat is coming down the stream, and in it a girl. It passes so close that she sees my face and hears my voice, crying for help.

I am in the boat, and she is telling me that her father has been killed, that every one has been killed she loved. I ask, "By whom?" She does not know.

I have come so far that thought lies behind me, tattered and mangled, a bit on the Urals, a bit here and there, like the rags of a man who has passed through brambles. I drift with the boat.

She is so young that she knows nothing, only fear. Her hands are white, and her face good to look upon but for that in her eyes; and the whole day passes, and the night, while we steer the boat so that she may not drift on the banks.

Then we leave her, for we have no more bread.

A MISTY night with the stars scarcely showing, and a railway track before us. We walk along it hand in hand.

From far away the words of Katkoff come to me, "The railway from Archangel to Moscow." The Dog is still faithful, though his body lies there on the plain. We reach a siding where there are trucks, open trucks. I have a loaf of bread, and we have drunk from a stream. I help her into one of the trucks, and hand her the bread, then I follow, and we lie on the floor of the empty truck, close together for warmth, with the misty stars above us.

I tell her that when men come in the morning all will be right and that we shall be taken to Moscow. She makes no reply, but shivers.

I listen, and in the night I hear nothing but the wind, like the wind on the plain where Katkoff lies. Then I hear the wind speak as it spoke in the fir-trees beyond the Urals, only the words

are different, one word is different: "Surely you are mad."

I shiver till the girl who has dropped asleep awakes.

"I am mad."

To hide it from her, I stop shivering, clenching my fingers and toes.

I reason with myself. I have seen real things and things unreal, the man of the Urals, the priest, Katkoff lying on the plain, my journey in the boat. These I feel to be unreal; and then the Dvina. How did I reach the Dvina? I have no recollection of my journey there from the Washka. And the story of the girl about her murdered father—unreal. Then I forget.

I am awakened from sleep by a blow. A train has attached itself to the trucks, and as I wake, the words that followed me into sleep repeat themselves:

"I am mad."

I rise and stand up by the sleeping girl, who has not been roused, and the railway men, seeing me, come running to the truck and ask me what I am doing there, and I explain.

I tell them of my journey, speaking slowly, and leaving out all those things that are unreal. They find the girl, and, waking her, examine her hands. Then they question me, but I will say nothing, only repeating that I am an old revolutionary with friends in Moscow, where I wish to go.

They will not listen to me. They ask again about the girl, and why I am hiding with her. Then they bind my hands, and fling me into the darkness of a van half filled with sacks, and I hear the screaming of the girl; but I know that to be unreal.

I am mad, and they have discovered it. I must not speak again, nor do I wish to; I desire only sleep. I who have walked from the Urals and beyond desire only sleep, sleep, sleep.

They wake me sometimes and give me a handful of bread, and I eat it; some water and I drink it; and then I sleep and dream.

I WALK again that journey that never ends, and I meet again the forms and phantoms I have met. Days and nights and years seem to pass, and then I am in the station at Moscow. It is night, and I

am taken away by two men, still bound; but I say no word, nor ask where they are taking me.

I am in a cell surrounded with madmen. We are huddled together; the air I cannot breathe. One oil-lamp lights it so dimly that I cannot see. I hear men sighing and whispering together, and then I hear a voice I know suddenly raised. It is the voice of Chicherin.

Forgetting my fear of speech, forgetting my madness, forgetting all things, I say:

"Chicherin, is that your voice?"

He answers:

"What! Sacha! Surely that is your voice."

Then I know Chicherin is here, and the remembrance of my madness comes to me as a shock. Is he, too, mad?

He has reached me and is embracing me.

"What of Katkoff?" he cries.

Then a light brighter than stars breaks before me at the name of the Dog, and I cry:

"Chicherin, what is this place?"

"A prison."

"A prison!"

"The Boobarkie prison; but what of Katkoff?"

"He is dead. But, oh, answer me, am I mad? Are you, too, mad?"

"No, there is only one madman here, and he is dumb; but they who have prisoned us are surely mad."

"Chicherin, answer me; did we meet a man on the Urals?"

"From Tannenberg?"

"Oh, God, I thank Thee! I am sane. But the girl—then her cries were real."

"What girl?"

"I do not know; and the priest, the priest was real."

"What priest?"

"One I met, torn and with one eye, who was mad, and who cried out that the Revolution warred against God."

"He was sane."

Then from all quarters of the cell come murmurs:

"He was sane, he was sane," and I see again the priest, and he vanishes, and I see again the girl.

AS I stand in silence Chicherin speaks.

"Do you, then, not believe us?"

Friends, make answer to this man. What is God?"

Then comes a voice from a corner of the cell:

"He is mercy"; and another, "He is love"; and another, "He is compassion"; and an old man's voice speaks and says, "He is a little child"; and another, "He is all things innocent." And the voice of Chicherin:

"He was the army that is dead, and whose corpse, moving with the life that is in maggots, has crossed the Urals to poison the East." And again, "He was myself in exile; He is now myself in prison. Friend, forgive me that I left you on your bed of straw and sickness; unknown to myself, I was hurrying to find Him. Seeking freedom and ease and the love of women, I found the love of God here among His martyrs."

"But who are these you call the martyrs?" I ask him, and he replies:

"Criminals. Speak, brothers, and tell this man of your crimes."

Then comes a voice:

"My name is Boris Nesvitsky, my crime was faith. I was an officer, and fought for the God of Russia and our allies. He was betrayed. I rebelled. I am here."

And another:

"My crime was hope. I was a Revolutionary in the cause of freedom. I rebelled against oppression. I am here."

And another:

"My name is Ivan Gerkow. I am little and old; if you saw me in the daylight, you would laugh. My crime was charity. I gave shelter to the oppressed. I am here."

And a voice:

"I was held to watch my son sawn asunder by demons. My name is grief."

And another:

"I have forgotten."

I LISTEN for more, and hear only the sighs of the unfortunate; through the

odors of the lamp and the cess-pit comes the memory of the wind across the Obi, there where men laughed and their souls were free.

I ask of Chicherin:

"But what man has done these things?" And the voices of twenty men answer with a shout:

"He is nameless."

"But numbered," comes a voice more terrible than any voice that has spoken yet. It comes from the floor, from a bundle, that was once a man, lying against the wall.

A man beside me whispers:

"The madman has spoken," and Chicherin answers, "Who knows?" and the voice goes on: "And he causeth all, both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand or in their foreheads. And that no man might buy or sell save he that had the mark or the name of the beast or the number of his name."

"Here is wisdom: let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man; and his number is six hundred three score and six."

"And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshiped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."

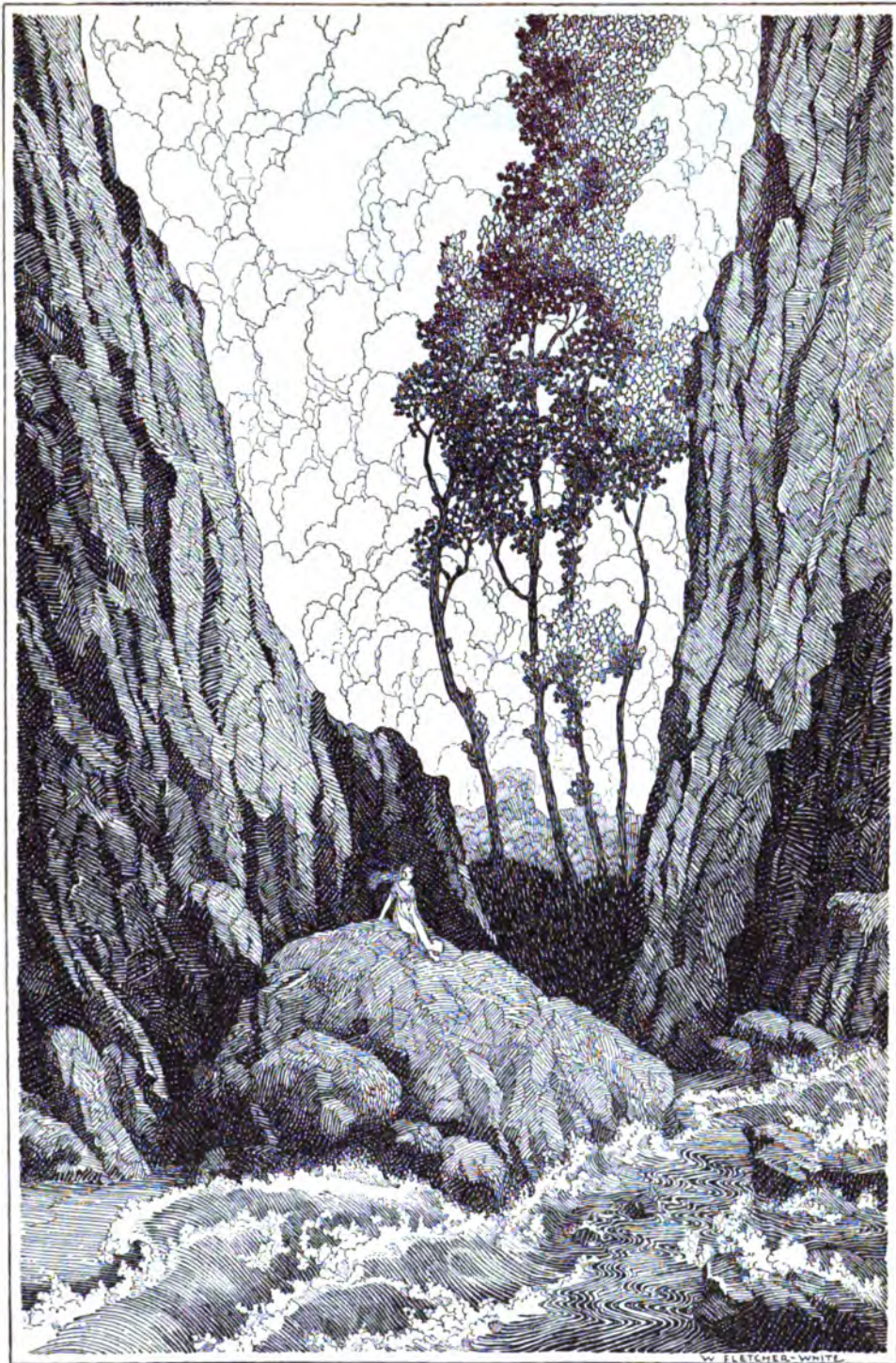
Many days pass, and scarcely living, I am taken from the cell. I stand in a room before a man who sits at a table, a man bald, wrinkled, laughing at times, who questions me.

"Where have you come from?"

I answer:

"I have clothes that are rags, and a pocket that is empty; I have neither faith nor hope, nor heart to hold charity, nor am I innocent, nor a little child. They tell me I am free."

Free!



"Scylla"

Drawn for THE CENTURY by W. Fletcher White

American Literature: Now and To Be

Part One

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

When Mr. St. John Ervine, the author of "John Ferguson" and "Jane Clegg," was in America last year for a long visit, the first question that was often asked of him was, "What do you think of American literature?" Having been asked so frequently, he felt he should attempt an intelligent and studied reply. His answer is now given through the pages of THE CENTURY.—THE EDITORS.



WHILE I was in America, people sometimes asked me to tell them what I thought of their literature, a question that was not easy to answer.

Two things astonished me about those who wished to have my opinion. One was that they should have expected America to produce in the short time that America has been a great country a literature as potent as that of England or France or Germany. The other was the extraordinary contempt in which many of them held American writing. I was unable to share this contempt, and now that I am at home again and have had time to make myself more familiar with American literature, I feel less inclined to share it. The American people have not yet produced a large volume of great literature, literature so indisputably great that it has crossed the Atlantic without effort and compelled attention and respect from reluctant Europeans; but they have produced one poet, Walt Whitman, who is very nearly on the level of supreme genius, and a number of writers, Emerson, Edgar Allan Poe, and Henry James who, though not men of like excellence, are certainly men of great quality. I am not an admirer of the work of Mr. James, whose style of writing is not of the sort that appeals to me, but I trust I am not so infatuated with my own opinion that I cannot recognize merit in one who has commanded the respect of people of taste in two continents. Greater men than I am have held greater men than Mr. James in disesteem. Mr. James himself amaz-

ingly failed to find merit in Thomas Hardy or Ibsen. Meredith disliked the work of Dickens and thought that the "Pickwick Papers" had little hope of permanent appeal. Dr. Johnson considered that Fielding was a poor novelist, vastly inferior to that dull dog, Samuel Richardson!

Taste, like the Almighty, is no respecter of persons, and we can like only the things that make some stir in ourselves: we cannot prefer those which stir others and leave us unmoved. It is idle to complain of the servant girl that she prefers the work of Mr. Harold Bell Wright to that of Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, or the poetry of the late Ella Wheeler Wilcox to that of Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson. Such complaint may confuse and even anger the servant girl, but it is not likely to make her change her mind. It is equally idle to complain of one man that he prefers romanticism to realism, or of another that he favors realism rather than romance. Truth is one and indivisible, but it may be approached by many very different paths, and the wise mind remembers that each of us must reach truth in our own way.

American literature, as I know it, is far from being contemptible. Longfellow does not appeal to me, but he was as meritable as Cowper and Southey and Thomas Moore. Mark Twain, whose writing is greatly admired by Mr. Bernard Shaw as much for his style as for his humor, had not the rich variety of Charles Dickens; but he is not so far behind the English novelist that he is out of sight. I have read "Huckleberry

Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" both as a boy and as a man, and have found their appeal as strong in adult age as in boyhood, which is surely a powerful test of a book, and it seems to me that Twain's position among the English-writing novelists of the last sixty years is so high that he may be considered to be a great figure in imaginative literature and certainly a preëminent figure among Americans.

It is when we come to consider the general level of writing in America and particularly the work of contemporary American authors that the critical faculty finds itself most exercised. Why is it that this great, eager, inquiring country is not producing great or meritable writers at the rate at which European countries have produced them? Is American literature at the end of a period or at the beginning of one? Are the majority of books that are published in the United States the result of an influence that is passing or of one that is developing? In short, is American literature derivative or original? Does it remind the critical reader of European influences, or does it impress him only with something essentially American? It is on the answers to these questions that one must base one's judgment of the value of American literature.

But before I consider this question of whether American literature is derivative or original or in a stage of transition, let me return to the angry and contemptuous Americans who deny that there is an American literature at all, or, if they admit that there is one, declare it to be negligible. A certain confusion of mind has reduced them to this state, and I cannot see that their anger and contempt will do much to help to raise the condition of letters in America. I see nothing contemptible in the fact that much of American writing is derivative, that Mr. Ernest Poole has come under the influence of Mr. H. G. Wells or that Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer derives from Mr. Joseph Conrad or that Miss Zona Gale has benefited considerably from reading Mr. Arnold Bennett. All young writers are influenced by their elders, and it is inevitable that informed readers should be able to detect in the

work of young authors traces of the authority of older ones. What matters is whether these young authors have been influenced or overpowered by their elders. Mr. John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," has been influenced by Mr. Thomas Hardy's "The Dynasts" but Mr. Drinkwater's play is not merely an imitation of Mr. Hardy's, and it impresses us because we find in it at once the powerful guidance of a great man and the growing strength of a young man.

I read Miss Zona Gale's novel, "Birth" while I was on board the steamer returning to England, and was ashamed to think that I had not discovered her work before. This book, intimate and very American, a little too photographic, perhaps, interested me because I saw two contending powers in it, one, the influence, very marked, of Mr. Arnold Bennett, and the other, the indubitable ability of Miss Gale herself. There are passages in this story which might have been written by Mr. Bennett. Take these sentences from page 178 and ask yourself whether they do not seem to you to have come straight from the mind of the author of "The Old Wives' Tale" and "The Card": "To him the world was an endless procession of hands laying down money, taking up money. Whether any one got anywhere with the tickets which he handed out gave him no concern."

This description of a ticket-agent at a railway station is a characteristic Bennettism. The whole of the first section of chapter four of the second part of the novel, pages 211-13, is full of the Arnold Bennett attitude of mind toward life. Miss Gale is describing the way in which a boy goes out to look for employment, and if her description were abstracted from her book and inserted into one of Mr. Bennett's, it would not seem to have suffered by the change. All this seems to be a condemnation of Miss Gale as an original writer, and perhaps it would be if there were any such person as an original writer in the world; but I am eager to avoid seeming to condemn this very remarkable writer, and I would add that when she stands on her own feet, she stands very firmly and with assurance. It is only when she leans on Mr. Bennett that she begins

to sway. But she will not always lean on him. Presently, if she has not already done so, she will move away from him, and I venture to prophesy that when she shakes off the last vestige of outside influence and gives free play to her own native strength, she will produce a book of which her country people may feel very proud.

Those who are impatient with the achievements of American authors because of the extent to which they derive from European writers are on firmer ground when they complain that their countrymen have not produced a greater volume of fine literature in a given period than has been produced by Europeans. But here again all sorts of outside factors have to be considered. My comparison will be drawn between American and English literature for the obvious reasons that I am more familiar with English literature than with that of, say, France or Germany, and also because English literature is more widely read in America than the literature of either of these two countries. If the reader considers that the great period of English literature began with Chaucer, and makes a list of the worth-while poets and novelists and dramatists and philosophers and historians who have flourished in England during that period, he will discover that there are at least seventy writers whose quality varies from great merit to supreme genius. Eight of these writers were men of indisputable genius. In other words, the English people have produced a great writer once in every eight years for six hundred years, and once in every seventy-five years they have produced one of supreme genius. It would not be difficult to establish a claim to the production of a man of supreme genius in England once every fifty years, but I have deliberately limited my list to those about whose quality there is no dispute. I think I am keeping within the region of acknowledged things when I say that Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Fielding, Sheridan, Shelley, Keats, and Dickens are men of supreme genius. Some readers will object that my list is too short. They will grant that it contains the names of men whose genius is indubitable, but they will insist

that other names should be added to it. Where, they will ask, are the names of De Foe, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Thackeray? Others will complain that my list does not contain the name of a single historian, economist, or philosopher, or that I have not mentioned any modern man of genius, such as Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. W. B. Yeats. I admit that there is force in their complaints, but I retort that I have purposely kept my list small and have deliberately abstained from including in it the name of any writer about whom there is argument.

When we turn from the region of men of indisputable genius to that of men whose quality is not generally acknowledged to be supremely great, we discover a long and varied list of names of men and women, many of whom had genius, even if it was not supreme, and all of whom had very great quality. Omitting the eight names I have already set out and also the name of so great a writer as Mr. Joseph Conrad, who is a Pole, though he has expressed himself exclusively in English, the following is a rough list, admittedly incomplete, of English writers of very great merit who have flourished during the last six centuries: Ben Jonson, Sidney, Spencer, Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher, Donne, Herrick, Bunyan, Marvell, Dryden, Crabbe, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, Farquhar, Goldsmith, Berkeley, Newton, Locke, Hume, Adam Smith, Addison, Swift, De Foe, Richardson, Smollett, Sterne, Dr. Johnson, Fanny Burney, Pope, Gibbon, Burns, Cowper, Scott, Lamb, Coleridge, Southey, Thomas Moore, Byron, Jane Austen, Gray, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, Blake, Wordsworth, Swinburne, Tennyson, John Stuart Mill, Browning, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Trollope, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Yeats, Shaw, Wilde, Wells, George Moore, Bennett, Galsworthy, Masefield.

One might go on and add the names of Mrs. Browning, the Rossettis, William Morris, R. L. Stevenson, John Millington Synge, and others, but the list is already sufficiently comprehensive for my purpose.

Now, this list is a very remarkable one. It is a list which throws great

glory on the English people. I am now using the word "English," of course, in an inclusive sense; and, as I have already stated, it shows that once in every eight years a great writer has been produced in Great Britain and Ireland. It is obviously impossible to make a similar list for America because America has not six hundred years of culture behind her. It is when we become aware of this fact that we realize what is perhaps the first cause of the deficiency in literary genius of which many Americans complain; namely, the lack of a long tradition and a coherent culture. America has not yet had time in which to develop that cultivated society in which the arts grow and flourish. There were several centuries of crude literary achievement behind Chaucer. England had been beaten into something like a coherent shape when that great poet was born. A tradition of England has grown up, and there was a common consciousness, not yet complete, but sufficiently well established for us to be able to say that there was an English people with a history and a tradition and a purpose. It is otherwise in America.

The history of the United States is recent history. Its people are still too diversified for us to be able to say that they have a common history and tradition, though we may believe that they have a common purpose. Many men and women in America have come to their new country with their minds almost set by the countries from which they have emigrated. There must be thousands and thousands of people in the United States who have hardly any comprehension of the country other than as a place in which to earn a better livelihood in pleasanter conditions than they were able to achieve in their birthplace. Names such as Washington, Franklin, Lincoln, Lee, Grant, and Adams must mean very little to them. Whatever of tradition they have is European, and probably held in disrepute. Seventy years ago the great city of Chicago was not in existence, and New York was a small city. The most essentially American figure of all, Abraham Lincoln, for Washington had the traditions of an English aristocrat, had not yet come from Springfield to the

White House. Men's lives were still in great measure the lives of pioneers. What culture there was was self-conscious, narrowly contained, and very exclusive, derived from Europe, and not only without anything essentially American about it, but contemptuous of anything that smacked of the soil. The name of Boston sums up all of that culture, now changing its character. It is unreasonable to expect that there should be any possibility of compiling a list of great writers in America during the last seventy years at all comparable with the list of great writers in England during the same period.

What the records of American literature will be like six hundred years from the War of Independence is not a matter on which any one can profitably speculate, but if we may judge by what has already been done, we may confidently expect that these records will not be barren. Walt Whitman, when that list is compiled five hundred years from now, may be seen to occupy in America much the same position that Chaucer occupies in England, the great forerunner of a great race of giants. But in the meantime there is certainly some ground for concern at the very marked disparity between English and American authors during the last fifty years. It would be easy, I think, to name an American novelist who is greater than any particular English writer among the last twenty on my list. Mr. Winston Churchill, in my judgment, is a greater novelist than Mr. John Galsworthy, and Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson is a more equal poet than Mr. John Masefield. I imagine that the aloof and austere verse of Mr. Robinson will make a stronger appeal to the regard of the American people when culture and tradition has become more surely fixed among them. He is likely to have greater posthumous fame than he has now, for it is only a people who have achieved poise and placidity of mind who can appreciate his grave beauty. Much that has been written by Mr. Booth Tarkington excels the work of very many popular English writers. His book, "The Magnificent Ambersons," is a remarkably fine story and might, had he taken more care with it,

have been a very great one. Mr. Ernest Poole in "The Harbor" has written a book that will, I think, keep a strong hold on the affections of Americans for a considerable period. I have already stated my belief in the future of Miss Zona Gale, and in England Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer has a reputation which seems to be greater than he has at home. Mrs. Wharton's "Ethan Frome" has a quality that makes it more attractive than more ambitious books of hers, but even the least of her stories has a knowledge of human beings that makes it notable. But having said that much, it remains true that it would not be possible to produce a list of twenty American writers, flourishing during the last seventy years, equal in merit to Swinburne, Tennyson, John Stuart Mill, Browning, Carlyle, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Ruskin, Trollope, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Yeats, Shaw, Wilde, Wells, George Moore, Bennett, Galsworthy, and John Masefield.

How is one to account for this extraordinary fact? The absence of a great and long history and tradition partly explains it, but not entirely. Culture certainly flourishes in the atmosphere of culture, but it is not dependent upon that atmosphere. The man of genius is like the wind that bloweth where it listeth. He comes unaccountably, and sometimes is not easily identified. We know singularly little of Shakspeare, but it is very certain that he was not so highly esteemed among his contemporaries as he is by us. When we remember that anything like considerable reputation did not come to him until well into the eighteenth century, we may safely conjecture that there were among the writers of his day some who were considered to be vastly superior to him. This is a commonplace of the history of men of genius. Even now, how many people are there in America who will concede that O. Henry brought the short story as nearly to perfection as it has yet been brought?

There are other factors to be considered in an explanation of the disparity between American and English literature, and subsequently I purpose to set them forth. They are factors that influence the life of all Americans,

whether they are writers or not. It may be, as Mr. Meredith Nicholson has suggested, that America's gift to the world will not be an artistic gift at all, but an ethical one. Each country seems, like each person, to have some peculiar gift to give to humanity. England gives poetry to the world,—there has never been in any other country such a procession of poets as have passed through England in the last six hundred years,—and Germany gives great music to it. What is the gift that America will give? I am interested in Mr. Meredith Nicholson's opinion that the gift may be a higher standard of justice, a greater range of freedom, though contemporary life in the United States hardly convinces me that his opinion is sound. In any event, America must produce a literature of her own. If her gift to the world is to be a nobler ethic than the world now possesses, then she cannot fail also to give the world a noble literature. All great writing is fundamentally the expression of a powerful individuality. One expects to find the greatest literature in that country where individuality has the freest play. Is that country America?

In an earlier part of this article I drew attention to the very great disparity, generally admitted, between American and English literature, and I purposed to explore the causes which, in my judgment, have brought about that disparity. The question put to me in New York by an American friend was this: Why is it that America, with a population of one hundred millions of eager, vivacious, and very vigorous people, has failed to produce a literature on or near the level of that produced in, say, the two small islands of Great Britain and Ireland, with their population of fifty millions of people whose habits are old and worn, whose enthusiasms are slow and reticent and not easily roused? All the elements that are to be found in these two islands, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotsmen, and Welshmen, are to be found in America in a more highly vitalized state. All the elements, indeed, that are to be found in Europe are discoverable in the United States. Yet American literature, when it is compared with that of England or France or Germany or any

of the smaller European countries, makes a very slight appearance.

If one takes my own country of Ireland, so small that there is a lake (Michigan) in America, which is forty miles longer than it, one discovers that its contribution to the world's accumulation of literary treasure has been very remarkable. Ireland has given great comedians to English literature—Goldsmith, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, and Synge. She has produced a supremely great lyric poet in Mr. Yeats and a very notable novelist in Mr. George Moore, and a host of meritorious writers whose work takes an honorable place in English letters. The small country of Norway produced Ibsen, whose influence on modern drama is incalculable. In comparison with these two small countries, the literature of America is negligible. Why? There are a great many Irishmen and women in America. There are a great many Norwegians in America. Why have they not given to their adopted country poems and plays and novels comparable with those produced by their kinsmen in Ireland and Norway? It is when we ask those questions that we begin to understand the cause of the disparity between American and, say, English literature.

And here let me remind the reader that I do not consider the case of American literature to be so bad as some Americans, jealous of their country's good repute, imagine it to be. I certainly am not such a fool as to imagine it to be desperate, and I hope to give good reasons for my belief that it will become a thing of pride. A country which can produce one man of great genius in a century is doing tolerably well. Walt Whitman, although he was not a man of supreme genius, such as Shakspeare or Milton, was very nearly one. Emerson and Edgar Allan Poe received the recognition of the cultivated world. Mark Twain was indisputably a great man. These four names alone were an earnest of the literary quality that was in America, and fifty years ago men with these names in their minds might reasonably have believed that a period of rich efflorescence in literature would shortly begin. Why has the promise not yet been fulfilled?

I think the explanation is a fairly simple one. The America which produced Whitman, Emerson, Poe, and Mark Twain was a fairly homogeneous America, but the America of to-day is not homogeneous at all. These men were all of Anglo-Saxon blood. They belonged to families which had not merely brought a tradition with them to America, but had lived long enough in the country to have a new tradition imposed upon the old one. The British islands had memories for these families, but America was in their blood. A country cannot produce a great literature until the mass of its people are, so to speak, indigenous to the soil. The roots of a race must be as deeply implanted in a nation as the roots of a great tree in the earth. Consider how the atmosphere of Warwickshire is inseparably mingled in the nature of Shakspeare, how completely the county of Dorset has entered into the mind and imagination of Thomas Hardy. Many generations of Warwick men and women went to the making of Shakspeare, with the result that one can almost smell the Warwick woods in his writing. The Hardy family flourished in Dorsetshire for hundreds of years, and the garnered knowledge of that part of England, stored by a long succession of his kin, has been distilled by Mr. Hardy into the very essence not only of his county, but of his country. Mr. Galsworthy, although he is a traveled man, might, so far as his work is concerned, never have stirred out of Devonshire. The vitality of Mark Twain's writing comes from his intimate knowledge of his own country, gained not exclusively by him, but in part transmitted to him by his fathers, who knew it intimately, too. The extraordinary difference between a man who has observed with skill and accuracy and a man who knows by intuition is made very plain in Mr. George Moore's "A Mummer's Wife" and Mr. Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale." Mr. Moore is an Irishman, and his knowledge of "the Five Towns" in Staffordshire is therefore an outside knowledge; but Mr. Bennett was born in one of "the Five Towns." Mr. Bennett's family is a Staffordshire family, and the peculiarities of Stafford-

shire people were part of the common knowledge and tradition in which he grew. Mr. Moore had to learn about them, but Mr. Bennett knew of them as instinctively as he breathed. The difference is very like that between a man's knowledge of his native language and his knowledge of a foreign one. He may learn to speak and write an alien language with great accuracy, but, with all the correctness, he will never have the *nativeness* of the man who belongs to the country. Oscar Wilde wrote "Salome" in a French that was pedantically correct, and therefore somewhat lifeless. A Frenchman might have been less correct, but he would certainly have been more natural.

We have arrived at the point in our argument where we see that one of the factors in the production of a great literature, namely, the homogeneity of a race, is not present in the American situation. It was present when Whitman, Emerson, Poe, and Mark Twain were producing their works, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it was present in the generation which produced these four men. If one turns for a moment from the world of letters to the world of politics, one sees the flower of a homogeneous people most distinctively in Lincoln. No one could possibly have mistaken Abraham Lincoln for anything but an American. George Washington might easily have been mistaken for an Englishman, but Lincoln was essentially American. The Anglo-Saxon stock of which he was born had been molded and modified by the American atmosphere until it had reached the point at which a man born of it was so constituted that people instinctively said of him, "This is an American." No one ever thought of that plain and simple man of genius as an Anglo-American. There was no hyphen in his composition. In figure, in speech, in thought, in habit, in gesture, and in look Abraham Lincoln was an American. One might say that he was the greatest work of art that his country has yet produced. There was a definite, perceptible homogeneity in the America which gave birth to these men, and had that homogeneity been preserved, the

condition of American letters and politics would be markedly different from what it is now. The accent of America would be less uncertain in tone, and Europeans would not so frequently be disconcerted by the variability of the American mood.

But the homogeneity was not preserved. Necessity compelled the American people to invite men of all bloods to come into their country, and in a short time the homogeneous people became a heterogeneous one. The blood of generations of Anglo-Saxons molded and modified to the conditions of America became dispersed in a whirlpool of comingling races that have not yet been made coherent, and so the American tradition of Anglo-Saxon origin has been lost. It is immaterial to this discussion whether the loss of this tradition is a good thing or a bad thing. All that concerns us now is that it has been lost, that those who bred the tradition have been submerged in a mixture of men and traditions that have not yet been assimilated by America.

America rapidly became a cosmopolitan country, but its cosmopolitan character was very different from that of a great city like Paris. Men of foreign culture went to Paris to enlarge their culture, but the people who fled from Europe to America went for far different reasons. Most of them were men in whom physical courage and physical energy were dominant over mental courage and mental energy. The majority of them were men to whom culture meant no more than the sign manual of the rich and oppressive class from whose exactions they had escaped. It is not unfair to say that to multitudes of the people who poured into the United States from Europe during the middle of the nineteenth century, America meant no more than a place in which they might earn an ampler livelihood in more agreeable conditions than they had enjoyed in their own country. Learning and the graces of life were matters of slight importance to these people, to whom it was of greater moment that they should have food to eat and a quiet place in which to sleep.

(To be concluded)

The Pup-Dog

By ROBERT PALFREY UTTER



NY dog is a pup-dog so long as he prefers a rat, dead or alive, to chocolate fudge, a moldy bone to sponge cake, a fight with a woodchuck to hanging round the tea-table for sweet biscuit. Of course he will show traits of age as years advance, but usually they are physical traits, not emotional. For the most part dogs' affections burn warmly, and their love of life and experience brightly, while life lasts. They remain young, as poets do. Every dog is a pup-dog, but some are more so than others.

Most so of all is the Irish terrier. To me he stands as the archetype of the dog, and the doggie a dog is, the better I like him. I love the collie; none better. I have lived with him, and ranged the hills with him in every kind of weather, and you can hardly tell me a story of his loyalty and intelligence that I cannot go you one better. But the collie is a gentleman. He has risen from the ranks, to be sure, but he is every inch the gentleman, and just now I am speaking of dogs. The terrier is every inch a dog, and the Irish is the terrier *par excellence*.

The man who mistakes him for an Airedale, as many do, is one who does not know an Irishman from a Scot. The Airedale has a touch of the national dourness; I believe that he is a Calvinist at heart, with a severe sense of personal responsibility. The Irish terrier can atone vicariously or not at all for his light-hearted sins. The Airedale takes his romance and his fighting as seriously as an *Alan Breck*. The Irish terrier has all the imagination and humor of his race; he has a rollicking air; he is whimsical, warm-hearted, jaunty, and has the gift of blarney. He loves a scrimmage better than his dinner, but he bears no malice.

His fellest earthly foes,
Cats, he does but affect to hate.

The terrier family is primarily a jolly, good-natured crowd whose business it is to dig into the lairs of burrowing creatures and fight them at narrow quarters. The signal for the fight is the attack on the intrusive nose. You can read this family history in the pup-dog's treatment of the cat. The cat of his own household with whom he is brought up he rallies with good-humored banter, but he is less likely to hurt her than she him. He will take her with him on his morning round of neighborhood garbage-pails, and even warm her kittens on his back as he lies in the square of sunshine on the kitchen floor, till they begin to knead their tiny claws into him in a futile search for nourishment; then he shakes them patiently off and seeks rest elsewhere. He will chase any cat as long as she will run; if she refuses to run, he will dance round her and bark, trying to get up a game. "Be a sport!" he taunts her. "Take a chance!" But if she claws his nose, she treads on the tail of his coat, and no Irish gentleman will stand for that.

Similar are his tactics with human creatures. First he tries a small bluff to see if he can start anything. If his victim shows signs of fear, he redoubles his effort, his tail the while signaling huge delight at his success. If the victim shows fight, he may develop the attack in earnest. The victim who shows either fear or fight betrays complete ignorance of dog nature, for the initial bluff is always naively transparent; the pup-dog may have a poker face, but his tail is a rank traitor. A nest of yellow-jackets in a hole in the ground challenges his every instinct. He cocks his ear at the subterranean buzzing, tries a little tentative excavation with cautious paw. Soon one of the inmates scores on the tip of his nose, and war is declared in earnest. There are leaping attacks with clashing of teeth, and wildly gyrating

rear-guard actions. Custom cannot stale the charm of the spot; all summer, so long as there is a wing stirring, hornets shall be hot i' the mouth.

The degree of youth which the pup-dog attains and holds is that of the human male of eleven or twelve years. He nurses an inextinguishable quarrel with the hair-brush. His hatred of the formal bath is chronic, but he will paddle delightedly in any casual water out of doors, regardless of temperatures and seasons. At home he will sometimes scoff at plain, wholesome food, but to the public he gives the impression that his family systematically starve him, and his dietetic experiments often have weird and disastrous results. You can never count on his behavior except on formal occasions, when you know to a certainty that he will disgrace you. His curiosity is equaled only by his adroitness in getting out of awkward situations into which it plunges him. His love of play is unquenchable by weariness or hunger; there is no time when the sight of a ball will not rouse him to clamorous activity.

For fine clothes he has a satiric contempt, and will almost invariably manage to land a dirty footprint on white waistcoat or "ice-cream pants" in the first five minutes of their immaculacy. He is one hundred per cent. motor-minded; when he is "stung with the splendor of a sudden thought," he springs to immediate action. In the absence of any ideas he relaxes and sleeps with the abandon of a jute door-mat.

Dog meets dog as boy meets boy, with assertions of superiority, challenge, perhaps fight, followed by friendship and play. No wonder that with pup-boys the pup-dog is so completely at one; his code is their code, and whither they go he goes—except to school. With September come the dull days for him. No more the hordes of pirates and bandits with bandanas and peaked hats, belts stuck full of dirks and "ottermaticks," sweep up and down the sidewalk on bicycles in open defiance of the law, raiding lawns and gardens, scattering shrieking tea-parties of little girls and dolls, haling them aboard the lugger in the next lot and holding them for fabulous ransom. There is always some one who will pay it with an imposing check

signed "Theodore Wilson Roosevelt Woodrow Rockefeller." He prances with flopping ears beside the flying wheels, crouches in ambush, gives tongue in the raid, flies at the victims and tears their frocks, mounts guard in the cave, and shares the bandits' last cookie.

But when the pirates become orderly citizens, his day begins after school and ends with supper. With his paws on the window-sill, his nose making misty spots on the glass, he watches them as they march away in the morning, then he makes a perfunctory round of the neighborhood, inspecting garbage-pails and unwary cats. After that there is nothing to do but relax in the September sunshine and exist in a coma till the pirates return and resume their normal functions, except for his routine attempt to intimidate the postman and the iceman. Perhaps he might succeed some happy day; who knows?

The pup-dog in the open is the best of companions; his exuberant vitality and unquenchable zest for things in general give him endless variety. There are times, perhaps, when you see little of him; he uses you as a mobile base of operations, and runs an epicycloidal course with you as moving center, showing only a flash of his tail on one horizon or the flop of his ears on the other. You hear his wild cries of excitement when he starts a squirrel or a rabbit. By rare luck you may be called in time to referee a fight with a woodchuck, or once in a happy dog's age you may see him, a khaki streak through the underbrush, in pursuit of a fox.

At last you hear the drumming of his feet on the road behind you; he shoots past before he can shift gears, wheels, and lands a running jump on your diaphragm by way of reporting present for duty. Thereafter he sticks a little closer, popping out into the road or showing his tousled face through the leaves at intervals of two or three hundred yards to make sure that you are still on the planet. Then you may enjoy his indefatigable industry in counting with his nose, his tail quivering with delight, the chinks of old stone walls. You may light your pipe and sit by for an hour as he energetically follows his family tradition in digging under an old

stump, shooting the sand out behind with kangaroo strokes, tugging at the roots with his teeth, and pausing from time to time to grin at you with a yard of pink tongue completely surrounded by leaf mold. You may admire his zeal as inspector of chipmunks, mice, frogs, grasshoppers, crickets, and such small deer. Anything that lives and tries to get away from him is fair game except chickens. If round the turn of the road he plumps into a hen convention, memories of bitter humiliations surge up within him, and he blushes, and turns his face aside. Other dogs he meets with tentative growling, bristling, and tail-wagging, by way of asserting that he will take them on any terms they like; fight or frolic, it is all one to him.

You cannot win his allegiance by feeding him, though he always has his bit of blarney ready for the cook. He loves all members of the family with nice discrimination for their weaknesses: the pup-boy who cannot resist an invitation to romp; the pup-girl who cannot withstand begging blandishments of nose and paw, but will subvert discipline and share food with him whenever and wherever she has it. He will welcome with leapings and gyrations any one of them after a day's absence or an hour's, but his whole-souled allegiance is to the head of the house; his is the one voice that speaks with authority; his the first welcome always when the family returns in a group. That loyalty, burning bright and true to the last spark of life, that unflinching welcome on which a man can count more surely than on any human love—indeed, there is no secret in a man's love for a dog, however we may wonder at the dog's love for the man. Let Argos and Ulysses stand as the type of it, though to me it lacks something of the ideal, not in the image of the dog, but in the conduct of the man. Were I disguised for peril of my life, and my dog, after the wanderings and dangers of many years, lifted his head and knew me and then died, I think no craft could withhold my feelings from betraying me.

"Dogs know their friends," we say, as if there were mystery in the knowledge. The password of the fraternity is not

hidden; you may hear it anywhere. It was spoken at my own hearth when the pup-dog, wet with autumn rain, thrust himself between my guest and the andirons and began to steam. My guest checked my remonstrance. "Don't disturb him on my account, you know. I rather like the smell of a wet dog," he added apologetically. The word revealed a background that made the speaker at once and forever my guest-friend. In it I saw boy and dog in rain and snow on wet trails, their camp in narrow shelter, where they snuggle together with all in common that they have of food and warmth. He who shared his boyhood with a pup-dog will always share whatever is his with members of the fraternity. He will value the wagging of a stubby tail above all dog-show points and parlor tricks. He will not be rash to chide affectionate importunity, nor to set for his dog higher standards than he upholds for himself. Do you never nurse a grouch and express it in appropriate language? Do you never take direct action when your feelings get away with you? When the like befalls the pup-dog, have ready for him such sympathy as he has always ready for you in your moods. Treat him as an equal, and you will get from him human and imperfect results.

You will never know exactly what your pup-dog gets from you; he tries wistfully to tell you, but leaves you still wondering. But you may have from him a share of his perennial puphood, and you do well to accept it gratefully whenever he offers it. Take it when it comes, though the moment seem inopportune. You may be roused just as you settle for a nap by a moist nose thrust into your hand, two rough brown paws on the edge of your bunk, a pair of bright eyes peering through a jute fringe. Up he comes, steps over you, and settles down between you and the wall with a sigh. Then, if you shut your eyes, you will find that you are not far from that place up on the hill—the big rock and the two oaks—where the pup-boy that used to be you used to snuggle down with that first old pup-dog you ever had.



Balances

By MORRIS DALLETT

Illustrations by J. Easley



BOKKER STILL shoved his knotted cherry stick hard against an evidently cement pavement, and the sound rang sharply through a night that had long since settled over the wayside station. Listening to its bald echo flatten on a wall of lindentrees not far away, he cleared his throat and consciously lighted a cigarette.

It was dark and still; around the building behind him the sky hung in gloomy folds, seeming to drip from outstanding eaves and the murky depths of several paned windows. A lantern on the bench beside Bokker, casting rectangular shafts of light in a small circle, revealed him, a casual lay figure in a casual landscape, as a rather heavily built man, twenty-eight or thirty years old, with a ruddy complexion. He was dressed in a loose suit of gray cloth, and on his head was settled a little felt hat with a pheasant feather jauntily protruding from its slight band. The end of the feather hung over an exceptionally narrow brim.

As the moon soared into the sky he finished his cigarette and murmured a few profane words, crossing his knees. The truth was, he was tempted suddenly to explain aloud, that he had a little more than a dollar in his pocket, that he did not know exactly where he was,—the station sign read "Learay,"—and that he had no place to sleep.

This situation, he thought as he found a more comfortable position, with his hands in his pockets, was important only in view of the fact that the air was chilling. Dinner that afternoon had been procured only through a peculiar ingenuity. He had gone into a lunch-room and ordered hash and dropped eggs, coffee and doughnuts; while these were forthcoming

he had addressed the girl waitress opposite him:

"Did you know that there was an accident up the road to-day?"

"Here?"

"In Stephentown."

"No. That 's where I live."

"An auto went into the ditch; no one hurt."

"I lived in a yellow house on the road with the trolley-line. We had a good many bad accidents with cars there."

"A yellow house? I wonder if I noticed it."

"It has orange nasturtiums over the front."

"I am pretty sure I did."

"I was there until I was fourteen."

"Then you came here?"

"I 've been here six years now."

"Do you like it?"

"Not much."

"How long do you have to stay behind that counter?"

"From seven until six."

"You 've got bad hours. Don't you get any days off?"

"One a week."

"That 's not much."

"I usually work Sundays, and sometimes I don't take that day off. You traveling?"

"No. Just walking, beating my way; not a tramp," he added, smiling. It was easy to lie to her; she was attractive enough for that. "Do you live at home?" he went on.

"Yes; with my mother."

"That 's nice."

"I only get eleven dollars a week, but if I work the extra day, I get thirteen." This question of wages was discussed until Bokker had finished his meal.

"Will you meet me after you get through to-night?"

"Where 'll you stay?"

"At the hotel. Meet me by the drug-store."

"All right."

"Now, look. Punch my check for a dime, and we 'll spend the rest together."

"I can't do that." She did, nevertheless.

The lunch-room was eighteen miles away now, and Rose—he had learned that her name was Rose—was probably dreaming of him. Her dreams were much pleasanter, he mused, than they would have been if he had kept his promise.

The country-side looked quietly forlorn, the inadequate shrubbery of New England standing in unrelieved light and shade, pale, and plastered with moonlight. But, after all, he thought, he might have foretold a lonely evening, for the day had been providential. It was always like that, balanced; life was inevitably balanced. His own past had proved it. His first enterprise was selling newspapers; then came the cigar-and-paper store on the corner, really nothing more than a counter on the street, but none the less money-making. He had lost it finally and taken to painting signs, bringing in forty-four dollars a week for forty-hours' work. Then the war had come, his commission just before sailing for France, friends with money and culture—all landing him on the highroads, dissatisfied with what he had once been, with a romantic nature which even the commonplace drudgery of fighting had not taken from him. The war had, in fact, changed his whole outlook on life. It had made him understand things which he had felt before, but not been able to explain. It had added a glamour to existence, had made him feel that there were more important, more satisfactory things than money, success. And this knowledge, though he could not name it and did not even know whether or not it was ordinary, had influenced him so greatly that his line of thought was from a totally new point of view. He now insisted that his life move, if on a low social and a lower financial basis, on a high romantic plane. A man of breeding, he had found, could live in

the most lowly manner and yet possess the presence, the poise, the dignity which was his heritage. And because Bokker had seen this, also because he had understood its importance and worth, he had been able to incorporate into himself a certain amount of cultivated taste. Yes, and here he was. It had all been balanced, certainly.

The moon was very high at last. His clothes were heavy with dampness and dew, and, worst of all, his tobacco was gone. Nothing would happen until morning; that was obvious.

Again he struck the cherry stick against the cement pavement. It was a nice stick, one which his men had given him, and it touched the side of his foot, reminding him that he needed a new pair of shoes. His clothes were none too bad; they had been found on the road, newly pressed and wrapped in brown paper, having, without doubt, fallen from some wagon or automobile coming from a tailor's shop. His hat had been procured in Quebec, where he had tried to be a carpenter. That, he reflected, had lasted three days, but it had at least given him entrance to a large home with heavy rugs, glittering glass candelabras, and hardwood stairs down which a fairy girl in a blue silken kimono and mules, her hair, tangled, writhing over her back, had clattered.

The night was perceptibly colder. It had suddenly seemed to seep through his clothes into his consciousness; therefore he would walk again, for the station was locked up. Straight ahead went a road, white in the moonlight, leading against a range of the Berkshires. On one side, a few miles away, was a cluster of lights, perhaps Stepentown Center. There were a great many places closely allied by name in this district.

He arose and, straightening himself, felt through his pockets, and found three cigarettes. One of these he lighted before moving on.

It was scarcely twelve o'clock when he passed through the lighted village, before the houses of wood and the high-pillared town-hall. The soothing tranquillity of the buildings pleased him sharply, for Bokker was susceptible to beauty; he took more delight in a lovely

face in a crowd than a twenty-five-cent piece in a gutter. This artistic quality of his, as he half knew, was a result of the war. It was unremunerative financially, of course, and it was remarkably cold in a fight; but its value was in its faithfulness, its reactions after the fight was a detail of lost days. It made the little things of his past impressive, such as an evening he had spent in Boston standing on a street corner singing loose harmony with a disreputable person with a whisky breath and a sweet barytone voice, worth while and even necessary. Above all, it softened life, taking the hardness out of a girl's eyes, the irony out of her words,

able. He could remember without regret the hardest times he had ever gone through—nights of work at some trivial occupation and days of even worse idleness. But, looking back, he saw that his dreams had saved him. Even then he had not allowed them to disappear in the cold reality of a bright sunlight; and now they were his true life. He did not treat them as impossible impracticalities, but rather as forecasts and omens of a time that would come; and, not unlike that light which swung on the road before him, his ambitions were immaterial, taking a place second to his enthusiasms, which were not, as the former, of the head, but of the heart.

His attention turned more practically to the light as soon as he discovered that it was a lantern obviously carried by a person of no very great stature, for it hung close to the ground. Interested and curious, he hurried his steps and drew close enough to be dismayed by the revelation of a light-colored skirt. The girl who was wearing this stopped startlingly as he came beside her, and, not waiting for him to pass on or speak, asked:

"Is that you, Father?"

"No," Bokker answered, trying to modulate his voice so as to escape the appearance of brutality, "it is not your father." He was pleased with this sentence and smiled, wishing that she would raise the lantern so that he could see her features.

"Do you know where Dr. Rice lives?" she asked in a practical tone which conveyed only a touch of surprise. "If you do, please run ahead and tell him that Danny Winter is very sick and he must come immediately."

"Which house is it?"

"The second on the right. I have been hurrying, but I can't run." She was evidently under a strain, for her words were spoken in an intense undertone. She seemed, however, unaware of any uniqueness in speaking to a stranger.



"Standing on a street corner singing loose harmony"

and leaving in the most commonplace memory an inevitable dearth, a sensation of love.

Yes, he decided as the lights fell behind him and he found himself again in the country, there was something in him that made his whole life entirely accept-

"I'll tell him," Bokker volunteered. "He knows where, does n't he?"

"Yes." She faltered, her voice quivering for the first time. And in order to leave no ground for fear, he moved ahead, breaking into a fast run until he had gone beyond a curve in the road, and then dropping into a quick step.

He had not been able to collect poise enough to think coherently before the second house on the right, a building with a fantastic roof that struck him as being most unreasonable and not even decorative, came into view. He ascended the few wooden steps to this, and, after fumbling for a door-bell and finding it, pushed the small rubber button. It resounded very loudly in the night, and the noise frightened him, making him suddenly try to account for his presence. It was as though he had just awakened. The day of walking had deadened his mind, and the reality of this ring was disconcerting. He had not quite calmed before a white-clad figure descended the stairs inside with an oil-lamp and opened the door.

"Is this Doctor Rice?"

"Yes."

"Danny Winter's very sick. You're wanted."

"Bad? I expected something of the sort. Is he very bad? Exactly how?"

"I don't know. I was sent. You're wanted now."

"I'll be right down, then. There's a car in back of the house, in the stable. Can you get it out?"

"Yes."

"Bring it here, and I'll be right with you." The doctor turned away and prepared to mount the stairs.

"Can I borrow the lamp?" Bokker suggested.

"I need it. Have n't you matches? There's a candle on the bench back there."

"All right. I'll find it. In a hurry," he added, regaining a little of his composure and feeling humorously dignified; "he's bad."

The difficulties encountered in making his way behind the house to a low-gabled stable prevented his mind from reaching any practical conception of the situation. The atmosphere, as silent and unresponsive as was the hour, did

not lend itself to a very sentient reality, and the mere fact that five minutes ago he had been walking thoughtless and alone on the moon-lighted road was enough to displace the fact of the long wet grass through which he had to go and make him speculate as to his being asleep and dreaming. Neither could he reconcile himself to the dignity of the adventure.

The door of the stable slid back easily and revealed the empty head-lights of a small two-passenger car. With a rare amount of discipline, he considered, for he was now aware that this was no ordinary affair, and that he was an actual figure in a fanciful episode, he put on the switch and cranked the motor. It was cold, however, and the operation of starting the engine occupied several feverish minutes. Finally it did run, and he climbed in and, turning on the lights, proceeded by way of the stoned road to the side of the house, where he waited, racing the motor in order to warm it. During the brief interval before Dr. Rice reappeared in a black suit, he was not able to make any decision as to just how far he would trust himself to this romance; for he had, like all ready lovers, associated himself intimately with the girl of the road. Any strange woman, in truth, was possibly *the* woman to him. But this delicate vision, of whom he had seen only the skirt, and a crisp linen skirt, he thought, was somehow appealing. She was not a part of his past, and he had never known any one who, in the crisis where he had found her, would have acted so clearly. Most girls would have screamed or otherwise have paid no attention to him, and an older woman or a masculine modern girl would have acted in so sophisticated a fashion that she would not have lingered in his mind. This person, on the other hand, acting so naturally that he had felt as if he belonged to her request, that in carrying out her suggestion he was neither conferring a favor nor putting her under an obligation, remained unreal and yet stimulating.

During the ride in the automobile Dr. Rice made but two statements: "Here to the left" and "It's getting colder now." Aside from these they were both wrapped in the night as if in a heavy

blanket, intent on the road which wound before them, clotted with black shadows and muffled in a supreme darkness which hung over the fields on each side. Bokker's thoughts, nevertheless, not tied to facts, were based on innocent romance, and he alternated between driving the car and imagining a dilatory affection, a few touches of the hand, scared glances from quick eyes, and hasty, half-impetuous kisses.

They finally reached the house, and he drove the car with considerable skill through a narrow gate to a porch betrayed by two windows lighted from the inside. Dr. Rice immediately left him without a word, and was greeted by an older man.

"I 'm afraid that you 're too late," he had said.

"Where is he?"

"Up-stairs."

"Where is Leaf? She will be able to help."

"She is with him."

"I 'll come right up."

The men leaving him, Bokker sat down on the top step and lighted his second cigarette.

The night was undoubtedly cold for early September; the shadows on the coarse grass in front of the house were thin, like carpets spreading from the foot of each tree and shrub. Above these, far away to his right, the moon sailed in unmindful, impersonal cadence to the steady throb of locusts and crickets. The country-side, typical of any part of Massachusetts, was uncultivated except in parts, and a half-starved wood on his left raised itself in an irregular broken sky-line against the deep Prussian blue of a somehow, he felt, delayed night.

It was not before the moon, a translucent clot of jelly, had fallen several feet, from above the upper corner of the house to the top of the porch under which he was sitting, that he heard light footsteps descending the stairs inside. He had not risen when some one behind him—he knew that it was the girl—had opened the screen-door and come out into the chilling night air.

She did not speak to him, but, turning to the left, walked slowly by. When she had passed, he twisted himself to see the triangle of a skirt. An organdie, not a

linen, skirt, he corrected himself. She stood with her back to him, leaning against a railing, half illumined by yellow light that was pouring out of a window to one side of her. She was, he noticed immediately, more fragile, more incapable, than he had expected. At least her figure, slight and yet firm, girlish and yet not insipid or adolescent, warned him of this; but her poise promised a receptive personality and understanding, and he felt, accordingly, that he could address her.

Raising himself clumsily to his feet,—he always cursed his clumsiness, and now it seemed doubly blameworthy,—he removed the small felt hat from his head, placed his hand reassuringly on the strayed lock of hair which rested on his forehead, and asked:

"Is there anything I can do?"

She turned before answering him, neither shocked nor surprised at his intrusion. Her face, he saw for the first time, was lovely, one of those faces with a haunted beauty, a look, not wistful of the future, but of the past. Her mouth was soft, he felt sure, and her hands, which she held together, sensitive. Her hair, a mass of floating darkness, framed the whiteness of her skin with a deep fragrance. She was perfumed, he told himself, or was it the scent of the vine clinging to the gray walls of the building?

"It 's all over. He died just after the doctor went up."

"I 'm sorry," he explained awkwardly; "I hurried as fast as I could."

"It was n't your fault. I should have gone sooner. Father was not here," she continued, as if in self-defense, "and I was afraid of leaving him alone. The doctor said for me to give you an overcoat; that you were sopping wet with dew." She went into the house and returned with a coat. "Here is all that I can get now."

"Thank you." He slipped into it gratefully, aware of a chill.

They moved together back to the railing where she had been standing alone. The detached serenity of late night was too coldly beautiful to have any personal significance, and so they were left to themselves, to a contemplation of each other, a moment of introspection. Bokker was sensible to the girl's mental

relaxation: she was opening and closing her hands, idle.

"I hurried," he said, hoping that she would enter into the conversation and relieve the tension of their intimacy, "but he had to dress."

"It was all so silly," she answered: "he could n't do anything. But I had to have some one. I could n't stand it alone. If I had been there by myself at the end—" She waved a hand as if to suggest impotence, inadequacy.

"Yes, I can understand. In the war I saw death. One does n't believe that it will happen, even after there is no hope." He remembered this sentence exactly; an officer had said it one night. "When the last breath dies, it's the same as if you had n't been expecting it."

"There was n't any reason for his dying; it was different fighting."

"Is there ever any reason? It comes at the most foolish times, never the psychological moment. And if you care, it appears all the more empty, futile."

"He was a cousin. I am Leaf Whitaker," she announced, as if for the first time aware that he did not know.

"My name is Still, Bokker Still. It sounds improbable here in the North. My family was Southern." They lapsed into silence again, altering their moods from personalities to the death that impregnated the hour. Even he was distinctly aware that a body was lying up-stairs, cold, unresponsive. "And yet," he said, "can you feel only sorrow because he is dead? You must remember that he does not have anything more to go through. He will escape the pain—all of it."

"He was not that kind."

"You may not think so, but people say that of me. They say it of you, I suppose. But think back. Would you live over the past? Would the unhappiness that you would have to have, not necessarily any big tragedy, but the

little things, make it worth while? We pay for wretchedness in joy; the two are balanced. I would n't go back. He's lived and finished. He did his little job down here. It is n't sad. It's like a beautiful landscape: it's big; you can't understand it. They both frighten you."

"Where are you going to spend the



"She turned before answering him"

night?" she asked hopelessly. "Father said that you could stay up-stairs."

"I have n't any clothes or anything. I am just walking."

"A walking trip?"

"Yes,"—he smiled to himself,—"I am just out for exercise. The city got on my nerves."

"It will be too late for you to go on now. Why don't you stay here? Father will lend you pajamas."

"Would I be making too much trouble? Perhaps I can help instead of sleeping."

"No, there is n't anything. Dr. Rice

will do the notifying and all of that. I'll show you your room. Will you help me lock up?"

They went inside together. He was suddenly very tired and barely noticed that the house belonged to a comfortably poor man. It was old-fashioned, with an over-furnished parlor on his right. After shutting and locking the windows,

THE next day was unpleasant. The weather was misty until luncheon-time, when it became unaccountably hot; but evening came at last, and found Bokker and Leaf on the porch of the latter's home.

Bokker had justified his presence at the Whitaker house by reason of his aid. He was accustomed to adapting himself



"In the morning he would leave as peacefully as possible"

they blew out the lamps, left the hall-door open for the doctor, and, lighted by a candle, ascended the stairs. Mr. Whitaker shook hands with Bokker and gave him the pajamas, refusing his offer of further aid. So, as there was nothing he could do, he said good night and went into his room. They were too affected by the boy's death to notice the strangeness of giving him a room in their house, he reflected; in the morning he would leave as peacefully as possible. But in the meanwhile he would sleep. As he unfastened his collar and threw his tie over the foot of the bed, he eyed the clean sheets and a lithograph over the bureau, gratefully.

to foreign situations, and since he had not been emotionally influenced by the recent death, not being affected by anything unconnected with himself, he had been able to take Mr. Whitaker's place. Mr. Whitaker was, he had discovered, a flower-grower and supplied a large shop in Pittsfield with much of its winter stock. There was a son, Leaf's brother, who was now learning his father's trade somewhere in the eastern part of the State.

The day having passed, Bokker was able to be amused and charmed by the singular predicament into which chance had thrown him. Coming from the road with the aid of a few lies and the assist-

ance of his entire past, his friends, and wisdom, he had become for the time being a gentleman on a leisurely excursion. He had not attempted to explain himself as independent,—his clothes and manners, good as they were, would not have warranted that,—but he had been able to say that he was on a vacation from business, that he was the local manager of a lunch-room farther east. Linking this to his enterprise of yesterday had produced a feeling of reality in him, and several times he had caught himself speaking of his business, the people he hired, as if he were treading on solid ground. The fact that he had intruded at a time when everything was far from normal had, as he knew, been greatly in his favor, and the only thing that surprised him was the knowledge that Leaf herself had accepted his statements; more than that, had liked him. She had opened herself to him as though they had long been friends; the unfamiliar events of the preceding night had done away with those barriers which would inevitably have been part of an ordinary introduction. And the realization that Bokker had taken an active part in a very intimate matter, her cousin's death, was particularly inducive to an extraordinary alliance. His personality had, of course, played an important rôle in her acceptance of him, but aside from that, events in themselves had been favorable. And so it was that they sat together, perfectly contented, in the waning, pale light of late afternoon.

The trees and grasses were as if powdered with a meager covering of sifted gold-dust. The green and yellow of early autumn, and the arabesques of shadow which were slanted across the open space before them, harmonized in the tranquil unreality of the time of day; for the sunshine had lost its strength, and slid meaninglessly over the foliage, the road leading to the house, and a corn-field to their right.

Leaf was in a rocking-chair, her hands in her lap, her feet in narrow white slippers resting on the floor. Her dress, light green, with a miniature collar and tiny cuffs of lace, and her hair, a brown, reflecting auburn and gold from its surroundings, were in simple enough relationship to emphasize the purity of her

face, the candid regard of her lilac eyes, and the rose color of her mouth. Her nose, as Bokker had remarked early in the morning, was a bit too long, but it added a touch of unconventionality which made her beauty distinctive and personal. Her hands he also noticed: they were, surprisingly enough, incapable-looking.

"Miss Whitaker," he said, looking up at her, for he was hugging his knees, sitting on the floor with his back against a balustrade, "have you ever felt that a situation is merely the replica of one you lived over long ago? Do you know what I mean—that something happening now happened before?"

"Not particularly," she replied, rocking slightly. Her voice was soft: she lent more significance to her tones than to her words. "But I do feel as though I have known you a long time."

"That is what I am trying to say. I can't realize that we met only last night; and here now—I am not a stranger, am I?"

"No."

"They explain that by saying that we did meet in some other life, or something like that. But I think that this has been inevitable. This is what would have had to happen."

"It is quite improbable, you know."

"Yes. I do. It was queer last night. Were n't you frightened at a man on the road at that time?"

"I did n't think of that, as I told you. I thought that here was some one who could go faster."

"I was surprised, you were so natural. These days you expect one to be anything except natural." He was aware again of a borrowed phrase, and became silent. But it did seem, he was thinking, a perfect circumstance. In some inexplicable way they fitted, their minds singing in an ineffable harmony which made disconnected snatches of words, isolated sentences, or an unfinished thought, understood. "Are n't you lonely here?" he asked, moving a little, so that he could meet her eyes and at the same time shifting his worn shoes out of sight. "I should think that this country would seem barren, would make you revolt against its stillness. Of course I am used to quiet, but a girl—"

"I have grown used to it, and I am not absolutely alone: I have friends."

"Sweethearts? A girl's friends always are."

"No, good friends. There is one more than the others, as usual."

"A neighbor?"

"Rather a neighbor; at least his family does n't live far from here, though he is in college learning landscape architecture."

"He could learn it better by walking as I do. The fact that a bush is perennial does not necessarily mean that it will be beautiful anywhere. I might design a place. I think I could—a disciplined hedge, masses of asters and rhododendrons, wistaria, iris, and a little brook. You know the Japanese want water in any garden."

"Have you studied it? You seem to know."

"No, I have never studied it, but a friend of mine, an officer, said that I had something an institution of learning could not give me—intelligence. There is all the difference in the world between knowledge and intelligence."

"Did you go to France in the army, Mr. Bokker?"

"Yes. The war was my life-saver. It gave me a faith in human nature. But my first name is Bokker, you remember. Please, no Mister. If you don't like it, call me X. I hate Mr. Still. It does n't sound right."

"X, then. You call me Y. No, call me Leaf; we might as well make the whole thing as unconventional as possible." She smiled.

"Why are you smiling?"

"I was wondering what Tom would say."

"Tom being the landscape man."

"Yes."

"When will he be here again?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"Does your father like him?"

"Yes, every one admires him, Bokker. You will like him, I think."

"I can't ever count on liking any one. My friends are scattered, some in Iquiqui, Peru, some in Boston, Massachusetts. What I want is sincerity—in papering a house or in the brokerage business. I have been told that brokerage is the last resource of an educated man."

"Oh!" Leaf laughed this time, and he listened in surprise, for after her voice had stilled, there seemed to be an echo in her eyes, her body. It did not end on her lips, he saw, but in her heart.

"Do you think he will like me?"

"Yes, I think so. He may not."

"Why?"

"What would you think in the same position?"

He was tempted to thank her. Her remark had proved her innocence, because the omission of the word "jealousy" was noticeable, intended. It struck him suddenly that she realized his nearness, that he was also, to her, a suitor for her hand.

Marriage. Yes, she was considering marriage with a gentleman on a leisurely excursion, but not with him. That was it; she was accepting his own dream of himself, and could he be it? He could work; no, he could n't work, but he could stay.

She was so lovely, so appealing! It seemed as if he felt for the first time how lacking his life had been of a feminine touch. It would certainly be different with her always there, her hands on his cheek, or her cool dresses lying over his chairs, the echo of her womanliness associated with each of the small events of a day, her footsteps sounding through a silent house.

He was becoming depressed when Leaf broke into his thoughts.

"It 's a full moon to-night."

"Is it, really?"

"Yes. Did n't you notice last?"

"I did, but I did n't know that to-night it would be full."

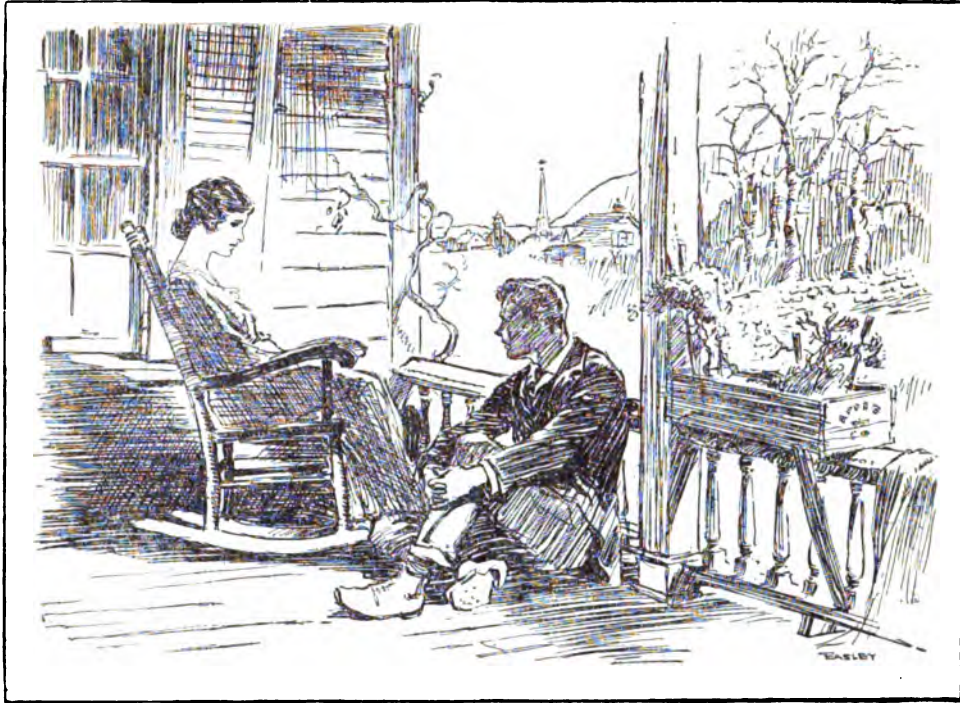
"Do you like to walk? If you do, we can go out for a little while. I don't think it will be too cold."

"It will be nice to walk,"—he was speaking heartlessly now;—"we can get some ice-cream. There must be a place within walking distance."

"In North Stephentown, about two miles away; too far."

"Is that North Stephentown? I thought it was Stephentown Center."

"Stephentown Center is a few miles farther up. That mountain,"—pointing to a ridge not very many miles off,— "is called the Alps. It is the highest of the Berkshires."



"'I can't ever count on liking any one'"

"I know. I was in this district before the war. I motored through." He had motored through on a truck repairing telephone wires.

That evening, as Leaf had prophesied, brought a full moon into the sky, and as it rose above a horizon of trees, the two started out. She was still dressed in light green, with a little black bow of ribbon at her neck, and black slippers and stockings. Her hair, as before, was fixed low. It almost completely hid the soft nape of an exquisite young neck. She was lovely, he thought; so lovely that he would not have to mention the fact.

They did not go far, however; only far enough to pass Dr. Rice's house and discover incidentally that he was not at home: there were lights down-stairs, and he was never in when there were.

"He lives a lonely life," Leaf explained; "there is only an old, dried-up woman with him."

"Most men do lead lonely lives," Bokker put in.

"I suppose so; at least after they begin to work—unless they get married."

"Marriage means money."

"These days it does. Not a lot, but you have to have something."

"The landscape-gardener has money, has n't he?"

"He will have, but—"

"But what?"

"Oh, I don't know. This road is bad. It hurts my feet. Shall we turn back? We can talk better there."

"If you like. My shoes are made for walking. I don't know if you have noticed them, but I have had them for years. I don't use them for anything else, of course."

"I did notice them. They look comfortable."

"Too comfortable to be good-looking."

They went several minutes in silence when Leaf suddenly asked:

"Why are you sad, Bokker?"

"Do I seem sad? I don't know why."

"Your voice has been different since late this afternoon. You must be tired."

"No, it is n't that. I guess it 's—oh, I feel useless, Leaf; not useless, but hopeless."

"That 's foolish. You have everything to look forward to."

"Everything? I have nothing."

"But you have." She stopped. They knew that they were adventuring in sensitive places.

"What?" he asked, afraid of her answer, and yet insisting on it. She was quiet for a minute before she replied, deeply troubled:

"Does n't this mean anything to you?"

"God! yes—to me."

She did not continue. No more was said until they were back at her home, and decided to go behind one of the glass greenhouses and watch the moon before going to bed. It was not yet nine o'clock. Leaf found that she was too cold without a coat when they came to the bench she had promised, and she excused herself, saying that she would tell her father where they were and bring back a covering. Bokker was left alone.

The full, transparent beauty of the night permeated his heart as he stood under it, and he was aware of a tension. He and Leaf had been very much at ease together, unrestrained, but now that she had gone he realized that the last hour had been pregnant. Leaf had known him as a man, and he had listened to the poignant sentences of her girlhood. In other words, he had progressed in the direction of her heart, and there was going to be an hour of moonlight—an hour too lovely to be spent sensibly.

He felt terrified, frightened in a way he could not explain or understand. And it suddenly seemed to him that he must go, flee the situation, unburden himself. He must avoid seeing her again.

And yet, he thought, standing still, if she returned, a new page would be opened to him: she was ready to allow him the freedom of her circle of possibilities. It was queer, inexplicable, but he was certain that he had actually touched her heart, that she even knew the foolishness of being beside him underneath the night. In the brief space of a

day they had come closer to one another than in a month of ordinary acquaintanceship, and he had risen to a new world, all that he had ever dreamed of—a position in some one's affections, the position not of a tramp, a wanderer, a failure, but of a man, some one to be considered, even married.

But to go ahead was to destroy himself, what to her he had been, because after to-night he could not lie again.

She would forget him, too; he would not have the consolation of denying it, as he had been so ephemeral a cloud in her sky; and he might forget her, if only because he had found her so perfect.

The same moon as that of the evening before sailed in the sky like a disk of yellow wax, a bruised gardenia; rifts of nettled clouds, like formless animals, bacteria, swam over it, shadowed on the tiny fields, the woods, and houses, and roads of a baring autumn countryside. Far away a dog was howling in his own loneliness, and chickens somewhere were clucking; a cock was crowing.

Bokker sighed and left the greenhouse, the trysting-place.

And if he did not let her come back, he could always have that before him—the prospect of his heaven realizable, his dreams tangible. She would always, in his heart, be waiting for him in the evening; and, successful, he would always be waiting for her. It was a ground, a memory, on which he would tread with happiness; yes—if she did not return.

He was on the road again in a minute, walking, swinging his arms, looking through his pockets for a cigarette he knew was not there. He had found a dream, a vision, that could not die because it had never lived—Leaf. But he was going away. Life was balanced, of course: he had lost a cherry-knotted stick that had been presented to him, also a little hat, a felt, pheasant-feathered hat with a narrow brim.



Far and Wide on the Argentine Pampas

By HARRY A. FRANCK



THE traveler who visits Buenos Aires only will almost certainly carry away a very mistaken notion of the Argentine. There is perhaps no national capital in the world so far in advance of, so out of proportion with, its nation as is the great city on what the English call the "Plate." We of the northern hemisphere are not accustomed to cities which are their countries to the extent that Buenos Aires is the Argentine. American editors and publicists expressed astonishment, and in some cases misgiving, when the latest census showed that one tenth the population of the United States dwells in its three largest cities. Of all the people inhabiting the Argentine Republic virtually one fourth live in the capital.

The contrast between this and the great background of pampas is incredible; Buenos Aires is far more closely allied to Paris or Rome than to the broad country over which it rules. There are several reasons for this disparity, in addition to the general South American tendency to dress up the capital like an only son, and trust that the rest of the country will pass unnoticed, like a flock of poor relatives or servants. The two principal crops of the Argentine, cattle and wheat, do not require a compact rural population. Being the chief port as well as the metropolis and capital, Buenos Aires has first choice of those who cross the sea seeking new occupations and homes. It sucks the life blood from the constant stream of immigration, and has left the "camp" a sparsely settled expanse of boundless plain and the other cities mere provincial towns, sometimes pleasant places to live in, but wholly devoid of metropolitan features. Buenos Aires is as large as Philadelphia; the second city of the Argentine is smaller than Akron, Ohio.

Numerous efforts have been made to

bring about a better balance. The Government offers the immigrant free transportation to any part of the country. Down on the Paseos ob Colon, and Julio, beneath the arcades of which Spanish and Armenian petty merchants, cheap Italian restaurants, and den-like second-hand shops make the first appeal to the thin purse of the newly arrived fortune-seeker, the broad brick pillars are covered with the enticements of employment agencies,—a *cuadrilla* of such a size wanted for railroad work three hundred miles west; so many laborers needed on an *estancia* in a distant province, free fare, nominal fee,—just such signs as may be seen on the corner of Madison and Canal streets in Chicago and in a score of our Western cities. The wages offered are from twenty to thirty per cent. lower than for the same grade of labor in the United States at the same period, and the cost of meals somewhat higher. But it is something more than this that causes the majority of immigrants to pause and read and wander on in quest of some occupation financially less attractive in or near the capital. Possibly it is a subconscious dread of the horizonless pampas which stretch away into the unknown beyond the city; some attribute it to the now happily decreasing autocracy of grafting rural officials and the lack of government protection in districts out of touch with the capital; or it may be nothing more than the world-wide tendency to congregate in cities.

A railroad map of the Argentine is perhaps the most striking illustration of this concentration of population. As all roads once led to Rome, so do the scores of railway lines of the Argentine converge upon Buenos Aires. Tracks radiate from the capital in every direction in which there is Argentine territory, a dense network which suggests on a

large scale the railroad yards of our great centers of transportation. No other city of the land is more than a way station compared with the all-absorbing capital. There is probably no country in the world in which it is easier to lay rails than in the Argentine, though it is sometimes difficult to keep them above the surface. With the beginning of its real exploitation, therefore, new lines sprang up almost overnight. As in the United States beyond the Alleghanies, railroads came in most cases before highways; for though Spaniards settled in the Argentine four centuries ago, the scattered *estancieros* and their peons were content to ride their horses across the open plains, and the modern movement is as yet scarcely a generation old.

The great drawback of traveling in the Argentine is the cost both in time and money. Distances are so great, places of any importance so far apart, that while fares are not much higher than in the United States, it takes many hours and many pesos to get anywhere worth going. Towns which look but a cannon-shot apart on the map may be reached only by several hours of travel, saddened by the despairing flatness and monotony of the desolate pampas, where there is rarely a tree to give a pleasing touch of shade, no spot of green to attract and rest the eyes, a landscape as uninviting as an apartment without furniture.

However, in my double capacity of consular protégé and prospective "booster" I was furnished with general passes by all the important railways, and time is no object to a mere wanderer. But for this official recognition of my unstable temperament I should probably have seen little of the Argentine; for even the man who has tramped the length of the Andes would scarcely have the patience to face on foot the endless horizon of the pampas, and "hoboing" has never been properly developed on Argentine railways. Barely had I been given temporary *carte blanche* on almost every train in the country when, as a second stroke of fortune, consular business turned up which took me into various sections of the "camp" without cutting me off from my modest official income.

A general pass is more than a saving of money; it gives train officials an exalted notion of the holder's importance, and it permits him to jump off anywhere on the spur of the moment. Yet for many miles south I saw nothing worthy of a stop. When one has already visited La Plata, capital of the Province of Buenos Aires, a short hour below the metropolis and noted for its university and its rows of venerable eucalyptus-trees, there remains little to attract the eye in the endless expanse of that province as it unrolls hour after hour on any of the lines of the Great Southern. Several dairies, which maintain their own *lecherias* throughout the federal capital, punctuate the first few miles; otherwise the landscape is a mere reminder of our own Western prairies. Here is the same scanty grass and clumps of bushes resembling sage-brush, the same flat plain, with its horizon barely rising and falling perceptibly with the motion of the train. The only unfamiliar note is the ostrich, scattered groups of which go scuttling away like huge, ungainly chickens as the noise of our passing disturbs them at their feeding. At least we should call this Argentine curiosity an ostrich, though science distinguishes it from a similar species in the Old World under the name of *Rhea darwini*, and to the natives it is a *nandu*. Time was when tawny horsemen pursued these mammoth birds across the pampas, entangling their legs in the *bolas*, the two or three ropes ending in as many heavy balls which they swung over their heads as they rode; but that is seen no more. Even the waving plains of grass, across which the nomadic Indian roamed and the *gaucho* careered lassoing wild cattle, are gone. Wheat-fields, bare with the finished harvest in this autumn season, alternate with short, brown grass, cropped by the cattle which sprinkle the landscape everywhere for hour after monotonous hour. The *gaucho*, with his long, sharp *facón* stuck through his belt, who lighted his *fogón* out on the open pampa to prepare his *asado con cuero*, his beef roasted in the hide, who killed a steer for his morning beefsteak or slaughtered a lamb for a lone feast of more tender provender, who rolled up in his saddle-blanket with his daytime

leather seat as a pillow wherever night overtook him, has degenerated into the "hired man," the mere peon, usually from Spain or Italy, who would be dismayed at the thought of a night without shelter or a day without prepared food. Only a scattered remnant of the real cow-boys of the pampas are left, just enough to show the present domesticated generation the stuff of which their fore-runners were forged, and even these are usually tucked away in the remotest corners of the country.

The plain, which seems never to have an end, converges at last, like all the railroads to the south, in Bahia Blanca. This bustling port and considerable city, with its immense grain-elevators and its facilities for transferring half the produce of the Argentine from trains to ships, is the work of a generation. It is nearly a century now since the Federal Government sent a colonel to establish a line of defense against the Indians of Patagonia in the neighborhood of this great bay, but the town itself took on importance only toward the end of the last century. From a cluster of huts among the sand-dunes it sprang to the size of Duluth, to which it bears a resemblance in occupation, point of view, and paucity of historical background. The Argentine is second only to the United States in all the world as a wheat-producing country, and of late years Bahia Blanca, natural focal point of all the great Southern pampas, has outstripped even Buenos Aires as a grain port, to say nothing of the frozen meat from its immense *frigorificos*. Of all the cities of the Argentine it is the most nearly autonomous, for though La Plata remains the capital of the province in which it is situated, the overwhelming commercial importance of Bahia Blanca has given it a self-assertiveness which threatens some day to make it the capital of a newly formed province.

The mud-bespattered countrymen at the stations which appeared with the dull autumn daylight seemed to be largely Spanish in origin, some still wearing *bofnas* and other reminders of Europe that looked out of keeping with the soil-caked saddle-horses awaiting them behind the railroad building.

Most of the rustics appeared to have ridden in to buy lottery-tickets or to find which tickets had won in the latest drawing. The raucous-voiced train boys sold more to these modern *gauchos* than on the train, especially the list of winning numbers at ten centavos. The thought came to us that even if there are no other reprehensible features to a national lottery, the habit it breeds among workmen who spend their time hoping for a prize a week instead of pitching in and earning a weekly prize is at least sufficient to condemn it.

My companion was making the trip for the purpose of studying the soil; a splendid chance he had to do so with most of it under water! The distribution of rain seems to be poorly managed in the Argentine; if the country is not suffering from drought, it is apt to be complaining of floods, or, in the warmer and more fertile North, of the locusts, which sometimes sweep in from the wilderness of the Chaco in such clouds that the project has seriously been considered of erecting an enormous net, supported, perhaps, by balloons, against them.

We brought up late that afternoon in the frontier town of Neuquen, in the national territory of the same name, one of the half-dozen which hope some day to become provinces. A *garçon* corseted into a dinner jacket served us dinner—for so they dared to call it—in a rambling, one-story wooden hotel scattered over the block nearest the station, the only thing worth considering on the bill of fare being "bife" (beefee) or, as the waiter more exactly put it, "*asado de vaca*," requiring the teeth of a stone-crusher and the digestion of a *nandu*. There is something of the atmosphere of our own frontier towns in those of the Argentine, but not the same studied roughness of character or display of shooting-irons. The tamest of our Western cow-boys would undoubtedly have shot those prancing jacketed waiters on sight, and sent the proprietor to join them for the atrociousness of his meals. Just what would have been his reaction to the beds to which we were afterward assigned, sky-blue and pink landscapes so gorgeously painted on foot- and head-boards that

we thought it was dawn every time we woke up, is more than I can guess. Rusty phonographs screamed at us most of the night from the adjoining houses. How invention has killed the native thrumming of a guitar under a palm-tree or the *gaucho's* couplets in the shelter of his hut! Truly, Edison has much to answer for as well as to be rewarded for.

The line which the Great Southern hopes soon to push over the Andes to join the railways of Chile in the neighborhood of Temuco ran no trains beyond Neuquen on the Sunday which finally dawned in earnest over our picturesque beds, but in our capacity of pass-holders we had no great difficulty in foisting ourselves upon a young English superintendent westward bound on an inspection tour. In his track automobile we screamed away across the bleak pampas of Patagonia, a hundred and twenty miles and back to Zapala, the vast, monotonous plain steadily rising to an elevation of seven thousand feet, and bringing us almost to the foot of the great snow-bound range of the Andes forming the Chilean border. The air was cool, dry, and bracing even down at Neuquen; at Zapala the winter-and-mountain cold was so penetrating as to cause us not merely to wonder at, but to protest volubly against, the strange strain of puritanism which had invaded even this distant corner of the Argentine and made it a felony for the frontier shopkeeper to sell anything stronger than beer on Sundays. Forty years ago all this region was an unproductive waste across which roamed half-naked Indians.

On our return to the capital we stopped at an agricultural experiment station, presided over by an American, near the town of Rio Negro. But for a few minor details the mud-reeking frontier hamlet might have been in the Dakotas. There had nowhere been a suggestion of those *Patagones*, or people of big feet, for which this southern end of South America was named four hundred years ago, though to be sure certain of the wives and daughters of the Italian and Spanish immigrants who make up the bulk of the modern population were not noticeable for the daintiness of their

footprints. Here we were reminded of what may some day happen in all South America, as it has already in the Argentine: not only had the aboriginal Indians wholly disappeared, but the native *cholos*, or part-breeds, had been driven into miserable shacks in the far corners of the land, on their way to extinction by the flood of European immigration. Hardly a score of the mixed race which holds the majority in the countries of the Andes did we meet in all our journey in Patagonia. There is something unsatisfactory about the Argentine from the point of view of the mere traveler; virtually every "native" one meets turns out to be a Spaniard, a Basque, an Italian, a German, or some other type of foreigner, or at best an *argentino* from another province.

In Darwin we hired a "soolky," as the *argentino* calls it, and drove, with the assistance of a cumbersome government ferry, to the island of Choele-Choel. This thirteen square leagues of exceedingly fertile loam between two branches of the Rio Negro is one of the most prosperous regions in southern Argentine, with half a dozen villages, roads sometimes passable even in a wet season, laid out on the checker-board plan common to our Western States, and noted for the variety of immigration with which it has been peopled. We were particularly interested in seeing what remnants remained of a Welsh colony that had once been established here, both as a possibly picturesque curiosity and because my companion revolted against returning to the capital without having found a single countryman to whom he could speak without my aid as interpreter. We drove zig-zagging along the wide, right-angled earth roads between endless wire fences, behind which many farmers were plowing with oxen and a few with up-to-date riding gang-plows.

I came at length to one of the oldest and most famous of Argentine towns, a yellow-white city in a shallow valley, with an almost Oriental aspect, backed by hills. Hills alone are noteworthy enough to bring a city fame in Argentine. In fact, Córdoba sits in the only rugged part of the country, except where the Andes begin to climb out of it to the

west. Among these Córdoba hills, sometimes called, with the exaggeration natural to young nations, the "Argentine Switzerland," are many summer hotels and colonies, strange as it may seem to go north for the summer in the south temperate zone.

Córdoba, the geographical center of the Argentine Republic, is centuries old, with more traditions, more respect for age, than Buenos Aires, with many reminders of old Spain and of the conservative, time-marked towns of the Andes. In Córdoba it is easy to imagine the atmosphere of the federal capital a century ago. There is still a considerable colonial atmosphere; respect for old customs still survives; age counts, which is rare in the Argentine, a country, like our own, full of youth and confidence in the future, and a corresponding impatience with the past, with precedent. Peru had already been conquered and settled when Córdoba was made a half-way station between the unimportant river landing called Buenos Aires and the gold-mines of the former Inca Empire, and it was founded by Spanish nobles of a better class than the adventurers who followed Pizarro on his bloody expedition. Many of the families of Córdoba still boast themselves descendants of those *hidalgos*, though to most *argentinos* ancestry seems as unimportant, compared with the present, as it does to the average American. The Córdobaans, like the ancient families of the Andes, look down upon newly won wealth as something vastly inferior to shabby gentility, even though the latter has been refurbished of late years by the increasing incomes from the neighboring estates. The *porteño* has little sympathy for the Córdobaan attitude toward life. He pokes fun at the conservative old city, calling it the "Mecca" of the Argentine because of the pilgrims who come at certain seasons of the year to worship its bejeweled dolls; he asserts that its ostensibly "high-brow" people "buy books, but do not read them." The Córdobaan retaliates by rating Córdoba, and perhaps Salta, the only "aristocratic" towns in the Argentine, and has kept the old Spanish contempt of commerce, which is naturally a contempt of Buenos Aires.

The conservative old families do not, of course, accept new-comers easily. There is a strong race prejudice as well as class prejudice. Up to half a century ago no student was admitted to the university unless he could show irrefutable proof of "pure" blood; that is, of unbroken European ancestry. That rule might be in force to this day but for the strong hand of the Federal Government. The famous university, founded in 1605 by the Jesuits, and ranking with that of Lima as the oldest in America, is outwardly an inconspicuous two-story building, though there are artistic old paintings and cedar-of-Tucumán carvings inside that are worth seeing. The students who attend it are, however, by no means unobtrusive, though they do not seem to give quite such exclusive attention to the color of their gloves and the brand of their perfumes as do their prototypes in the federal capital. It is natural, too, that such a community should retain an air of piety. Its ancient moss-grown cathedral, likewise of Jesuit construction, with a far-famed tower, is only one of some thirty churches in a town of a scant thirty thousand inhabitants. By their number and conspicuousness, priests and monks give it an atmosphere quite unlike Buenos Aires, with its scarcely noticeable low Grecian cathedral and its lack of church towers, with its priests rare and unaggressive, as in most of the Argentine. But in Córdoba there are even beggar monks who make regular tours of the province, reminiscent of medieval Spain. The church and its functionaries own many fine *estancias*, for pilgrims have always come in numbers, and society is pious to the point of fanaticism.

Like the majority of the population of the Argentine, the priests and monks are largely of foreign birth, immigrants, so to speak, with Neapolitans and Gallegos most common among them. If one may believe the *porteño*, the conservatism and fanaticism of Córdoba would be worse than it is had not the Central Government sent to the university a number of German protestant professors, who have had some influence on the community, not so much in Germanizing as in breaking down sturdy old prejudices.

Among the amusing old customs that remain are some that lend a touch of the picturesque to offset a certain tendency toward the modern. Cows are still driven through the streets, attended by their calves, and are milked before each client's door; the conservative Córdoba will have none of this new-fangled notion of having his milk brought in bottles, in which there may be a percentage of water. Here there are still the weekly band concert and plaza promenade, with the two sexes marching in opposite directions; here the duenna is in her glory, and prospective husbands whisper their assertions through iron-grilled windows. The *gente del pueblo*, or rank-and-file citizens, nearly all with a considerable proportion of that Indian blood almost unknown in Buenos Aires, live in adobe thatched houses in the outskirts, and have the appearance as well as repute of little industry, with the Andean tendency to work only a few days a week since foreign industry has raised their wages to a point where frequent vacations are possible. Cactus and donkeys give a suggestion of Andean aridity in the outskirt region, over which floats also now and then a subtle breath of the tropics.

When I peered out of my sleeping-car cabin next morning, a considerable change of landscape met my eye. The "*rapido*" was crawling into Santiago del Estero (St. James of the Swamp), and I seemed to have been transported overnight from the rich, green fields of the Paraná back to the dreary Andes, or, more exactly, to the coast-lands of Peru or Bolivia. Founded away back in the middle of the sixteenth century, on the bank of a river that becomes salty a little farther on, and which forms in the rainy season large *esteros*, or brackish backwaters and lagoons, Santiago still suffers intensely for lack of water. Farther south only the tops of the fence-posts were protruding from the flood in some places; here the country seemed to be habitually dying of thirst; a dead-dry yellow prairie grass grew wherever the ground was not frankly sterile.

The main line of the Central Argentine does not run into Santiago, but operates a little branch from La Banda

(Across the River), because of the treachery of the wide, shifty, sandy stream on which it lies. To-day the railroad has a great iron bridge some two miles long, successor of the several less hardy ones, the ruins of which may be seen just protruding from the sandy bed along the way.

Tucumán, my farthest north in the Argentine, in a latitude similar to that of southern Florida, was once under the Inca, though the casual observer would scarcely suspect this bustling modern Argentine town and capital of any such past. It is a town which lives, breathes, and dreams sugar, which accepts proudly the national nickname of the "City of Sugar." A checker-board place, with some of its wide streets paved with wooden blocks, its houses of the old Spanish one-story style, yet often seventy or eighty meters deep, with two flowery patios hidden away behind the bare, though gaily smeared, façades, it has mildly the "feel" of the tropics intermingled with its considerable modern activity. Electric tramways and electric lights are very much in evidence, yet horsemen resembling those of the Andean wilds may be seen riding along under the trolley-cables. In the central Plaza de la Independencia are orange-trees loaded with ripe fruit, pepper-trees, palms, and cactus, not to mention a highly unsuccessful marble statue of Liberty, holding in her hands the links of her broken chains, as if they were considerably too hot for comfort. About this never-failing civic focus are the government buildings, the cathedral, the bishop's palace, and several pretentious clubs, though the entire circuit brings to view no architecture of interest. There are several other squares, one with a statue of Belgrano, who defeated the Spaniards in this neighborhood in 1812 with the aid of "Our Lady of Mercies," whom the general rewarded by appointing her a generalissimo of his armies and a statue of whom is one of Tucumán's few church decorations.

As in most provincial Argentine towns, the visitor has his Hobson's choice between several hotels more pretentious than comfortable, with equally independent waiters and proprietors. The

scarcity and indifference, not to say insolence, of servants and workmen constitute one of the serious problems in the Argentine, as in all countries of thin population and many opportunities. The sugar men meet this problem by importing laborers from every point of the compass. African slavery was never really established in the Argentine, so that the negro is almost unknown even in this semi-tropical region, where he would feel so much at home. In his stead there are swarthy men from southern Europe, Spaniards and Italians, usually in the higher positions, who come over for the season of a hundred days or so, and go home again at the end of it. Hundreds of workmen are brought up from Santiago del Estero on special trains when the grinding begins; a few far-wandering Hindus, in turbans still, may be found cutting cane, though the pace and heaviness of the other work make it too hard for their frail frames. Above all there are hundreds of *collas*, as the *argentino* calls all Bolivians, though in Bolivia the term applies only to residents of the highlands; that is, part-Indian peons from the frontier province of Jujuy and beyond. All these races, and a scattering of others, not a few Chileans among them, are furnished housing if they care to live on the estate, and may buy their food and supplies in the company stores at what the companies assert are cost, or at least greatly reduced, prices. The persistence of Indian types, the racial traits sometimes seen only in the wider openings of the nostrils, in a curious expression of the jet-black eyes or a suggestion of gentleness about the straight-slit mouth never found in the pure Spaniard, is strongly marked in this region.

As in many sugar districts, there is an intermittent fever in Tucumán, here called *chuchu*, and no pleasant experience, as I can testify without introducing hearsay evidence. The region is blessed also with many *bichos*, especially troublesome insects of the mosquito and *jejene* variety. Tucumán is the only province of the Argentine which is producing anything like its possible quota of sugar, though cane is gradually spreading over those adjoining it, particularly to the north. From the city

itself one may make out the dim, blue outlines of the lower Andes in the west, and in clear weather the snow peaks to the north stand out distinctly. The railroad goes on, traversing the province of Salta, with its rich sugar-cane valley, bisecting the great province of Jujuy, where half-wild Indians, with rings in their noses, lips, and ears, do the peon labor; and so on into Bolivia and, with the steamers across Titicaca, to Peru now, though had I descended from the Andes by this route a few months before instead of turning eastward from Cochabamba and reaching Buenos Aires through Paraguay, I should have had to walk some two hundred miles.

It was with keen regret that I cut myself off from Uncle Sam's modest bounty when the time came to set out on a journey that was to carry me outside the Argentine and beyond the jurisdiction of the overworked consulate. But with a handful of gold sovereigns to show for my exertions in running errands and in eluding annihilation in my contest with Argentine prices, the day seemed at hand for continuing my intensive tour of South America. The International sets out from Buenos Aires three times a week on what purports to be a trip clear across the continent. In spirit its assertion is truthful, for though the International itself halts where the Argentine begins to tilt up into the Andes, other trains connect with it, and one can, with good luck, reach Santiago de Chile, or Valparaiso on the Pacific, thirty-six hours after leaving the Argentine capital.


In this late autumn season the pampa was flooded in many places, the shallow temporary lakes well stocked with wild ducks, the roads mere rivers of mud. Farther west the country grew somewhat drier, or at least more often above water. Here the broad pampa was broken by dense-blue groves of trees, near at hand or on the far horizon—the planted eucalyptus-trees of some proud *estancia* house. Along the heavy roads between them plunged an occasional automobile, though there were more two-wheeled sulkies and cumbersome wagons drawn by several teams of mules or horses. Boys who sat their horses as if they had been born on them loped past




The Middle Ages

By Leon D'Emo


Decorations by the Author



The body of Christ goes down the street
As mendicant monks, in sandaled feet,
And drab and soldier prayers repeat
And hurry the holy sign.
God looks down on the ancient town,
Where men on the battlements, bare
and brown,
With pallid clerk and ragged clown,
Give sanctimonious whine.



The paternostic monotone,
In canting, hypocritical groan,
Goes up from gaffer and youth and crone,
Like smoke from candle-wicks.
As a pearl in peas *le bon Dieu* sees
The sincere heart among the lees
Of wicked nods and limber knees
Which bend to the passing pyx.



While supple genuflexions mark
The swaying passage of the ark
Along the walls, austere and stark,
The rabble, rank on rank,
Its lean devotion barely hides.
Profane and sacred counter-tides
Its stupid interest divides—
The leering mountebank.



Pike and jack on burly back,
Clumsy carts with clatter and clack,
Follow his Majesty's troubled track,
While thieves with fingers sly
Pick at a purse in the passing press,
With laugh at the burgher's loud distress,
And are lost in the human wilderness
As the king goes riding by.

Victim of cruelty, hate, and strife
In the lonely cell of a cloistered life,
Condemned by the horrid avuncular knife
(*Retalionis lex*),
For Héloïse the years are long
To ponder the riddle of right and wrong,
And Dagobert's gray walls are strong
To balk the call of sex.

The Problem of India

By LOTHROP STODDARD



TO say that the world is to-day in flux is to state a truism recognized by all thinking persons. The late war not only raised new problems, but also intensified many already existent in pre-war days. One of the greatest problems now pressing for solution is that of India. The problem of India arose before the war. A full decade before 1914 it had drawn world-wide scrutiny, but the war has greatly intensified an already acute situation. Continuance along traditional lines is clearly impossible; momentous changes are at hand. The only question is whether these changes will be effected by a process of orderly evolution or by one of violent revolution.

Which it is to be is still in the lap of the gods. The outlook is confessedly not over-bright. Powerful elements of stubborn reaction and intransigent radicalism alike harden their hearts against peaceful compromise and pin their faith in blind repression or bloody revolt; but, on the other hand, the best minds of both India and England are alive to the peril of the situation and are earnestly seeking an evolutionary solution. Attempts in this direction have already been made, and cool heads on both sides believe that these first steps augur well for the future.

Thus the condition of India, while grave, is not desperate. In the following pages the various factors in the problem will be analyzed and weighed. One thing is certain—the outcome of the Indian crisis will affect all mankind. Not only are the most fundamental interests of the British Empire and Asia at stake, but every quarter of the globe, including America, will feel the result. India is far away. Nevertheless, the spark of Serajevo proved once for all how small and close-knit is the modern world.

Now, first of all, we should remember

one thing: India is not a "country" or a "people" in the ordinary sense of the term. India is nothing short of a miniature world. Sundered from the rest of Asia by the stupendous barrier of the Himalayas, and washed on its other two fronts by the ocean, this huge triangular sub-continent, as large as all Europe except Russia, is inhabited by all sorts and conditions of men. Its teeming population of more than 313,000,000 souls (more than one sixth of all the human beings on earth) is made up of several distinct races, speaking a multitude of different languages, holding to many faiths, and occupying widely different stages of civilization. The traditional motivator of Indian life is Brahmanism, more than two thirds of the whole population professing the Hindu faith, albeit sundered among themselves by the rigid walls of caste. Nevertheless, Islam has been powerfully modifying Indian life for more than a thousand years by conquest and conversion, so that to-day there are more than 66,000,000 Mohammedans, or one sixth of the population. This Hindu-Mohammedan division runs like a great chasm athwart India. Only in recent years has Indian "Nationalism" succeeded in bridging the gulf, and the strength of these bridges still remains to be seen.

It is more than 150 years since the English made themselves masters of India. They found the land in a state of anarchy. The Mohammedan Mogul Empire had broken down, and the land had relapsed into a jarring congeries of states, some Moslem, some Hindu, warring fiercely among themselves. Gradually the English forged a system of government unique in the world's history. It was the government of a few hundred highly skilled experts backed by a small professional army ruling a vast agglomeration of subject peoples. It was frankly an absolute paternalism,

governing as it saw fit, with no more responsibility to the governed than the Asiatic despots whom it replaced; but in efficiency, honesty, and sense of duty the British Government of India is probably the best example of benevolent absolutism that the world has ever seen. It has given India profound peace. It has played no favorites, holding the scales even between rival races, creeds, and castes. Lastly, it has made India a real political entity, something which it had never been before. For the first time in its history the entire peninsula was firmly united under one rule—the rule of the *Pax Britannica*.

Until the closing decade of the nineteenth century organized political discontent against the British "Raj" was unknown. Here and there isolated persons uttered half-audible protests, but these voices found no popular echo. The Indian masses, preoccupied with the ever-present problem of getting a living, accepted passively a government no more absolute than its predecessors. Of anything like a self-conscious Indian nationalism there was virtually no trace. The Indian Mutiny was essentially an outbreak of soldiers inflamed by professional grievances.

The first symptom of organized discontent was the formation of the Indian National Congress in the year 1885. The name showed that the very nature of the British Raj covering all India was evoking among India's diverse elements a certain community point of view and aspiration. However, the congress was not representative of Indian public opinion as a whole. It represented a few thousand professional men, journalists and politicians, all of them trained in European ideas. The British rulers of India had long ago introduced European methods of education into Indian colleges and universities, and in consequence there had grown up an Indian *intelligenza* conversant with the English language and saturated with Western ideas.

This new *intelligenza*, convinced as it was of the value of Western ideals and achievements, could not fail to be dissatisfied with many aspects of Indian life. At first it left politics severely alone, the early National congresses

concerning themselves with social and economic reforms, such as the suppression of child-marriage, the remarriage of widows, and wider education. But as time passed, matters of political reform came steadily to the fore. Saturated with English history and political philosophy as they were, the Indian intellectuals felt more and more keenly their total lack of self-government, and aspired to endow India with those blessings of liberty highly prized by their English rulers. Soon a vigorous native press developed, preaching the new gospel, welding the intellectuals into a self-conscious class, and molding a genuine public opinion. By the close of the nineteenth century the Indian *intelligenza* was frankly agitating for sweeping reforms, like representative councils, increasing control over the executive and taxation, and the opening of the public services to Indians all the way up the scale.

Down to the close of the nineteenth century Indian discontent was, as I have said, confined to a small class of more or less Europeanized intellectuals who, despite their assumption of the title, could hardly be termed Nationalists in the ordinary meaning of the term. Their goal was neither independence nor the elimination of effective British governance, but merely the reforming of India along European lines, including a growing degree of self-government under British paramount authority.

But with the opening years of the twentieth century there came a change. The Russo-Japanese War shocked India, like the rest of Asia, broad awake. It roused among the peoples of Hindustan feelings of racial and political self-consciousness which had been dormant for centuries. True Nationalist symptoms began to appear. Indian scholars proclaimed the glories of the historic past. Reformed Hindu sects, like the Arya Somaj, lent religious sanctions. The little band of Europeanized intellectuals received a flood of recruits, thinking not in terms of piecemeal reforms on Western models, but of a new India, rejuvenated from its own vital forces, and free to work out its destiny in its own way. From the Nationalist ranks now arose the challenging slogan, "Bande-mataram!" ("Hail, Motherland!")

The English rulers of India at once grasped the meaning of this challenge and appreciated its ominous significance. They met the issue squarely. The new Nationalists were frankly told that their aspirations were vain dreams whose realization would not be allowed, and in this stand the Government of India had behind it the backing of English public opinion. The vast majority of Englishmen not only consider India to be one of the corner-stones of the British Empire, but also believe that India is not a nation so much as a congeries of diverse peoples. In English eyes the Nationalists appear a small, unrepresentative minority, incapable of ruling the vast peninsula. Many liberal-minded Englishmen, to be sure, do not deny that in the future India may be capable of self-government, but these same persons hold that time to be relatively remote. The upshot is that nearly all Englishmen agree in believing that if at present English control were really relaxed, India would get out of hand and drift rapidly into anarchy. Such is English opinion to-day, and it was even more uncompromising on this point at the beginning of the twentieth century. Thus in the years following the Russo-Japanese War there arose a sharp clash between British imperialism and Indian nationalism which portended the gravest consequences.

Those consequences were not long in showing themselves. Faced by British intransigentism, the rising tide of Indian nationalism foamed up in violence and revolt. The fanatical wing of the Nationalists began a campaign of terrorism and assassination; the British authorities answered by stern repression. For several years India seethed with an unrest which jailings, hangings, and deportations did little to allay.

Presently, however, things took at least a temporary turn for the better. It must not be thought that either British or Indian opinion despaired of the situation. On the contrary, wise heads on both sides were seeking a way out of the *impasse*. Conservative Indian leaders, like Mr. Gokhale, condemned terrorism and besought their countrymen to seek the realization of their aspirations by peaceful means. On the other

hand, British Liberals, while refusing to be stampeded, sought a program of reform. Indian affairs were then in the hands of the eminent Liberal statesman John Morley, and the fruit of his labors was the famous Indian Councils Act of 1909. The act was a distinct departure from the hitherto almost unlimited absolutism of British rule in India. It gave the Indian opposition greatly increased opportunities for advice, criticism, and debate, and it initiated a restricted scheme of elections to the legislative bodies which it established. The salutary effect of these concessions was soon apparent. The moderate Nationalist elements, while not wholly satisfied, accepted the act as an earnest of subsequent concessions and as a proof of British good-will. The terrorism and seditious plottings of the revolutionary extremists, while not stamped out, were held in check and driven underground. King George's visit to India in 1911 evoked a wave of loyal enthusiasm which swept the peninsula and augured well for the future.

The year 1911 marked the high-water mark of this era of appeasement following the storms of 1905-09. The years after 1911 witnessed a slow recrudescence of discontent as the first effect of the Councils Act wore off and the sense of unfulfilled aspiration sharpened the appetite for more. Indian unrest was continually fomented by the activity of exiled irreconcilables, who from their coigns of vantage in foreign lands like the United States, incited their fellow-malcontents at home to agitation and violent action. Still, when the Great War broke out in 1914, there was far less militant unrest in India than there had been a decade before. German expectations of an Indian rebellion were completely disappointed. With comparatively few exceptions the people of India rallied loyally to the king-emperor's call and were fervent in their expressions of loyalty to the empire. Money and men were given without stint, and Indian troops figured notably on European, Asiatic, and African battle-fields. Sporadic outbreaks did, indeed, occur, but these were mostly the work of terrorist exiles and never attained more than local significance.

However, though the war years passed without any serious outbreak of the revolutionary element, it must not be thought that the far more wide-spread movement for an increasing measure of self-government within the structure of the British Empire had been either quenched or stilled. On the contrary, the war gave this movement fresh impetus. Louder and louder swelled the cry for not merely good government, but government acceptable to Indian patriots because responsible to them. The very fact that India had proved her loyalty to the empire and had given generously of her blood and treasure were so many fresh arguments adduced for the grant of a larger measure of self-direction. Numerous were the memoranda presented to the British authorities by various sections of Indian public opinion. These memoranda were an accurate reflection of the different shades of Indian nationalism. The ultimate goal of all was emancipation from English tutelage, but they differed widely among themselves as to how and when this emancipation was to be attained. The most conservative contented themselves with asking for modified self-government under British guidance, while the more ambitious asked for the full status of a dominion of the British Empire like Australia and Canada. The revolutionary element of course held aloof, recognizing that only violence could serve their aim, immediate and unqualified independence.

Of course even the more moderate of these demands implied great changes in the existing governmental system and a diminution of British control such as the Government of India was not prepared to concede. Nevertheless, the Government met these demands by an unwontedly conciliatory attitude foreshadowing fresh concessions in the near future. In 1916 the viceroy, Lord Harding said:

I do not for a moment wish to discountenance self-government for India as a national ideal. It is a perfectly legitimate aspiration and has the sympathy of all moderate men, but in the present position of India it is not idealism that is needed but practical politics. We should do our utmost to grapple with realities, and lightly to raise

extravagant hopes and encourage unrealizable demands can only tend to delay and will not accelerate political progress. I know this is the sentiment of wise and thoughtful Indians. Nobody is more anxious than I am to see the early realization of the legitimate aspirations of India, but I am equally desirous of avoiding all danger of reaction from the birth of institutions which experience might prove to be premature.

As a matter of fact, toward the close of 1917 Mr. Montagu, Secretary of State for India, arrived in Hindustan with the object of thoroughly canvassing Indian public opinion on the question of constitutional reform. For months the problem was carefully weighed, conferences being held with representatives of all races, classes, and creeds. The result of these researches was a monumental report signed by Mr. Montagu and by the viceroy, Lord Chelmsford, and published in July, 1918.

The report recommended concessions far beyond any which Great Britain had hitherto made. It frankly envisaged the gift of home rule to India "as soon as possible," and went on to state that the gift was to be conferred not because of Indian pressure, but because of "the faith that is in us." There followed these memorable words:

We believe profoundly that the time has now come when the sheltered existence which we have given India cannot be prolonged without damage to her national life; that we have a richer gift for her people than any that we have yet bestowed on them; that nationhood within the Empire represents something better than anything India has hitherto attained; that the placid, pathetic contentment of the masses is not the soil on which such Indian nationhood will grow, and that in deliberately disturbing it we are working for her highest good.

The essence of the report was its recommendation of the principle of "diarchy," or division of governmental responsibility between councilors nominated by the British executive and ministers chosen from elective legislative bodies. This diarchy was to hold for both the central and the provincial governments. The legislatures were to be

elected by a much more extensive franchise than had previously prevailed and were to have greatly enlarged powers. Previously they had been little more than advisory bodies; now they were to become "legislatures" in the Western sense, though their powers were still limited, many powers, particularly that of the purse, being still "reserved" to the executive. The British executive thus retained ultimate control and had the last word: in other words, no true balance of power was to exist, the scales being frankly weighted in favor of the British Raj. But the report explicitly stated that this scheme of government was not intended to be permanent; that it was frankly a transitional measure, a school in which the Indian people was to serve its apprenticeship; and that when these first lessons in self-government had been learned, India would be given a thoroughly representative government which would not only initiate and legislate, but which would also control the executive officials.

The Montagu-Chelmsford Report was exhaustively discussed both in India and in England, and from these frank discussions an excellent idea of the Indian problem in all its challenging complexity can be obtained. The Nationalists split sharply on the issue, the Moderates welcoming the report and agreeing to give the proposed scheme of government their loyal coöperation, the Radicals condemning the proposals as a snare and a sham. The Moderate attitude was stated in a manifesto, signed by their leaders, headed by the eminent economist Sir Dinshaw Wacha, which stated:

The proposed scheme forms a complicated structure capable of improvement in some particulars, especially at the top, but is nevertheless a progressive measure. The reforms are calculated to make the provinces of British India reach the goal of complete responsible government.—On the whole, the proposals are evolved with great forethought and conceived in a spirit of genuine sympathy with Indian political aspirations, for which the distinguished authors are entitled to the country's gratitude.

The condemnation of the Radicals was voiced by leaders, like Mr. Tilak,

who urged "standing fast by the Indian National Congress ideal," and Mr. Bepin Chander Pal, who asserted, "It is my deliberate opinion that if the scheme is accepted, the government will be more powerful and more autocratic than it is to-day."

Extremely interesting was the protest of the anti-Nationalist groups, particularly the Mohammedans and the low-caste Hindus. For it is a fact significant of the complexity of the Indian problem that many millions of Indians fear the Nationalist movement and look upon the present British autocracy as a shield against Nationalist oppression and discrimination. The Mohammedans of India, who, as already stated, form one sixth of the total population, are sharply divided among themselves, some cleaving to the Nationalist cause, while others believe that Indian nationalism, being predominantly a high-caste Hindu movement, threatens to swamp them beneath the weight of the Hindu majority. This predominance of the high-caste Brahmins likewise explains the opposition of the low-caste Hindus to Indian home rule. So great is the low-caste fear of losing their present protection under the British Raj and of being subjected to the domination of a high-caste Brahmin oligarchy that in recent years they have formed an association known as the "Namasudra," led by well-known persons, like Dr. Nair. The Namasudra points out what might happen by citing the Brahminic pressure which occurs even in such political activity as already exists. For example, in many elections the Brahmins have terrorized low-caste voters by threatening to "out-caste" all who should not vote the Brahmin ticket, thus making them "Pariahs,"—untouchables,—with no rights in Hindu society. The Namasudra, therefore, maintains:

We want a real democracy and not an oligarchy, however camouflaged by many high-sounding words. Moreover, if an oligarchy is established now, it will be a perpetual oligarchy. We further say that we should prefer a delayed democracy to an immediate oligarchy, having more trust in a sympathetic British bureaucracy than in an unsympathetic oligarchy of the so-called

high castes who have been oppressing us in the past and will do so again but for the British Government. Our attitude is based, not on "faith" alone, but on the instinct of self-preservation.

Such appeals as these from large portions of the population give pause even to those English students of Indian affairs who are convinced of the theoretical desirability of Indian home rule. As one of these, Edwyn Bevan, remarks:

When Indian Nationalists ask for freedom, they mean autonomy; they want to get rid of the foreigner. Our answer, as given in the reforms, is: "Yes; autonomy you shall have, but on one condition—that you have democracy as well. We will give up the control as soon as there is an Indian people which can control its native rulers; we will not give up the control to an Indian oligarchy." This is the root of the disagreement between those who say that India might have self-government immediately and those who say that India can only become capable of self-government with time. For the former, by "self-government," mean autonomy—and it is perfectly true that India might be made autonomous immediately. If the foreign control were withdrawn today, some sort of indigenous government or group of governments would no doubt, after a period of confusion, come into being in India. But it would not be democratic government; it would be the despotic rule of the stronger or the more cunning.

Naturally, such arguments are used by reactionary Anglo-Indian officials and the British community in India to declare the Indians totally incapable of self-government. Such persons roundly condemned the Montagu-Chelmsford Report. Typical of this opposition is the following Anglo-Indian opinion in "The Round Table":

The masses care not one whit for politics; Home Rule they do not understand. They prefer the English District Magistrate. They only ask to remain in eternal and bovine quiescence. They feel confidence in the Englishman because he has always shown himself the "Protector of the Poor," and because he is neither Hindu nor Mus-sulman, and has a reputation for honesty.

Despite these criticisms, the Montagu-Chelmsford Report was accepted as the basis of discussion by the British Parliament, and at the close of the year 1919 its recommendations were formally embodied into law. Unfortunately, during the eighteen months which elapsed between the publication of the report and the bill's enactment the situation in India had become much worse. Militant unrest again raised its head, and India was more disturbed than it had been since 1909.

For this there were several causes. In the first place, the radical Nationalists, angered by the report, coquetted with the revolutionary irreconcilables and encouraged these to fresh terrorism, perhaps in the hope of stampeding the British Parliament into wider concessions than the report had contemplated. But there were other causes of a more general nature. The year 1918 was a black one for India. The world-wide influenza epidemic hit Hindustan particularly hard, nearly 7,000,000 persons being carried off by the grim plague. Furthermore, the peninsula was cursed with drought, the crops failed, and the specter of famine stalked through the land. And the next year saw an even worse drought, involving an almost record famine. By the late summer it was estimated that 32,000,000 persons had died of hunger, with 150,000,000 more on the verge of starvation. And on top of all came an Afghan war, throwing the north-west border into tumult and unsettling the Mohammedan element.

The upshot was a wave of unrest showing itself in an epidemic of riots, terrorism, and seditious activity which gave the British authorities serious concern. So critical appeared the situation that a special commission was appointed to investigate conditions, and the report handed in by the chairman, Justice Rowlatt, painted a depressing picture of the strength of revolutionary unrest. The report stated that not only had a considerable number of young men of the educated upper classes become involved in the promotion of anarchical movements, but that the ranks were filled with men belonging to other social orders, including the military, and that there was clear evidence of successful

tampering with the loyalty of the native troops. To combat this growing disaffection, the Rowlatt committee recommended fresh repressive legislation.

Impressed with the gravity of the committee's report, the Government formulated a project of law officially known as the Anarchical and Revolutionary Crimes Act, though generally known as the Rowlatt Bill. By its provision the authorities were endowed with greatly increased powers, such as the right to search premises and arrest persons on mere suspicion of seditious activity, without definite evidence of the same.

The Rowlatt Bill at once aroused bitter opposition in Nationalist circles. Not merely Radicals, but many Moderates, condemned it as a step backward and as a provoker of fresh trouble. When the bill came up for debate in the Indian legislative body, the Imperial Legislative Council, all the native members save one opposed it, and the bill was finally passed on strictly race lines by the votes of the appointed English majority. However, the Government considered the bill an absolute prerequisite to the successful maintenance of order, and it was passed into law in the spring of 1919.

This brought matters to a head. The Nationalists, stigmatizing it as the "Black Cobra Bill," were unmeasured in their condemnation. The Radicals engineered a campaign of militant protest and decreed the sixth of April as a national "Humiliation day." On that date monster mass-meetings were held at which Nationalist orators made seditious speeches and inflamed the passions of the multitude. "Humiliation day" was in fact the beginning of the worst wave of unrest since the Mutiny. For the next three months a veritable epidemic of rioting and terrorism swept India, particularly the Northern provinces. Officials were assassinated, English civilians were murdered, and there was wholesale destruction of property. At some moments it looked as though India were on the threshold of revolution and anarchy.

However, the Government held firm. Violence was countered with stern repression. Riotous mobs were mowed

down wholesale by rifle- and machine-gun-fire or were scattered by bombs dropped from low-flying aeroplanes. The most noted of these occurrences was the so-called "Amritsar Massacre," where British troops fired into a seditious mass-meeting, killing 500 and wounding 1500 persons. In the end the Government mastered the situation. Order was restored, the seditious leaders were swept into custody, and the revolutionary ferment was once more driven underground. By the autumn of 1919 order was thoroughly restored. The enactment of the reform bill at the end of the year did much, as I have said, to relax the tension and assuage discontent, while the Government's action regarding the Amritsar affair further mollified Indian public opinion. The circumstances involved in this unfortunate incident were thoroughly investigated by a parliamentary commission, and its report found the British commander, General Dyer, guilty of injudicious conduct and grave errors in his handling of the situation. General Dyer was accordingly censured and relieved of his office.

The present year has seen little change in the situation. That situation is admittedly far from bright. The deplorable events of the previous spring have roused animosities which are by no means allayed. The revolutionary elements are more bitter and uncompromising than ever, while reactionary bureaucrats are confirmed in their conviction that India cannot be trusted and must be held down by the strong arm of autocratic authority. This is not the temper which would give the compromises of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms a fair trial. Yet, fortunately, neither Indian revolutionaries nor British reactionaries dominate the situation. On both sides cool-headed leaders are keeping their tempers and are striving toward sincere and open-minded cooperation.

India is thus to-day in full transition. It is an anxious and a troubled time. The old order is passing, and the new order is not yet fairly in sight. The hour is big with possibilities of both good and evil, and no one can confidently predict the outcome.

One thing, however, is clear: the days of arbitrary British rule over India are numbered. To plead the fairness, honesty, and efficiency of that rule is to miss the whole point, because India wants not merely good government, but self-government, and the desire of one sixth of the human race cannot forever be denied. The inhabitants of Hindustan are not savages; they are gifted peoples who during their long and honorable historic pasts have by their own efforts built up admirable cultures rooted in antiquity and worthy of all respect. Hitherto their greatest defect has been a lack of political efficiency, which accounts for their present subjection to alien rulers. But this fault the Indians now seem to be overcoming. India is to-day renescent, its people once more display their innate capacity by not merely adopting, but adapting, Western ideas and methods of government. Unless all signs fail, a self-governing India is an ultimate certainty.

However, this does not imply that a self-governing India is *to-day* either possible or desirable. Indian national consciousness, while undoubtedly a vital and expanding force, is only in its first stages. The number of Indians capable of progressive self-government is still small. They are as yet only a minority which, single-handed, could not control the disruptive forces of traditionally hostile races, creeds, and castes that are the evil legacy of India's troubled history. Were Great Britain's moderating hand to-day withdrawn, India would to-morrow sink into the welter of anarchy from which the same hand drew her a century and a half ago.

What, then, is the true solution? It lies in the gradual devolution of governmental authority from English to

Indian hands foreshadowed by the Montagu-Chelmsford Report, and well expounded by Edwyn Bevan in the lines already quoted in the body of this paper. Mr. Bevan typifies enlightened English opinion, but his views are shared by the more statesmanlike among Indian Nationalist leaders, like the late Mr. Gokhale, who, while passionately devoted to the cause of Indian autonomy, never failed to warn his countrymen that true self-government could come only as the fruit of long apprenticeship in ordered self-control.

Such is India's hope. That hope may be dashed by two sets of persons: by the fanatical Indian revolutionists, who might so inflame the ignorant, illiterate masses that they could snatch independence, and plunge India into chaos; or by purblind British reactionaries, who might so block devolution that India would be forced to see in revolution her only escape from alien despotism. And an Indian revolution would be deplorable from every point of view. It would be bad for the British Empire, bad for India, bad for the whole world, since the repercussions of such a vast upheaval might spread to the ends of the earth.

Fortunately, long-headed statesmanship and mutual forbearance are to-day visible both in England and in India, doing their best to avert this catastrophic possibility. And so long as these high qualities sit enthroned in the councils of both sides, so long as neither party abandons itself to drift or despair, the outcome need not be envisaged in terms of pessimism. Anglo-Saxon common sense and compromise, collaborating with Hindu insight and intellectual acumen, should together evolve a workable solution for the problem of India.



A Boyhood Alongshore

By L. FRANK TOOKER



IN March there would still be patches of sad-colored snow and ice along the north sides of houses, when suddenly a warm wind would blow down the valley, and straightway every hilltop would blossom with the flowers of kites. These were made by ourselves, and never of the store-bought variety, such as we saw pictured in books, but six-sided, with three crossed sticks for supports. Later the ground in the village would settle, and all about town small round holes would appear in the smooth dirt paths—signs that marble-playing had set in. We never studied the calendar for the proper season for such sports or fixed our thoughts upon them with any sense of anticipation; suddenly, as though by intuition, the impulse would seize us, and at once every boy would be whittling out kite-sticks and making flour-paste or filling his pockets with marbles. One year, on the dark, rock-strewn beach below "the Look-off," two of us found at low tide a small outcropping of soft, gray clay, and straightway dreamed dreams of ourselves as purveyors of marbles to the whole neighborhood. We carried some of the clay home, and with vast pains rolled it into balls of the proper size and baked them in ovens. Toil as we might, we never could get those marbles to harden sufficiently to resist the shock of battle or assume the gloss of those that we bought at the rate of seven for a penny.

Later the flatfish would be rumored to be free from the muddy flavor acquired by burrowing deep from the cold, and on Saturdays a fleet of boats would lie all day near the harbor's mouth, with shouting boys calling to one another, or crowding about those boats that seemed most successful, to the wrath of the fortunate fishermen. Good luck wants no companions. This would mark the real beginning of the year for us, after the slow and dreary breaking up of the ice

on the harbor in late winter, for whatever pleasures the land might afford, they were tame and colorless beside those that the sea gave.

Take off neither cap nor clout
Till May is fairly out

used to be an old admonition of my childhood, quoted to us with that grave and irritating feeling of infallibility that always seems to accompany the homely sayings of a country-side when cast into rhyme. But no really human boy could appreciate the wisdom of the poets when a warm day or two and a luringly basking high tide drew him out of his clothes long before the traditionally proper date for swimming, though he would not go so far as to ignore the conviction of his elders and return home until the sun had dried his hair to its normal condition of disorder. Once on the "dare" of another boy I went in swimming in the mill creek in the depths of winter, though, naturally, I did not speak of the exploit at home. Probably, to my companion in sin, I said that I liked it, for which great falsehood may Heaven forgive me; but I never think of real cold without seeing the black waters of the mill creek and the cakes of ice across which we made our way to land.

But when June came at last, and the hot sun beat down upon the harbor, and the water was like the wine of joy, the long days of vacation were almost continuous periods of ablution. Those of us who took thought for the appearances of things would ostentatiously carry a basket from home to go to the shipyard for chips, but the water would claim us first. Half clothed at last, we would hail a new group, and in we would go again with the new-comers, till the day would become a succession of slipping in and out of our clothes, wisely reduced to as few pieces as possible. These we hid under piles of lumber and in out-of-the-way places, for an unguarded heap of

clothes was too great a temptation to the mischievous boy who delighted in tying them, sometimes wetting the shirt-sleeves to render the knots more difficult to undo.

Yet the swimming might become a torture, as I remember vividly. One day being invited by a group of older boys to go in with them, I accepted with the pride of a youngster in the companionship of his elders; but hardly had we taken the first plunge when one of them suggested swimming out to a raft moored under the stern of a vessel anchored well off in the harbor. Without a thought they set out. A strong wind was blowing up the bay, and to me the big waves chimed on the beach like a funeral dirge. I had never swum so far, and the wind and the sea were against me, and I had the feeling of almost certainty that I never could reach the raft.

Yet, foolhardy as it was, I did not hesitate a moment. I waded out as far as I could, until the waves washed over my head and made my footing insecure, and then I struck out. Many a time I seemed near my last stroke, and terror was my portion all the way; but so strong is the foolish pride of a boy that when at last I neared the raft, moving slowly, with a calculated assumption of prolonging the pleasure to the last moment, I passed by the near side of the raft and on beyond the weather side before I dropped back to one of the lines that moored it to the vessel. No one, I think, suspected why I lazily floated there so long. In reality I had not the strength to drag myself up on the low raft. At last on board, no one was gayer than I. With wind and sea with me, I knew that I could easily get back to the shore, and I had succeeded in doing what I had thought was impossible. The fear of being thought afraid was more powerful than fear itself, and thus by one of those curious ways in which in childhood we grow from strength to strength, casting off old timidities and doubts for a new self-confidence, I stood upon that rocking raft and looked back to the shore. The small boy that I pictured in imagination wading alone along the safe land was not I. In a moment I had passed immeasurably beyond him.

I clearly recall certain venturesome

young souls who, when seemingly mere babies, used to beg larger boys to fling them from the low wharf at high tide, though they could not swim a stroke. They exulted in feeling themselves beyond their depth and in a struggle to reach safety. Only when they felt themselves finally sinking would they call for help. I never rose to that height of daring, but contented myself with boasting that I could swim two or three yards or more under water before I could get my head above it. I probably ascribed the disability to the weight of my brain, never being one, I fear, to look upon the dark side of any personal abnormality.

I cannot remember the age when I learned to swim, for most of us began so early that the recollection is as beclouded as our first attempts at walking. Certainly I was no more than eight when in the roadstead of Christiansted, in the island of Santa Cruz, I used to think it my right as a matter of course to swim with the crew at the end of their day's work. There were no wharves at the port, and our cargo of molasses was lightered off in casks on great flatboats and pumped up through canvas hose to other casks in the hold. By the close of the day the men would be covered with molasses, and it was for them both a pleasure and a convenience to jump overboard as they were. It was at the quiet hour when the trade-wind had died out and the land breeze had not yet sprung up, and the roadstead lay like burnished silver. Here and there the triangular dorsal fin of a shark might often be seen cutting the surface of the quiet water, but no one gave it a thought. Small negro boys used to swim out from the beach to paddle about the vessel and dive for the coins and green cocoanuts that we threw from the deck.

Perhaps thirty large sailing vessels, American and foreign, lay in the roadstead at the time, and it was the custom of the period on all for the crews to sing as they loaded; crews of vessels discharging cargo did not sing. Thus we heard in a pleasant fashion a medley of songs of many nations. Perhaps it was an expression of their Southern sympathies—it was at the time of our Civil War—that the crews of the British vessels often sang "Maryland, My Mary-

land" and "Dixie." Nothing could be more significant of the vast change that I was to see in the personnel of American vessels than the fact that at that time every man in our fore-castle was an American, born and bred. Naturally, they hotly resented the partizan singing of the Britishers, and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" and other war-songs always rang out over the water in reply. For fear of trouble, shore leave was rarely granted.

Yet it could not have been much more than a year before the Christiansted experience that I had been positively forbidden to go near the water, and all, apparently, because I had not been found in it on a memorable occasion! My father, being home, had taken my mother and me one Sunday to visit my maternal grandmother, and all the afternoon another small boy and I had sailed shingle boats on a pond a few rods below the house. A need for more feathers for sails had taken us up to the barn, and returning alone a few moments later, I saw my cruising ground the stage of a most extraordinary scene. My mother, grandmother, and aunt stood on the green bank, while my father and uncle, waist-deep in the pond, side by side, raced through the water, stooping at every step to sweep their arms up in the fashion of scoops. I ran down and stood by my mother's side, silent with wonder and amazement, yet pleasantly diverted withal. Near a great beech-tree on the far bank a small skiff was moored, and presently my mother called:

"Perhaps she 's under the boat."

My uncle, without pausing, looked over his shoulder and called back:

"It is n't 'she'; it 's Frankie."

"Why here *he* is!" cried my mother.

I can still see vividly the bedraggled pair wheel toward us and stare, the look of relief and surprise on their faces, and then their half-hearted laughter at finding their tragedy changed to comedy, to their own chagrin. It seems that, sitting by an open window, they had seen me alone by the pond a moment before, and then, hearing the cry of a child, had seen a little girl running up the slope, with me nowhere in sight. To their parentally anxious minds the natural inference was that I had in some inexplicable fashion

stumbled into the pond, gone to the bottom, and elected to stay there.

The chagrin must have been for the moment uppermost in my father's mind, for then and there he forbade me ever to go near the water. It is the only prohibition that I can recall his ever having placed upon me, and I think I correctly gaged the ephemeral character of his mental disturbance by quietly ignoring the command. For a time, on returning home from the harbor, I had a disquieting consciousness that my hair and clothes might easily betray me to eyes bent on reproof; but nothing was ever said, and I knew that my interpretation was correct. All his life my father was a lover of practical jokes, and his glee over the success of one was always great; but he could take one against himself with as good a grace, and I am sure that often, walking the deck at night and humming to himself, as was his constant habit, he chuckled over the recollection of his rescue of me.

Of course we tumbled into boats almost as soon as we could walk. The first stage was one of borrowing. To me a most delightful craft was the skiff that belonged to "Daddy" P—, a weather-beaten little old clammer who lived alone near the shore in one bare room of a small house. In a way he was a man of leisure, for clamming only at low tide, at all other hours of the day and early evening he would be found at home or in the back room of a neighboring store, where he would sit by the hour poring over the "Herald." I do not recall ever having seen him in conversation with any one, and he wasted no words in the ordinary demands of life; but he was always good-naturedly willing to let me have his boat when she was idle, asking only that I leave her on the shore where I found her and bring the oars up to him. The boat was old and dingy, and was almost held together by the thick coats of dark-red paint with which at long intervals she was carelessly daubed; but for me the fact that she had the unique distinction of possessing two hawse-holes, through which her painter and her anchor-rope passed, outweighed all other considerations. Our voyaging in her along the wharf-studded shores and up the numerous

creeks was an almost continuous succession of anchorings, the serious-minded play of catheading the anchor and letting it go again clearly disclosing our extreme youth.

When our fathers came home to overhaul their vessels, we would paddle their big black yawls about the harbor, with two or more boys at each heavy sweep, with a mimetic assumption of foreign travel that veiled in boyish imagination our familiar shores with the names of far ports. California, a local point on the bay, was still California; but over across the way, at Saint's Orchard, lay London, while the Middle Beach, in the jaws of the harbor's mouth, was far-off China, where we rarely ventured. From the barrels of hard bread, or pilot biscuit, in the storerooms of our fathers' vessels we would fill our pockets. On board ship or on our mimic voyages I thought it the most delectable food, though I had no special liking for it when bought prosaically at the ship-chandlers' stores. We sometimes dipped it overboard before eating it, finding, we thought, an added excellence in the salty flavor, and perhaps a suggestion of romance. It was at this early period that we used to chip pieces of tar from the great cakes of it in the shipyards and chew it with delight. To bring back a thrill from the cherished past, I tried it again six years ago. I wish that I had not, for the attempt brought home only too clearly the irrevocable passage of time, and with it the old glamour and impressionable mind of boyhood.

Naturally, some of the more ambitious of us built our own boats at this early stage of our development. They were usually of the same type, mere rectangular flatboats or scows, with saplings from the woods for spars, and bagging or an old piece of canvas for sails. They always leaked like riddles despite the quantity of tar we poured into their seams, and, with no centerboard, drifted before the wind, mere symbols of our aspirations rather than as veritable sailing crafts.

Years before my time a resident of our village had invented a life-saving craft, and in my early boyhood one lay discarded near the meadow back of the beach road. In shape it was something

like an enormous barrel, stoutly built and painted white, with two round ports on each side. I never passed near it without turning aside to gaze in through the thick glass of the ports at the snug interior, with its longitudinal lockers on each side, and dream dreams. It was apparently scorned by seafaring men, but not by me. No craft built for the sea ever excited me more, and I longed to possess it. Even to my prejudiced mind no motive power for it appeared possible; but that did not matter. In one's dreams there are no journeys' ends; and just to lie in safety in its cozy cabin and hear the gale roar outside spelled romance.

For I had come at that time to desire a boat of my own above all things. Thus in a receptive mood for anything normal or abnormal, one March day I came across a boat lying half filled with ice on the steep bank of the creek back of the old sail-loft. She was twelve feet long, and looked dingy and forlorn enough at that stage of the year, in that condition; but she had good lines, and, from the ice that she held, appeared tight. Her mast was still stepped, and her boom and sprit lay carelessly across her deck. One of her forward deck planks was broken, but otherwise she appeared sound.

I dreamed over her early and late, and finally sought out her owner, a young sailor who had used her for ducking in winter. He had a sail, he told me, and added that it was a good one, and leisurely, to my feverish impatience, he led me out to his wood-shed to see it. It was wrapped around the oar he had used for steering, and when I expressed my disappointment in his having no rudder and tiller, he argued that a steering-oar was far better for a light, shallow boat. In the choppy seas of our harbor's mouth when wind and tide were against each other, he declared, she would walk through it all like a duck, while a rudder would half the time be out of the water. Characteristically ready to believe that the thing it was possible for me to get was superior to the thing that I could not, I readily agreed with him. Probably my largest personal expenditure up to that time was the eight dollars I paid for the *Gray Duck* the next day.

It is doubtful if I have ever been happier than I was toiling over that craft. School did not close until four o'clock in those less leisurely days, and in March the sun sets early in our valley; and every night as soon as school was dismissed, I would clatter out and run down the long hill to the shore, half nervously expecting to meet spring on the road before I was ready for it. With a friend to help me, I cleared out the ice, hauled the boat up to higher ground, and scrubbed her till she was spotless. Fitting the new deck plank was my first bit of serious carpentry. And it really fitted and was water-tight. Save that a good-natured carpenter shortened my task a little by planing the board down when he saw the slow progress I was making, I did it all. I repaired the sail, spliced a new gromet-strap for the sprit, scraped and varnished the spars, painted the boat a light gray, with a beading of vermilion along her sheer-line, and at the close of a windless day in May buoyed her off at her own buoy. Could I have possibly been happier or prouder? I think not. A new *Argo* was launched, and adventure called from afar. The winding course of Setauket Harbor, the tortuous channel up into green and almost unknown Conscience Bay, Holmes's Hole, the sound beyond our own swift and narrow harbor's mouth, even the long inlet at far-off Mount Sinai, beyond Mount Misery's steep bluff—all these entrancing names of my boyhood beckoned me on. Paddling ashore in the twilight, I must have turned a dozen times to gaze back entranced. A boat of my own! The *Magic*, the *Idler*, and the *Palmer*, yachts once famous, lay at that time in winter quarters in our harbor, but not one of them had for me the charm and beauty of the little gray boat turning lightly at her mooring in every puff of air.

And all that summer we sailed, my best boy friend and I, as all about us other boy friends were sailing. Only in a way we did it more romantically, perhaps. We were more curious by nature, I think, and possibly a bit more imaginative, and all this colored our actions. From June until school began again in September we kept a record of every vessel that entered or left the port, after

the manner of the shipping news of the "Herald," which, for that reason, was as familiar as the Bible in our homes. We charted the rocks along shore that were submerged at high tide, and as it was commonly believed that the strongest flow of the incoming tide followed the west shore of the harbor, but ran out most rapidly on the east shore, we set ourselves the far-from-modest task of proving or disproving that theory. On windless days we would drop marked corks or boards at the head or foot of the harbor, and paddle about for hours, marking their relative progress; and when the wind was strong and steady, we sailed the east and west courses over and over again, and by timing ourselves on each trial came in a fashion to a definite opinion.

One conviction came to me then that no experience has ever dispelled. Though in the upper reaches of the bay the tide might flow in faster on the west side, I became convinced that after the flats near the harbor's mouth were passed, part of the inward flow of the water turned westward and northward so strongly toward Setauket Harbor and Conscience Bay that the progress of a boat sailing up by the west shore was materially checked. If the wind was ahead, her bow was pulled off to leeward so strongly by the lateral flow of the tide that it always appeared as though the wind had shifted two or three points, heading her off that much; and the side drift must have been as relatively great. For practical reasons I kept that belief to myself, and whenever I have raced with other boats on the bay, I have always split tacks at that point with my competitors if they chose the west course, as they were likely to do, thinking of the common belief. And they always lost at that point, as I believed that they would.

And this was a characteristic of the broadening education of boats for us. They made us curious in many ways, each one in his own fashion. I suppose that it was an outgrowth of this boyish curiosity that later, when I was to pass long summer vacations on vessels coasting from Cape Cod to Florida, my interest turned to the character of the soundings. Every one familiar with this life

knows how accurately experienced coasting men can determine their whereabouts by a mere bit of the ocean bottom brought up by the lead. The soundings along this wide stretch of coast are very marked in their differences. On George's Banks the navigator finds white sand, and farther west sand and white shells; but off Nantucket dark sand, and off Block Island dark mud. So down to Florida the whole coast shows various markings. Of course all charts and coast guides give these soundings, and I had the curiosity of a boy to know the reasons for the differences. Every finding of the lead I studied, and noted down in a blank-book. It came to me finally in an illuminating thought—the rivers! If one, I told myself, would study the geological elements of the soil of the interior, he would speedily learn what sort of sediment the great rivers and bays brought down to the sea and spread in varying layers of thickness over the ocean bed, leaving untouched the bottom off the unbroken beaches. Thus one would be enabled to explain the various soundings of black mud, dark sand, and white sand in that order. So I dreamed of so accurate a study of the soil of the country adjacent to the rivers that it would give to the mariner coming on the coast in cloudy or foggy weather his true position, no matter where he might strike soundings. I was thrilled with my first and only ambition for science—an ambition that never went beyond that first thrill and that boyish study of the lead.

If we could have had our way, it is likely that we would have spent half our summer nights on that boat, lying cramped and uncomfortable, and counting it joy—half our nights, at least, till the novelty grew stale. I have dim recollections of swarms of gnats on still nights, of sudden showers that drenched us, and chilly mornings; but they are dim indeed, though the old delight is still vivid.

It is curious how fascinating discomfort is to the mind of the average boy if called by the name of sport or adventure. No feeling of duty or health could have drawn me from bed before the last warning for breakfast, but let a day of long cruising or bluefishing be in prospect,

and daybreak found me already on the road. One such I recall with extraordinary clearness. I was to go out with a boy who was to die shortly after, and so eager were we for an early start that we had no time to waste in bed, but slept fitfully on the counters of his father's store, which stood by the waterside. It grew cold in the night, and we took down rolls of sheeting from the shelves for covers, somewhat careless of the state in which we left them, I fear, when we tossed them aside at the first hint of day. We had scorned to take food from home, and crackers and cheese, "Bolivars," dried herrings, and little round pies, all taken from the store, with the boat's jug of fresh water,—which we drank from, of course, without intermediary glasses,—served for our meals all that day. We sculled hurriedly out to the *Barbara Allen*, my friend's boat, in the chilly gray of the September morning, and speedily got under way in the light air, which scarcely lifted our tripping sheet from the water. The dew lay heavy on the deck and the seats, and all the way down the bay we stood sleepily and uncomfortably about, taking our only comfort in the fact that no other boat was astir.

I remember the absolute hush of the morning; even the boat made no lapping ripple, and when we spoke, which was rarely, our voices had the echoing clearness of sound in a great vault. The gray light grew grayer; the last stars went out; the black wooded hills to the east changed to uncertain green, and over them the sky became a bright saffron, with a single crow flapping its resolute way across the luminous clearness. As we passed the channel buoy in the harbor's mouth the sheet-block clanked sharply and the sheet tautened with a coming wind, and suddenly the blue sound was filigreed with silver as over the watery waste to the east the sun rose up like an elongated globule of white fire.

The bluefish "ran" large in the sound that summer, being from a pound to two pounds in weight, and the day was one of our red-letter days, for we caught many. From sunrise till late in the afternoon we ran back and forth between the channel buoy and a point well off Old

Field Light, the wind fresh, the sky cloudless, the sun warm, and now and then a flashing point of silver as we ran through a school of fish. Looking over the side of the boat, we could see their slender forms, like translucent green shadows, dart away from our flying keel. A score or more boats were out that day, and as, in two long, irregular lines, we passed back and forth, it was like a crowded watery street, tense and eager, intent on their own chase, yet watchful of that of others, as the schools of fish passed and repassed.

Once we nearly came to grief. We were trolling down the wind, with two or three lines over the stern, when suddenly we saw, a hundred feet behind us, a hooked fish break at the end of one line, then almost immediately another, and excitedly we both began to pull in the lines. I was steering, with my back to the bow of the boat, with the tiller between my knees, and the fish were almost aboard, when we felt a great shock, and, turning quickly, saw that our bow, lifted clear by the sea, had come down on the deck of another boat quartering across our course.

Instinctively, I jammed the helm hard down, my boat swung up in the wind, her bow slipped off the slanted deck of the other, and we dropped behind. Beyond the marring of paint and the shock to the nerves of us all, no harm had been done, but, oh, the tongue-lashing that we got that day! The sole occupant of the other boat, Captain W—E—, was also hauling in fish at the time, and in his excitement had let his boat fall away from her course, slanting across ours. I had kept a straight course, as I knew by the wake behind us, though I should have watched where I was going, and that, in his wrath, was all the old man could see. Known to us all as sharp in his speech, he surely surpassed himself then. Standing up in his rocking boat and shaking his fist, he cursed us as long as we were in hearing, which was, one may be sure, no longer than we could get away at our best speed; and whenever in the course of the long day we came within reach of his voice, we heard anew all that we were and were not. It was not a cheerful catalogue.

It is remarkable that, though we were

often reckless, as boys will be when spurred on by the presence of others, and were so constantly about boats and the harbor, I never knew of a serious accident among us or a case of drowning. Doubtless the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft and watches over poor Jack had taken us all under his protection. Doubtless, too, there was much in the fact that we were well grounded in the fundamental principles of boat-sailing and refrained from undue recklessness through the fear of being thought lubberly. Nevertheless, we often trusted too greatly to our own luck and skill, being in that like our elders. Once, when I was sixteen, I went off with another boy of about my own age for a long cruise through the sound on a twenty-one-foot catboat. She was able and new, with good ground tackle; but it was characteristic of that simpler age, and of our confidence in needing nothing that we did not possess, that we carried neither compass, side-lights, chart, fog-horn, nor lead-line. We had started early, of course, with the usual impatience of boys on a holiday, and in as thick a fog as I have ever known in that region in July we left our mooring with a light air out of the southwest, bound from the home port "towards" New Haven, as old log-books non-committally express it, in their laconic recognition of the uncertainty of the end of all journeys at sea. It was seven o'clock when we passed close aboard the channel buoy at the harbor's mouth, and "taking our departure" from it, headed out across the sound with light hearts, following the fluttering tip of the fly at our mast-head.

All the morning we sailed that indefinite course, trusting to our own senses to make us aware of any change in the wind, and keeping a sharp lookout for any vessels, the fog-horns of which we heard almost continually. But none came near, and we saw nothing. It was nearly noon when we noticed that we had come to smoother water, and bore off more to the northward; and presently, in the clamor of steam-whistles blowing for noon, we saw an anchored vessel or two rise out of the thick fog, and, a little later, the outlines of the Long Wharf at New Haven take shape before our eyes.

Columbus might have been happier than we when he first sighted land, but I doubt if he could have been prouder. He was uncertain when or where he would sight land, but we had come to the port we sought, through the thickest of fogs, in a strong ebb tide, by the best of "dead reckoning." If we came in time to distrust dead reckoning as a sole guide, we never quite lost the elation of our one great success, and who would deprive a boy of that on the long road of learning? And, after all, who could prove us wrong? We had succeeded.

The scent of the sea and the smells of the shipyards as they come up to me in the memory of far-off summer mornings! Many names and faces have grown dim, but these are as keen and clear as when a boy I breathed them in with delight as I took the steep road from my father's house and came speedily to the seats of romance.

These scents were the *genii loci*, the tutelary presences that guarded the mysteries that set us apart from the more prosaic world. We caught the scent of the sea first, which lay at the very foot of the street. There we turned sharply to the right, where one branch of the road led down to an old wharf, and the other passed on to the shipyards. At the junction stood a bucket-and-chain well, where we always stopped to drink. In front of the well lay a marine railway, where in retrospection I always see a team of horses plodding round and round before the bar of the windlass that almost imperceptibly drew a dingy hull from the water, I catch the swish of the brooms of men who stand under her as she slowly emerges, scrubbing away the barnacles and ocean slime. Everywhere about us in this region the earth was carpeted with chips, some darkened with age and dropping away into a woody dust, but some bright and freshly cut, still redolent with the odor of their special woods. We caught the odor of tar from long stretches of standing rigging, the pungent scent of coils of hempen cordage, the smell of tar and fresh paint. About us sounded the slurring *chip-chip* of adzes trimming the timbers along the chalked lines, the slow, loud *clang* of sledge-hammers driving home the iron bolts, the mellow ring of calkers' irons

and mallets echoing on the hollow decks, the thundering fall of a great piece of timber as the cant-hooks tumbled it down from the piled logs. We watched the slow rising of the great shears, and the stepping of masts. It was all a preparation for adventure in which we never lost interest.

We knew, indeed, the names and deeds of many ships that we had never seen, like the *David Crockett* and the *Sovereign of the Seas*, and their record runs to China and California, as modern boys follow the careers of famous ball-players; and the deeds of "Bully" Waterman and men of his sort were our household tales. There went up and down our streets men of whom we had heard both great and dark deeds done at sea; always about our quiet lives lay this background of romance. One year a large vessel was hauled out on our railways whose under body was riddled with worm-holes from sailing in Southern waters, and half the school-boys in town worked after school and on Saturdays, chiseling out little square pegs to drive into the worm-holes before a new sheathing of copper was nailed on her bottom. I forget the price we received for each hundred pegs. It does not matter. It was mainly the romance of the work that called us, the being a part of the great game.

We watched with as keen interest the new vessels taking shape before our eyes as did the owners themselves. The most wonderful of them all to my eyes was the barque *Carib*. I thought her the most beautiful of vessels, and as she neared completion, in the fascination of seeing her change from day to day I fairly haunted the shipyard and the adjacent waters, jealous of any change that I did not see. It is proof of their kindly understanding that no bar was ever placed upon our presence by the ship-builders, though we must often have been annoyingly in the way, and when the great days of the launchings came, which the whole town flocked to see, we were permitted on board without question. I still remember, as though it were yesterday, the excited expectancy with which we thrilled to each jarring of the decks as the blocks were knocked out to allow the great hulls to settle upon the

ways, the hushed silence at the last moment, the leap of our hearts as we felt her move, and the exaltation as she rushed down for her first plunge into her native element. I had smuggled myself up to the main-top of the *Carib* on the day she was launched, for she was fully rigged before she left the land, and, happy and proud in my high station, for that day at least I could think of no greater honor in life than to be master of such a craft.

In those early days there was always a feeling of high adventure to leave our harbor and sail up the winding channel of Conscience Bay into the hidden recesses of that lovely retreat. In character it was wholly unlike our harbor, though a branch of it. Low fields and orchards came down to its banks, giving it the rural aspect of an inland river. Here we found apple orchards close at hand, and late in August wild summer grapes overhung the water's-edge. But the long, tortuous channel up to it was not alien. Our own salt-meadow grasses hedged it in, with fiddler-crabs swarming in the black earth at low tide. The waters were very clear, and under us we could see the long meadow grass and seaweed waving in the tide and our small, darting salt-water fishes and eels. Here and there we would pass motionless horse-foot crabs, which we always called simply horse-feet, with many lurking ordinary crabs. It was a fascinating water world.

Outside our harbor, two miles to the east, on a barren stretch of the sound beach, we found in autumn great quantities of beach-plums. It was a long day's excursion, and dusk was frequently upon us before we reached home. Indeed, most of our excursions had belated returns, for though the wind usually died out toward sunset, we never lost the hopeful or careless faith that we should reach home for supper, no matter where we might be. Once, caught out in the sound before the breakwaters were built, three times I towed my boat along the beach through the harbor's mouth against the swift falling tide, and twice was carried out again when I thought I was far enough in to make sail. It was long after dark before I reached my mooring buoy, and, going ashore, hur-

ried at last up the road home, as I should have hurried hours before. I always took that last part of the road in a conscience-smitten way, for I knew I should find my mother near the front gate, walking about in the dark. She never scolded me for the late coming or was in any way angry. It appeared to be the creed of her patient and self-sacrificing tenderness to hide her own feeling lest she hurt that of her children, and to her being at the gate she always gave the impression that it was pleasanter to be there at that hour. It was not until I myself was in turn to wait at gates in the dusk for late-returning children that I wholly learned how keen is the anxiety and how sick the heart of one who waits overlong. So many things we learn too late in life for the comfort of those who love us!

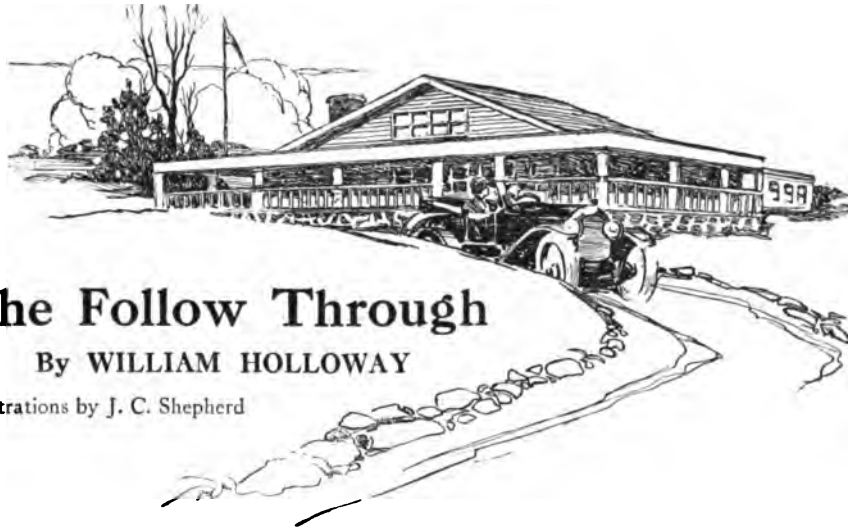
One day last summer I visited the town for a few hours. It had always been my habit at such times, day or night, after the home greetings were over, to turn my steps to the harbor as to an old and dear friend. There were no longer any home greetings, and I went to the harbor at once. But that harbor! The tide was at flood; the opalescent sheet, between its green hills, was as beautiful as ever; the white sand beach gleamed; the black jetties of the breakwaters seemed to float high above the tide at the harbor's mouth in the old, familiar mirage: but save for two unfinished steamers at a wharf, a launch anchored near them, a dismantled yawl on the West Side, and two small catboats, not a craft lay where once scores had huddled. In sadness I spoke of the change to a boyhood friend whom I chanced to meet.

"Frank," he said, "do you know how many working vessels belong here? Just one, the schooner *Ella*. You know the *Ella*?"

I nodded; I knew her. I had always known her, I think.

"And once there were five hundred or more," he went on. "All gone."

As long as life lasts I shall go to the high, green hill back of our village where lie our dead. From it one can view a wide stretch of land and water; it is always beautiful. There one can fittingly dream of the past and of the hopes that never came to fruition.



The Follow Through

By WILLIAM HOLLOWAY

Illustrations by J. C. Shepherd



WHEN he was "on his game," Alonzo Wetherby turned in a medal score around 121. What he made on the much more frequent occasions when "off his game," only God and his caddie knew. And the caddie, being wise, always counted the first miss as a practice swing, and the third shot in the rough as merely an echo.

Alonzo was short, grizzled, blue-eyed, and sixty-two. Through constant usage he walked on the ball of his foot, as a man does when feeling his way through muddy rough. Though outwardly cheerful, in reality, he was often a prey to the most biting remorse. These attacks generally came after he had watched some happy-go-lucky young man carelessly drive 250 yards straight down the fairway. Then his own thirty years in Wall Street accumulating the Wetherby fortune rose up to torment him, as wasted years sooner or later will. Had he only devoted his life to golf, what a mashie player he would have made!

Editors of golfing periodicals refer to men of Alonzo Wetherby's type as "pillars of the game." Supporting their club liberally and playing frequently, they are never unduly conspicuous on the fairway. The long grass of the rough on each side of the fairway seems to beckon to them as the sirens of old

beckoned to Ulysses. When half a dozen of them play regularly on one course, after two or more years the rough takes on the appearance of cultivated farm-land.

Alonzo, who had been a widower for several years, had an only child, a daughter of twenty, tall, beautiful, imaginative. Exactly why a prosaic, stubble-faced golfer should have a beautiful daughter is one of the mysteries of the scheme of things. That she should be imaginative is natural. Anybody who has listened to a golfer figure out a four on a short hole where his caddie has counted seven will understand the importance of imagination in the game. This quality is transmitted.

Marie Wetherby was not a golfer, though her father had intended that she should be one. When she was a little tot, he had taught her to take her stance on the hearth-rug, swing an imaginary club, and cry "Fore!" in a childish treble. But in an incautious moment, before she was old enough to understand the finer points of his game,—on the morning of her tenth birthday, to be exact,—he had taken her with him over the first nine holes of the Wildwood course. It was meant in kindness, in parental love, but the result had been to give the child an entirely erroneous and depressing idea of golf, which she conceived to be a game played in long

grass and between rocks, in the shade of gloomy trees which forever hid from the player the kindly light of day. Naturally, when she grew up, she took to tennis.

That it was a grief to Alonzo goes without saying. Realizing this, the girl tried to make it up to him in other ways. For one thing she had invented a system of cross-indexing his scores, which enabled him at a glance to know any detail of his game for ten years past. She had also a cleverness beyond belief in preventing people from yawning at the story of the hole he had made in two, and she applauded at the proper place as he read to her his letters to the committee demanding the removal of certain pointed rocks, the edges of which had a damaging effect upon golf-balls.

In addition to this she told him everything. That is, she had told him everything until she had met Arthur Milroy in the Adirondacks the month before; and she did not tell him of that young man for a very good reason: the annual Wetherby-Taylor match was close at hand.

Though mentioned in none of the sporting papers, this yearly contest between Alonzo and his old friend Colonel James Taylor draws the biggest gallery of the Wildwood season. Her father was practising daily. As he had definite ideas regarding the foolishness of early marriages, news of her plans would have come as a shock. Indeed, it would probably have thrown him entirely off his game. Golf, being a mental vice, requires absolute calmness of mind.

Young Milroy, who had recently returned from an engineering trip to the Peruvian Andes, was not in favor of delay.

"Let us have it over and done with," he said to her one afternoon when calling at the Wetherby house, overlooking the Wildwood course. "He does n't bite, does he?"

Marie Wetherby's blue eyes grew troubled. She was just at an age when a girl feels like a mother to her father.

"It will upset his game," she explained.

"What is the trouble with his game?" asked Milroy, who was an entire stranger to the Wildwood course and Alonzo

Wetherby. "Perhaps I could help him a bit."

"It 's—it 's just everything," confessed the girl, hopelessly. "The pros have all given him up; the Scotchmen gave him up last."

"Does he move his head?" questioned the young man. "That is the chief trouble with most men who take up the game late in life."

She nodded.

"My instantaneous is n't quick enough to take him."

As it happened, Milroy was a five-handicap man. His opinion was therefore of value.

"I once cured a chap of that by rigging up a little invention of my own. If I could do that for your father, he might—"

"Yes; he might," agreed the girl, eagerly. "How will you do it?"

"That old barn you pointed out at the other end of the grounds," he said thoughtfully; "nobody uses it, I think you told me?"

"It 's just an old relic. Father thinks it looks picturesque, with all that ivy clinging to it—sort of medieval effect, you know. Artists often paint it, so nobody will ask questions if they see you about."

"Suppose you wait here while I investigate," he proposed. "If I find what I expect, it means a quick trip to town to get things in shape for to-morrow."

Half an hour later he rejoined her in the formal Italian garden, that was one of the place's great charms.

"Found just what I was looking for," he panted, out of breath from running; "I 'll have it all in shape before night. Then to-morrow—" he grew serious merely because the girl had grown serious at mention of the morrow—"you 'll introduce me, and I 'll do the rest."

Next afternoon, when the ceremony of introduction was over and her father and young Milroy had started up the fairway on a practice round, Marie Wetherby stood staring wistfully after them. She was hoping that there would spring up between the two of them one of those warm, impulsive friendships which are delightful between a father and his prospective son-in-law, but which, unfortunately, are rare.

And it is only fair to say, bearing in mind the quality of Alonzo's drive, that she was hoping against hope.

For to-day happened to be one of the days when Alonzo was "off his game," as his caddie's serious face showed. When a golfer, not satisfied with hitting overhanging branches near the fairway, begins to line out the ball for trees in



"Let us have it over and done with"

another part of the course altogether, a wise caddie limits his conversation.

As for Arthur Milroy, encountering the Wetherby game for the first time, the result had left him virtually speechless. Had he wished to talk during the first few holes, the thing would have been a physical impossibility. Though known as a "cool hand" to the men who make reputations in the smoking-room of the Engineers' Club, he had grown so nervous that when, on the fifth hole, Alonzo missed his first tree, he gave a startled jump and wiped his streaming forehead.

"A pippin, sir!" he cried with a catch in his voice, watching the ball balloon slowly down the fairway. "A good second will put you over the gully."

Alonzo Wetherby smiled cheerfully,—he was the sort of man who habitually smiles in a bunker,—while mentally he made a note of several perfectly useless trees that the committee should order cut down. Then he walked slowly toward his ball.

It was at this stage of the proceedings that young Milroy began to recover consciousness. For the first time he was able to contemplate Alonzo without a wild desire to scream. The thought of Marie came vividly to his aid. Without a tremor, he gazed thoughtfully at his opponent as that person called for his cleek, watched him take three perfect practice swings and then slice into the marshy hollow at the right. As the ball ricocheted from one tree-trunk to another, and then by a miracle reached a muddy knoll not ten feet from the fairway, inspiration came.

"A perfect shot but for one thing," he craftily asserted.

Alonzo was interested. This was natural, for every golfer in his secret heart knows that he generally makes perfect shots, even though some little kink in things—a fly buzzing in one's ear or the wind driving a scrap of white paper across the field of vision—too often deflects the ball. And it is only human nature to crave recognition of one's efforts. A smile crossed Alonzo's features.

"What was the trouble?" he asked.

"Moved your head," was the prompt reply.

Mr. Wetherby grew grave; also he frowned. No golfer likes to be told that he makes such an elementary mistake as that of moving his head.

"I never move my head," said Alonzo, gently. There was a glitter in his eye that would have attracted attention anywhere—a glitter that seemed to be reflected from miles and miles of polished steel. "That was the first thing I learned when I took up the game."

"Oh, that!" cried Milroy, with contempt. "You mean the moving of the head we warn beginners about. I am talking of something that bothers the finished player."

The other's gaze softened. It is pleasing to be called a finished player by a young man who is playing in even fours and is on speaking terms with birdies.

"I don't quite understand," Alonzo declared.

"It 's like this," the young man went on. "When you learn the game, they warn you to keep your head absolutely

still; and you do it. Those are the days when your progress is most rapid. After that you see that you can come squarely on the ball even if you do move your head a little. You manage this by moving your head back into position again. Lots of the best players do this. It is all right, but it sometimes happens that a man is so intent on making a certain shot that he becomes—"

"Preoccupied?" interrupted Wetherby, eagerly. "I get you. I have noticed that in my own play. Now, on this shot I was thinking of—"

"You were thinking of putting the ball over the gully in position for a mashie to the green," interrupted the other in turn, "and your head moved a trifle; merely a trifle; but enough to do the damage. Last year up in the Peruvian Andes I saw a curious instance of that. We had clubs and balls, but no course except an impromptu one. We used to practise for the fun of the thing, and I saw an Englishman, an engineer, an old player, too, get so that he could n't drive a ball at all." That there were extenuating circumstances in the case of the English golfer, and that he had been celebrating a *dia de fiesta*, young Milroy forgot to mention. "Could n't drive a ball straight," he repeated.

"Peruvian Andes!" his companion exclaimed. "Are you the Milroy the Standard bunch had down there?"

The young man nodded.

"Came North a month ago."

Alonzo gazed at his opponent with a look that was almost, yet not quite, one of respect; not the look he would have given to a famous "pro" by any means, but very much like that we involuntarily give to a man who makes a short hole in two.

"Then you think you could cure me?" he asked thoughtfully. "I mean remedy this slight fault?" he corrected hastily.

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "We'll talk about it later. I don't wish to put you off your game."

Wetherby nodded as he lit a black cigar. He was one of those hardened persons who may be seen smoking in bunkers and at the edge of water hazards. Then, calling for his mashie, he proceeded to drop the ball into the rough at the other side of the fairway.

Marie met them at the eighteenth green, her blue eyes flashing a question.

"Had a corking round," said the young man, promptly.

Alonzo was momentarily silent. Score-card in hand, he was engaged in one of the most fascinating feats of arithmetic the average golfer ever enjoys—that of seeing whether or not the double-figure holes are in the minority. The peace and happiness of many families depend largely upon the result. In Alonzo's case the single-figure holes had it by a margin of four. Ascertaining this, he smiled with satisfaction.

"Mr. Milroy has very kindly offered to give me a hint or two for my match with Taylor," he remarked to his daughter.

Marie Wetherby gave a little sigh of relief. The relationship between a father and his son-in-law is one of the most beautiful conceivable, but hitherto Alonzo had shown no apparent longing to enter into it; that a girl should not even dream of marrying before her twenty-fifth birthday was an old slogan of his. Obviously, the situation was a delicate one. But if Arthur had succeeded in making a good impression—She sighed again, and for a moment was very happy.

When Alonzo Wetherby had finally yielded to the inevitable, and surrendered business for golf, he had acquired fifty or sixty acres adjoining the Wildwood links. Here he had erected a pretty cottage, and here in his spacious library, surrounded by golfing pictures and golfing books, he spent many a pleasant evening reviewing the hazards of the day's play. And here, over an after-dinner cigar, Milroy explained something of the device he had in mind.

Alonzo laughed. He was in good humor, for he had just told the story of the hole he had made in two, and the young man had seemed impressed.

"I remember reading about Colonel Quill's device in 'The Complete Golfer,'" he remarked. "That was odd enough; but making use of a cow barn!" He laughed once more. "Are you sure the thing will work?"

"Leave that to me," cried Milroy,

promptly. "Suppose I run out to-morrow afternoon?"

"About two," was the reply, and the young man took his departure. Marie accompanied him to the lodge-gate, her face perplexed.

"I thought it was all ready," she remarked.

"In my car," he explained. "But your father is n't a man to be rushed. He looked at me pretty closely. That is why I did n't stay longer. He—he has an eye."

"I wish he 'd keep it on the ball," exclaimed his daughter.

Anybody who has seen an old-fashioned barn, where the cows are sequestered for the night behind what resemble a palisade of rounded poles, will readily understand the genesis of young Milroy's idea for the improvement of the Wetherby game. Alonzo, entering the old barn next afternoon, and gazing at the long array of poles set in a crosspiece near the ceiling and descending to corresponding holes in a framework on the floor, shook his head with quick comprehension as the other made his explanation.

"When I was a boy I used to stick my head between a couple of them and imagine all sorts of things. Yes; I get your idea. It is a pretty good one at first sight."

Meantime, Milroy was adjusting to the crosspiece above a curious contraption, at the lower end of which, at the correct distance above the floor, a padded framework of steel, not unlike a base-ball catcher's mask, received Alonzo's head. As the apparatus did not extend below the neck, entire freedom of bodily action was secured, while lateral bars of steel on each side of the

face prevented the least movement of the head.

Alonzo, looking like an unarmored knight who had still retained his steel headgear, swung a club cautiously to and fro. Then his rather serious face brightened.

"Never turned my head an inch!" he cried with delight. "This is the greatest thing in the world. After I get used to it, I mean to try the follow through." He gazed thoughtfully at his companion. "If I beat Taylor, I want you to ask me something."

"Anything?" questioned the young man, his heart hurdling into his mouth.

"Anything—in reason, of course," explained Alonzo, with a glitter in his eye. "I hear Taylor is practising hard behind his house. With a pro," he added. "Montgomery Smith got a look at him as he drove by the other day."

"You 'll beat him easily," Milroy assured him. In his heart of hearts he hoped his prophecy was correct. He had

an excellent reason for wishing Alonzo success, for when success came he had a question to ask him.

The day of the great match dawned clear and cool, and the gallery proved to be unusually large. Colonel Taylor, a large, florid man, who shook as he laughed at his own jokes, was first upon the scene. A sturdy caddie followed him, bearing the sixteen clubs which the colonel had selected from several bagsful in his locker. When Alonzo appeared, his bag looked beggarly with a mere even dozen sticks. But the initiated could easily understand that each club of the dozen was a work of art: they had every improvement except springs.



"To-day happened to be one of the days when Alonzo was 'off his game'."



"Marie met them at the eighteenth green"

Colonel Taylor took the honor and carefully teed his ball. Then he dusted his gloves together and grasped his driver. After which he assumed a free-and-easy open stance and addressed the inoffensive little sphere with a patronizing air as though he were saying, "You have n't a chance in the world with me, and I know it." Following this, he glared savagely at the ball for several seconds, during which the spectators held their breath, and Milroy sympathetically grasped Marie's arm as though to share her tension.

It is this sweet and solemn silence, during which the driver stares fixedly at his ball, which somehow lifts golf far above the level of the ordinary game almost to the height of a religion. Exactly why ninety-five per cent. of the players perform this rite, preparatory to hooking or slicing, is a profound and awful mystery. It certainly has no effect upon their game; but it helps to establish their position as golfers even though the stroke goes wrong.

Presently the statue on the teeing-ground showed signs of life. The colonel's arm came back, followed by his body.

There was not the slightest suggestion of pivoting. Colonel Taylor merely pulled his body away from the ball and then lunged savagely forward. The ball flew as straight as an arrow toward the rough on the left a hundred yards away, caromed off a tree, and came to rest in the middle of the fairway. The player beamed with satisfaction.

Alonzo Wetherby's face was set in grim lines as he stepped forward to test his fate. Teeing his ball carefully, he leaned an instant on his club to gaze searchingly up the hundred and fifty yards of grassy slope which was the only part of the 365-yard hole visible. Peary hungrily eying the north pole or Moses surveying the Promised Land were not half so earnest in their glances as was Alonzo in his survey of this bit of sward he had trodden hundreds of times before. This also is a part of the ritual of golf.

The cardinal points having been found in their accustomed places, Alonzo proceeded to that complicated series of preliminary motions with the club which constitute what is known as the "waggle." Why a man should go through a set of motions which are not intended to affect the ball in the slightest degree is one of the many unsolved mysteries of the game. The most probable guess is that hundreds of years ago two famous Scottish players, attempting to play too soon after a wedding celebration, found some difficulty in hitting their ball. The groping movements that they made to and fro above the ball constituted the first "waggle" on record. Admirers of their game took up the innovation, until now he is a bold man who does not "waggle."

Alonzo Wetherby waggled. It was indeed the best part of his game. There was something deadly in his waggle, something threatening in the way he eyed the ball as he waved the club to and

fro. A cat playing with a mouse had a good deal in common with Alonzo as he glared menacingly at the harmless ball and swung the club-head backward and forward as though prepared each instant to pounce upon his victim. Spectators, ignorant of his game, were awed as they watched the process. There was more than a hint of tigerish ferocity in the way he seemed to crouch as though about to spring.

The waggle ended, Alonzo rested his club behind the ball, while he glanced searchingly up the hill as though estimating the exact spot he expected his shot to reach; after which, with a slow, deliberate swing, he drove the ball a hundred and twenty-five yards straight up the fairway.

Marie squeezed her companion's arm.

"He never moved his head," she exclaimed.

Milroy nodded.

"Here 's hoping!" he cried fervently.

The result of the first hole justified his hopes and, in a measure, rendered him proud of his pupil; for while Colonel Taylor progressed from bad to worse, his ball hiding twice under the scattered fragments of an old stone fence, Alonzo marched steadily down the fairway with an air of confidence that boded ill for his antagonist. His third shot left him a few yards from the green, where a clever chip shot and three rather natty putts gave him a seven and the hole.

Marie's face was flushed with happiness as she followed her father toward the second tee; for he was keeping his head still, actually keeping it still for the first time in years. People were beginning to take notice of it. Colonel Taylor's face had assumed a meditative expression. When, on the second hole, Alonzo drove almost to the direction-post in the exact middle of the fairway, the colonel was so taken aback that, teeing rather hastily, he dribbled a ball into the grass about thirty yards away. His pleasant smile as he asked his caddie for a niblick deceived no one. The smile was too obviously feigned. It may, indeed, be laid down as an axiom that a man who smiles when compelled to call for a niblick within thirty yards of the tee is hiding a wounded heart.

The second hole proved a mere canter

for Alonzo in eight, his opponent requiring a round dozen, while on the third Colonel Taylor's drive landed in a sunken tennis-court, where three strokes were wasted. The result of this misfortune was to give Alonzo the 267-yard third in six, and once more Marie squeezed her escort's arm.

"Is n't he just wonderful!" she cried.

"Even sevens! Holy mackerel!" murmured Milroy.

The 147-yard fourth leads down a steep hill to a misbegotten little brook a foot wide, a few yards beyond which rises a green bastion a club's-length in height, which is the putting-green. Looking downward from the teeing-ground, there are few prettier sights to be seen on any course, the narrow fairway, lined with trees and rocks on each side, seeming like an entrance way to the battlements of some medieval castle, the drawbridge of which is formed by the plank bridge that crosses the miniature stream.

It is in this manner that the newcomer regards the hole. After he has lost a few balls in the unspeakable muddy grass on each side of the fairway or has struck a large tree at the left the branches of which hide one third of the putting-green from sight, his sense of beauty becomes dulled. He begins to wonder if nature did not over-trap the place. In desperation he tries a "sod-burner," only to land in the ditch. No wonder the fourth hole at Wildwood has an evil fame.

But of all this Alonzo was quite unmindful. Lighting a cigar, he took his position on the teeing-ground with an air of calm confidence. Ted Ray, one of the great English champions, smokes while playing, and his driving and approaching are famous. Alonzo, who had secretly patterned his game after Ray's, cocked the cigar between his lips at the proper Ray angle and proceeded to play a high mashie to the green as he felt sure his idol would have played it.

You know the kind—the soaring shot, with a great deal of back spin, that almost screams its flight aloft and then drops solidly, almost without a roll, to earth. That was exactly the way Alonzo played it, and had it not been for the big tree on the left—But the tree

was there, and the sharp sound of a golf-ball against solid wood followed. It is a sound like none other under the sun, and the golfer knows and dreads it. Alonzo, to whom it was as familiar as the ticking of his watch, gave a tired shrug of his shoulders as he watched the ball splash into the mud twenty feet to the left of the fairway. Then he drew calmly upon his cigar.

"He moved his head then," said young Milroy, with annoyance. "He 's too satisfied with himself. As soon as he gets that way, he 'll forget the pit out of which he has been digged, and then—"

He shook his head with gloomy foreboding and watched Colonel Taylor take his stance, top ineffectually, and send his ball scurrying down the hill to a cool nook in the brooklet below. Ground rules allowed a throwback at the cost of one stroke; there was hope if Alonzo could make a good recovery.

Alonzo did make an excellent shot out of the rough, allowing for the fact that he was standing ankle deep in a swampy patch of grass and that he had to clear a low fence of jagged stones that cut him off from the fairway. But the ball, rolling on the fairway, fell into a cup-like depression in the turf left by a criminal golfer whose name is Legion, and strenuous work with a mashie was necessary to pry it loose. Considering that the green was now twenty yards away, the conclusion is obvious. The ball upon which so much depended shot across the green at sickening speed, sliced to the right, and came to rest in one of those muddy pools where caddies naturally gravitate in search for lost balls.

"He has lost the hole," Marie whispered excitedly. "Poor dear!" For Colonel Taylor was on the green in three, while Alonzo, smoking furiously and covered with mud, did not reach that haven of refuge until eight strokes had been scored against him.

"Let us look the other way," exclaimed Marie, compassionately, leading young Milroy up the hillside toward the fifth teeing-ground. "I hate to see a fat man gloat."

The fifth hole at Wildwood is one of the hardest 390-yarders in the world. It is not the fact that it is a dog's leg

that gives it evil eminence, but rather the extraordinary gully that cuts across it a hundred yards from the tee. This gully slopes gradually down until twenty feet or more below teeing level, narrowing in from the left until at the bottom the fairway is no wider than a city street, and then climbing a rock-strewn hill on the far side, where the luckless golfer emerges on level ground with the same feeling of relief that Dante had when he stepped out of the Inferno. On each side of the narrow fairway at the bottom of the gully stretch patches of swampy desolation where the hoarse cry of the golfer in despair rises to the unregarding heavens as though the marsh had suddenly produced a new species of giant bullfrog.

A man whose tee shot will carry two hundred yards in air will have no trouble with the gully, and may then devote himself to the rest of the unpleasantness that awaits him; but the average player faces no such pleasant prospect. For him there yawns the depths of what some call the Slough of Despond, but which the initiated know as the Valley of Humiliation.

Despite all this, Colonel Taylor stepped upon the tee with the air of a conqueror. Not a thought crossed his mind of the dozens of balls he had sent to their last resting-place in the valley below. He had forgotten them entirely. They were now as though they never had been. It is this strange lapse of memory that makes golf unutterably pathetic to the humane spectator. Forgetful of scores of futile rounds, the poor victim treasures in his soul the recollection of a single spasm of good play, which he proudly refers to as his "game." For less evidence of mental aberration non-golfers are confined in sanatoriums.

Colonel Taylor took his stance and surveyed the turf beyond the gully with a knowing air. Considering that he had never carried the gully in his life, his look of calm confidence would have given an alienist food for thought. There was even the faintest suggestion of a smile on his face as he glared at the insignificant ball in front of him when he turned to give that luckless object the benefit of his attention. Then,

drawing back, he hurled his body and club forward. Like an arrow from the proverbial bow, the ball leaped skyward, coming to rest eighty yards down the fairway.

Alonzo did not smile. The Scots, who developed the game of golf, are a dour race who do not smile easily, so it has come about that unseemly merriment does not form part of the game.

Above all, no real golfer would allow himself to betray elation at the mishap of an opponent. He may feel a curious spring of joy bubbling up in his heart when his rival slices into a ditch or tops into a bunker, but the etiquette of the game forbids him to show it. Even when his adversary shows signs of making a permanent home in the bunker or performs a complicated evolution that embeds his ball in a hopeless network of rocks, the true golfer must not evince emotion. The most hardened of them cannot help a betraying gleam that creeps into their eyes despite themselves. This proves that they are human.

Smoking quietly, Alonzo teed his ball; then, after an unusually fine waggle, he drove an excellent ball straight down the fairway. Flying low, the tiny sphere seemed to eat up the ground as it sped along. It was the merest fraction to the left of the center of the course, which at this particular hole spells disaster. For the narrowing of the fairway at the bottom of the gully is caused by the contraction of the left side of the course, the rough cutting in on the fairway in a wide sweep. There was an excited wave of the caddie's hand, and the ball found a haven of refuge in the marsh below.

Here Alonzo waited patiently in the mud while his opponent's ball screamed

overhead to a safe position on the opposite bank; then he began a complicated series of manœuvres that brought him to dry land again at the cost of four strokes, after which Colonel Taylor's nine gave that worthy an easy victory.

"The poor dear!" sighed the girl, softly. "He did n't move his head that time, did he?"

"He did n't," the young man admitted. "But if he loses another hole or two—" He shook his head with apprehension as the gallery made its way to the sixth hole.

There are fewer pleasanter little holes than the 133-yard sixth, the green rising from a gentle slope against a background of trees. None of the earthenwork crimes called bunkers defend the green from attack, an abysmal descent into long grass at the rear being enough to cause the average golfer to treat the hole with respect. It was here that Alonzo played

his best golf of the day. An excellent drive, a mashie to the green, an approach putt, another that came within six inches of the hole, gave him a five to Colonel Taylor's seven, and the lead by two holes.

And then trouble came thick and fast. It may have been that too great prosperity had unduly elated him or that the strain of keeping his head still had worn upon the muscles of his neck. Who shall say? There are mysteries in the play of the ordinary golfer that neither philosophers nor angels should attempt to fathom. One thing is certain: Alonzo was trying desperately to keep his head still. Despite this he began to hit trees, not to hit them in an occasional or desultory manner, but to whang the ball into them with the regularity of a machine, while his suffering daughter clasped her escort's arm



"Colonel Taylor, a large, florid man, who shook as he laughed at his own jokes"...

and shuddered. On the seventh hole he became actually entombed in a circle of trees, from which his ball could be seen to rebound at intervals as his mashie came into play. Reaching the edge of the green in twelve and finding the colonel there in seven, Alonzo picked up. It is difficult to make up five strokes on the putting-green.

The eighth hole, 208 yards in length, is trapped on all sides, its most hateful feature being the manner in which the ground slopes toward a bit of woodland to the right of the course. Standing on the teeing-ground, the player sees none of the difficulties of the hole, as the ground runs fairly level for fifty or more yards before it begins its gradual slope to the green, thirty feet below. Even the little brook at the foot of the hill is mercifully hidden from sight, and the trees that sentinel the green seem far away and entirely harmless. This is a grievous error, for no bit of rough in the world annually sees more suffering or listens to more eloquent language than this.

It was, indeed, Alonzo's favorite resort. He was popularly supposed to have taken more strokes between the protruding roots of the huge old trees, where balls cupped themselves with diabolic precision, and to have wasted more energy in endeavoring to chip over the stone wall to the fairway without hitting a tree-trunk, than any living man, this not forgetting the famous match-player who once used eight perfectly good strokes in the same miserable manner before picking up his ball.

Despite this, Alonzo teed up in a nonchalant manner. Seeing this, the young people regarded each other with gloomy foreboding. The Scots, who invented golf,—oh, I understand exactly the historical difficulties in proving that they ever invented a game where a player loses a ball,—anyway, the Scots say that a man is "fey," or doomed, when they divine that he is marching to a certain, unescapable fate. For Alonzo had begun to move his head. Even in the waggle it was tossing to and fro like a bit of cork in an angry sea. As he sliced down the hill among the trees, Milroy gently drew the agitated girl away in the direction of the road,

where his car was waiting. Even as they hurried from the scene they could hear the sharp crash of a golf-ball against wood, could hear it again and again, could even, after the fifth stroke, see Alonzo in the distance cup his hands as he lit a cigar. Then a turn of the road hid the scene from sight.

It was over an hour later when young Milroy drew up in the roadway behind the teeing-ground of the fourteenth hole. Hoyt, the treasurer of the Wild-wood Club, came forward to meet them. He had been backing the Wetherby game, and his solemn face was eloquent of the state of affairs.

"The colonel is dormie five," he said mournfully. "He needs only one halved hole to win."

"Father is moving his head again?" asked Marie.

"A stranger," explained Hoyt, "asked if he had shaking palsy. It is just that bad."

Marie looked concerned. Then a sudden little smile irradiated her face.

"Poor dear, I hope he won't be too disappointed," she murmured.

The 395-yard fourteenth is a comparatively easy hole, except for the fact that trees narrow the fairway a hundred and fifty yards from the tee and that a few yards beyond a group of rocks lie in the middle of the fairway to catch topped balls. Alonzo had often made it in seven. Now, as he took his stance, there was a light of savage determination in his eyes. Golfers often have it. To themselves it seems akin to the light that flamed in the eyes of the heroes of the Alamo; this shows what golf does to its victim's mental processes.

To describe the play on the fourteenth hole is impossible. Both players zig-zagged across the fairway until a diagram of their course would have resembled a fever chart taken when the patient was having his ups and downs most rapidly. A student of the classics nicknamed Alonzo "Ulysses," who, he affirmed, had also won fame as a wanderer. And so the fight went on, slice following hook, and hook slice, with a niblick shot between each as the ball burrowed into the long grass of the rough. And then, with the colonel

hole-high in seven and himself fifty yards from the green in eleven, Alonzo Wetherby at length held his head steady. A dead silence fell as he stood like a statue, glaring fixedly at the ball. Then, with a perfect follow through, he caught the ball squarely with his Benny mashie and sent it hurtling through the air into a clump of trees a hundred yards away. After this he raised his hand in token of defeat.

Five minutes later, the two antagonists having shaken hands as decorum ordains, Alonzo joined the two young people in Milroy's car. He was not in the least depressed; on the contrary he actually smiled.

"Luck was n't running my way, that's all," he explained.

"Then you did n't move your head?" asked his daughter.

Mr. Wetherby shook his head calmly. "Steady as a rock," he affirmed; "but things just did n't break my way."

"Good!" cried Milroy. "You told me to ask you something if you won the match.

You did n't, but I'll ask it just the same." The car, which had already entered the lower part of the Wetherby property, now paused before the ancient barn. Taking a midiron from his bag, the young man leaped to the ground. "If you will come with me a minute," he suggested, "I will explain exactly what I want."

Alonzo shrugged his shoulders as he stepped to the ground. Once more the look had come into his eyes—the look that seemed to be reflected from miles and miles of polished steel. Frowning at his daughter to remain in the car, he strode after Milroy, whom he found staring at the contraption which had been devised for the purpose of keeping Alonzo's head still. In his hand he held a tape-measure.

"I might do worse than patent this thing," he began. "Do you mind if I take some measurements while you are in it?"

He was moving to and fro as he spoke, applying the tape to the steel framework. Alonzo scowled as he inserted his head in the accustomed place. Milroy, on the contrary, smiled.

"We missed several holes," the young man explained as he worked.

"Marie and you?" asked the other, sharply.

"Exactly," was the placid answer. "Went for a run in the car."

"Yes," said Alonzo, coldly. Had there been a thermometer in the barn it would have shown a drop of several degrees in the temperature.

"Marie and I love each other," Milroy explained.

Even a saint could not be expected to lose a golf match without a mental reaction; Alonzo, who was merely human, boiled over at once. The idea

was preposterous, as he very promptly explained. He endeavored to withdraw his head from its steel surroundings and failed.

"What's this?" he asked angrily.

"A great idea of mine. A little attachment up beyond your reach locks you in. There is n't the slightest chance for you to get away until you change your mind. And your language," added the young man, severely.

"How much do you expect to make out of this?"

"Not a cent. Just your blessing on our marriage."

Alonzo Wetherby's face grew apoplectic with rage. Young Milroy, producing a slip of paper, held it out with a laugh.



"They could hear the sharp crash of a golf-ball against wood"

"We got the license while you were slicing over the course," he explained. "Now, if you wait here and practise, keeping your head still awhile, Marie and I are going to get married."

He stuck the document into his pocket and picked up the midiron he had brought with him. "Nobody can hear

"Just a minute, dear!" he cried, swaying back his club. "I've got it! After thinking I never could do it! I've been trying for years, and now—" He smiled upon them both with an air of profound joy. Then the club began its downward swing, while Milroy watched with eager attention.



you if you yell your lungs out," he remarked consolingly, "so you might as well practise your swing. In half an hour my wife and I will release you."

With one hand he opened the door, while with the other he held out the midiron to Mr. Wetherby. It was so managed that the door acted as a screen, and attack was futile. Seeing this, the prisoner took the club unresistingly.

"Roll the forearms," advised the young man from behind the door. "Do not let the right shoulder drop, and above all—follow through."

Half an hour later Mr. and Mrs. Milroy entered the barn arm in arm.

"We are really truly married, Daddy," the bride explained, "and we want—"

Her father, who should have been grieving for his lost daughter, surveyed them with an air of abstraction.

"You could have locked me in jail for a year provided you could have taught me that," declared Alonzo as his club came to rest over his left shoulder. Milroy nodded, and a look of understanding passed between the two men that spoke of common joys.

"But what is it he has, Arthur?" questioned the puzzled bride.

"A perfect follow through, darling!" explained her husband, with a look of solemnity.

Her father nodded approval. As he turned to his new son-in-law, his eyes were wet.

"God bless you, boy!" he cried in a voice hoarse with joyful emotion. "You've done something for me I can never repay. And now, if you unfasten my head, I'll try to get in nine holes before dark."



The International Whirlpool

Greece Points to the Handwriting on the Wall

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



TEN days after he was shot as he was leaving the Gare de Lyon in Paris, Premier Venizelos resumed his interrupted journey homeward. The newspapers carried glowing accounts of the welcome the Piræus gave his ship, and of how "a hundred thousand acclaimed their idol" when he reached the capital. But the next day the Associated Press received the following telegram:

ATHENS, Sept. 7.—Premier Venizelos, with his arm in a sling and his voice rather feeble, delivered a long address at tonight's sitting of Parliament. The house was barely half full, as only the Venizelist deputies and a few Independents were present. M. Venizelos laid on the table the treaty with Turkey and the treaty with Italy, dealing with the Dodecanese Islands, which will be ratified by the next Parliament.

The populace had yelled itself hoarse, as populaces are wont to do, even when the next movement is to rend their hero. But "the House was barely half full" to receive the Treaty of Sèvres, which assured the redemption of much of Hellas, and to listen from the lips of the creator of modern Greece the story of his triumphs in wrestling for two years with the statesmen of the great powers.

The Hellenic race had been struggling for one hundred years for what Venizelos gained for his country. To one who remembers Greece of 1910, the spirit of its people, its area, and population, its wealth, actual and potential, its international influence, its army and navy, the decade of Venizelos has been the era of miracles, of astounding change of fortune, of the transformation of a race from impotence and despair to vigor and hope. The centenary of Greece defying the Ottoman Empire is at hand. The

last year—that of London, Boulogne, San Remo, and Sèvres—is the best year Greece has known in her struggle for freedom and unity. Acting on the orders of their great leader, telegraphed from the council-chambers where the battle of Hellenism was being successfully waged, Greek armies occupied Thrace, drove the Turkish Nationalists from the coast-lands of Asia Minor, and were encamped within sight of the minarets of Constantinople. Venizelos had won also northern Epirus, and had manoeuvred Great Britain and Italy into a position where the relinquishment of Cyprus and Rhodes was imminent. *Faute de mieux*, British diplomacy had just about decided that the commercial and political interests of Great Britain would best be served by entrusting to Greece the mandate for Constantinople and the straits.

Seemingly, when Venizelos deposited the Treaty of Sèvres in the Chamber of Deputies, he should have experienced the greatest hour of a career that has known many great hours. Seemingly, when the long-promised elections were held on November 14, Venizelos ought to have been able to count upon an overwhelming majority. But he himself was defeated in his old circumscription, the Piræus, and not a single member of his party was returned in the provinces of old Greece. The Royalists also gained a majority of the seats of Macedonia and Samos. Saloniki returned twenty-four Royalists. The land-slide against the Government was realized before midnight on election day. When Venizelos found that the Royalist coalition could count on 240 seats, while the Liberal Party had won a scant 140, he placed the resignation of his cabinet in the hands of Regent Koundouriotis, and appealed to his followers to accept the result without question. The next day

Venizelos and most of his prominent office-holders went into exile in true Athenian fashion. Admiral Koundouriotis, a friend of Venizelos and his companion in the venture of 1916 that led to a separate government at Saloniki, gave over the regency to Queen Mother Olga, who received it "in the name of my beloved son Constantine."

The Western world was bewildered by the suddenness and completeness of the defeat of Venizelos. The French press raised the cry of indignation and alarm, seconded by a number of British newspapers. The American press, as our country seemed to be unaffected politically or in its honor and pride by the debacle of Venizelos, speculated upon the probable causes of the repudiation of a leader at the moment of his greatest success, began to question whether there had been any success, and commented upon the proverbial ingratitude of the people in all countries and the mercurial disposition of the Greeks in particular. On the whole, the American press has not seen in what happened in Greece on November 14 anything that affects our own interests or that is likely to have consequences unpleasant and disquieting to us. Curiously enough, this same blindness is apparent in that portion of the British press which is trying to get back to the good old British insularism. Interest is keen, and newspapers feature Athens, Lucerne, and London despatches; but the heart of the story is the reversal of the fortunes of two men. Venizelos, who was up, is down; Constantine, who was down, is up. There is the news value of it all.

From the personal point of view and from the point of view of Greek internal politics, one could write much about the reasons that prompted the Greek people to throw out Venizelos and call back Constantine. Partizans and admirers of the two men have been at it hammer and tongs ever since November 14. The result of the election is a vindication of the war record of Constantine, say the Constantinists, and a condemnation of the unconstitutional usurpation of power, the despotism, the imperialistic fantasies of Venizelos. The old snake of German propaganda is lifting its head again, say the Venizelists, fed by money

the Greek royal family acquired recently through a lucky marriage alliance with the American tin-plate industry, and has played upon the credulity and ignorance of the peasants of old Greece through an appeal to their natural war weariness.

Venizelos was exhausted by his nerve-racking work in the peace councils and physically handicapped by the Paris shooting; so he could not make the personal electoral campaign that is necessary in Greece and had heretofore won him his majorities. He played in tough luck when, just after signing the decree for the November election, King Alexander was bitten by a monkey and died of blood-poisoning. The unforeseen raising of the dynastic question in the midst of the electoral campaign was disastrous. Before Alexander's death, Venizelos was put in the awkward position of opposing the recognition of his marriage to Mlle. Manos and of refusing a father and mother access to the death-bed of their son. After his death, Venizelos was at the mercy of the dynasty whose members other than Alexander he had expelled.

After the attempted assassination of Venizelos in August, the Greek Government ordered the arrest of a number of prominent anti-Venizelists. Among them was Jean Dragoumis, son of the former premier, who was most popular in Athens. In making the arrests the police killed Dragoumis. The importance of this factor in creating hostility to Venizelos on the eve of the election cannot be overestimated. In his first speech in the Chamber after the return from Paris, Venizelos turned to Repoulis, who had been acting premier during his absence, and denounced the arrests as foolish and impolitic. He said, "The bullet fired in Athens hurt me more than those fired in Paris." The open rebuke alienated Repoulis and his friends without appeasing the wrath of the many who loved Dragoumis and mourned him.

The Dragoumis tragedy is an illustration of the price Venizelos had to pay for the privilege of being present at the councils of European statesmen. When the cat's away, the mice will play. The prestige and power of Venizelos rested upon personal magnetism. He had won

the Greeks by constant contact with them. At every crisis he was always ready to make a balcony speech to the Athenians. Whenever there was trouble in the provinces, his study-door was open to the disaffected. Even when he could not remedy grievances, he did not fail to mollify the men who came to complain. His genius for administration and his power to call forth the best in those who served under him were the causes of his success in ruling Greece. The personality of Venizelos imposed itself upon the peace conference and the continuation conferences, and won for Greece more than Greece ever dreamed of gaining. But Venizelos could not be in two places at once. While he was advancing Greek interests in European council-chambers, his substitutes discredited him by maladministration at home.

Constantine, the restored king, and Venizelos, the banished premier, are picturesque figures in the history of our times, and no event of the last few months has so fascinating a fiction interest as the change in their position in relation to each other. But the world is moving so rapidly that an article to appear in January devoted to explaining the change in the fortunes of two men in November must go further than a mere recording of events. 1921 brings us face to face with problems beside which what we may or may not think of Constantine and Venizelos as individual men is of little importance. We are treating this month the defeat of Venizelos and the revenge of Constantine because this event has placed Greece and her Balkan neighbors and Turkey in the maddest currents of the international whirlpool, and because it has a world-wide significance that we should do well to seek to understand. In a very real sense the Greek people, on November 14, 1920, pointed to the handwriting on the wall. And it is for the whole world to read. May I try to interpret it?

MENE. *The people are weary of bearing arms and long for a return to genuine peace.*

Greece mobilized for the First Balkan War in September, 1912. The Second Balkan War, following directly upon the

heels of the war with Turkey, came in July, 1913. The peace settlements with Turkey and Bulgaria left open a number of questions that precluded the possibility of returning the armies to a peace footing. Defeated foes smarted for revenge. Liberated regions were in disorder, and not all of them were satisfied with the change of sovereignty. The sovereignty of some regions, such as northern Epirus and the islands off the coast of Asia Minor, was not settled by the peace treaties. Turkey refused to give up her claims to Mytilene and Chios and Samos, and Italy still occupied the Dodecanese. Because neither Bulgaria nor Turkey was beaten to her knees, because the victory had been that of an alliance with divergent aims, the peace treaties could be executed only by keeping the victorious nations under arms and by entering into treaties that imposed limitless military obligations in the future.

The Greeks soon realized that, despite the defeat of their foes, despite the great accessions of territory, Greece had to keep up her armies not only to maintain what she had won and guard against the plans of revenge of the vanquished, but also to be ready to aid Serbia militarily in return for aid Greece might need from Serbia.

Then came the European War, with no breathing spell, and the call from Venizelos to enter on the side of the Entente: (a) to fulfil Greek military obligations to Serbia; (b) to achieve the redemption and unity of Hellas. Leaving to one side the merits of the controversy between King Constantine and Venizelos, the Greeks could not help becoming involved. Their new territories were invaded. They were called upon to make a fresh military effort. And, after the defeat of Germany and her allies, instead of demobilization, Greece faced the necessity of increased armies for taking Thrace and fighting to win the accessions of territory in Asia Minor awarded to Greece by the peace conference.

Every mother in Greece, every wife in Greece, was sick of the whole business. The soldiers, young and old, were sick of it. Those who paid taxes were sick of it. People longed for profound peace

and the end of bearing arms. Returning Venizelos seemed like continuing the war; and Constantine had always wanted to give Greece peace. The people spoke, as they thought, for peace.

THE war weariness of Greece is a warning to other nations. It is idle to say that the Greek peasants are ignorant, and that they were worked upon by a special animosity to Venizelos or a special adoration of Constantine. This first *mene* stares us all in the face. In no country of the world where the people have by their vote the power of ousting governments could a government in 1921 get permission to go to war by popular vote. Everybody seems to know this except the ruling class in France. It was the principal factor in the motions and debates of the first league assembly at Geneva. If you cannot get the people to fight, if you cannot even maintain longer your mobilization, after more than two years of cessation of hostilities with Germany, how are you going to enforce your original dictated peace conditions? The answer is that you cannot enforce them. Ergo, revision to make them workable, coöperation with the defeated enemies, conciliation even, are the principles that will prevail in international relations in 1921. There are no alternatives.

So let not the governing classes count for some years to come upon a sheep-like flood of recruits or a consent to conscription in order to put over their diplomatic combinations. Venizelos used his army as the supreme argument with the European statesmen. The European statesmen intended to use Venizelos's army to make the Turks abide by the terms of the treaty drawn up at San Remo and signed at Sèvres. But the statesmen were checkmated by the people, who simply decided not to remain under arms any longer. What happened in Greece has been happening everywhere. Why did not Italy attempt to retrieve the military situation in Albania? The Italians would not fight. Why did Great Britain throw up the sponge in Egypt? The situation virtually reached a point where English regiments would not go out there. Why is the United States asked to do things for

Armenia? Chorus of "No soldiers!" is the answer of Europe.

The spirit revealed by the first *mene* may not last long, but until the world forgets the recent war and its equally bloody aftermath and is ready for another encounter, international relations are going to witness surprising shifts. The return of Constantine is a foretaste of other reactions from war-inspired vetoes.

MENE. *The common people do not want to pay the price of territorial expansion, and are developing a tendency to regard existing overseas responsibilities as burdensome and capable of being thrown off.*

The second *mene* is a corollary, a repetition even, of the first. War weariness has led the Greek people, who a short time ago were consumed with the holy fire of realizing the Hellenic ideal, to question the desirability and the possible consequences of the redemption of Hellas. The recent vote shows that the islands remember their liberator, as do northern Epirus and eastern Macedonia and Thrace; but the non-Hellenic elements in western Macedonia voted Royalist probably because they did not appreciate the freedom and new culture that had come to them with the Greek flag, while every district of the Greece of 1910 turned against Venizelos. The great strength of Constantine was his appeal to the narrow, selfish interests of the electors of old Greece, to whom his propagandists said: "What good has the policy of Venizelos done *you*? All you get from it is taxes, long military service, broken health, death."

If it could all have been accomplished in the twinkling of an eye, or even during the six months of the first Paris conference, the Greeks might not have listened to the anti-Venizelists. If it could all have been accomplished without much fighting or remaining under arms for weary years, every Greek would have regarded the achievements of Venizelos in expanding Greece and freeing Ottoman Greeks from the Turkish yoke as glorious and the performance of a sacred duty. But to a war-weary, a tax-ridden people the price proved too high, and the adventure into Asia Minor has

gone far enough to prove that there is still much work to be done and many sacrifices to be demanded. Unwilling to go on with the work of incorporating provinces of the Ottoman Empire into Greece, the people have thrown Venizelos out of office.

This *mené* also is a lesson for us all. Whatever policy costs much money and calls for fighting abroad is likely to be repudiated at the polls in every country of the world. A present-day Moses of a subject race, oppressed by a great power, will not need to invoke ten plagues before Pharaoh lets his people go. 1921 is the year of opportunity for subject races. A Mustapha Kemal works wonders simply because his opponents cannot bring up overwhelming numbers against him. The French may soon get in Syria what the Italians got in Albania, and what the British were too wise to run the risk of getting in Egypt, Persia, and Mesopotamia. After reading the report of recruiting for Uncle Sam's army in the year following demobilization, Senator Fall decided to bury the hatchet and go to see Obregon inaugurated as President of Mexico. Do we want war? Our statesmen raise their hands in horror, and say, "Most emphatically no!"

This is not an alarming symptom from the point of view of national defense or even of national interests overseas, for the willingness to be good for a while seems to be universal. Even the Poles are wondering if Zellgouski did not let them in for something.

TEKEL. *The Principal Allied and Associated Powers do not enjoy the prestige and authority of victors, because they rode roughshod over small states during the war, exhausted their own resources in man power and money to win the war, and refused to renew strength in victory by preserving harmony among themselves and enlisting the cooperation of the lesser allies to create a new-world order.*

The overwhelming defeat of Venizelos, followed by the recall of Constantine and Sophia to the throne of Greece, is the worst slap in the face the Entente powers have received since the armistice of November 11, 1918. When the Treaty of Versailles was signed, many

eye-witnesses of the ceremony, including THE CENTURY correspondent, believed that it was an absurd and meaningless performance. The treaty was impossible of execution and could bring only ridicule as well as discredit upon those who had a hand in making it. Those who had been in the war from the beginning and were in close touch with conditions in France in the rear as well as on the front knew that the French and British were at the end of their rope six months before the armistice was signed, and that the victory was due to the intervention of the United States. Six months of peace negotiations had convinced many Americans of the certainty of the defeat of the treaty in the American Senate and before the bar of American public opinion. How, then, were the dictators going to dictate when once their armies began to demobilize? The unreality of the whole business was more apparent still when the other treaties—St.-Germain, Trianon, Neuilly, and Sèvres—came up for signature. The Entente powers did not possess the material means of enforcing a single one of the treaties, they were at loggerheads with one another, and, ignoring the small states, they had assumed in the treaties exclusive privileges and powers unwarranted by the strength they actually possessed.

From November, 1918, to November, 1920, France, Great Britain, and Italy acted as if they ruled the world. At the peace conference they would not listen to American advice and tricked President Wilson. They declared their right to mix in every pie, and divided the world into three classes: "secondary states with particular interests," who were a sort of poor relatives; neutrals during the World War, who were in a bad status morally, but were conceded a few crumbs; and late enemies, who had no rights at all. Great Britain and Italy gradually modified this attitude until they had come to a fairly sane state of mind. Straight through every council and the first league assembly France persisted in believing that the rest of the world should offer incense at the altar of the victors and do unquestioningly the victors' bidding. Despite signs of shipwreck ahead, French states-

men sailed merrily on with the pride that comes before a fall.

And then, all within a few days, Venizelos went into exile, and Greece prepared to welcome back her exiled king. Sworn enemies of France and Great Britain appeared in the highest places in the Near East. General Papoulas, officially accused by the French Government of being a "German spy," superseded General Paraskevopoulos as commander-in-chief of the Greek army in Asia; Prince Christopher, denied admission to French and British soil, became high commissioner at Smyrna; Victor Dousmanis, released from his Cretan prison, where he was held for complicity in the massacre of Entente troops in the December, 1916, Athens affair, appeared at the head of the Greek military mission in Constantinople; General Metaxas, whom the Entente considered their worst enemy, ready to stab the Saloniki Expedition in the back, returned from exile to his army post; and former premiers Gounaris and Calogheropoulos, whom the French press called "traiterous reptiles," became respectively minister of war and minister of finance in the new cabinet. Prison doors were opened, and decrees of banishment rescinded. The men on the Entente black-list of those who worked for the King of Prussia came back to be fêted and given good jobs, while the friends of France and Great Britain—that is, those who had rendered public service to the Entente cause—fled the country or retired discreetly from public attention. The venerable Metropolitan of Athens, Theoclitos, who had called Great Britain and France the enemies of his country, had prayed for their defeat, and anathematized Venizelos, was immediately reinstated as head of the national church.

For several days French and British semi-official bulletins declared that the return of Constantine to the throne of Greece would not be tolerated, and the French ministry of foreign affairs promptly announced a probable revision of the Treaty of Sèvres, taking Smyrna away from Greece and handing the city and other cessions back to Turkey. It was all a bluff. The Entente powers could do nothing, (a) because they had

no force to back their threats, (b) because they were too hopelessly at variance in their respective Near-Eastern policies to agree on a common attitude toward Greece.

It was a grave mistake for the Entente powers to think that final victory in the war, with Greece as an ally and a participant in the benefits of the victory, atoned for their crimes against Greece in 1915, 1916, and 1917, and their plot to rob Greece of any part in the victory in 1918. The Greeks are a proud people; they were deeply wronged by the Entente as a whole, and insulted by the French in particular. Beginning with the landing of thirteen thousand troops at Saloniki in September, 1915, instead of the hundred and fifty thousand Venizelos asked for as an essential condition of Greece's participation in the war, the actions of the Entente powers in Greece were indefensible on every count. They never treated the Greeks decently, but bullied them and then threw out their king, deceived their own loyal friend, Venizelos, frequently, and, above all, starved women and children by their inhuman blockade of a neutral country. They violated the neutrality of Greece, if not at Saloniki, certainly in invading Athens, and they stole the Greek navy in a shameless fashion. Many of their accusations against the Greeks were absolutely without foundation, but they never apologized.

At the peace conference the Entente powers tried to do Greece out of any share in the spoils. If Greece had been represented by a lesser man than Venizelos, she would have fared in the same way as at Berlin in 1878. There was no special hostility to Greece: all the smaller states were insulted and ignored. The big powers tried to use one and all as pawns in their diplomatic combinations. The Greeks at home realized that their country was being treated in the peace negotiations as she had been treated during the war. They resented bitterly the assumption that they ought to admire, to respect, to be grateful to the Entente powers. Whatever Venizelos got for Greece was due to the fact that Greece had a large army mobilized in the Near East, and he was simply being paid for services rendered. Had the

British and French and Italians possessed several hundred thousand soldiers whom they could have sent and kept in Asia Minor and Constantinople and Thrace, Greece would have been ignored.

Venizelos had to shoulder the opprobrium of being the friend of the Entente. He could not tell his people what he really thought about the statesmen and policies of the great powers because, for the good of Greece, he had to work with these men and try to fit in where it was possible to do so with these policies. He stood for much in order to realize the aspirations of Hellas. He was silent where the words his heart would have uttered might have explained everything to his fellow-countrymen. The Greeks hate France for all her acts during the war, and Great Britain for the rigors of the blockade. The memories of 1916 and 1917 kept thousands of Venizelists from voting for their leader. They were perplexed. Why did Venizelos consort with the enemies of their country? If France and Great Britain were not enemies, why the blockade? And then, as the negotiations over the Turkish treaty dragged on endlessly, and no advantage was given to Greece except when her armies acted in Thrace and Asia Minor unsupported seriously by Great Britain or France and actually opposed by Italy, the people of Greece began to fear that "the great Cretan" was pursuing a wild-goose chase, or, if not that, paying too dearly for what he won. The Constantinist propagandists spread throughout Greece the impression that Venizelos, refusing to come back without a victory, had assumed secretly obligations to do things for Great Britain and France as he had assumed obligations to do things for Serbia before the Second Balkan War.

If the Greeks had not been wronged by the Entente, Venizelos would not have suffered this eclipse of popularity. If the Greeks had not been tricked by the Entente statesmen, by all statesmen of the great powers, in every international conference to the point of bitter disillusionment, they would not have become panic-stricken and have lost confidence in the skill of their premier when the Thracian and Smyrna crises arose and a new military effort was demanded.

Venizelos was damned by the company he kept.

Our *tekel* should give us to think. It is not pleasant in the days of victory to have old chickens come home to roost. The end does not justify the means after the end is attained. It will take long for the Entente to live down their misdeeds in Greece during the war and their shifty diplomacy during the peace conference and continuation conferences. Had our Senate been so unwise and short-sighted as to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, the United States would have been in wrong with China. A betrayal is not easily explained. The Senate saved us from the consequences of President Wilson's broken promises.

Again, it is fortunate that the United States does not have to accept responsibility for the participation of President Wilson in the bullying of smaller states by the "five Principal Allied and Associated Powers." In *THE CENTURY* for May, 1920, I quoted the words of Mr. Wilson at the eighth plenary session of the peace conference, when he associated the United States in just the sort of policy that has caused Greece to turn against the victors in the war. The President did me the honor of denying having spoken these words, but I was able to produce the stenographic notes. The new administration should take to heart the lesson of the Greek election, and keep this country aloof from participation in any attempt to dominate the world by a group of powers. The smaller states resent bullying and assumption of overlordship, and when they get a chance, they defy those who have abused their power. The chance comes sooner or later.

UPHARSIN. The program for a durable world peace offered by the peace conference was built upon a foundation which history has frequently proved to be unstable, and must therefore be replaced by a program inspired by common sense and practical idealism.

A week before the Treaty of Versailles was signed, Sir Thomas Barclay and I were talking to a group of German steel men at the Essen Country Club. Said one of them:

"If I really thought the Treaty of Versailles was going to be put into effect, I should go crazy or turn Bolshevik. But it rests on a false hypothesis, that the nations who force us to sign this document have a common interest in seeing that it is carried out and are willing to make the sacrifices necessary to make us carry the burden of the treaty. Since no victorious coalition in all history resisted speedy disintegration, why should we worry?"

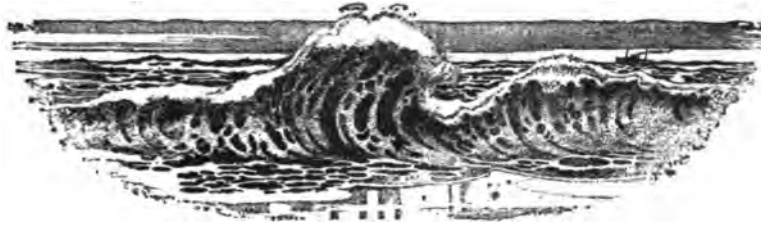
The false hypothesis upon which the Treaty of Versailles and the covenant of the League of Nations rests also underlies, and nullifies the effect of, the treaties of St.-Germain, Trianon, Neuilly, and Sèvres. The assumption of the treaties is that the members of the victorious coalition will *always* be friends and act together against those who were at one time enemies. The presence of the covenant in the treaties carries a still more unwarranted hypothesis, that neutral nations, in joining the league, undertake to help enforce treaties in which they are not interested and which are to the detriment of nations with which they have not been at war. The fall of the Nitti cabinet and the coming to power of Giolitti in Italy should have opened the eyes of the incurable optimists who believed that the coalition could and would work together. What will be said now about the return to the throne of the brother-in-law of Wilhelm Hohenzollern in Greece?

The French press declares that the Treaty of Sèvres was drawn up on the hypothesis that Greece would be friendly to the Entente, and now that Greece has rejected Venizelos and called back Constantine, the treaty in question must be revised. If this principle is followed in every case of lukewarmness or even of breaking away from the ascendancy and influence of the Entente powers, where shall we end? This is a naive confession that territorial settlements in the Treaty of Sèvres were made not on the basis of broad practical statesmanship to arrange durable frontiers and a tolerable future for the peoples concerned, but because of the momentary

interests of French foreign policy. To do away with the Treaty of Sèvres because Constantine returns to Greece is to make a breach in the whole system of treaties.

Moreover, the French official attitude assumes what is not true, that Great Britain and France gave Thrace and the Smyrna region to Greece. They did nothing of the sort. Venizelos wrested the admission of Greek rights from the reluctant members of the council of three only when other solutions failed. And all they gave was permission for the armed forces of Greece to occupy regions they wanted to see detached from Bulgaria and Turkey, but were not strong enough to take themselves. Of course it is true that they acted on the basis of the Greeks being their friends and allies, but to build any peace treaty upon the supposition that certain states who came together at a given moment, inspired each by its own interests, to fight against a common enemy were eternally allied and eternally hostile to the enemy of the day is folly. Nations change overnight, as Greece did on the evening of November 14, and as Italy has already done, though few seem to be aware of the fact in America. Because they do not remain always in the relations they had to one another when treaties were signed, do those treaties become null and void? This novel French thesis opens up alarming possibilities of international anarchy. It is preposterous to suppose that any nation's treaty rights and international status depend upon its doing the bidding of any other nation or group of nations.

OUR *upharsin* of the election of November 14 is the proper word of warning to end the handwriting on the wall. Greece, we are told by Paris, is to be punished by being deprived of membership in the council of the league. Was the league created to further French and British interests? Is it intended to be an instrument of oppression of small nations, or at least does it propose to keep the small nations under the mastery of a few states that happened to win a war in the year of Our Lord 1918?



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

Should Teachers Unionize?—President Harding as a Salesman—Paris-itic Politics—A New Angle on Americanization—Representative Government in India—Will America Build Her Parthenon?—Defeating the Oil Famine.

SHOULD TEACHERS UNIONIZE?



SHOULD teachers organize themselves into unions and affiliate with the American Federation of Labor? This question is to the fore wherever alert teachers assemble. The difficulty of arriving at any effective consensus of opinion among teachers is due to the fact that the discussions of the problem have to date failed to deal with the realities of the problem.

Nine tenths of the written and spoken discussions of this issue are confined to the imperative urge to unionization implied in the glaring needs of teachers in matters of finance and freedom. The nation-wide debate on this problem has revealed a regrettably uncritical attitude toward the method proposed—trade-unionism. With only a few heartening exceptions, those who advocate the complete unionization of the teaching profession have frankly accepted trade-unionism as the best immediately practical approach to the problem of industrial and professional relations. It is true, of course, that many teachers, with an almost senatorial attitude of mind, have qualified the proposal of unionization with many reservations, promises that teachers will not strike as

teamsters strike, and so on; but as far as the practical effect of the agitation is concerned, it registers approval of trade-unionism.

Even those who oppose the unionization of teachers have, in the main, opposed it upon the hopelessly unreal grounds of professional dignity and a supposedly desirable, but actually undesirable, neutrality of teachers on all social and economic matters. I have looked in vain through the current literature of this agitation for any *general* recognition of the question that is in the foreground of all fundamental thinking on the modern industrial problem. The question that is challenging all students of modern industry, the question that every teacher should ask and attempt to answer before advocating or denouncing the unionization of teachers is this, May not trade-unionism as represented by the American Federation of Labor be a passing phase in the evolution of industrial relation?

My own belief is that trade-unionism, a goodly measure of which will always be necessary, has about outlived its usefulness as the *dominant* factor in the struggle for better industrial and professional relations. I am convinced that teachers are to-day contemplating alliance with a type of labor organiza-

tion that enlightened labor will in time scrap in the interest of more statesman-like organizations and more effective methods. Teachers who to-day unionize as trade-unions and affiliate with the American Federation of Labor may later discover that the movement that seemed a band-wagon proved a hearse.

When a penman indulges in such dogmatism, the common decencies of discussion demand that he place his cards on the table and frankly state the grounds of his opinion. Do not jump hastily to a conclusion. This is not the introduction to a reactionary tirade against organized labor, in the social usefulness and imperative necessity of which I ardently believe, as the reader will later see. Why, then, this cocksure statement that it would be a mistake for American teachers to unionize and affiliate with the American Federation?

Many opponents of such a move fear that affiliation with the American Federation of Labor would tend to turn teachers into radicals. I do not share this fear. My objection to such an affiliation is not that the American Federation of Labor is too radical, but that it is too conservative. By radical, of course, is here meant the habit of going to the root of a problem, not the popular perversion of the word which makes it mean the habit of making trouble for trouble's sake. The American Federation of Labor has done, is doing, and will continue to do an immense service for the workers of the United States in improving their economic status; but the plain fact is that the federation is contributing nothing to the industrial thought of the time. It is in the rear rather than in the vanguard of industrial statesmanship.

But let us look a little more closely into the alternatives the teachers face. Negative criticism of this sort is always a challenge to constructive suggestion. Let us accept the challenge.

Broadly speaking, there are only two practically possible ideals battling for control of industrial relations. These two ideals are militant trade-unionism and industrial democracy. Between these two there is no half-way house that will afford more than transient

shelter. In between there is only a medley of palliatives, temporizings, and opportunisms. Teachers, with their growing class-consciousness, must frankly choose between these two—militant trade-unionism or industrial democracy. Teachers must decide definitely whether they are to regard industrial and professional relations as a problem of warfare between competing groups or as a problem of representative government by cooperating groups.

A frank choice of either can be respected and can be made productive of good in the correction of certain immediate abuses, but anything less than a whole-hearted going over to one side or the other can, in my judgment, produce nothing but confusion and ineffective antagonisms.

For instance, what point can there be to a half-hearted unionization of teachers, affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, but *foregoing the right to strike*? This is the proposal we hear on every hand. But teachers' unions stand to lose more than they will gain through affiliation with the American Federation of Labor unless they frankly join the ranks of militant trade-unionism and go the whole way on collective bargaining and striking. Such non-striking unions will sooner or later degenerate into the same sort of organizations as the old teachers' associations, which have signally failed to create professional solidarity, achieve for the mass of teachers better working conditions, or materially improve their economic status. Such unions will still be armed only with the weapons of moral suasion. And the grand adventure of exerting moral suasion is not enough to create and sustain an effective teachers' organization.

A teachers' organization must possess some more concrete power to wield if it is to be more than an amiable sewing circle passing pretty, but powerless, resolutions. There are only two practically possible ways of their exercising such power: one way is by adopting the tactics of collective bargaining and striking; the other way is by teachers' becoming responsible parts of a national educational system organized on the basis of representative government, by

creating and administering an educational democracy to match the industrial democracy that is coming with all the inevitableness of a glacier or the march of the stars.

Again, do not jump hastily to a conclusion. I am raising none of the objections frequently made to the American Federation of Teachers and its affiliation with the American Federation of Labor.

Certain opponents of the American Federation of Teachers raise holy hands in horror at the prospect of its meaning class domination of the schools. But we already have class domination of the schools. It is the class now dominating the schools that is raising the bogey of labor domination. We should probably have quite as good educational policies under the dictation of Samuel Gompers as under the dictation of some local street-car magnate whose major interest is in seeing the school system a sort of institutional psalm to the God Of Things As They Are. We should probably get quite as good results from the honest, human, amateur counsel of a labor leader as from the counsel of the occasional drab-minded, reactionary, visionless business or professional man who—say it softly—serves on our boards of education.

Other opponents of the American Federation of Teachers argue sophistically, like thirteenth-century theologians, that teachers have no business flirting with organized labor, because teachers are not employees; that they are not employees because they receive salary instead of wages. The American Federation of Teachers can, at least, charge this group of opponents with an atrophied sense of humor. Perhaps the teacher enjoys a little greater sense of security as to tenure of employment than does the day laborer, but in every other sense the teacher's problem is very much the laborer's problem. The teacher is less like the lawyer or physician with his fees than like the day laborer with his wages. And who can say that the average teacher's stability of tenure is not less than the stability of tenure enjoyed by the average employee of an established business firm?

Still others affect to believe, or at

least to assert, that, if teachers join the ranks of organized labor, freedom of teaching will be destroyed and teachers will become the terrified slaves of labor leaders and the enforced purveyors of labor propaganda. Heaven knows there is little enough freedom of teaching now. The history of American education, from public schools to graduate cloisters, is checkered over with instances of sinister censorship. Even in this late day of enlightenment, in certain universities, if a teacher thinks a thought of a later vintage than 1776, he must do it with a weather eye on the watchful trustees of dead men's estates. No sane person desires any form of organized censorship over the teaching mind of the nation. But the disinterested student of American schools refuses to grow disturbed over the menace of labor influence on the liberty of teaching. If labor had some access to the inner circles of our schools, it might inject into the situation a wholesome corrective to the dangerous dominance of boards and benefactors.

None of these objections are, in my judgment, valid. The one fundamental objection to throwing the teaching profession into the ranks of American organized labor is based not upon what the American organized labor might do, but upon what American organized labor is. American organized labor is militant trade-unionism, a fighting organization without a philosophy other than the philosophy of the battle-field.

Trade-unionism has been, and still is, necessary; but it is an opportunist and transitional movement on the road to an ultimate organization of industrial relations upon the basis of representative government in industry. If I were a day laborer instead of a desk slave chained to a type-writer, I would belong to a union. But trade-unionism is not a solution of the labor problem. Trade-unionism is industrial militarism. The one worthy goal of an industrial civilization is industrial government on a democratic basis. To reach this goal, we must have industrial statesmanship in addition to trade-union strategy.

Somebody whispers that this is the counsel of perfection. In a sense it is. The plain fact is that the industrial

world is not ready for industrial democracy. Democracy, even in politics, cannot reach a high efficiency without something approaching a homogeneous people, a high level of average intelligence, and a general willingness on the part of all to accept responsibility. These factors are even more vitally necessary to the success of industrial democracy. Let us honestly admit that these raw materials of democracy cannot be found throughout the labor force of many industries. The adventure toward the democratization of industry must be made with vast patience and ceaseless education.

But—and here 's the nub of the matter—these essentials of democracy exist in the teaching profession. Democratic government will work in the average school, although it might not yet work in the average industry. The teachers of America have the opportunity to blaze a new trail for American labor instead of blindly copying the past methods of American labor. The teachers of America can give us the first dramatic nation-wide example of a "labor force" democratically administering their common interests. They can set the standard of achievement for American labor. Will they do it?

Nobody cherishes the idea of teachers' striking, but the gain might be worth the gamble if every teacher in the United States joined in a "general strike" of educators and refused to "take up school" until there had been effected an agreement on the complete reorganization of the American school system on the basis of representative democratic government.

I offer no detailed blue-prints of an educational democracy, but we shall linger in the dark ages of education until representatives of the rank and file of teachers sit on all boards that decide questions of educational policy, of teachers' salaries, working conditions, and the like. The personnel of many boards of education in American cities is a sad commentary upon the educational vision of our country. A few weeks ago I told an audience of three thousand teachers about a little Missouri village in which the board of education had two members who could


neither read nor write. Three thousand teachers laughed. Yet it is possible to find on boards of education in big American cities men who, relatively, are as little fitted by temperament, training, and vision to settle the educational policies of a great city. Educational policy and the major part of educational administration must ultimately rest in the hands of teachers if our educational system is to give a square deal to its servants and render an effective ministry to the mind of the nation.

Then, too, the school-room itself must be democratized. The average American school-room is a little autocracy presided over by an educational kaiser or kaiserin. We are trying to teach the meaning of Americanism with the methods of Prussianism. We are constantly dinning into the ears of students that the essence of American democracy is self-government, and from kindergarten to university we rarely give them the chance to practise self-government.

This, then, is the challenge to the teachers of America: give to American labor a dramatic illustration of what its next achievement must be—industrial democracy. If the educational intelligence of America is not sensitive enough to see or courageous enough to accept this challenge, then I for one am heart and soul in favor of every American teacher's joining the American Federation of Teachers and demanding that the organization, for the time being at least, go the whole way of trade-unionism instead of temporizing in a make-believe union that frowns at bad conditions, but may not strike. For anything is better than allowing the present penurious policy of the nation toward its teachers to persist.

But, let it be said again, it is not low pay alone or primarily that is causing the exodus from the teaching profession. The myth of dignity has been blasted. As President Davis, of Hunter College, has said: "The claim that teaching is more refined, has shorter hours, involves less strain than office work is pretty well exploded." The necessity of self-support is causing teachers to demand better pay, but self respect is causing them to demand self-government. This is the next step.

PRESIDENT HARDING AS A SALESMAN

 **OME**BODY has said that the failure of the League of Nations in the United States was a failure in salesmanship. Let us not be drawn aside into a discussion of the soundness or falsity of this particular statement, but examine the general proposition, which is beyond question true, that many statesmen fail to carry through sound and creative policies because they are poor salesmen.

Nothing could be more to the point at this particular time when we are all speculating upon the possibilities of Mr. Harding's success or failure in pulling together the disheveled mind and distracted energies of the nation, to say nothing of the more challenging task of rightly orientating our country to the altered international situation.

All human society rests upon salesmanship. The salesman is the spark-plug of civilization. Nothing of permanent value has come down to us from the past save by the grace of good salesmanship on the part of somebody. A great writer must be a good salesman or his writings will not live. Of course by this it is not meant that the great writer must be an adept in hawking his wares or advertising himself, but that his writings must be constructed in consonance with the principles of salesmanship. The art of literature, in one sense at least, is the art of capturing the reader's attention and then charming or convincing his mind. And that is salesmanship.

We moderns would know nothing of Plato but for the fact that Plato was a good salesman. And Socrates can still give pointers to ad writers. It may be said, without courting the charge of irreverence, that the triumph of Christianity has been, in a very real sense, a triumph of salesmanship. Behind the Nazarene there were no regiments, he controlled no syndicate of newspapers, nor were Palestinian bill-boards plastered with his pronouncements. By the sheer force of a superior pedagogical method, which is only another way of writing salesmanship, he captured and has held the attention of the planet.

No man can succeed as President of the United States unless he is a good

salesman. And to sell a policy to the more than a hundred million folk who constitute this democracy is a more difficult task than any other salesman faces. Mr. Harding will succeed or fail in exact proportion to his ability to "sell" his policies to his associates, to members of the Senate and the House of Representatives, and, above all, to the American people.

What are the things that make a man a good salesman, be he peddler or president? In the grand, but depleting, adventure of selecting and purchasing the furnishings for an apartment I have just met a furniture salesman extraordinary—Mr. McAvoy by name. After all, whether one is dealing with the League of Nations or a kitchen table the principles of salesmanship are the same. For that reason, it may be both interesting and helpful to set down the four things that make this man a superior salesman, and to note the fact that these four things are as vital to Mr. Harding's success as President as they are vital to Mr. McAvoy's success as salesman. Here, then, are the four strokes that make the picture of this effective salesman.

I. HE KNEW HIS CUSTOMER

First, he knew his customer. The moment I entered his section of the store with my wife he called me by name and made some passing comment upon my connection with *THE CENTURY MAGAZINE*. I glowed and mellowed under his ministry of personal attention. I knew, of course, that he had secured his knowledge of my name and profession from Mrs. Frank the day before, when she had gone on a reconnoitering expedition through the store, but I loved him none the less for his hypocrisy. I was his customer, and he knew *me!* I met another salesman in the same store several times during a purchasing period of two weeks. Now he would call me Mr. French, now Mr. France, and occasionally Mr. Glenn, but rarely did he hit upon the name I inherited from my father.

Somebody may suggest that this illustrates my vanity rather than Mr. McAvoy's salesmanship. Perhaps, but the point is that all customers are

victims of the same vanity. Who has not seen a captain of industry swell with all the pride of a Frenchman receiving the Legion d'Honneur when the hotel clerk or an elevator boy called him by name!

And this is why salesmanship can never be a science. It will always be an art. Just as it is incorrect, in a sense, to refer to the science of medicine when speaking of the physician's ministry. The primitive phrase is better: it is the "practice" of medicine. The physician must always reckon with the individuality of the case, and the salesman must study each customer as the physician studies each patient. So, indeed, is statesmanship an extremely difficult art of dealing with human beings one by one.

Certain it is that many presidencies and premierships have been wrecked by the failure to recognize this intimate personal element in politics. Of course it is regrettable that a President should be obliged to burn up half his energy in jockeying with men and with masses—energy that it seems might better be spent in thinking out problems and evolving constructive policies; but the unalterable fact of experience is that for every hour a President spends in the ivory tower evolving policies, he must spend another hour in the arena fighting for and "selling" these policies.

II. HE KNEW HIS GOODS

Second, he knew his goods. It was not simply that he knew the quality and price of the articles for sale; he knew the whole rich and colorful history of furniture, of woods and their seasoning, of the craftsmanship that had gone into the manufacture of the articles. All this was an important factor in his salesmanship. When my attention lagged in the consideration of a given piece of furniture or when we were walking across the floor to some prospective selection, he knew how to interject into the conversation flashes of information from this fund of general knowledge. I was learning something as well as buying something; I was actually enjoying the spending of money. But the importance of this general fund of knowledge of his goods did not lie wholly, or even mainly, in the use of that knowledge in

conversation, but in the fact that the *existence* of that knowledge in his mind gave a sureness of touch to his judgment and a sense of authority to his answers to his customer's questionings.

Here, again, the statesman may learn from the salesman. The Presidency of the United States involves larger issues than the simple problems and simple decisions of parochial politics. It is not enough that a President be a clever politician. It is not enough that a President have good judgment on isolated problems. Nor can the challenge of the Presidency be met by a President's abdicating the right of private judgment and turning himself into a mere clearing-house for other men's opinions. American isolation is as dead as the dodo. We are part and parcel of a world of interlaced interests. National policies must be good not only nationally, but internationally. Then, too, the modern mind is in an experimental mood. The Presidency is not safe in the hands of a reactionary who denounces all experiment, nor in the hands of a radical who will experiment with anything at any time. No man can measure up to the demands the Presidency makes upon him unless he knows history, unless he is able to see every condition and proposal in the light of the steady evolution of government. He must have a sense of the continuity of history. He must realize that every day is the child of a yesterday and the parent of a to-morrow. He must keep step in the march of history. He must neither retreat nor attempt to strike a side trail of his own. The President must know American history and world history, or his judgments will be divorced from a needed background, or, to change the figure, they will wither for lack of soil.

III. HE DREW RATHER THAN DROVE

Third, he drew rather than drove his customer into a purchase. He never disputed an opinion I chanced to express about an article of furniture, its quality, its worth, or its utility. He never argued. At least he never made me feel that he had beaten me in an argument. He won me by the twin powers of suggestion and instruction. By the sheer force of facts he built up a case for his goods. If

a salesman defeats me in an argument, makes me admit I was wrong in my first impression, I may buy his goods, but in some indefinable and illogical way I will always resent the defeat. This is a very small, but very human trait in all of us. This salesman permitted me to leave the store feeling that it was my good taste rather than his good salesmanship that had made the entire selection of furniture, despite the fact that he probably kept me from buying articles I might have bought and led me to buy articles I would never have selected on my own initiative.

This is an accomplishment that a President, above all men, needs. Once a President openly and dramatically defeats a senator in argument, enforces upon the senator a sense of his intellectual inferiority to the President, the President has lost a collaborator. When the President is a good salesman, senators and representatives always have the satisfied feeling that the constructive legislation passed by the Houses springs from their brains, despite the fact that the legislation may be the exclusive product of the President's mind. And this does not mean insincerity on the part of the President. It means good salesmanship, good generalship.

IV. HE HID THE SALESMAN IN THE SERVANT

Fourth, he hid the salesman in the servant. He was more concerned about selling his goods than about selling himself. I forgot that he was trying to sell something. I found myself regarding him as a counselor on consumption. It may be set down as a law that a salesman who impresses the customer with his cleverness is a bad salesman.

Some weeks ago I went with a friend to two galleries. In one of the galleries this principle of salesmanship was ignored, in the other it was applied superbly. The display-room of the first gallery was hopelessly and distractingly cluttered with a hundred and one sorts and sizes of pictures. The salesman fluttered about and finally himself lifted one picture to an easel, and then began explaining to us the good points of the painting; he gesticulated cease-

lessly, and half the time stood between us and the picture. We left the gallery with a blurred memory of the visit. The display-room of the second gallery was conducive to the contradictory moods of relaxation and concentration. The floor was covered with red velvet carpet; the walls were hung with red velvet draperies, and there was not a picture in sight. The salesman directed us to chairs at one end of the room. He quietly took his place behind our chairs, and asked two attendants to show us a certain picture. The attendants walked to the other end of the room, and drew aside the velvet draperies that covered the wall. But in thus disclosing the picture which rested on an easel behind the draperies, the two attendants stepped behind the draperies as they drew them. The picture was perfectly displayed. Neither salesman nor attendants disturbed our view of the painting.

Unless Presidents learn this elementary lesson, they must resign themselves to bitter charges of autocracy, one-man government, and the whole round of criticism that is loosed when a people ceases to regard its President as a servant and begins to suspect superman aspirations.


Mr. Harding has announced his intentions of taking "common counsel" with the best minds of the nation. That pleases Americans, for the processes of common counsel have long distinguished American public servants. This method was pursued by the Pilgrim Fathers three hundred years ago. Governor Bradford makes this quaintly stated record in his history:

The grave mistress Experience having taught them many things, those prudent governours with sundrie of the sagest members begane both deeply to apprehend their present dangers, and wisely to forsee the future, and thinke of timely remedy.

Let us hope that, with counsel wisely taken, Mr. Harding will prove a good salesman of the resultant policies. Let us hope that he will wisely deal with senators and representatives, that we may have no dead-locks in our legislative chambers. Let us hope that he may bring to each problem of his administra-

tion an informed sense of its relation to the past and future of American and European development, that he may be historically minded. Let us hope that he may lure rather than lash his associates into coöperation, and that he may always display that modesty of bearing which, in a public servant, is the beginning of efficiency.

PARIS-ITIC POLITICS

 T is not at all pleasant to take a critical attitude toward the policies of a nation that has stood in the breach, as France has stood, when civilization has been threatened by the arrogance of a hateful imperialism. But the present unhappy international situation cries aloud for the utmost candor, and the unvarnished truth is that, since the peace conference, France has been standing for foreign policies which, if unrevised, will drag Europe to its ruin. Nothing can be gained, everything may be lost, by confining our discussions of French policies to the bland insincerities of after-dinner speech-making.

During the war the Allied nations set aside many deep differences of national policies, and, in the face of the enemy, maintained an artificial unity. Perhaps a better way to put it would be to say that the Allied nations fought alike rather than thought alike. War did not essentially change the international outlook of the Allied nations. England came out of the war with the old British outlook on foreign affairs. France came out of the war with the old French attitude toward the problem of the organization of continental Europe. When fighting ceased, the old divergences reappeared.

In *THE CENTURY* for September last, in these columns, the rift between France and England was discussed at length. Now that analysis is to be pushed a bit further. This discussion must not be approached in a pro-English, pro-French, or pro-German spirit. The one thing that the world sorely needs to-day is a pro-European attitude of mind. The restoration of Europe is a problem that cannot be

solved piecemeal. All Europe must be restored, or none of Europe can be restored. Until the leaders of British, French, German, Belgian, Italian politics—at least the leaders of these countries—throw penny-wise-and-pound-foolish policies to the winds and think in terms of the whole of Europe, the specters of bankruptcy, famine, and revolution will leer through the window of every council chamber in Europe.

It happens that, at the moment of writing, France is maintaining the most anti-European attitude of any of the nations named. Before the peace conference France, speaking through Clemenceau, avowed her allegiance to the old system of alliances and a balance of power rather than to any attempt at a coöperative organization of all Europe and of the world. When Great Britain sponsored the Wilson plan for a league of nations, Clemenceau was, in a sense, outmaneuvered. He paid a lip allegiance to the League of Nations, but only upon the understanding that France need not rely upon the league alone for protection against Germany. He demanded as the price of his allegiance to the League of Nations a separate treaty under the provisions of which Great Britain and the United States would agree to spring to the defense of France in the event of future attacks. This French support of the league was hailed as a triumph of the new diplomacy. But faith in the league was never more than skin deep in France. Consequently, when the United States Senate refused to consent to the ratification of the treaty of Versailles and refused to permit the United States to enter the League of Nations, and failed to carry through the Anglo-American treaty of defense for France, French policy took a swift turn to the old order.

France began looking about for new alliances, new safeguards, and for strong policies. She began to play for a militarized Poland; by the setting up of a series of petty military alliances throughout Europe, she began to play for the dismemberment of Germany; she set her foot down against the admission of Germany to the League of Nations; she deliberately blocked every attempt to make the indemnity from Germany

a definite sum that Germany could conceivably pay; she long followed a policy of stimulating war against Russia, frowning upon every attempt to resume trade relations with Russia.

In much of this it is difficult to keep from sympathizing with France. She has suffered much. She has done much. She held the line against the Hohenzollern hordes while some of us were deliberately making up our minds about the issues of the war. She stands, geographically, at the most dangerous point in Europe should German imperialism start on another mad venture. Were we in France's place, we would probably do as France has done. It is easy to sit three thousand miles away from battle-fields and counsel statesmanship. If we were closer, we might be more concerned with sharpening our sword.

But all this does not make the policy of France any less blind and suicidal. We may sympathize with the mood of France at the very moment when we are denouncing her method. Her policy to date has been one that will inevitably prevent the restoration of Europe and sooner or later leave France isolated and unsupported. Let us see why this is true.

For one thing, the restoration of Europe is impossible unless peace with Russia is achieved and trade relations resumed. Russian grain must feed European hunger. France has helped to prevent this. For another thing, the restoration of Europe is impossible unless the German indemnity is definitely fixed. Once the indemnity is fixed, Germany can know what she faces and what she must do. The amount must be wisely fixed. It must be placed, in justice to France, on the principle of all the traffic will bear, but it must not be placed so high that it will stop the wheels of German industry. France has persisted in blocking any such move. In preventing the resumption of relations with Russia, and in fighting against a fixed indemnity, France has struck a body blow at the restoration of Europe.

France has effected something of an alliance with Italy and with Belgium that she evidently regards as major elements of a policy that will give her the protection she thinks the League of

Nations cannot give. But in the long run no nation can play with France long if the playing means the starvation of all Europe. England has taken the lead in standing against these French policies of European suicide. Even the severest critics of British foreign policy must see that in this instance England is taking a stand that means the salvation of Europe.

Europe cannot afford any policy that will turn Germany and Russia into revenge-factories, cannot afford any policy that delays the economic restoration of the whole of Europe, or blocks the coming of a coöperative order among the nations. Marshal Foch has said that the French will never understand why the nation that won the war should be thrown into bankruptcy. Nor will any one else. The point is that much of French policy means a short cut to the bankruptcy not only of France, but of all Europe. A liberal and statesman-like European policy, a policy that makes the restoration of the whole of Europe its first concern, is the only policy that can give France either the indemnity or the protection she craves.

French politicians have kept the truth from the French people, on the matter of the indemnity, because they knew that the day the French people realize that much of the Cræsus-like promise of enormous indemnities is impossible of realization, the day the French people realize that they must bend their backs to heavier taxation, on that day there will come a reckoning between people and politicians. But, the time has come to pay the full price of truth-telling.

Again, let it be said that saying all this is a thankless task that runs counter to our love of French valor and to our sense of indebtedness to French sacrifices. But to-day the best friend of France is the one who speaks the truth.

The outstanding thing that must be recognized by all the nations of Europe is that the restoration of Europe cannot be effected upon political and sentimental considerations alone. The fact that the world war happened was the latest and greatest dramatization of the utter impotence of politics alone in an interdependent economic world. France must think in terms of economics.

A NEW ANGLE ON AMERICANIZATION

THE other day a certain distinguished biologist made the statement that popular notions about science are always wrong. In fact, he insisted that popular notions about most things are wrong. He maintained, for instance, that, contrary to the popular notion, the jack-of-all-trades is a superior type by virtue of an effective correlation of mental qualities. He maintained that a boy good in arithmetic is usually above the average in history or mechanics or anything else. He denied the popular contention that youthful prodigies usually prove failures, and maintained that the history of fifty years of Oxford preachers and Oxford lawyers, for instance, shows that genius is nearly always precocious. He insisted that the bright boy in school usually succeeds in later life. He contended that the popular notion that the only way to enjoy good air is to keep the windows open is wrong; that all that is necessary is movement and moisture in the air, that carbon dioxide has nothing to do with making close air bad. He maintained that the popular notion that beef-juice is highly nutritious for babies is wrong; that it takes about a barrel of beef-juice to make a good meal. And so on.

Whether such assaults upon our popular notions are always sound or simply instances of over-emphasis to stimulate our latent skepticism, it is always refreshing to have somebody challenge a belief that we have regarded as established. Some weeks ago, Mr. L. P. Edwards, in the columns of "The New York Times," said several challenging things about Americanization.

Americanization has become a catchword with us. We uncritically assume that the most desirable immigrant is the one who, the moment he sights the Statue of Liberty, doffs his ancient customs, beliefs, and ideals, as he might slip out of a tattered garment. We lay great emphasis upon his doing all this quickly. We seem to think that a prompt de-Europeanization of the immigrant is the only safeguard against radicalism. In our concern for law and order we play for the immigrant's quick and complete divorce from his past. We want him to learn the English lan-

guage and to stop speaking his own, always to salute the flag, and to memorize the Constitution.

We do not expect anybody, unless he is disloyal, to question our procedure. If somebody does question our Americanization program, we think the questioning must be prompted by a revolutionary intent. But Mr. Edwards questions our program not because he thinks it is ministering to conservatism, but because he thinks it makes for radicalism.

He opens his battle against the current conception of Americanization with this bombshell:

The most honest, thrifty, industrious, upright, God-fearing, and conservative portion of our foreign population is precisely that portion which has clung most stubbornly to its native ways of life, and has been least influenced by American customs. . . . The fundamental social virtues, honesty, industry, thrift, truthfulness, and the rest, are the same for all societies on the same general level of development. They are not promoted by the custom of saluting any particular flag nor advanced by the ability to read any particular Constitution. . . . There is only one foreigner who is really a menace to American society. He is the foreigner who is in rapid process of "Americanization."

No man can learn a language perfectly who learns it deliberately, and social ideals are harder to learn than language. They can never be learned naturally and completely except when they are learned so gradually and imperceptibly that the process is unrecognized and largely unconscious.

I have here stated Mr. Edwards's conclusions, without his attendant qualifications, as they appear scattered through his article. This may be a bit unfair to Mr. Edwards, but it is always well to get the maximum of challenge there is in a man's conclusions before examining his arguments.

Mr. Edwards rests his case upon statistics which, he maintains, show that immigrants who quickly change their foreign languages, customs, beliefs, and ideals deteriorate profoundly in moral character, that they deteriorate to a degree that shows itself in criminal statistics.

Mr. Edwards does not argue against

Americanization. He simply protests against a quick and highly artificial "Americanization," which, in his judgment, produces bad results in the present and prevents genuine Americanization in the future. He frankly asserts his belief that genuine Americanization is rarely, if ever, possible in the case of the foreign born, and is only partly attainable in the case of children who are foreign born. Its complete realization, he thinks, is possible only in the case of children born and reared in an entirely American environment. In other words, he thinks genuine Americanization cannot be accomplished before the third generation, and not always then.

It is well worth while to record his reasons for believing that the wholesale and hothouse methods of "Americanization," which have become a sort of patriotic religion with many, prevents genuine Americanization and promotes radicalism. He says:

It is a most curious popular misconception that peace and quietness and respect for law and order can be developed in the foreigner by suddenly and violently disturbing his mental life. Changing a man's language, upsetting his moral and social conventions, altering his inherited traditions of conduct, unsettling his ancestral faith—these are the very best means possible for making him a disbeliever in all established institutions, including those of the United States.

When a person has been brought to realize the faults, imperfections, and limitations of a traditional system of belief in religion, government, or what not, he inevitably applies his new critical attitude toward whatever system of belief is offered to him as a substitute for the one he has been encouraged to cast aside.

Most commonly the alternative system, being human, has serious faults, imperfections, and limitations of its own which are easily enough discoverable. The net result of very much conscientious missionary work in America is that the foreigner ceases to believe his traditional faith, refuses allegiance to any American substitute, and becomes an infidel, agnostic or atheist. The same thing is just as common in the realms of social, ethical, and political faith as in that of religious belief.

Respect for law and government is not a natural instinct. It is an artificial attitude

slowly built up in the individual by all sorts of direct and indirect social pressure. The breakdown of old habits of thought in any one of the great departments of social activity very rapidly affects the other phases of conduct. The whole moral life of the individual tends to become unsettled.

The "Americanization of the Foreigner" can be wisely and safely accomplished only if spread out over at least three generations, while four or five would be better. Every year less than three generations that the progress is hastened means moral and spiritual breakdown for thousands—means domestic tragedy and congested criminal calendars.

It is difficult to disagree with much of this incisive analysis and argument. There can be little doubt that much of our "Americanization" work illustrates the American weakness for panaceas and propaganda. We like neat formulæ that promise complete cures in thirty days, and we have an abiding faith in the power of propagandist "drives" to accomplish anything and everything.

Too frequently we attack the obvious rather than the fundamental aspect of a problem. This is what we have done in our zeal for Americanization. There are three important aspects of the immigration problem, the social, economic, and biological aspects. Of these the social aspect is the least fundamental, but it is upon the social aspect that we have centered the major part of our concern and effort. Social customs, beliefs, and ideals do not make good immigrants or good Americans. Good immigrants make social customs, belief, and ideals sound and safe. And the good immigrant or the good American is the logical result of biologically good stock and an economic square deal. Let us make sure that we admit only good blood to our country, then let us give such a square economic deal to that good immigrant blood that respect for and loyalty to our institutions will follow as a matter of course. This is the only sound basis for an Americanization program.

We must never forget that the radicalism of foreign born citizens is not always the result of revolutionary ideas brought from the old world; sometimes it springs from the psychological change America effects in the immigrant.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN INDIA

THE new Government of India Act, if performance measures up to promise, will mark the beginnings of self-government in India. Ireland, Egypt, and India have long been sources of trouble in the imperial politics of Great Britain. The situation in Ireland cries aloud for constructive measures. Meanwhile, in Egypt and in India we have the beginning, although tentative and timid, of constructive policies, in Egypt the work of the Milner Commission, in India the proposal for an Indian parliament.

The proposal involved in the new Government of India Act will not satisfy the extreme nationalists, the Besants and the Gandhis. It will seem timorous and of the essence of opportunism to ardent apostles of self-determination; but it may be a step on the road to self-government. For that we should be thankful.

The details of the new Government of India Act have been carried in the daily and weekly press. Here it is perhaps sufficient to say that the act involves the creation of an Indian parliament that shall consist of a nominated senate and a largely elected legislative assembly. Something over two thirds of the assembly is to be made up of native representatives, duly elected. By this device the natives, it is asserted, will be associated with the Central Government. It is asserted by the proponents of the act that under it the responsibility of native ministers to the assembly will be gradually increased. But this is not very definitely stated in the act. The most that can be said is that it is implied.

Under this act, the first president of the legislative assembly will be an Englishman, chosen by the Government. He will have the delicate and important task of acting as guide and moderator for the Indian members of the assembly. He will have to act as a sort of liaison officer between them and the officials. The formulation and interpretation of the assembly's rules of procedure will rest very largely with him. His task is a challenge that any public-spirited Englishman might well covet the privilege of answering, for it is a task which, if well done and not unduly hampered by home

politics, will involve the beginnings of self-government in India.

It is pleasant to note that the man chosen for this post is not a crusted Tory. Mr. A. F. Whyte, the man selected, is known to American students of world politics as one of the brilliant and liberal editors of "The New Europe." Those who met and talked with him when he was in this country some months ago remember him as a man whose faith in parliamentary government is abiding, a man of sanely liberal outlook, not a man who represents the outworn and war-breeding ideals of imperialism. His record as a member of the British Parliament gives us something of a basis for confidence in his new service in India. It will be remembered that, while in Parliament, he gave unstinted support to the famous budget of 1909, to the Irish Home Rule Act, and the Parliament Act, for which the Asquith ministry made such a strong fight.

It is, of course, easy to be critical of the very short distance all this goes on the road toward self-government in India, particularly if one's memory is permitted to linger on the many stern measures that have been taken by the Government in its past relations with the natives. But it is always helpful to get the other man's point of view. It is worth while, therefore, to suggest what the defenders of the present Indian proposal think of the situation. The arguments against any greater grant of Indian participation in the Government of India lie in their minds somewhat as follows:

The real India is a much greater and a different India than the educated, city-dwelling India that many dogmatic critics of British policy in India have in mind when they make their criticisms. India is a vast country with a population about three times as large as the population of the United States. This population speaks about one hundred and fifty different languages, and is further split into conflicting elements by the wide-spread and rigid system of castes. There is not, the defenders of the present program contend, more than five million natives fitted for, or interested in, any share in the government—five million out of a total population of

three hundred million. If full self-government were granted now, they claim that it would mean turning the country over to the small Brahmin class, which would probably make still harder the lot of the many million low-caste peasants.

Of course this sort of argument can be overdone. Even in England and in the United States a distressingly small element of the population really dictate the politics of the country. This will always be true in any country. But in India the existence of the caste system does lend a validity to the argument it would not have when applied to most countries. As a boy cannot learn to swim without getting into the water, so, in the long run, a people cannot master the arts of democracy unless given the privilege of practising democracy and running all the risk of bad mistakes involved. Sooner or later this must be recognized by every government in its dealings with subject peoples who cherish ambitions of self-government. Meanwhile we may be thankful for these first faint signs of liberal policies in imperial politics, and hope that the following statement from the Montagu-Chelmsford Report on the Indian scheme may be kept in mind. The statement reads: "The hope of avoiding mischief in such transitional schemes lies in facing the fact that they are temporary expedients for training purposes, provided the goal is not merely kept in sight, but made attainable, not by agitation, but by the operation of the machinery inherent in the scheme itself."

WILL AMERICA BUILD HER PARTHENON?

THAT great body of thinkers classified under the name of medievalists are given to twitting the modern man with the fact that, with all his boasted progress, he has been unable to build an Acropolis or erect a Notre Dame, Amiens, Rheims, or Chartres cathedral. The generosity of an American millionaire and the vision of an American sculptor may yet take that taunt from the lips of the medievalists. That is, if George Barnard's dream of a war memorial, on a spot of

land now owned by John D. Rockefeller, comes true.

It is interesting to listen to Mr. Barnard as he describes to an interested listener this dream. It is hardly accurate to discuss this dream as a war memorial, for it goes far beyond the memorializing of any event, even as colossal an event as the Great War. It is nothing short of a bronze summary of American life, a marble definition of the exalted vision that led us into battle. To the many readers who may not have the privilege of visiting Mr. Barnard in his studio, or of sailing up the Hudson or motoring northward along the New Jersey shore-line to view the proposed site of this American Parthenon, and to those whose daily newspapers have not given to this plan the full treatment accorded it in the New York press, the most matter-of-fact recital of its details may prove interesting.

First of all, the memorial may be said to have grown from the soil of the proposed site. It could hardly be conceived elsewhere. At the northwestern corner of Manhattan is Fort Washington Point. It has been called God's Thumb. Mr. Barnard insists that, as a site for a memorial of American life and its part in the war, it is incomparable save to the hill upon which the Parthenon stands. This site is on the Fort Washington Heights estate of John D. Rockefeller, who has offered to give the land to the city of New York. The promontory as seen from the New Jersey shore-line or as sailing up the Hudson is impressive. Mr. Barnard would undo the drainage work that has been done at the base and let the waters of the river again flow full against the bluff. The hill now slopes to the river; he would cut it to a nearly vertical wall. He would have artificial cascades as draperies for this wall, and cut paths in the side of the wall so that the observer would find himself at times behind this shimmering drapery of water.

As the foundation of his memorial, he would lay a marble platform over the northern half of the plateau, about nine hundred by seven hundred and fifty feet. He would station the four horsemen of the Apocalypse—War, Famine, Fever, and Desolation—at the four cor-

ners of this platform, each emerging from a black granite niche.

"And what do you symbolize by this?" asks a guest.

"That war is terrible from whatever angle it is viewed," Mr. Barnard responds.

At the center of this marble platform Mr. Barnard would erect a granite wall, elliptical in form, forty-two feet high and a thousand feet in circumference. It is on this wall that the sculptor would fling his bronze summary of American life, his marble definition of the vision that sustains us in peace and inspired us in war. He would work out his conception in two tiers of figures. The lower tier of figures would be in bronze, the upper tier in white marble. One half of the upper and one half of the lower tiers would depict America at work, the other half America at war. In each half the bronze figures of the lower tier would depict the acts of work or war, while the white marble figures in the tier above them would suggest the vision that inspires or inspired the act immediately below.

At the northern end of this elliptical wall, Mr. Barnard would place the Arch of Immortality; at the southern end, the Arch of Nations United by Peace.

In the detailed working out of these two arches, a wealth of suggestive allegory teems from Mr. Barnard's mind, so profusely, indeed, that it is difficult to transmit it to paper. But the outstanding feature of the conception is the great epic of American life and aspiration which is planned for the two sides of the elliptical wall which is to be the central feature of the scheme.

Mr. Barnard flings his proposal as a challenge to all American sculptors saying that he is not concerned that he shall do the work of this memorial, that it might well be vast collaboration of the artistic genius of America. If a hundred American sculptors could collaborate in the creation of such a memorial, it would still more effectively symbolize America to herself and to the world.

Greater conceptions may spring from the brains of other sculptors, but of one thing we are certain—our war memorials should be interpretations of the American soul, not travesties upon it.

DEFEATING THE OIL FAMINE



SOME months ago, in these columns, the international aspects of the oil question were discussed. In that discussion it was pointed out that in the United States the consumption of oil is exceeding the production of oil and that our potential supply is inadequate. The far-reaching plans of England for the control of foreign oil-fields were discussed in detail. Several tentative suggestions regarding an American oil policy were made. The basic suggestion was that the United States should whole-heartedly collaborate with other nations in the working out of a genuine economic internationalism under which such basic supplies as oil might be more and more administered in the interest of the whole world. Also the obvious suggestions were recorded that we wisely conserve our present and potential supply of oil; that we do all we can, consistent with decent international relations, to secure access to, if not control of, certain foreign oil-fields; and that we set our scientists at the task of finding new sources of oil that we may tap when our supply from wells is exhausted. The last suggestion was, of course, not new. Scientists, at the behest of commercial interests and under subsidy from the Government, have long been conducting something of a still hunt for new oil sources. Progress in this search is heartening news.

For some months fugitive items have appeared in the daily press suggesting the great possibilities of securing oil from certain American shale deposits. This is probably the new oil source that will make possible a defeat of the oft prophesied oil famine. The outlook for the oil shale industry has been treated in great detail in trade and technical journals and in the published studies in economic geology carried on by the United States Geological Survey, but the general public has had little access to the mass of interesting information that clusters about this development that may mark a new epoch in the industrial history of the United States.

Those of us who do not regularly read technical journals and government bulletins are, therefore, grateful to Dr. Victor

C. Alderson, president of the Colorado School of Mines, for his fact-filled and fascinating volume on "The Oil Shale Industry." This is the first American treatment of the subject in a form available to the general reader. The volume is packed with information of special interest to the technical chemist and engineer, but this information is imbedded in a matrix of description and statistics that effectively emphasize our dangerously inadequate oil supplies and the most hopeful means of avoiding an oil famine.

To begin with, it is doubtful that existing oil-wells can produce enough petroleum to meet existing demands. It is equally doubtful that enough new oil-fields will be discovered and exploited to meet the future demands for petroleum that will increase daily. In a very real sense the industrial and military life of the United States rest upon petroleum. We know the extent to which our navy, our merchant marine, and many of our industrial plants will depend upon fuel oil in the future. If aircraft becomes commercially profitable in mail, express, and passenger service, an added demand will be made upon our oil resources. Every extension in the use of farm tractors means an added tax on our oil supply. Steamers will make increasing use of fuel oil. The good-roads movement will mean the use of a vast amount of oil in road-building. Dr. Alderson wisely states the case as follows:

A common sense view seems to be that first, our supply of petroleum from wells is not meeting the country-wide demand and that the limit of production is approaching; second, the supply of petroleum from wells can be maintained only by the discovery of new extensive pools; third, there is little likelihood that new pools like the Mid-Continental, or California, will be discovered because the entire country has already been explored; fourth, that the only great national reservoir that can be absolutely depended upon to supply oil is our enormous deposits of shale.

Now, what is shale, where is it to be found, how is oil obtained from it, and what are its possibilities as a new oil source? Many laymen confuse oil shale with oil sand, thinking of it as a soft, stony mass oozing oil. There is no oil,

as such, in oil shale. Oil shale is a mud or clay deposit, usually of a dark color save where weathering processes have turned it to a lighter color. A thin piece of oil shale, if rich with potential oil, is combustible, burning with a sooty flame. When broken, a piece of oil shale may give off a petroleum odor. Oil is secured from such shale by heating the shale in a closed container, or by the process of destructive distillation. This means that in the future we shall mine oil, as we mine coal, instead of pumping it, as we pump water.

The United States is unusually fortunate in rich shale deposits. These shale-beds are located in Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Nevada, Montana, Texas, and California to the west, and in Kentucky, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia to the east. Elsewhere shale-beds are to be found in Canada, Scotland, France, parts of South Africa and Australasia, Italy, Spain, Austria-Hungary, Serbia, Turkey, and England. If all these fields were fully exploited, it might lessen the urge toward that "oil imperialism" which may prove a disturbing factor in international relations. But we are interested primarily in the amount of oil resources we may count upon in our own shale-beds.

There is bound to be a good element of guessing even in the estimates of the experts. But certain hints from Dr. Alderson are interesting. He estimates that the shale-beds of Colorado alone contain something under thirty-nine billion tons of shale, if the thickness of the seam of oil shale is figured at ten feet. But he states that it is conservative to reckon on thirty feet of workable shale. Multiplying his thirty-nine billion tons by three, and then, in order to eliminate all recklessness from the estimate, dividing the amount by two, we have, to use his exact figures, 58,080,000,000 tons. A ton of shale is supposed to yield, as an average, one barrel of oil. Dr. Alderson estimates, therefore, that one hundred plants, treating two thousand tons of shale daily, would require eight hundred years in which to exhaust the shale-beds of Colorado alone. This should reduce the fear of unemployment a little. A few eight-hundred-year tasks in prospect should hearten us.

Pioneers in the oil-shale industry in the United States will not begin operations without precedents. This industry has been in operation in Scotland for a little more than seventy years.

There were beginnings years ago of what might have become an oil-shale industry in the United States, but it proved a case of arrested development until a few years ago. The story is recorded as follows:

The earliest record of oil shale investigation in America is that of Dr. Abram Gasner, who, in 1815, erected a small retort at Baltimore, New Brunswick, to treat the albertite shale of New Brunswick. In Boston, the Downer Oil Company from 1854 to 1861 treated albertite from New Brunswick and manufactured lamp oil and paraffin. About 1855 the Mormons distilled oil from shale. The ruins of an oil retort still remains at Juab, Utah, as evidence of their early knowledge of the character of the oil shale of that region. Between the years 1850 and 1860 more than fifty plants were erected in the eastern states and along the Atlantic Coast to retort imported Boghead coal, by Young's process, and also local coals and shales. . . . When, however, in 1859 oil was produced from wells in abundant quantity, the distillation plants were compelled to close, but were later remodeled as refineries of well petroleum. . . . The supply of well oil was so abundant and so cheap that the production of oil from shale became unnecessary. Nothing was, therefore, done for many years.

Then came a stretch of years, filled with the colorful history of oil booms and oil rushes, men made millionaires in the twinkling of an eye, and that strange mixture of the sordid and the romantic that always haunts areas of exploitation. Beginning about 1910 interest in our Western shale-beds was renewed. Men began to locate claims under the placer law. Soon thereafter our Government, realizing the rapid depletion of our oil resources, undertook to foster interest in and assemble information regarding our shale-beds. In 1913 the United States Geological Sur-

vey sent a body of investigators into the field to examine the shale deposits of Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming in particular. This was the beginning of a work of investigation and research that has been kept up in field and laboratory since that time. From time to time the United States Geological Survey has published bulletins on the results of its investigations.

In doing this the Geological Survey effectively illustrated one of the high functions of a federal government, namely, to play the rôle of pioneer and experimenter, foreseeing the social and economic needs of the nation, and doing the necessary ground work of research in that important period before the incentive of immediate profit has begun to draw private investment and initiative into the field.

The work of the Geological Survey stimulated the interest of chemists, engineers, men of the well oil industry, with the result that private capital soon began the financing of experiments and investigations. Much of this work, as Dr. Alderson points out, has been widely scattered, isolated, and frequently secret. It is to be regretted that in an industry so vital to the industrial future of the United States the Federal Government cannot conscript the results of all private investigations, so that the industry as a whole can move forward with the maximum of informed intelligence.

It is difficult to write of this vital industry without seeming to cast the comment in the form of a stock prospectus. But this element of danger is removed by the fact that all responsible writers on the oil-shale industry go out of their way to emphasize the fact that it is not a "poor man's game." It is an industry that will require a large amount of capital and does not promise quick returns in this early stage of promotion. Willy promoters will before long be dangling oil-shale stock before our eyes. We have it upon the best authority that, if we are men of meager savings, we should look before we leap.



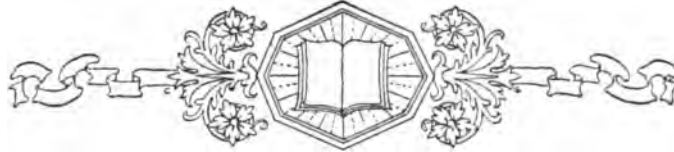
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From a painting by William Jean Beuley

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From "The Book of Jack London"

By CHARMIAN LONDON

1. THE SAILOR ON FOOT AND ROD

"This book is written only for those sincere and open-minded folk who want to know the real and living facts that I can tell. So unusual a man should be honored with an unusual biography, for Jack London was 'my man' of men and because I have answered for these many years to his call of 'my woman,' I am unafraid to speak my mind about him."—From the author's preface to "The Book of Jack London."

 ANY become tramps not through a reasoned mental attitude, but because their bodies rebel against the maiming of overwork that precludes natural gladness of well-being. Not so with Jack London. When hard toil was a game, winning its own delights, as he found it on the water, all was fair enough; but long-continued and underpaid grind that left neither time nor strength for recreation, not even for reading, held no reward that he could see, no matter how earnestly he had gone in for "settling down." The co-operation of logic and adventurousness worked a revolt in thought, which went hand in hand with revolt in action. He was intelligently resentful toward what he felt was merciless exploitation of his manifest and enviable muscle. As far back as the cannery episode, despite the pretty picture he had been struck unpleasantly by the luxury of the carriage in which a daughter of one of the cannery-owners rolled about the city. Almost it had seemed that his own muscle had something to do with the pulling of her elegant equipage.

The revulsion was now more portentous than ever before, coming as it did near the end of that state of flux which precedes full growth, when youth's beliefs are likely to crystallize for bad or good, and what he did or did not do exerted an increasingly grave bearing upon his ultimate manhood. For the time being he cared little if he never "settled down." It was an irritating phrase, now he came to think of it. Settling down did not look good to him. "Learning a trade" could go hang. He would break loose, at least until rested in body and spirit, and that would be a long way off. After all, he owed a little something to himself. So even duty went by the board for once. The result of his orgy of work, brief though it had been, was to sicken him of toil. The memory of the overdose of hard labor he had let himself in for was actually nauseating. When he presently ran across, and approved, Milton's "Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven," more firmly than ever was he persuaded, as in the case of Washington Irving and others, that great minds ran in the same channels.

Probably this was the most critical juncture in his life. Only that magnificent balance preserved him from ruin. He had had sense enough to stop before any vital physical deformity had been wrought. Even at that, when he shook those unharmed great shoulders defiantly once more, his very liberty was tainted with disgust at his inadequate wrists, bandaged with tight straps that for a year he was never without.

He strolled along the waterfront and considered going to sea. He was not tired of the water. Never did he tire of going down to the sea in ships; "the savor of the salt" could not stale. And here he might from sheer bleakness of soul have slid along the weakest line of resistance that stretched before his uncaring vision. As it was, out of a complex of temporarily dulled desires there glimmered the undying one that had influenced him to decline another sealing expedition. He had only one life: there were more varied experiences than he could ever get around to in that one life; therefore no hour was too soon to get about the business of pursuit. Anyhow, as he said of himself, "I was so made that I could n't work all my life on one same shift."

In his final decision there was no intention other than for adventure and surcease from deathly routine, no formalized notion of gathering data for sociological conclusions. In all the vivid plannings of his adult years, adventure was the prime factor. The fact of his office being located under his hat was a secondary, if important, consideration. Any port would incidentally provide grist for his lucrative literature-mill; but the port, in relation to personal enjoyment—the port was the thing. That his present unmitigated lark of land-adventuring across the continent made him into a socialist philosopher was but an inevitable sequence in a passionately adventuring intellect. As he put it: "Sociology was merely incidental. It came afterward, in the same manner that a wet skin follows a ducking."

What Jack's next move might have been if the notorious "Kelly's Army" had not just then been forming in his home town, one can only speculate. It was shortly before Easter, in the year

of 1894. "Industrial Army" he heard it called, and this unvarnished phraseology would not have enticed one in his irritated mood toward industrial connotations; but certain sneering remarks that accompanied the words in connection with the unique organization had fixed in him the picture of a tatterdemalion conglomeration of bums and hoboes and other wearied rebels like himself. He would join the thing and have whatever fun there was to be got out of it, and Coxy's Army farther east. He would "just as leave" wind up at Washington, D. C., as any other city; besides, once that far on the way, he stood a chance to see other big Eastern centers.

When he went to bid Eliza farewell, it took her only a moment to find out that he had only a few cents in his pocket, and concealing under a bright demeanor any disapproval she may have harbored for this new wild-goose chase, briskly she stepped to the bureau, and lifted her snowy pile of best handkerchiefs from the top drawer, beneath which reposed a ten-dollar gold piece.

"Run out and get this changed," she said, "and I 'll give you half. I 'm afraid, if you have it all, some of the bunch of do-nothings will get it away from you." But when he came back with the change, conscience smote her that he should depart with only five dollars, and she pressed the entire sum upon him. And I have not a doubt that when upon Easter Sunday she put on the last Easter's retrimmed straw, it made her twice as happy as would the coveted new one she had set her heart on previous to her brother's leave-taking.

On a Friday morning—to be accurate, April 6, 1894—Oakland's city fathers were to forward the "Army" by free-rail conveyance to the unappreciative capital, Sacramento; but when Jack arrived at the stated hour of seven, to make one with the "push," he found they had been packed incontinently off two hours earlier. The only thing to do was to spend part of his precious ten dollars in following by fast passenger-train.

According to his penciled diary, he and a companion he calls Frank arrived in Sacramento at 8 P.M. and supped at the Mississippi Kitchen. On the

trip from Oakland, whirring by the old scenes of wild times he had known on land and boat, his somber mantle of discouragement had fallen from him, as it had fallen when he boarded the *Sophie Sutherland* on that morning of dawning world-adventure. Now again he felt "the prod and stir of life," not to go back into the debilitating commercial treadmill, Heaven forbid; but to conquer life in the open once more, to "royster and frolic" over the face of the earth.

Sacramento had been too quick for him; she had not delayed in passing the hungry hundreds on to an unreceptive Nevada. Jack and Frank drifted to the arks and fishing-boats on Sacramento's river-front, where they came upon a scanty remnant of indigent young riff-raff left behind for lack of rolling-stock.

"The water was fine," Jack remembered, "and we spent most of our time in swimming." The men "talked differently from the fellows I had been used to herding with, . . . and with every word they uttered the lure of the road laid hold of me more imperiously."

Every moment, with alert ear and eye, this latest recruit was absorbing every last modicum of information that would instruct him in the vernacular that was in effect a living foreign language, as well as in the fine art of circumventing horrid accident while stealing transportation by way of the whirling, clanking truck machinery underneath "limited" railway-coaches.

The wanderlust had returned to flame as fresh as on that day he sat in the *Idler's* cabin with Scotty and the alleged harpooner; as lawlessly as the evening he took the queen with him aboard his own *Razzle Dazzle*, broke out anchor, and hoisted sail for the oyster flats. Although the learning amassed when he had been one with hoodlum and pirate and common sailor stood him in good stead in the present emergency, it was only to a quickly reached and limited degree. The "road-kids," by misfortune of birth or later mischance, seemed a lower sort of human animal, unemployed by choice or physical inability, on their backs and in their pockets only such clothing and money as they could beg or pilfer.

These reckless ones regarded life from an entirely contrary angle to the independent, carelessly free-handed spenders he had known, who made a generous, if sometimes haphazard, livelihood upon the waters. Revolutionary that he was, Jack slammed the brakes upon previous norms, took a square look at himself and the eccentric crowd that engaged his attention, then eased into their rate of going. The road-kids did not like his hat. Neither did he. So they showed him, just off K Street that night, how to remedy matters.

"But you did not join that raid years before when the Oakland gang destroyed the poor Chinaman's laundry," I demurred to his confession of the hat.

"The laundry," he declared, "was not *that* Chinaman's property; he had to pay his customers for their lost raiment. The Chinaman from whom I lifted the hat owned the hat, and he was not a poor 'Chink,' for the hat was a beauty, and he was otherwise well dressed. You will admit there is a difference, *no?* Yes?" And to me, I having meekly admitted the difference, he melted.

"It was not nice; it was wrong and wilful. Yet I did not do it in sheer viciousness. It was part of the new game that I must learn in a hurry. I'd like this very minute to pay that frantic, jabbering Chinaman the five dollars he must have spent for that beautiful hat." He giggled at the comical fracas that had ensued. "What? Wearing a Chinaman's hat? Oh, it was never my habit to let squeamishness stand in the way when expediency was sufficiently pressing. And I've worn more suspicious articles than Chinaman's hats. A tramp cannot be an exquisite, my dear. I washed my face and took a bath of some sort whenever there was opportunity, which was n't every day, because chances for swimming were scarce. Don't forget, I'm pretty much of a savage when among savages. Yes, I've slept with them and eaten with them and begged with them—and *loused* with them, which was the awfulest. And you, thank God!" he broke in with beaming eyes,—“you, tender woman in your pretty gown, don't blanch in my face at the raw facts. What a lot most women miss by shuddering from playing

some part of their men's adventure-game or even from trying to understand it. Wait a minute—where did I say it?" He reached for his shelf of first editions. "Here it is; listen, 'It is not given to woman to live in sweet-scented narrow rooms and at the same time be a little sister to all the world.' You, Mate Woman," he concluded, "I don't ever want you to know real hardship at first hand, and you have never known it yet; but I do want you to know and face facts as they exist. Shrink your closest from the thing itself, and no blame to you; but not from the fact that the thing exists."

Still, he himself was never physically injured to the hardships youth put upon him. Irritation of burning cinders, grit, exposure, strains on wrists, jarrings of unexpected long jumps on slender ankles—all such hardships necrosed a rare endowment of beautiful elasticity. What I mean to make clear is that wherever he excelled in this and that arduous game, the price he paid was greater than that of the average man.

On the river-front that April day he was very busy, under an amiably nonchalant exterior, acquiring the qualifications of a proper "blowed-in-the-glass" hobo. Since he had elected the road, nothing less than tramp-royal would he aim to be, and by the shortest cut possible. What he did not take to himself of the tramps' oblique psychology would furnish data for only a very meager manuscript on the literature anent America's mighty contingent of Weary Willies as it existed previous to the Great War.

So well did he listen and apply that under his own "monaker," Sailor Jack, presented by his mates, he, the absolute tyro, was the only one of the crowd except Frank, who acted upon his example, to make a clean get-away on the late Overland Limited train of the Central Pacific. The "shacks" (brakemen) accounted for all the rest, and one luckless road-kid lost both legs in the scuffle. Of course Jack registered automatic brain-notes upon the incompetence of the poor dubs at their own calling.

Sailor Jack had been warned beforehand to stay on the mail-car's deck,—this being its roof,—to which he had

clawed like the seaman he was, until a certain junction had been passed where the constables were especially unpopular with the "stiffs." Afterward he would descend to a less-unsheltered nook on the platform of a blind-baggage. But this particular stiff made security from shacks doubly sure by holding down his precarious up-ended bed clear over the "hill," as the Sierra Nevada summits were styled by the "profesh," all through those smoke-stifling miles of snow-sheds, which somehow reminded him of the beamed ceiling of the *Sophie Sutherland* when he had bestridden Red John's heaving shoulders. He scrambled down, almost congealed with cold, gritty, and scarred with hot cinders, only when Truckee was reached. Having beaten the railroad "over the hill," he had won his spurs as a proper road-kid, and he never owned up to the "bunch" when they overtook him at Reno, watching some Piute Indians gambling, that he had spent the night on the "deck." He arrived at Reno in a "side-door Pullman," which is a box-car, and was thrown off a passenger-coach he tried to ride out.

"It was no time at all," he told me, "before I was riding the rods on a 'ticket.' Oh, no, not a pasteboard one; but a little bit of a piece of wood, with a groove across the middle to hold it on the rod." And one day he came across the old "ticket" that had been part of his slender equipment, and at my request labeled it. How different from most lavendered mementos a widow may cherish! I step to his huge fire-proof safe and take it out—a weather-grayed section of four-inch board less than an inch thick, irregularly six inches long, with the shallow crosswise groove hacked out by his jack-knife long ago. And how eloquent is the high polish on the originally unplanned surface! The tag reads, in his own hand:

My "Ticket" used by me, in 1894, when tramping. The notch rested on the rod inside the truck of the four-wheel passenger coaches.

JACK LONDON, Aug. 12, 1914.

His agility in ducking under rapidly moving cars and invading the internal mechanism of four-wheel trucks always

remained a matter of pride to him, calling as it did for the smoothest coördination of nerve and muscle. This meant the grasping of a gunnel and swinging his feet under to the brake-beam, thence crawling over the top of the truck to let his body down inside it to a seat on the cross-rod, made somewhat easier by sitting on the "ticket"—all this in darkness and deafening noise of grinding, revolving wheels. How he, or any tramp, can dare even drowse in what one may be excused for calling an extreme predicament, is an enigma. Yet I have Jack's word that he was able so to drowse, although many a time he "burned" his boots or trousers-legs, and even his flesh, on a whizzing steel periphery.

I have heard him swear with exasperation at the incorrect descriptions of this nimble feat—an exasperation which reached its just climax when his own description, in "The Road," was wrongly illustrated by photograph.

Together with his big sincerity, sometimes of the bluntest, in Jack London there resided a prominent trait of the play-actor, and this served him well in beating his way across the States. Unwilling cooks and housewives, loath to part with "hand-out" or "set-down," burly policemen, temporary employers—with all classes he practised his wits to see how far this play-acting gift would carry him into their hearts for the attainment of his ends.

Owing to his natural penchant for independence, however, one of the sharpest disinclinations he had to overcome was this very begging, whether on the street for a "light-piece" or from door to door for the "hand-out" or "set-down." His first lesson in the gentle art was undergone even before he saw the last of Eliza's ten dollars, and it was almost beyond him to bend to the humble posture. But very shortly he adjusted his focus, and thereafter encouraged that latent histrionic tendency, much to his own amusement. Time and again he nearly landed into trouble when a glib use of invention led him too far into piteous fiction that unfolded the circumstances which had reduced his estate. Or else his originality was too much for the gravity of some appre-

ciative, if less talented, chance companion whom Jack was also bent upon victualing. Having cast himself for this purposeful mummery, he hesitated not to make capital of all the seraphic facial advantages he was heir to, though he never ceased to feel a half-serious guilt regarding certain kind-souled women who, as reward for the best their larders afforded, fed upon the almost unbelievable misadventures that had brought this angel-eyed child, with the innocent, tremulous mouth, to the dire strait of begging food. Still, he was able to offset this uneasiness by considering that there had been no palpable harm.

"If those ladies had been less trustful and guileless, they could have tangled me up beautifully in my chronology. Well, well, and what of it? It was fair exchange. For their many cups of coffee and eggs and bites of toast I gave full value. Right royally I gave them entertainment. My coming to sit at their table was their adventure, and adventure is beyond price, anyway."

Many editors and publishers have wondered how they came to sign certain contracts which, to his own enrichment, Jack London had defaced with initialed amendments on their margins. During one of our visits in New York I said one day that I would give anything to hear him talk business with these men when he was discussing new contracts or renewing expiring ones. But he would never consent.

"I will confess to you that I do a good deal of play-acting at such times," he said, salving my disappointment. "It's a game or a play. We're all acting. The best actor wins most. If I were under your scrutiny, it would spoil my play-acting, and thereby lose money for us both, you and me. You know me too well." And once, referring to the subject, he said: "Somehow, I don't know exactly why, but I don't seem to want you to see me in this rôle. Maybe I'm not especially proud of it."

Many were his chances to learn what it really meant to go hungry, but in his case even clawing emptiness of stomach did not discourage. It was part of the big play in which he was more or less a puppet; and, too, his was the consciousness of stored efficiency so lacking in

the bulk of his associates, which kept him atop the heap of the more dispirited and the hopeless ones. While it still made him curiously uneasy to contemplate steady work or routine of any sort, he was highly enjoying this great picnic of irresponsibility. Occasionally, too, he was in funds of a few dollars that dribbled along his lengthening trail from the hand of Sister Eliza, while several times his mother, terrified lest his vagrancy land him in jail, spared him small sums.

No loveliness of mountain or desert or prairie-land, morning, noonday, or night, escaped his ranging eyes. No morning too cold, no aching muscles too painful after a night on the unprotected blind-baggage, no headache too violent from sleeping over a round-house boiler, to deprive him of the beauty of the new day that was the herald of unguessed variety. "Sweet plains of Nebraska" they were to him, and it was not until he had made his way across them as far as Council Bluffs that he came up with the elusive, more or less orderly mob under command of General Kelly, whose undisappointing figure on "a magnificent black charger" fired Jack's imagination with the human romance of the exploit of this man who had marshaled an augmenting force of the dissatisfied clear from the Pacific coast. And they had not walked, either, but proceeded upon captured trains to the double-intentioned cheerings of citizens of a West only too anxious to see the shape of their backs. Jack's, by the way, was adorned by a huge blackened rent caused by fire from a cinder that had caught his overcoat one night of ride-stealing.

But the Eastern railroads took a sterner view, and the Army hung up at Council Bluffs. Jack dropped into the last rank of the rear-guard as the procession, stepping to martial music, swung out on the several miles of road to the town of Weston, where its advent tied up two important railway lines that declined on principle to operate any trains whatsoever rather than accommodate the invaders. A state of mild anarchy prevailed, for Council Bluffs, to obviate a return of the divisions, prepared to commandeer a train and run it to Weston for General Kelly's use. In

the end the Army arrived at Des Moines on foot, and never rode again, except when it lifted its feet on river boats. Jack's dislike for "hiking" increased rapidly, for the soles of his shoes wore into holes until, I find in his diary, "he was walking on "eight blisters and more coming." No shoes were to be had from the commissary, and finally Jack's feet were in so horrible a condition that he dropped out and waited for a chance to ride with some farmer. The process of reducing the Army to the pass of tramping by foot cost the railroad companies "slathers" of money, but they established what they knew was an important precedent. In the end the Army arrived in Des Moines, and on Monday, April 30, I read in Jack's faded penciling, he "walked 15 miles into Des Moines, arriving in time for supper." That diary, incidentally, is most absorbing reading, and his boyishly conventional comments on the good people who came to camp are delicious, though it is too long to quote entire.

Jack forever nursed a soft spot in his heart for the Iowans, who, though not wholly with disinterest, welcomed, banqueted, and bade God-speed to the "two thousand stiffs" that composed General Kelly's following. Jack voted it the time of his young life.

"It was a circus day when we came to town, and every day was circus day, for there were many towns. Sure; they enjoyed it as much as we. We played their local nines with our picked baseball team; and we gave them better vaudeville than they'd often had, for there was good talent left in some of the decayed artists in the Army." Years afterward, from our drawing-room on the Limited, pulling out of Des Moines, Jack pointed out to me the old stove-works where he with the Army had camped and invited the city either to furnish six thousand meals a day or to make the railroads come across with unremunerated accommodation. These continuing to decline, the riddle was solved by General Weaver's brilliant idea of building, at the city's expense, enough ten-foot flatboats to float the whole two thousand "soldiers" down the Des Moines River to Keokuk, on

the Mississippi, and good riddance at the price.

Sailor Jack selected nine of the likeliest fellows from Company L, of which he was a member, known as the "Nevada Push," and contrived to get his boat out first of the string. Thence on, the ten graceless scamps proceeded to raise Cain for everybody along three hundred miles of the shallow stream, helping themselves to the cream of the provisions collected by farmers in advance of the main Army's descent. In the diary I note a recurrent phrase, "living fine." Jack was not impressed with the dignity of the Army's management, regarding the whole scheme as bound directly toward failure, which it eventually reached.

Meanwhile, having been outwitted by General Kelly in the continuance of their high-handed methods of preceding the main body, Jack and his contingent returned and disorganized one division, reorganizing it pretty much to suit themselves, after which they resumed and enlarged upon the scope of their cussedness. It is to be hoped that General Kelly and his sorely tried officers, for the sake of their own remembered youth, reaped a little fun out of the incorrigible pranks of these prodigals, whose ringleader was the irrepressible and resourceful John Drake, an alias under which Jack received some of his mail. And as for the latter's own sober retrospect, he wrote:

"I want to say to General Kelly and Colonel Speed that here 's my hand. You were heroes, both of you, and you were men. And I 'm sorry for at least ten per cent. of the trouble that was given you."

From Quincy, Illinois, to Hannibal, Missouri, Jack had opportunity to become acquainted with twenty-odd miles of the Mississippi of *Tom Sawyer*, and enjoyed it as much as was possible from the questionable vantage of an enormous raft formed by lashing together all the flatboats. And somewhere along the way there caught up with him a letter from his mother, dated Oakland, May 22, 1894, addressed to John Drake, Quincy, Illinois, and variously forwarded, as the scrawled envelop attests, to St. Louis, Cairo, and Louisville.

Oakland, Tuesday, May 22, 1894.

Dear Son—

I sent you a few lines this afternoon as soon as I received your postal of the 16th and mailed it immediately that you should know immediately that there were some 8 or ten letters at Chicago waiting for you each one of which contained stamps paper and envelopes, two of which contains money in greenbacks, one 2 dollars and the other \$3.00, which you must stand very much in need of. John just as soon as we know whether you have got what we have already sent, we will try and send you some more. John take good care of yourself, and do not under any circumstances fight, if it should come to that. Remember you are all I have and both papa and I are growing old and you are all we have to look to in our old age. . . . When we did not get a letter for three weeks I worried so that I could neither eat or sleep, but Papa would always say "never mind Jack, he knows how to take care of himself, and he will make his mark yet." John, Papa builds great expectations of your future success . . . John under no circumstances place yourself in a position to be imprisoned, you have gone to see the country and not to spend your time behind the bars. Be careful of fever and ague that is the bane of the East. Keep your liver and kidneys all right and you need not fear it. If you succeed in getting your Chicago mail, be careful not to fall into the water with what money we have sent you, for as it is in greenbacks it might be spoiled like your writing paper. Now my dear son take good care of yourself and remember our thoughts and best wishes for your success, happiness and safe return are always with you. With lots of love,
Papa, Mama and Sister.

On Thursday, May 24, arriving at Hannibal, Jack remarks:

"We went supperless to bed. Am going to pull out in the morning. I can't stand starvation." Truth to tell, he and several others had gleaned all they wanted of this particular class of adventure. So they hit out in a borrowed skiff, thence by hand-car and blind-baggage, with many risky vicissitudes, for Jacksonville. Jack was the only one of the party who was successful in staying aboard a "K. C. Passenger" to Masson City. On the twenty-ninth, at seven in the morning, he slipped cir-

cumspectly off a cattle-train in Chicago. First, at the general delivery window of the post-office he was handed the letters referred to by his mother, and the five dollars in greenbacks which he found therein were partly spent "Amongst the Jews of South Clark Street," where, "after a great deal of wrangling," he fitted himself out with "shoes, overcoat, hat, pants & shirt." Thus equipped, "with a shave and a good dinner," he started out to "see the sights. Went to the theatre in the evening, and then to bed"—the first bed, he records, that he had lain in since leaving home—nearly two months before. The next day he passed at the White City of the World's Fair, and "In the evening went to the Salvation Army and then to another 15 cent bed."

"Your mother's people" had always been a familiar phrase to Jack's ears, enunciated by Flora London, also "My sister Susie," or "Your Aunt Mary." So he had been specially exhorted to make a side-trip to "St. Joe," Michigan, that Aunt Mary Everhard and her sons might have a look at Flora's shoot of the family oak. Mrs. London must have lived in some trepidation as to the appearance he would present after tattering weeks on the road. Evidently Jack's shopping in South Clark Street had only slightly improved his appearance, for I have it from one of Aunt Mary's sons, Mr. P. H., "Harry" Everhard, that his cousin Jack "landed in St. Joe in somewhat ragged condition, but in good health and spirits, having enjoyed his experiences. . . . Mother," he goes on, "was greatly pleased at his coming. Took him down town and rigged him out in a suit of store clothes, and gave little parties for him, inviting those of his age or a little older."

Somehow the spectacle of this world-wise, weather-seasoned sapling sunning himself in the mild social atmosphere of Mrs. Everhard's carefully selected companions of his years or even "a little older," is delightfully comical. Chances are, however, that her not ungrateful nephew's deportment toward her and her friends was above reproach, for his instinctive manner, from earliest childhood, had been one of responsive gentle-

ness, and while he was hail-fellow-well-met in all sympathy of understanding when the going was rough, refined surroundings, with affection in the balance, always discovered him responsive, even anticipatory of well-meaning and courteousness. Hence, far from being shocked by what she may have learned or guessed of his bold past, in dear Aunt Mary's eye he was, according to her son, "a 'hero,' and she just worshipped him."

Undoubtedly owing to the quality of her love for Jack, which was responsible for certain unintentional injustices that she wreaked upon her own affronted offspring, he "did not make any hit at all with my brother or myself," Harry Everhard recalls, adding that this want of appreciation by himself and Ernest was repaid in kind and with interest by their guest. Jack was enjoying his bespoiling for all there was in it as a brand-new sensation, save for his lifelong indulgence from Eliza. It is easily possible, too, that he had let loose upon these well-raised cousins a few salient sketches of his tour, and that their mother would not listen to un-nice reports of surreptitious introductions into various sorts of "blind-pigs" in prohibition Iowa, accessible to any wide-awake male of any tender age; nor unthinkable loathsome camp-fire meetings of "alki-stiffs" (those dregs of tramping hood who imbibe druggists' alcohol undiluted, "Stuffs that would take the bark off your throat.") And Jack, even allowing for the nascent artistry in him, probably did not greatly exaggerate his doings with the outcasts he had, in passing, made good with.

One incident alone told me by Harry Everhard will absolve the wrathful brothers from the onus of inhospitality.

There was a good-sized lawn or yard of possibly an acre of ground with big elm trees, well covered with timothy and clover. With the exception of the grass close to the house it was allowed to grow high enough to make hay. . . . My brother on the day covered by this incident had the hay all cut and in small stacks and called to Jack to help him load it on the wagon.

It was a pretty hot day and with a rain in sight that would have spoiled the hay.

Jack jumped to the work and was pitching hay like an old hand when mother got sight of him and called, "Ernest, don't you know better than to expose Jack to that hot sun?" And she forthwith made Jack go in the shade and protect himself. Now he had been sleeping in box cars and had crossed the desert where the sun roasted one as if in an oven, but according to Mother's view of it our summer sun of St. Joe was too strong for his literary habits. Anyhow, I had to finish out helping to get in the hay and Jack got a shady place under the trees.

The beautiful name of Ernest Everhard always dwelt in Jack's memory, and he used it for one of his own favorite characters—hero of "The Iron Heel." It is not to be marveled at, however, that his cousin, inoffensively pursuing a serener pathway in life, was not markedly pleased with this bestowment of his name upon even the noblest conceivable of labor agitators and revolutionists, no matter how much a pet of his creator.

Little wonder that Jack lingered several weeks in the easeful environment of the roomy, vine-trailed brick home, and it would seem that he had not entirely abandoned all thought of art, which made decided impression upon his fond aunt. Mr. Everhard remembers him "sorting up notes he had taken during his trip," and that he "had a sort of ledger and journal system of keeping his data. He did not call these books by that name, but they had the same relation to keeping account of his thoughts as a book-keeper uses in keeping account of business transactions,"—heralding a future relentless system with his myriad notes, and further pointing an ingrained brain-saving executiveness that goes side by side with government.

Two strong motives appear to have been struggling for possession of the genius that was in Jack. One, of art-expression, was controlled by a conventionality he had not yet been impelled to pluck from out his consciousness, as shown by his diary and a number of amateurish stories he wrote of knights and ladies and such hackneyed themes, submitted the following months to Aunt Mary for her criticism; the other, quite apart, based upon his automatic and

expansive lore of the under-world of down-and-outs. It was still unrealized, his desire to coalesce ideal and reality into tangible art.

"Any day of all the days is a day apart, with a record of swift-moving pictures all its own," Jack has said. Still charmed with the absence of monotony in a peripatetic existence "for such as cannot use one bed too long," he, being one of these, pulled out upon the brake-beams again some time in July, now wearer of the proud nom-de-rail of "Frisco Kid," to "go observin' matters" first in Washington, D. C., thence up the Atlantic railroad lines to other cities.

Follows an itinerary of sight-seeing, such as "Alexander, Va., by steamer, fare 15c.," and short historical references to Arlington, Mount Vernon, and other suburbs. And of course this was his first chance to see the Atlantic Ocean and dream of further travel. The first decipherable data in the scrappy little journal is Thursday, August 9, 1894, on which he made a tour of the United States government buildings, the name of each crossed off as done with.

There are copies of quite commonplace sentimental songs of the day, with their refrains; and his current notion of humor may be guessed from this:

"Johnny! Johnny!" said the minister, as he met an urchin one Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish, "do these belong to you?"

"Ye-es, sir; you see that 's what they got for chasing worms on Sunday."

Fragments of dialogue that struck him as worth preserving, perhaps for incorporation into the yarns submitted to Aunt Mary, are interspersed with copies of poems, good and bad, conundrums lacking answers, and streaks of vivid tramp vernacular. And midmost of this living stuff one meets a quoted verse that speaks the boy's awareness of life's unrest:

"T were best at once to sink to peace
Like birds the charming serpent draws,
To drop head foremost in the jaws
Of vacant darkness, and to cease.

Evidences of his awakening interest in economics are to be found in scattered

quotations, as well as through observations of his own. Having attached himself to a job that he might make a better appearance while seeing the metropolis and his sister's friends, it is inconceivable that he did not spend some of his spare hours at the libraries. He was plainly studying for a vocabulary, as well as facile punctuation, attested by an increasingly strict following of the latter in quoting authors.

At some period of his stay in Washington he seems to have put up at the "Hillman House, at 226 North Capitol St." Hard upon some comments on immortality and the merits and demerits of a man's taking his own life, by Jas. E. Barker, a number of narrow pages are filled by Hamlet's Soliloquy, followed by a couplet from Longfellow's "Golden Legend" that might have been the suggestion for Jack London's disposal of the hero in "Martin Eden":

A single step and all is o'er.

A plunge, a bubble, and no more.

The job above referred to might be classified as the janitorship in a livery-stable, where he also made his sleeping quarters. In line of relaxation and easement of his gambling proclivities, he was not loath to sit in at various highly exciting and illicit crap-games by gaslight with negro horse-boys and their friends. A concerted police raid upon a session one evening, when, as luck would have it, he was only a "broke" onlooker, was the cause of Jack's resigning his position. This he did by way of a window, first dodging on all fours between the irate legs of an officer with that catlike quickness of his. That he could put up a better sprint than the star-breasted "bull" who lit out, decorated with the window-sash, upon his heels, was the reason Jack did not sleep behind bars.

As a matter of fact, he did not rest at all that night. Added to the fact that the "cops" were on his track, he had seen and done all the things for which he had come to Washington, and now seemed the fateful moment for him to quit the beautiful city. So he worked his discreet flight around toward the railroad yards, where he caught the first "blind" out on the Pennsylvania

Express. At Baltimore a railroad "bull" reached for him before he had swung off the platform, and the night's second Marathon was on for many confusing blocks in a strange "burg." His prided sense of direction helped him back to the tracks, where successfully eluding "bull" and "shack," he ensconced himself, damp and winded, on a baggage platform. But that sense of direction suffered a grievous set-back when, after forty shivering miles, he discovered himself again in the bright station at Washington. He had squandered the whole night in a fatuous round-trip to Baltimore. Mad as a wet hen, spraining even his robust Western vocabulary, he rested not or breakfasted until, late in the morning, again in Baltimore, he "threw his feet for grub."

Thence up through Pennsylvania he adventured, always overtaking the variety upon which his nature feasted. Little he asked of the world, it seemed to him—just the privilege of going and coming quite harmlessly at his own sweet will, with gift of an occasional meal, infrequent loan of cigarette "makin's," and a place under roof or stars to slumber.

As he "pointed his toes" northward, unknown to himself adventure was undergoing a transmutation into something potentially different from the ideal which had theretofore quickened imagination and footstep to the various gifts of earth. His unquieting perceptiveness was getting in under the skin of things the while he paid a lessening, if still bright and discerning, attention to the world of landscape and architecture and industry, from which, indeed, he wrested progression and sustenance, alone or in company with persons of the floating population of incompetents that coasted this same smiling prospect.

The wonder-city of New York held him spellbound; but no spellbinding could congeal his hot mental machinery, which accelerated anew at contemplation of the incomputable wealth and power that could permit an East Side to exist so wretchedly. What must conditions be if New York's cold of winter were as severe as was this smothering torridity, which drove him to spend long afternoons in a green square that gave on

Newspaper Row and the city hall? It was some years before he learned for himself what New York winter meant to the submerged.

He rather enjoyed "battering the main drag" of a morning for nickels and pennies, and found the public not ungenerous. Meantime it was great sport seeing all he could of the promenading *bon ton* of America. And with the money solicited, he lived well, largely on milk, never spending a cent upon liquor unless obliged in chance company. In fact, during all his tramp experience, he avoided drink as much as was compatible with the men he picked as the most worth-while companions. As usual, the crying pity was that the liveliest and keenest, most individual and adventurous, were the drinkers. It was proved to him an inescapable truth; and he did not let them know the radical point where they and he differed, which was in his personal antipathy to alcohol as a beverage.

In a shady square little booths did a cool trade in sterilized milk and buttermilk at a penny a glass, and we have Jack's word that he "got away with from five to ten glasses each afternoon" in the "dreadfully hot weather," which goes to show where his throat's refreshment lay rather than in alcohol. That he did not surfeit that throat for life I have ample evidence. Particularly do I remember a soft-drink "hole-in-the-wall" in Sydney, where, in 1909, strolling home from theater or organ festival in the great town hall, Jack would stop for a long draft, maybe two or three drafts, toward his unslakable thirst for ice-cold milk-shake or buttermilk, in frank preference over any drink dispensed in the mezzanine of our hotel, close by.

The railroad journey to Boston was as full of mishaps as any short trip he made in the East. For one thing, he started in the blaze of a hot Sunday afternoon, catching a freight at Harlem, after bidding farewell to the Bowery and the friendly City Hall Park.

But winter was coming on, and Jack's eye was fixed on Montreal and Ottawa.

One night Boston turned bitter cold, so he "beat it" for Lawrence, where he forsook his tenets "and slept in the police station" for warmth and shelter.

Tramping for recreation in summer weather was all very well, but once he was in autumnal Canada, neither gorgeous scenery nor new cities could restrain the thinly clad homing vagabond from making the best westward speed consonant with prudence. At Ottawa he succeeded in partly outfitting with an eccentric assortment of winter garments, but the difficult process and unsatisfactory yield filled him with disgust and haste to be gone from so uncharitable a "burg."

Across from Canada he stole passage, the determined train crews granting little margin of repose. It amused him, those thousands of miles of the ten thousand he computed that he covered that year, to attempt overtaking one hobo whose "monaker" of "Skysail Jack," carved with its latest-passing dates along the route, aroused sleeping sea memories. Himself now long since a "comet" and "tramp-royal" in his own right, Jack managed one night to pass the other and keep ahead all across Manitoba, carving or painting his old monaker of "Sailor Jack" for the other's benefit. Then "Skysail" went by also at night, and led across Alberta, always a day in advance. Again our Jack, in company with a member of the old Boo Gang of Oakland who had fallen upon evil times, nearly caught the fleeing "Skysail" somewhere along the Fraser River, in British Columbia; but when he reached Vancouver the jaunty, elusive sailorman had taken ship across the Western ocean, and never did the two meet.

"Truly, Skysail Jack," his brother-tramp Jack London rendered honor, "you were a tramp-royal, and your mate was 'the wind that tramps the world.'"

A week after Jack had crawled out from under a passenger coach in Vancouver, British Columbia, he, too, took passage on his homeland coast waters, stoking his way southward on the *Umatilla* to San Francisco.



Confession

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD

Illustrations by Robert E. Johnston



HE fog swirled slowly round him, driven by a heavy movement of its own, for of course there was no wind. It hung in poisonous thick coils and loops; it rose and sank; no light penetrated it directly from street-lamp or motor-car, though here and there some big shop-window shed a glimmering patch upon its ever-shifting curtain.

O'Reilly's eyes ached and smarted with the incessant effort to see a foot beyond his face. The optic nerve grew tired, and sight, accordingly, less accurate. He coughed as he shuffled forward cautiously through the choking gloom. Only the stifled rumble of crawling traffic persuaded him he was in a crowded city at all—this, and the vague outlines of groping figures, hugely magnified, emerging suddenly and disappearing again, as they fumbled along inch by inch toward uncertain destinations.

The figures, however, were human beings; they were real. That much he knew. He heard their muffled voices, now close, now distant, strangely smothered always. He also heard the tapping of innumerable sticks feeling for iron railings or the curb. These phantom outlines represented living people. He was not alone.

It was the dread of finding himself *quite* alone that haunted him, for he was still unable to cross an open space with-

out assistance. He had the physical strength; it was the mind that failed him. Midway the panic terror might descend upon him, he would shake all over, his will would dissolve, he would shriek for help, run wildly, into the traffic probably, or, as they called it in his northern Ontario home, "throw a fit" in the street before advancing wheels. He was not yet entirely cured, although under ordinary conditions he was safe enough, as Dr. Henry had assured him.

When he left Regent's Park by tube an hour ago the air was clear, the November sun shone brightly, the pale-blue sky was cloudless, and the assumption that he could manage the journey across London town alone was justified. The following day he was to leave for Brighton for the week of final convalescence; this little preliminary test of his powers on a bright November afternoon was all to the good. Dr. Henry furnished minute instructions:

"You change at Piccadilly Circus—without leaving the underground station, mind—and get out at South Kensington. You know the address of your V. A. D. friend. Have your cup of tea with her, then come back the same way to Regent's Park. Come back before dark; say six o'clock at latest. It's better." He had described exactly what turns to take after leaving the station, so many to the right, so many to the left; it was a little confusing, but the

distance was short. "You can always ask. You can't possibly go wrong."

The unexpected fog, however, now blurred these instructions in a confused jumble in his mind. The failure of outer sight reacted upon memory. The V. A. D., besides, had warned him that her address was "not easy to find the first time. The house lies in a backwater, but, with your 'backwoods' instincts, you 'll probably manage it better than any Londoner." She, too, had not calculated with the fog.

When O'Reilly came up the stairs at South Kensington Station he emerged into such murky darkness that he thought he was still underground. An impenetrable world lay round him. Only a raw bite in the damp atmosphere told him he stood beneath an open sky. For some little time he stood and stared, a Canadian soldier, his home among clear, brilliant spaces, now face to face for the first time in his life with that thing he had often read about, a bad London fog. With keenest interest and surprise he "enjoyed" the novel spectacle for perhaps ten minutes, watching the people arrive and vanish, and wondering why the station lights stopped dead the instant they touched the street, then, with a sense of adventure—it cost an effort—he left the covered building and plunged into the opaque sea beyond.

Repeating to himself the directions he had received,—first to the right, second to the left, once more to the left, and so forth,—he checked each turn, assuring himself it was impossible to go wrong. He made correct, if slow, progress until some one blundered into him with an abrupt and startling question: "Is this right, do you know, for South Kensington Station?"

It was the suddenness that startled him; one moment there was no one; the next they were face to face; another, and the stranger had vanished into the gloom with a courteous word of grateful thanks. But the little shock of interruption had put memory out of gear. Had he already turned twice to the right or had he not? O'Reilly realized sharply that he had forgotten his memorized instructions. He stood still, making strenuous efforts at recovery, but each effort left him more uncertain

than before. Five minutes later he was lost as hopelessly as any townsman who leaves his tent in the backwoods without blazing the trees to insure finding his way back again. Even the sense of direction, so strong in him among his native forests, was completely gone. There were no stars, there was no wind, no smell, no sound of running water. There was nothing anywhere to guide him, nothing but occasional dim outlines, groping, shuffling, emerging, and disappearing in the eddying fog, but rarely coming within actual speaking, much less touching, distance. He was lost utterly; more, he was alone.

Yet not *quite* alone, the thing he dreaded most; there were figures still in his immediate neighborhood. They emerged, vanished, reappeared, dissolved. No, he was not quite alone. He saw these thickenings of the fog, he heard their voices, the tapping of their cautious sticks, their shuffling feet as well. They were real. They moved, it seemed, about him in a circle, never coming very close.

"But they 're real," he said to himself aloud, betraying the weak point in his armor. "They 're human beings right enough. I 'm positive of that."

He had never argued with Dr. Henry. He wanted to get well; he had obeyed implicitly, believing everything the doctor told him—up to a point. But he had always had his own idea about these "figures," because, among them, were often enough his own pals from the Somme, Gallipoli, the Mesopotamia horror, too. And he ought to know his own pals when he saw them. At the same time he knew quite well he had been "shocked," his being dislocated, half dissolved, as it were, his system pushed into some lopsided condition that meant inaccurate registration. True. He grasped that perfectly; but in that shock and dislocation had he not possibly picked up another gear? Were there not gaps and broken edges, pieces that no longer dovetailed, fitted as usual, interstices, in a word? Yes, that was the word—interstices. Cracks, so to speak, between his perception of the outside world and his inner interpretation of these? Between memory and recognition? Between the various states of

consciousness that usually dovetailed so neatly that the joints were normally imperceptible?

His state, he well knew, was abnormal, but were his symptoms on that account unreal? Could not these interstices be used by—others? When he saw his "figures," he used to ask himself, "Are not these the real ones, and the others, the human beings, unreal?"

This question now revived in him with a new intensity. Were these figures in the fog real or unreal? The man who had asked the way to the station, was he not, after all, a shadow merely?

By the use of his cane and foot and what of sight was left to him, he knew that he was on an island. A lamp-post stood up solid and straight beside him, shedding its faint patch of glimmering light. Yet there were railings, however, that puzzled him, for his stick hit the metal rods distinctly in a series. And there should be no railings round an island. Yet he had most certainly crossed a dreadful open space to get where he was. His confusion and bewilderment increased with dangerous rapidity. Panic was not far away.

He was no longer on an omnibus route. A rare taxi crawled past occasionally, a whitish patch at the window indicating an anxious human face; now and again came a van or cart, the driver holding a lantern as he led the stumbling horse. These comforted him, rare though they were. But it was the figures that drew his attention most. He was quite sure they were real. They were human beings like himself.

For all that, he decided he might as well be positive on the point. He tried one, accordingly, a big man who rose suddenly before him out of the very earth.

"Can you give me the trail to Morley Place?" he asked.

But his question was drowned by the other's simultaneous inquiry in a voice much louder than his own:

"I say, is this right for the tube station, d' you know? I 'm utterly lost. I want South Ken."

And by the time O'Reilly had pointed the direction whence he himself had just come, the man was gone again, obliterated, swallowed up, not so much as his

footsteps audible, almost as if, it seemed again, he never had been there at all.

This left an acute unpleasantness in him, a sense of bewilderment greater than before. He waited five minutes, not daring to move a step, then tried another figure, a woman this time who, luckily, knew the immediate neighborhood intimately. She gave him elaborate instructions in the kindest possible way, then vanished with incredible swiftness and ease into the sea of gloom beyond. The instantaneous way she vanished was disheartening, upsetting; it was so uncannily abrupt and sudden. Yet she comforted him. Morley Place, according to her version, was not two hundred yards from where he stood. He felt his way forward, step by step, using his cane, crossing a giddy open space, kicking the curb with each boot alternately, coughing and choking all the time as he did so.

"They were real, I guess, anyway," he said aloud. "They were both real enough all right. And it may lift a bit soon." He was making a great effort to hold himself in hand. He was already fighting, that is; he realized this perfectly. The only point was the reality of the figures. "It may lift now any minute," he repeated louder. Despite the cold, his skin was sweating profusely.

But of course it did not lift. The figures, too, became fewer. No carts were audible. He had followed the woman's directions carefully, but now found himself in some byway, evidently, where pedestrians at the best of time were rare. There was dull silence all about him. His foot lost the curb, his cane swept the empty air, striking nothing solid, and panic rose upon him with its shuddering, icy grip. He was alone, he knew himself alone; worse still, he was in another open space.

It took him fifteen minutes to cross that open space, most of the way upon his hands and knees, oblivious of the icy slime that stained his trousers, froze his fingers, intent only upon feeling solid support against his back and spine again. It was an endless period. The moment of collapse was close, the shriek already rising in his throat, the shaking of the whole body uncontrollable, when



"He stopped dead. The woman moved nearer, and for the first time he saw her face clearly"

his outstretched fingers struck a friendly curb, and he saw a glimmering patch of diffused radiance overhead. With a great, quick effort he stood upright, and an instant later his stick rattled along an area railing. He leaned against it, breathless, panting, his heart beating painfully, while the street-lamp gave him the further comfort of its feeble gleam, the actual flame, however, being invisible. He looked this way and that; the pavement was deserted. He was engulfed in the dark silence of the fog.

But Morley Place, he knew, must be very close by now. He thought of the

friendly little V. A. D. he had known in France, of a warm, bright fire, a cup of tea, and a cigarette. One more effort, he reflected, and all these would be his. He pluckily groped his way forward again, crawling slowly by the area railings. If things got really bad again, he would ring a bell and ask for help, much as he shrank from the idea. Provided he had no more open spaces to cross, provided he saw no more figures emerging and vanishing like creatures born of the fog and dwelling within it as within their native element,—it was the figures he now dreaded more than anything else,

more even than the loneliness,—provided the panic sense—

A faint darkening of the fog beneath the next lamp caught his eye and made him start. He stopped. It was not a figure this time; it was the shadow of the pole grotesquely magnified. No, it moved; it moved toward him. A flame of fire followed by ice flowed through him. It was a figure close against his face. It was a woman.

The doctor's advice came suddenly back to him, the counsel that had cured him of a hundred phantoms:

"Do not ignore them. Treat them as real. Speak and go with them. You will soon prove their unreality then. And they will leave you."

He made a brave, tremendous effort. He was shaking. One hand clutched the damp and icy area failing.

"Lost your way like myself, have n't you, ma'am?" he said in a voice that trembled. "Do you know where we are at all? Morley Place I'm looking for—"

He stopped dead. The woman moved nearer, and for the first time he saw her face clearly. Its ghastly pallor, the bright, frightened eyes that stared with a kind of dazed bewilderment into his own, the beauty, above all, arrested his speech midway. The woman was young, her tall figure, wrapped in a dark fur coat.

"Can I help you?" he asked impulsively, forgetting his own terror for the moment. He was more than startled. Her air of distress and pain stirred a peculiar anguish in him. For a moment she made no answer, thrusting her white face closer, as if examining him; so close, indeed, that he controlled with difficulty his instinct to shrink back a little.

"Where am I?" she asked at length, searching his eyes intently. "I'm lost; I've lost myself. I can't find my way back." Her voice was low, a curious wailing in it that touched his pity oddly. He felt his own distress merging in one that was greater.

"Same here," he replied more confidently. "I'm terrified of being alone, too. I've had shell-shock, you know. Let's go together. We'll find a way together."

"Who are you?" the woman murmured, still staring at him with her big

bright eyes, their distress, however, no whit lessened. She gazed at him as though aware suddenly of his presence.

He told her briefly. "And I'm going to tea with a V. A. D. friend in Morley Place. What's your address? Do you know the name of the street?"

She appeared not to hear him or not to understand exactly; it was as if she was not listening again.

"I came out so suddenly, so unexpectedly," he heard the low voice with pain in every syllable; "I can't find my home again. Just when I was expecting him, too." She looked about her with a distraught expression that made O'Reilly long to carry her in his arms to safety then and there. "He may be there now, waiting for me at this very moment, and I can't get back." And so sad was her voice that only by an effort did O'Reilly prevent himself putting out his hand to touch her. More and more he forgot himself in his desire to help her. Her beauty, the wonder of her strange, bright eyes in the pallid face, made an immense appeal. He became calmer. This woman was real enough. He asked again the address, the street and number, the distance she thought it was.

"Have you any idea of the direction, ma'am, any idea at all? We'll go together and—"

She suddenly cut him short. She turned her head as if to listen, so that he saw her profile a moment, the outline of the slender neck, a glimpse of jewels just below the fur.

"Hark! I hear him calling! I remember!" And she was gone from his side into the swirling fog.

Without an instant's hesitation O'Reilly followed her not only because he wished to help, but because he dared not be left alone. The presence of this strange, lost woman comforted him; he must not lose sight of her, whatever happened. He had to run, she went so rapidly, ever just in front, moving with confidence and certainty, turning right and left, crossing the street, but never stopping, never hesitating, her companion always at her heels in breathless haste, and with a growing terror that he might lose her at any minute. The way she found her direction through the

dense fog was marvelous enough, but O'Reilly's only thought was to keep her in sight, lest his own panic redescend upon him with its inevitable collapse in the dark and lonely street. It was a wild and panting pursuit, and he kept her in view with difficulty, a dim fleeting outline always a few yards ahead of him. She did not once turn her head, she uttered no sound, no cry; she hurried forward with unfaltering instinct. Nor did the chase occur to him as singular; she was his safety, and that was all he realized.

One thing, however, he remembered afterward, though at the actual time he no more than registered the detail, paying no attention to it—a definite perfume she left upon the atmosphere, one, moreover, that he knew, although he could not find its name as he ran. For him it was associated vaguely with something unpleasant, something disagreeable. He connected it with misery and pain. It gave him a feeling of uneasiness. More than that he did not notice at the moment, nor could he remember—he certainly did not try—where he had known this particular scent before.

Then suddenly the woman stopped, opened a gate, and passed into a small private garden—so suddenly that O'Reilly, close upon her heels, only just avoided tumbling into her.

"You've found it?" he cried. "May I come in a moment with you? Perhaps you'll let me telephone to the doctor."

She turned instantly. Her face, close against his own, was livid.

"Doctor!" she repeated in an awful whisper. The word meant terror to her. O'Reilly stood amazed. For a second or two neither of them moved. The woman seemed petrified.

"Dr. Henry, you know," he stammered, finding his tongue again. "I'm in his care. He's in Harley Street."

Her face cleared as suddenly as it had darkened, though the original expression of bewilderment and pain still hung in her great eyes. But the terror left them as though she suddenly forgot some association that had revived it.

"My home," she murmured—"my home is somewhere here. I'm near it.

I must get back—in time—for him. I must. He's coming to me." And with these extraordinary words she turned, walked up the narrow path, and stood upon the porch of a two-story house before her companion had recovered from his astonishment sufficiently to move or utter a syllable in reply. The front door, he saw, was ajar. It had been left open.

For five seconds, perhaps for ten, he hesitated; it was the fear that the door would close and shut him out that brought the decision to his will and muscles. He ran up the steps and followed the woman into a dark hall, where she had already preceded him, and amid whose blackness she now had finally vanished. He closed the door, not knowing exactly why he did so, and knew at once by an instinctive feeling that the house he now found himself in with this unknown woman was empty and unoccupied. In a house, however, he felt safe. It was the open streets that were his danger. He stood waiting, listening a moment before he spoke; and he heard the woman moving down the passage from door to door, repeating to herself in her low voice of unhappy wailing some words he could not understand:

"Where is it? Oh, where is it? I must get back!"

O'Reilly then found himself abruptly stricken with dumbness, as though, with these strange words, a haunting terror came up and breathed against him in the darkness.

"Is she, after all, a figure?" ran in letters of fire across his numbed brain. "Is she unreal—or real?"

Seeking relief in action of some kind, he put out a hand automatically, feeling along the wall for an electric switch; and though he found it by some miraculous chance, no answering glow responded to the click.

And the woman's voice rose from the darkness:

"Ah! ah! At last I've found it! I'm home again—at last!" He heard a door open and close up-stairs. He was alone on the ground floor now, alone. Complete silence followed.

In the conflict of various emotions, fear for himself lest his panic should re-

turn, fear for the woman who had led him into this empty house and now deserted him upon some mysterious errand of her own that made him think of madness, in this conflict that held him a moment spellbound, there was a yet bigger ingredient demanding instant explanation, but an explanation that he could not find. Was the woman real or was she unreal? Was she a human being or a "figure"? The horror of doubt obsessed him with an acute uneasiness that betrayed itself in a return of that unwelcome inner trembling he knew was dangerous.

What saved him from a *crise* that must have had most dangerous results for his mind and nervous system generally seems to have been the outstanding fact that he felt more for the woman than for himself. His sympathy and pity had been deeply moved; her voice, her beauty, her anguish and bewilderment, all uncommon, inexplicable, mysterious, formed together a claim that drove self into the background. Added to this was the detail that she had left him, gone to another floor without a word, and now, behind a closed door in a room up-stairs, found herself face to face at last with the unknown object of her frantic search—with "it," whatever "it" might be. Real or unreal, figure or human being, the overmastering impulse of his being was that he must go to her.

It was this clear impulse that gave him decision and energy to do what he then did. He struck a match, he found a stump of candle, he made his way by means of this flickering light along the passage and up the carpetless stairs. He moved cautiously, stealthily, though not knowing why he did so. The house, he now saw, was indeed untenanted; dust-sheets covered the piled-up furniture he glimpsed through doors ajar, pictures were screened upon the walls, brackets draped to look like hooded heads. He went on slowly, steadily, moving on tiptoe as though aware of being watched, noting the well of darkness in the hall below, the grotesque shadows that his movements cast on walls and ceiling. The silence was unpleasant, yet, remembering that the woman was "expecting" some one, he did not wish it broken. He reached the

landing and stood still. Closed doors on both sides of a corridor met his sight as he shaded the candle to examine the scene. Behind which of these doors, he asked himself, was the woman, figure or human being, now alone with "it"?

There was nothing to guide him, but an instinct that he must not delay sent him forward again upon his search. He tried a door on the right, an empty room, with the furniture hidden by dust-sheets, and the mattress rolled up on the bed. He tried a second door, leaving the first one open behind him, and it was similarly an empty bedroom. Coming out into the corridor again, he stood a moment waiting, then called aloud in a low voice that yet woke echoes unpleasantly in the hall below:

"Where are you? I want to help. Which room are you in?"

There was no answer; he was almost glad he heard no sound, for he knew quite well that he was waiting really for another sound—the steps of him who was "expected." And the idea of meeting with this unknown third sent a shudder through him, as though related to an interview he dreaded with his whole heart, and must at all costs avoid. Waiting another moment or two, he noted that his candle-stump was burning low, then crossed the landing with a feeling at once of hesitation and determination toward a door opposite to him. He opened it; he did not halt on the threshold. Holding the candle at arm's-length, he went boldly in.

And instantly his nostrils told him he was right at last, for a whiff of the strange perfume, though this time much stronger than before, greeted him, sending a new quiver along his nerves. He knew now why it was associated with unpleasantness, with pain, with misery, for he recognized it—the odor of a hospital. In this room a powerful anesthetic had been used, and recently.

Simultaneously with smell, sight brought its message, too. On the large double bed behind the door on his right lay, to his amazement, the woman in the dark fur coat. He saw the jewels on the slender neck; but the eyes he did not see, for they were closed—closed, too, he grasped at once, in death. The body lay stretched at full length, quite mo-



"Holding the candle at arm's-length, he went boldly in"

tionless. He approached. A dark, thin streak that came from the parted lips and passed downward over the chin, losing itself then in the fur collar, was a trickle of blood. It was hardly dry; it glistened.

Strange it was, perhaps, that while imaginary fears had the power to paralyze him in mind and body, this sight of something real had the effect of restoring confidence. The sight of blood and death, amid conditions often ghastly and even monstrous, were no new thing to him. He went up quietly, and with steady hand he felt the woman's cheek, the warmth of recent life still in its softness. The final cold had not yet mastered this empty form whose beauty, in its perfect stillness, had taken on the new strange sweetness of an unearthly bloom. Pallid, silent, untenanted, it lay before him, lit by the flicker of his guttering candle. He lifted the fur coat to feel for the unbeating heart. And two hours ago at most, he judged, this heart was working busily, the breath came through those parted lips, the eyes were shining in full beauty. His hand encountered a hard knob—the head of a long steel hat-pin driven through the heart up to its hilt.

He knew then which was the figure, which was the real and which the unreal. He knew also what had been meant by "it."

But before he could think or reflect what action he must take, before he could straighten himself even from his bent position over the body on the bed, there sounded through the empty house below the loud clang of the front door being closed. And instantly rushed over him that other fear he had so long forgotten—fear for himself. The panic of his own shaken nerves descended with irresistible onslaught. He turned, extinguished the candle in the violent trembling of his hand, and tore headlong from the room.

The following ten minutes seemed a nightmare in which he was not master of himself and knew not exactly what he did. All he realized was that steps already sounded on the stairs, coming quickly nearer. The flicker of an electric torch played on the banisters, whose shadows ran swiftly sidewise

along the wall as the hand that held the light ascended. He thought in a frenzied second of police, of his presence in the house, of the murdered woman. It was a sinister combination. Whatever happened, he must escape without being so much as even seen. His heart raced madly. He darted across the landing into the room opposite, whose door he had luckily left open. By some incredible chance, apparently, he was neither seen nor heard by the man who a moment later reached the landing, entered the room where the body of the woman lay, and closed the door carefully behind him.

Shaking, scarcely daring to breathe lest his breath be audible, O'Reilly, in the grip of his own personal terror, remnant of his uncured shock of war, had no thought of what duty might demand or not demand of him. He thought only of himself. He realized one clear issue—that he must get out of the house without being heard or seen. Who the newcomer was he did not know beyond an uncanny assurance that it was *not* him whom the woman had "expected," but the murderer himself, and that it was the murderer, in his turn, who was expecting this third person. In that room with death at his elbow, a death he had himself brought about only an hour or two ago, the murderer now hid in waiting for his second victim. And the door was closed.

Yet any minute it might open again, cutting off retreat.

O'Reilly crept out, stole across the landing, reached the head of the stairs, and began with the utmost caution the perilous descent. Every time the bare boards creaked beneath his weight, no matter how stealthily this weight was adjusted, his heart missed a beat. He tested every step before he pressed upon it, distributing as much of his weight as he dared upon the banisters. It was a little more than half-way down that, to his horror, his foot caught in a projecting carpet tack; he slipped on the polished wood, and saved himself from falling headlong only by a wild clutch at the railing, making an uproar that seemed to him like the explosion of a hand grenade in the forgotten trenches. His nerves gave way then, and panic

seized him. In the silence that followed the resounding echoes he heard the bedroom door opening on the floor above.

Concealment was now useless. It was impossible, too. He took the last flight of stairs in a series of leaps, four steps at a time, reached the hall, flew across it, and opened the front door just as his pursuer, electric torch in hand, covered half the stairs behind him. Slamming the door, he plunged headlong into the welcome, all-obscuring fog outside.

The fog had now no terrors for him; he welcomed its concealing mantle. Nor did it matter in which direction he ran so long as he put distance between him and the house of death. The pursuer had, of course, not followed him into the street. He crossed open spaces without a tremor. He ran in a circle, nevertheless, though without being aware he did so. No people were about, no single groping shadow passed him, no boom of traffic reached his ears, when he paused for breath at length against an area railing. Then for the first time he made the discovery that he had no hat. He remembered now. In examining the body, partly out of respect, partly perhaps unconsciously, he had taken it off and laid it on the very bed.

It was there, a telltale bit of damning evidence in the house of death. And a series of probable consequences flashed through his mind like lightning. It was a new hat, fortunately; more fortunate still, he had not yet written name or initials in it; but the maker's mark was there for all to read, and the police would go immediately to the shop where he had bought it only two days before. Would the shop people remember his appearance? Would his visit, the date, the conversation be recalled? He thought it was unlikely; he resembled dozens of men; he had no outstanding peculiarity. He tried to think, but his mind was confused and troubled, his heart was beating dreadfully, he felt desperately ill. He sought vainly for some story to account for his being out in the fog and far from home without a hat. No single idea presented itself. He clung to the icy railings, hardly able to keep upright, collapse very near, when suddenly a figure emerged from

the fog, paused a moment to stare at him, put out a hand and caught him, and then spoke:

"You're ill, my dear sir," said a man's kindly voice. "Can I be of any assistance? Come, let me help you." He had seen at once that it was not a case of drunkenness. "Come, take my arm, won't you? I'm a physician. Luckily, too, you are just outside my very house. Come in." And he half dragged, half pushed O'Reilly, now bordering on collapse, up the steps, and opened the door with his latch-key.

"Felt ill suddenly—lost in the fog—terrified, but be all right soon, thanks awfully," the Canadian stammered his gratitude, already feeling better. He sank into a chair in the hall, while the other put down a paper parcel he had been carrying, and led him presently into a comfortable room. A fire burned brightly; the electric lamps were pleasantly shaded; a decanter of whisky and a siphon stood on a small table beside a big arm-chair; and before O'Reilly could find another word to say, the other had poured him out a glass and bade him sip it slowly, without troubling to talk till he felt better.

"That will revive you. Better drink it slowly. You should never have been out a night like this. If you've far to go, better let me put you up—"

"Very kind, very kind indeed," mumbled O'Reilly, recovering rapidly in the comfort of a presence he already liked and felt even drawn to.

"No trouble at all," returned the doctor. "I've been at the front, you know. I can see what your trouble is—shell-shock, I'll be bound."

The Canadian, much impressed by the other's quick diagnosis, noted also his tact and kindness. He had made no reference to the absence of a hat, for instance.

"Quite true," he said. "I'm with Dr. Henry in Harley Street," and he added a few words about his case. The whisky worked its effect, he revived more and more, feeling better every minute. The other handed him a cigarette; they began to talk about his symptoms and recovery. Confidence returned in a measure, though he still felt badly frightened. The doctor's

manner and personality did much to help, for there were strength and gentleness in the face, though the features showed unusual determination, softened occasionally by a sudden hint as of suffering in the bright, compelling eyes. It was the face, thought O'Reilly, of a man who had seen much and probably been through hell, but of a man who was simple, good, sincere. Yet not a man to trifle with; behind his gentleness lay something very stern. This effect of character and personality woke the other's respect in addition to his gratitude. His sympathy was stirred.

"You encourage me to make another guess," the man was saying, after a successful reading of the impromptu patient's state, "that you have had, namely, a severe shock quite recently, and"—he hesitated for the merest fraction of a second—"that it would be a relief to you," he went on, the skilful suggestion in the voice unnoticed by his companion, "it would be wise as well, if you could unburden yourself to—some one—who would understand." He looked at O'Reilly with a kindly and very pleasant smile. "Am I not right, perhaps?" he asked in his gentle voice.

"Some one who would understand," repeated the Canadian. "That 's my trouble exactly. You 've hit it. It 's all so incredible."

The other smiled.

"The more incredible," he suggested, "the greater your need for expression. Suppression, as you may know, is dangerous in cases like this. You think you have hidden it, but it bides its time and comes up later, causing a lot of trouble. Confession, you know—" he emphasized the word—"confession is good for the soul!"

"You 're dead right," agreed the other.

"Now, if you can bring yourself to tell it to some one who will listen and believe—to myself, for instance. I am a doctor, familiar with such things. I shall regard all you say as a professional confidence, of course, and, as we are strangers, my belief or disbelief is of no particular consequence. I may tell you in advance of your story, however—I think I can promise it—that I shall believe all you have to say."

O'Reilly told his story without more ado, for the suggestion of the skilled physician had found easy soil to work in. During the recital his host's eyes never once left his own. He moved no single muscle of his body. His interest seemed intense.

"A bit tall, is n't it?" said the Canadian when his tale was finished. "And the question is—" he continued with a threat of volubility which the other checked instantly.

"Strange, yes; but incredible, no," the doctor interrupted. "I see no reason to disbelieve a single detail of what you have just told me. Things equally remarkable, equally incredible, happen to all large towns, as I know from personal experience. I could give you instances." He paused a moment, but his companion, staring into his eyes with interest and curiosity, made no comment. "Some years ago, in fact," continued the other, "I knew of a very similar case—strangely similar."

"Really! I should be immensely interested—"

"So similar that it seems almost a coincidence. You may find it hard, in your turn, to credit it." He paused again, while O'Reilly sat forward in his chair to listen. "Yes," pursued the doctor slowly, "I think every one connected with it is now dead. There is no reason why I should not tell it, for one confidence deserves another, you know. It happened during the Boer War—as long ago as that," he added with emphasis. "It is really a very commonplace story in one way, though very dreadful in another, but a man who has served at the front will understand, and, I 'm sure, will sympathize."

"I 'm sure of that," offered the other, readily.

"A colleague of mine, now dead, as I mentioned, a surgeon, with a big practice, married a young and charming girl. They lived happily together for several years. His wealth made her very comfortable. His consulting-room, I must tell you, was some distance from his house, just as this might be, so that she was never bothered with any of his cases. Then came the war. Like many others, though much over age, he volunteered. He gave up his lucrative

practice and went to South Africa. His income, of course, stopped; the big house was closed; his wife found her life of enjoyment considerably curtailed. This she considered a great hardship, it seems. She felt a bitter grievance against him. Devoid of imagination, without any power of sacrifice, a selfish type, she was yet a beautiful, attractive woman—and young. The inevitable lover came upon the scene to console her. They planned to run away together. He was rich. Japan, they thought, would suit them. Only, by some ill luck, the husband got wind of it, and arrived in London just in the nick of time."

"Well rid of her," put in O'Reilly, "I think."

The doctor waited a moment. He sipped his glass. Then, his eyes fixed upon his companion's face somewhat sternly, continued:

"Well rid of her, yes; only he determined to make that riddance final. He decided to kill her—and her lover. You see, he loved her."

O'Reilly made no comment. In his own country this method with a faithless woman was not unknown. His interest was very concentrated. But he was thinking, too, as he listened, thinking hard.

"He planned the time and place with care," resumed the other in a lower voice, as though he might possibly be overheard. "They met, he knew, in the big house, now closed, the house where he and his young wife had passed such happy years during their prosperity. The plan failed, however, in an important detail: the woman came at the appointed hour, but without her lover. She found death waiting for her; it was a painless death. Then her lover, who was to arrive half an hour later, did not come at all. The door had purposely been left open for him. The house was dark, its rooms shut up, deserted; there was no caretaker, even. It was a foggy night—just like this."

"And the other?" asked O'Reilly in a failing voice. "The lover?"

"A man did come in," the doctor went on calmly, "but it was not the lover. It was a stranger."

"A stranger?" the other whispered. "And the surgeon, where was he all this time?"

"Waiting outside to see him enter, concealed in the fog. He saw the man go in. Five minutes later he followed, meaning to complete his vengeance, his act of justice, whatever you like to call it. But the man who had come in was a stranger. He came in by chance, just as you might have done, for shelter from the fog—or—"

O'Reilly, though with a great effort, rose abruptly to his feet. He had an appalling feeling that the man facing him was mad. He had a keen desire to get outside, fog or no fog, to leave this room, to escape from the calm accents of this insistent voice. The effect of the whisky was still in his blood. He felt no lack of confidence. But words came to him with difficulty.

"I think I 'd better be pushing off now, Doctor," he said clumsily. "But I feel I must thank you very much for all your kindness and help." He turned and looked hard into the keen eyes facing him. "Your friend," he asked in a whisper, "the surgeon—I hope—I mean, was he ever caught?"

"No," was the grave reply, the doctor standing up in front of him; "he was never caught."

O'Reilly waited a moment before he made another remark.

"Well," he said at length, but in a louder tone than before, "I think—I 'm glad." He went to the door without shaking hands.

"You have no hat," mentioned the voice behind him. "If you 'll wait a moment, I 'll get you one of mine. You need not trouble to return it." The doctor passed him, going into the hall. There was a sound of tearing paper. O'Reilly left the house a moment later with a hat upon his head, but it was not till he reached the tube station half an hour afterward that he realized it was his own.



Is It Necessary to Get Ahead?

By EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK



ON Saturday afternoons, in the lunch-rooms of city clubs, there is an influx of country women come to partake of the hospitality of their more enterprising sisters, who sit appreciatively upon precious chairs of the modern decorator, eat sparingly of small parsleyed portions, gaze furtively upon such "important" persons as may be near, and meditate with various mental reservations upon the necessity of getting ahead.

To the casual eye this spectacle means only that it is Saturday and that a number of women of small opportunity are lunching with a number of women of greater. To any one having inclination to look for a deeper meaning, it might seem to be a sort of unconscious pageant, the meeting and passing of two streams of persons of entirely opposed alliances, fidelities, occupations, and convictions.

After some analyzing, these two streams would seem to be composed of women quite unindividualized, and women whose egos are, to themselves, satisfactorily oriented, the first walking without apparent revolt obscure paths of general or particular usefulness, the second, sometimes for gravely vital, sometimes for surprisingly superficial reasons, absorbed in a mysterious and many-sided occupation known as "getting ahead."

Just what is "getting ahead," and is it necessary?

If the student of the two streams of humanity were to rise in any club lunch-room and ask these two questions, there is no doubt that he would receive answers. There is no doubt that he would be instructed with clear, incisive, if somewhat patronizing, elucidation, the bases of which would be strictly logical, practical, and, one may add, material and mechanical. The sum of these answers would tend to point out that in America, anyway, it is necessary for

everybody to be somebody, because everybody can be somebody, and to be somebody it is necessary to have things, and to have things it is necessary to get ahead.

Upon this assumption, so naïve in the face of the true history of the developments of all great characters, contemporary life is permanently based, the ultimate object seeming to be that human beings, with their like-unlikeness as distinct as ribbon-grass blades, shall more vividly develop that strange, unconscious thing called "individuality." But curiously enough, despite this avowed aim, nothing is more subversive of true individuality than contemporary life, and it is one of the mysteries of existence that in this age of freedom of spirit and insistence upon the sacredness of individuality we have, as Mr. Walter Weyl was perhaps the first American to point out, a fatally standardized mechanical fabric of civilization, filled with fatally standardized people. In Europe, where the Twilight of the Gods is covering mighty destinies and purposes, great personalities and great souls may once more arise; but in this country, filled with beings all eagerness to register their own egos, we hang upon civilization like so many little green pods filled with so many little green peas, done into pattern and trade form by a very button molder of a philosophy.

We have been accustomed to make the early development of our beloved country the excuse for our irresistible desire to get ahead. All the pioneer sagacity and initiative, all the subjugation of beasts and birds, forests, mines, fields, and water-powers to the stern needs of a determined people, are supposed to have bred in us a liking for fierce wrestling with circumstances that, properly overcome, will advance the wrestlers' prospects, hopes, and acquisitions. But it is the motive behind great enterprise that truly justifies it, and when we reflect that the earliest dwellers on American

soil, those at least from whom we like to date our ancestry, came here looking for freedom to worship God, we can hardly justify our own less lofty freedoms, or to those stern early days of courage and persistence attribute our own later license of success. It does not look as if we could in America any longer view our luxuries of Rome and call them the result of the thrift and energy of the Puritan fathers, and though our manipulation of material things indulges still in the same gestures of energy and indomitable purpose, *our* infant Hercules strangling the serpent is a clever child who does not wish to rid the world of a monster, but is intent merely on one supreme effort to make that monster mightily disgorge.

Getting ahead in America is such a vivid graphic thing that its connotations in the cases of individual persons might almost be recorded by color and form; it might almost be taught in our schools by Froebel, Montessori, and slويد methods, for, completely exoteric, it registers itself as an impulse so irresistibly with "things" that it could be done into a symbolism with as many tables as Greek verbs. It would not be at all surprising to see "getting ahead" the basis for a new science, the "gifts" of which, for the mind of the neophyte, could be illustrated with dozens of silken sweaters, costly furs, velvety automobiles, etherialized wrist watches, boxes at the opera—all to be indexed in any of the specially high-powered manifestations of having got ahead.

In the attitude of business men toward this new commandment there is a solemn and scrupulous regard. The natural requirements of men are few. A man seems always to have felt that he must feed, warm, and house the natural units of his family, and it seems not too piquant to believe that he would always feel so; but lately it has been noted in no uncertain language that woman considers herself oppressed by man, and that to pay back to her the wages of her lifelong oppression he must see to it that she gets ahead.

Men do not lament that the funds being spent and to be spent on permanently removing them from the dignity of their position in the world shall be thus ex-

ploited. Apparently nothing that men have witnessed of the brilliant successes of women in their world has made them sure that it will not be necessary for some one to go on supplying these funds, and men have, without rushing into print, stored up much knowledge of women's insatiability. As a result we often see the pitiful spectacle of American manhood, superb in external acquisitions, brain dulled, tastes vitiated, absorbed in a hideous effort to play a hideous game; soon to be outwitted by the flower of civilization, who, feeding upon the intellectual leisure that is the result of his labors, still batten upon his sex-instructed obedience to her wishes, repudiates his traditions, his ideals, his very existence, while she, by all the powers of her pampered ego, is absorbed in getting ahead.

There would seem to be in this world a number of unlime-lighted persons who have become merely distinguished without trying to get ahead. These, smitten suddenly by life into some great realization of values, had apparently fixed their thoughts upon no glittering goal. Like Jane Addams, they were profoundly stirred to human service; like Helen Keller, they thirsted for greater expression; like Marconi, they wrested from the universe some fascinating secret; like Field-Marshal Joffre they possessed the secret of brotherhood and leadership.

People like these, compared with the mere get-aheaders, are so poised and serene in their unwhasteful handling of the mysterious, mixed stuff of their existence that, seen side by side with their restless, unconfined contemporaries, they seem to have had some mantle of prophecy, some priestly prerogative of wisdom, understanding, and patience, that brings them power and prominence. It is safe to say that such as these never tried to get ahead. They have merely seriously, honestly, unswervingly husbanded their one talent, been hospitable to opportunity, given freely and been "faithful in a few things," so that life, the hidden arbiter of human destinies, has in the end made them "lord over many things."

On the other hand, there are persons not so gifted, not especially fitted for any great enterprise, who have dreamed no

great dream, yet who might, by the healthy and valuable secrets of adaptation, have fitted into unimportant, but effective, grooves, some less conspicuous, but not less telling, position, and thus have served their race honestly, if unconspicuously. Such as these in older days won their just recognition and felt their own usefulness, but in this day of getting ahead, such beings are either completely submerged or pitifully exploited. Their "ambition," usually fitful egotism, is dazzled by the apparent successes of their prosperous acquaintance, and urged by the slogans of the day to get out into the world to "realize their personalities" and "get ahead," they go forth with their poor talents as confidently as a green small boy in a skiff without center-board sails with the tide. The small boy finds himself merely cast upon alien shores with a boat that will not take him home on the wind, but the ambitious aspirant for great worldly recognition finds himself with his little sprit-sail of a talent cast high and dry in shifting sands. There are men and women ending their days in sanatoriums, sent to everlasting uselessness not because they wanted to be useful to their age, but because they wanted merely to get ahead.

It is a very droll conception of life, the "getting ahead," a sort of ice-cream cone licking by the morbid hedonists of a morbidly luxurious age; and when the cone is licked out and the licker satiated of the heavy cream of civilization in all its flavored poses and pomps, he will still be vainly thirsty for a draft of the pure water of life.

One reflects, however, that this ice-cream cone licking at life would seem to be indulged in chiefly by those who never, by ancestry or tradition, have handled the extraneous luxuries; it would seem in America to have been brought to our shores by an imaginative peasant class reared by its religion on curious dreams of tawdry show and magnificence and stimulated to the sense of great opportunity through material wealth by having to buy its way even into the favor of God. Born Americans, if they care to, may stoutly aver that the ice-cream cone conception of life has never rightly belonged to them, and in many

walks of American life, among those as yet unvulgarized, there is still honest, almost agonized protest against it.

While such a prophet as Charles Wagner arrested the attention with what he had to say, it was chiefly to dare to say to any nation that, as a life principle, "getting ahead" is sure to end in paralyzation and disintegration, and should incur that nation's everlasting contempt. No Savonarola, even in the tremendous exigencies of to-day, would dare to exact a bonfire of the symbols of contemporary life, though there are many substantial men and women in America whose mother wit has not deserted them and who have fallen heir to more than the wealth of money, who are looking, as through an iron-bound gate, at old-shabbinesses, independencies, irresponsibilities, and simplicities; looking at the old sane, solemn convictions and duties that *held*; wondering how, despite their wealth, they may once more revert to them.

Organic existence, though mysterious and subtle, an enigma with a death's-head for answer, seems never to be cruel for any one's specific gain. The great tragedies of elemental existence, such as tidal waves and volcanoes, when the beautiful orders of our system turn upon and rend themselves, are indeed parts of some organic purpose by which human beings are affected, but not in order that any specific group of human beings shall thereby prosper. Artificial existence and the philosophy of sophistication seem, on the other hand, designedly cruel, and victimize their hundreds that ten shall the more luxuriously live. The great educational factor of present-day existence is not precept; it is example. We educate ourselves, as if it were a solemn duty, by a carefully worked-out system of tastes and needs; at the same time we are engaged in a giggling evasion of our own acknowledged ideals. We say that we abhor class distinction, and we maintain and educate our children to maintain a rigid and stupid exclusiveness; we say that we are sensitive to suffering, but never, even among American Indians, has there been more aversion, more openly expressed and pitiless repugnance, for the malformed or afflicted person than there exists to-day.

We say we abhor the idea of unequal sharing, and at the same time see to it that we proceed with abnormal acquiring. We are sorry that the proletariat should be ambitious beyond his station, but we, whom he has for example, go on trying to keep ahead of him.

No one is so alive to the opportunity in the religion of getting ahead as the *commerçant*. He it is who principally conceives, maintains, and disseminates the philosophy of getting ahead. His conception of life has imperceptibly crept into the mind of the world, and nothing can be more insidious than the effect of his continuous advertisements upon the minds of such people as read little else. These seductions, with rare and dignified exceptions, make a direct assault upon a certain cheap pride of our civilization. The advertisement, not the priest, is our guide, philosopher, and friend. Its tutelary prerogatives are not to be ignored. The advertisement understands poignantly the necessity for getting ahead, and above all things it professes to supply the marks of caste. Above all things does it desire for us that we shall be "refined," that word, whose true significance in America was long ago lost, is still the only symbol for those outer veneers with which we plaster our vacant personalities. All the craft and illusion of the subtle brains of commerce are seeing to it that we become "refined" by everything that is salable; the haberdashers, indeed, by their insistence upon the word, hold our noses to their grindstone of "refinement" until we become as vulgarly finicky as their wares demand.

Three years of the World War, three years of relief work, have proved once more American generosity, American enterprise, courage, and faith; but for ills to come we need more than these; we need more even than the unselfishness and pure loyalty that have taken the best youth of our country away from home and inclinations and opportunity; we need more than the utopian dreams and material schemes of the aggressive woman element in our country. We need standards to-day. We need them more than anything else; we need them to be set by people that have done and are doing their duty, but who have never thought of "getting ahead"; we need

more people of heart and brain and unswerving conviction, who have as yet been unchairmanned into mechanical ways and means, who act and speak unpartizanly, people who have no favors to seek or axes to grind, and who are supremely capable of doing, without recognition or praise, merely their duty, who care more that some one else, not themselves, shall get ahead.

In this "democratic" country, as in every other country now looking to us for strength and sanity, we need three aristocracies: we need the aristocracy of the home, where principles can be taught; we need an aristocracy of a plain people who by teaching and living can prove the practical soundness of that principle; we need, more than anything else, an aristocracy of simplicity, which by calm and unswerving insistence upon genuineness in character and manners can drive back and nail down forever the existing and prevailing lie of our country that to be useful in the world it is necessary to "make good," to "put it over," to "get ahead."

For there are many powerful and convincing people among us who never have got ahead and have meant never to get ahead. We have known such and loved them. Simple beings they, "full of God," as the Greeks said when they meant enthusiastic. These are generous beings giving, like crystal fountains, without thought of return, but not necessarily of money; serious beings working with ardent love of studentship, but not for degrees; fearless beings determined to make blind humanity recognize a truth, but not to be famous. The men and women in the warring countries to-day, who are knowing such spiritual glory as has never been known before, are not working at their godlike tasks to get ahead. No great chemist, no writer, no doctor, no clergyman labors just to "get ahead."

But just here, in our recognition of the superb work of America in to-day sending her money and her youth to help other lands, comes the smuggest justification of the born get-aheader. As he sees it in his complacency, all that is Americanly humanitarian and beneficial in Europe to-day is the result of his own life dream—this very getting ahead. He

brates about the money that has been spent, the sanitation accomplished, the suffering allayed. What could have been accomplished, he asks you, if those who did it had not first got ahead?

The glorious deeds of self-sacrifice and succor throughout the world have been done from one superb impulse, that sense of pity that is so far removed from the impulse of the beast that we dare to call it spirit. That glorious, pitying, self-sacrificing impulse, which has come to many fashionable and wealthy men and women of to-day, was kept alive in us by the truth Christ lived and died for. It can be even more superbly demonstrated yet, but it will never go hand in hand with getting ahead. It is the truth of the highest ethic bequeathed to us of a by-gone age. We are still profiting by it and finding relief from our sorrows in it, but are we teaching our children that ethic? Are we giving them the healing beauty of it, or are we merely instructing them as to how they may best get ahead?

If in the sordid and wasteful alembic of human affairs as they are to-day, with greed openly and coarsely written on the face of people of every nation and every hamlet, there could be a complete overturning of public values, making popularity a coarse matter, analyzing character, and using it like serum to inoculate other characters, giving a new ethic of earnestness and stanchness, we might become the sooner adjusted to what is surely going to be our mighty and heart-

breaking task as individual men and as a people—the old task that Christ long ago set us, seeing to it that our brother, and not ourself, gets ahead.

Buddha knew that it was not necessary to get ahead. The Burmese somehow have learned the lesson. Thoreau knew it, Tolstoi guessed it, and Germany will have to learn it. It may not be too quaint, at least, not too far from the timid thought of many, to assert that to-day all the wild horror of carnage, all the God-forsaken miseries and insanities, all the heartbroken men and women and bloody unburied bodies, and all the violation of sanctified agreements and human relationships might not have been if one nation had not for forty years been thinking it necessary to get ahead.

It may not be too quaint to say, as many troubled souls really believe, that if we human beings really desire peace and prosperous conditions, strong trade, rich fields, fine races, that the first step must be to root out from every character the absurd egoism of conscious individuality and the poisonous principles of each seeking his own. Let men and women forever study the good of their brothers not in theory, but in practice; let it be for a hundred years the fashion to see to it that some one else other than ourself prospers; let us progress, if we will, by every straining of spirit, heart, and intellect: but let our toil, our patience, and our vigil be for something far more glorious than that we and our children get ahead.

Exit

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

I shall go in the wind
Down Islip road,
And no one shall mind
The traveler's load.

A slender tree
Round the bend to the south
Shall beckon to me
In the wind's mouth,

And the white-lipped frost
That clings to the ground
Knows the dream you have lost
Shall never be found.

The shape of it lingers
In driven rain,
But the earth's gray fingers
Mold it again

In purple bud
And in fretted stone,
In channeled blood
And in crumbled bone—

Mold it again
In flesh and in flowers,
'Twixt a rain and a rain
Of April showers.

American Literature: Now and To Be

Part Two

By ST. JOHN ERVINE

In this instalment of his interesting article on American literature Mr. Ervine considers those factors in our life and manners which are responsible for either the growth or decline in our literature and individuality. He maintains that unless we have the utmost freedom of individuality we cannot have a great literature.—THE EDITORS.



HE old culture, drawn from Europe and chiefly from England, which had at last contrived to make itself at home in the atmosphere of America was not yet sufficiently strong to withstand the assaults of an inrushing, hungry, cultureless mob, and so after a poor struggle it went under. The pioneer people of America, the new pioneers who came after the Anglo-Saxons had built up a young and fragile tradition, were like all pioneer peoples: their physical needs and activities were greater than their mental needs and activities, and all their energies went into the struggle for physical comfort and supremacy. It is, I think, true to say that the material progress of America has enormously surpassed the intellectual progress. That is why a European, visiting the United States, is disconcerted to find men of immense power in business talking like children in an elementary school about literature and art. It was this absorption in material things which, though it has made American domestic life easily the most comfortable in the world, left America so completely at the mercy of the old and ravenous diplomats of Europe in the peace conference. Culture, given by contemplation of art and literature, is the power to know and understand human nature and motives. Centuries of familiarity with the garnered beauty and learning of the world have gone to the making of the European statesmen, but only a generation or two of intimate knowledge of great businesses and machinery had gone to the making of the American delegation.

In this article I purpose to consider what is perhaps the most important factor in the production of great literature, the growth and development of individuality.

The great expanse of America, the fact that its resources are still undeveloped, and that fortunes seem very easily to be made by men whose wits are both agile and accommodating, makes the reappearance of a high general culture difficult. The standards of America are constantly being displaced by the irruption of newly enriched men, who pass from poverty to affluence so rapidly that while they have the means for a life of culture, they have not the mentality for it. During my stay in New York I was told that twenty thousand new millionaires had been made by the war in America. I had been exclaiming at the fact that in the best hotels in the city one saw cuspidors in every bedroom and all along the corridors, and my friend, to explain their presence in a hotel inhabited presumably by decent and civilized persons, reminded me of the fact that a fortune is more easily and swiftly acquired than good manners. Many men in America have found themselves suddenly in a place of prominence through great wealth, but their manners remain in the condition in which they were first made. I have never been able to understand the attraction which spitting has for vulgar people. It is not an act of necessity, nor does the climate of America cause more expectoration than any other climate. A well-bred man can live in America without fouling the floor with his saliva, but an ill-bred man, though

he be rich cannot live happily unless there is a cuspidor somewhere within his immediate neighborhood. It follows naturally that when men cannot afford the time to cultivate their minds, they are hardly likely to be able to afford the time to cultivate their manners.

All these things are interrelated. A man with vulgar habits is likely to be a man with vulgar views of life, though it is not certain that his views will be as vulgar as his manners. Dr. Johnson had habits that were almost revolting, but his mind was probably the most cultivated mind of his day. In a society where gracious manners are considered to be a sign of affectation, it is unlikely that culture will flourish, and it is significant of all countries that are still in a pioneer state to a large extent that there is hardly any output of art or literature, and that what there is, is either imitative or sensational. Manners in such countries are usually rough. Neither Canada nor Australia, pioneer countries with a robust people, have achieved the degree of distinction in letters which has been achieved by the United States. On the other hand, they are more homogeneous in character than the United States, and it is possible that the time of literary efflorescence will come there more quickly than the revival of it in the States. The process of Americanization is generally considered to be rapid, but the habits of race are so innate in human beings that I am dubious about all these schemes to turn Italians and Germans and Czechs-Slovaks into hundred-per-cent. Americans in a single generation. Mr. Israel Zangwill wrote a play called "The Melting Pot," in which he imagined America as a crucible into which the divers people of Europe were poured and reduced to elementals, and then, finely blended, brought forth, no longer English, French, German, Russian, Polish, or Italian, but indistinguishably American. It is a desirable dream. America ought to be the land of Americans, not merely the land of repeated Europeans. But I sometimes wonder whether the dream will ever come true. Will the melting pot melt the materials that are poured into it? Probably it will in time, a very long time, but there

is just a chance that there will be duplicated in America the ethnological divisions of Europe. In Milwaukee, I found that the river divided the town into two closely segregated groups, the American population and the German population. The friends who drove me about the city told me, when we crossed the river into the German territory, that they had not been in that part of Milwaukee for a long time. They were not acquainted with any person in that quarter. I said to them, "But don't you meet them at school or at the university?" The reply was that sometimes, but very rarely, this happened. The German population sent its children to German schools, and the American population sent its children to American schools. I mean, of course, by German schools, schools in America with teachers and children of German birth or origin.

Now, this is all wrong. If a man goes to America to live and earn a livelihood, he should throw in his fate completely with that country. He cannot forget his place of origin entirely, but he should strive to amalgamate himself with the people whom he has adopted as his countrymen, and his ambition should be not to rear German or French or English or Italian children in America, but *American* children. Until this happens, there is no prospect of homogeneity among the people of the United States, and until homogeneity has been achieved, it is useless to expect the appearance of a great literature. I do not suggest that a race of heterogeneous Americans will not produce a literature of some sort, even a literature of considerable merit; but I do believe, and I am certain that the testimony of time supports my belief, that there can never be a great and immortal literature in America until the races that go to make up the country have been fused into a homogeneous people.

The slightness of the American tradition, the violence with which it was disrupted when the various races of Europe began to pour into the country, the incoherence at this date of its population, the lack of deeply implanted roots among the mass of the population, evidenced particularly at present when many persons of alien origin are return-

ing to Europe enriched, as they fondly imagine, by the advantage they have gained through the rate of exchange—all these things are in part responsible for the failure of America to produce a great literature. But they are not the only things. All art is the expression at once of a great individuality and of a great people. Two things went to the making of Shakspeare's plays, the unique personality of the man who wrote them and the vital nature of the people to whom he belonged. A great poem or picture is at once personal and collective. It is personal in the sense that no one but its author could have made it. Whatever there is of uniqueness in him has gone to its composition. No other man in the world but Shakspeare could have written "Hamlet" as he wrote it. If one wishes to test the truth of this statement, all that need be done is to compare Shakspeare's treatment of the story of "All 's Well That Ends Well" with that of Boccaccio in the "Decameron." Each of these great writers added the peculiar quality of his own personality to the story, so that each version became almost a new story. If genius were not the rare vintage of a rich personality, we might expect to find a story told by one man to be very like a story told by another man. The strange, never-repeated character that was Shakspeare or Cervantes or Walt Whitman was the principal factor in their work, but it was not the only factor. If great plays and poems and novels and pictures were dependent solely upon a unique personality, we might expect to find genius as freely manifested in countries without history or tradition as it is in countries which have the accumulations of centuries behind them. If genius flourished easily in any atmosphere, we should expect to find men of genius in Armenia as often as we find them in England, France, Germany, or Russia.

But we do not find men of genius in places like Armenia, inhabited by an insignificant race. It is not the fact of prolonged periods of oppression which has prevented the Armenians from giving Homers and Dantes to the world, though undoubtedly this fact has had much to do with it, for Ireland, with

seven centuries of misrule behind her, has given more than her share of genius to mankind. The reason why Armenia has not produced great artists of any sort is that a work of genius is both the expression of a rich and rare individuality and the expression, through that rich and rare individuality, of a great race. Shakspeare's plays are at once the essence of Shakspeare and the essence of England. Walt Whitman's poems could not have been written by any other man than Walt Whitman, but they could have been written only by a Whitman who was natively an American. The Armenians are not a great people; they are an insignificant people whose vision of life is mean in scale. They have the tenacity that is discoverable in all peasant peoples, but they have not the lofty imagination that turns a peasant into a poet; and because they have not this imagination, they have not succeeded in doing more than the limpet does when it clings closely to a rock. The American people are plainly a people of quality immeasurably superior to that of the people of Armenia. It is unlikely that Armenians will produce a literature that the world will acknowledge, but we have seen that America in the past has produced writing which men of other countries received gladly, and we feel confident that she will again, that she will produce a literature much greater than that which she has already produced. The conditions in which a great race can flourish are present in America, and in due time, though it will probably be longer in coming than is generally believed, the great, homogeneous American people will come to be.

But will the great individuality be allowed to thrive in the American atmosphere? If it is not allowed to thrive, then however great may be the destiny of the Americans, there can be no hope of a great art. Great moral standards may be raised, as Mr. Meredith Nicholson suggests, though I doubt the possibility of raising such standards without the presence of a great literature to support them; but without the utmost freedom for the development of a man's own individuality there will not be a literature. The Aztecs of Peru

brought government to a very high pitch of perfection, but because there was no personality in Peru, there was no literature, and because there was no literature, there are now no Aztecs of Peru.

I have already considered the argument that American literature is not on the level of European literature, and I have recorded my belief that while it undoubtedly is inferior to European literature, it is yet not so bad as some Americans declare it to be, and my belief that it is capable of becoming as important as any literature in the world. One condition of a great literature is the spirit of a great race. The second condition is the spirit of great individuals. I have stated that America had not yet achieved the spirit of a great race because the people of the country are not homogeneous.

It is likely, in my opinion, that they will become homogeneous, but there is a possibility that homogeneity may never be a characteristic of the American nation. The curious antagonisms inside the United States, the attitude of the rest of America toward New-Englanders, for example, seem to me to be identical with the curious antagonisms inside Europe; but Europe is admittedly a group of nations, whereas America is professedly one nation.

When I was traveling in America, I was astonished at the real feeling manifested against people from Boston by people from other American cities. There are city rivalries in England, for example, in Scotland and in Ireland, but I have never known an inhabitant of Liverpool to speak of an inhabitant of Manchester with venom. Even in the case of Dublin and Belfast, where there are bitter political, social, and religious differences, I have never known men to speak with the real dislike of one another with which I have heard other Americans speak of Bostonians. Probably the fault was originally Boston's, but if all one hears be true, Boston no longer has any justification for her historic sense of superiority to the rest of America. She seems, like Dublin and Edinburgh, to be a city living on her reputation, but doing nothing either to add to it or to preserve it. I have chosen that

example of the peculiar antagonisms inside America as the most obvious one. I believe, and I certainly hope, that America will attain a great unity such as the world has never before known, but it behooves Americans to remember that that unity has not yet been achieved, that it may never be achieved. If it is not achieved, there will never be a great American literature. There will be local literature only.

But granting that America will become a homogeneous country and that the first condition of a great literature, the spirit of a noble race, is established, what is the case of the second condition, the spirit of great persons? Has an American a better chance of developing the peculiar quality which distinguishes him from the rest of humanity than a European? Is his chance of doing so equal to that of an Englishman? Or, horrific thought that will seem utterly incredible to most Americans, is a man's individuality less likely to grow and develop in the United States than anywhere else in the world?

I imagine that the answers rendered to these questions by the generality of people in America will be that the individual man has immeasurably greater chance of developing his personality in the United States than in any other country on the face of the earth, but I doubt whether any discerning European will agree. I know that many discerning Americans are very dubious about the freedom of the individual man in their country, and for my own part I am convinced that the development of one's own unique powers is much freer in England than it is in America. I remember saying to a group of business men in New York just before I sailed for home that if it were not for Russia under Lenine and Trotzky, I should say that America was the only autocracy left in the world. I had been saying that I wished I could divide my year between New York and England, that I could be a British citizen for six months and an American subject for the remainder of the year. . . . In England I should enjoy as much freedom as was good for me, and in America I should receive the necessary corrective of autocratic government.

But when I deny that there is much scope for the development of individuality in America, I am not thinking entirely in a political sense. The general social theory of America seems to me to have a maleficent effect on the individual man. A man is more definitely a member of a crowd in the United States than he is in any other country with which I am acquainted. I think an American is more definitely a member of a crowd than even a German before the war. In politics this is plainly observable. I am writing this article at the time when the Republican and Democratic conventions are choosing their candidates. Mr. Harding has just been chosen by the Republicans, and the Democrats decided upon Mr. Cox. The method of conducting the convention, whether it is Republican or Democratic, is identical. It is done by exploitation of mass feeling. The very applause with which the names of candidates are announced is organized and regulated, and robbed of all spontaneity. One does not attach much importance to the fact that when Mrs. Julia Brown seconded the nomination of Mr. Davis as Democratic candidate, the band was so moved by her oration that it uprose and played "Oh, you great big beautiful doll!" We have had incidents as ludicrous as that in the deciding of political issues in England. When Mr. Lloyd George was propagating in favor of the taxation of land values a few years ago, the whole discussion turned for a time on the point of whether or not pheasants fed on mangel-wurzels. This sort of thing is part of the penalty of democracy, and we need not greatly perturb ourselves about it.

There is, however, a feature of these conventions which astonishes us in Europe and certainly ought to cause some concern to Americans. We read here with amazement that an important official at a convention is the man who, watch in hand, leads and controls the applause with which the name of each nominee is greeted. At Chicago, Mr. Hiram Johnson had to stand in front of a mob of delegates for half an hour while they cheered him! Now, no ordinary person has any dis-

position to cheer any other person for thirty minutes. No one on this earth can provoke spontaneous cheers, the only cheers that are worth consideration, from an audience for half an hour. When I hear an orator utter a sentiment of which I heartily approve, my instinct is to give vent to a loud approving shout or to clap my hands noisily together. I cannot continue to cheer or to beat my hands in applause for more than a few minutes. I should exhaust myself if I were to maintain my enthusiasm for longer than that time, apart altogether from the fact that I should be interrupting the speaker for an excessive period. An American cannot *spontaneously* applaud a speaker for any greater time than any other human being can. All these demonstrations, lasting for thirty minutes, have therefore to be organized and controlled and directed; and when cheering becomes organized, it becomes meaningless. Applause in America is nearly always organized. The American, in my experience, is not a man who is naturally demonstrative. In the theater, he does not give the same degree of applause to a play that is given in England. He hardly ever hisses a performance. He delivers his judgment with an amount of reticence that is absent from similar judgments in England. Left to himself, he would probably cheer a nominee at a convention in a courteous and quiet fashion.

But he is not left to himself. The organizers of conventions do not believe in leaving him to himself. And so we get regulated enthusiasm, which is a contradiction in terms. I have seen the same sort of thing at a game of basket-ball played in a girl's college. Each side had its official encourager who organized and directed the cheers of the spectators. The result is the appearance of enthusiasm without the reality of it, a sort of clockwork applause which does not carry conviction and is no more than an irrelevant prolonged noise. One feels on such occasions that if a man were to develop a real enthusiasm for anything and were to cheer out of his turn, he would shock his neighbors, disconcert the hero of the occasion, and seriously annoy the leader

of the applause. Very often in a theater in New York or Chicago, when the audience had obviously enjoyed itself enormously, as I saw audiences enjoy Mr. Tarkington's "Clarence" and Mr. Bacon's "Lightnin'" and Mr. Hoffman's "Welcome, Stranger!" I have been astonished at the listless way in which people applauded at the end of an act or at the conclusion of the play. They seemed to be waiting for an applause-leader to conduct the enthusiasm.

Now, it may seem to some of my readers that I am laboring excessively over a minute point, but I beg of them to pay heed to the element which is missing from these organized demonstrations in order that they may realize how important the point is. That element is spontaneity. If you rob a man of his instinctive wish to do a thing, and substitute for it a directed, governed process, then you rob that man of part of his individuality. I applaud a thing because I wish to applaud it, because it pleases me, not because some other man is paid to persuade me to applaud it. If the loss of spontaneity or, to use a better expression in this relationship, of initiative, is considered carefully, if my readers will observe how little of initiative there is in the greater part of American social life, they will see at once that this is not a trivial matter at all, but that the whole character of life is profoundly affected by it.

Is America, in short, a country in which uniformity or diversity is most commonly practised? Does an American do a thing because he wants to do it or because his next-door neighbor does it? Is life in America dominated by the myriad impulses of a highly diversified population or by the desires of a few persons imposed upon that population? I do not think there is the slightest doubt of the fact that America is essentially a country in which men are governed by the imitative faculty and by the imposition of opinion. The tendency is to make things alike rather than to make them dissimilar. In England every village is different from all other villages, but in America one village is almost an exact replica of another village. In the part of Devonshire with which I am most familiar

there are, within a radius of four miles, two small towns and eight villages, each one of which is so dissimilar from all the others that they seem to have no connecting-link. Nevertheless, they have a unity which keeps them in tone with the Devonshire environment. One realizes that they belong definitely to Devonshire and not to the neighboring county of Dorset.

This remarkable dissimilarity inside a remarkable unity is the triumph of individuality freely operating through well-tested law, and it seems to me to offer the ideal toward which the United States should strive. It ought to be possible to say of each State in America that it is unique, and yet be possible to say of all of them that they are unmistakably American. It ought not to be possible to say of one village in America that it is very like another village. The English town, whether it be ugly or beautiful, does definitely express the character of the people who live in it, but the American town has been designed and built in the spirit of imitation, rather than of expression. It always seemed to me, traveling through the country, particularly in the stretch between New York and Chicago, that when I had seen one American village I had seen all the American villages. It was as if some one had designed a standard town, and that thousands of them had been manufactured by machinery and dropped at regular intervals about the country. The difference between Peoria and Chicago is one principally of size: it is not, as it ought to be, a difference between the character of one set of people and the character of another. Milwaukee differs from Chicago and Peoria only in the respect that it is smaller than Chicago and larger than Peoria. If one were to change the name of Indianapolis to Detroit, would one notice any very great difference? The difference between Liverpool and Manchester is so profound that no one, in any circumstances, could possibly mistake Liverpool for Manchester, or the other way round.

And here we seem to be involved in a paradox. My argument is that the British people, who are notoriously respectful of law, have far more individ-

uality than the American people, who are notoriously indifferent to law. But individuality, the reader exclaims, is a quality which must be antagonistic to any organized thing, such as law. The American individuality is so strongly marked that it cannot be controlled by regulations. . . . I do not purpose to enter into any deep disquisition on Law or Anarchy. It is sufficient for my purpose if I say here that law is the condition of freedom. The rule of the road does not prevent the fast vehicle from making greater progress than the slow vehicle: it enables them both to get along. If there was no rule of the road, if each driver could go how he pleased in whatever direction he thought fit, traffic would be impossible. The accumulated experience of mankind has proved that certain rules must be observed if we are to get through the maze of existence with any sort of comfort, and the efforts of most of us are devoted to conserving those laws which enable us to develop our characters freely, and to scrapping those laws which prevent us from doing so. That is the explanation, among other things, of the War of Independence.

Now, an old-established people has accumulated a greater amount of experience on which to draw for guidance than a newly established people. The English people have been practising free government for a longer time than the American people, and they understand the conditions of freedom better than the American people do. They have greater respect for law than Americans have, but they are not so tied up in laws as Americans are! A country is misgoverned when its people are acutely aware of its laws, just as a man is suffering from ill health when he is acutely aware of his heart or his stomach. If that be true, and it is true, then America is less well-governed than England, because Americans are more aware of the laws of their land in an unpleasant sense than the British people are. There are probably fewer laws in England than there are in America, but there is more law. Americans, indeed, have so many laws, most of which contradict one another, that they resemble the old woman who lived in a shoe.

They do not know what to do, and the result is government not by the fruits of experience, but by panic. One gets the feeling that when a legislative body in the United States is at a loss for employment, it passes a new law, chiefly of an interfering character, not because the new law is needed, but because people might think it was not fulfilling its function if it were not busily engaged in passing measures. The inevitable outcome of this tendency to make laws needlessly is that no one pays any more heed to law in America than he is obliged to pay. An American obeys the law when he cannot conveniently break it, and so it is that the thoroughly wicked man in the United States is not the man who infringes the law, but the man who exploits it. Concurrently with this bewilderment of law, this difficulty of knowing just where you are, there is the tendency, natural enough in the circumstances, for the people in power either to disregard the law altogether, as in the case of the legislature of Albany and the five Socialist members or to twist it to their purpose.

When you have a people who are governed in such a way that law falls into disrepute, then inevitably freedom of thought and movement become contracted. The mass of the people will accept things that they ought not to accept up to the point at which endurance breaks, and then they fly to violent remedies, and we get lynch-law, which is not law at all, but the denial of it. And when people cannot depend upon the laws of their country for protection, they develop timidity of spirit, the majority of them, or violence of spirit, the minority of them. The majority suppress their individuality, and the minority exaggerate it. On the one hand, we have the majority seeking for protection by doing exactly what every one else is doing; and on the other hand, a minority, seeking through violence, eccentricity, and destructiveness to obtain an outlet for its energy.

America suffers enormously from standardized thought. On the voyage out to New York from England I used to talk to American business men, of whom there were a great many on board, about the probable effects of

prohibition. Each one of them was strongly in favor of prohibition for working-men, and very often, in the bar, they would tell me how much the industrial efficiency of their employees had increased in consequence of prohibition. Each one of them said that the rate of increase in efficiency was fifteen per cent. In America itself, wherever I went, I was told that industrial efficiency as a result of prohibition had increased by fifteen per cent. I was puzzled by the unanimity with which the figure of fifteen per cent. was chosen, and I am afraid I incurred a reputation for flippancy by asking on several occasions whether the increase was always fifteen per cent., whether it had not on some occasions reached twenty per cent. or only ten per cent. No one would admit that there had been any decrease in efficiency as a result of prohibition, not even among wine-drinking people, such as the Italians. The testimony was unanimous. Industrial efficiency in America, these business men declared, had risen by fifteen per cent. as a direct consequence of prohibition. This unanimity, however, did not impress me. It was too unanimous to be true. I felt certain that my friends had not made any investigations into the matter for themselves, but had accepted statements and assertions made by propagandists without any scrutiny whatever. That is one of the flaws of democracy, that political statements which have an agreeable sound are greedily accepted and seldom challenged.

It is an old charge against America that the standardization of things has been carried to excess, and probably Americans, aware of the very considerable advantages of a high degree of standardization in material things, are tired of listening to the charge; but it is not one which they should lightly dismiss. What is taste? It is the expression of individual preferences. Standardization means the destruction of individual preferences. There are many things in life where this does not matter much, if at all; and if standardization is treated merely as a means of devising convenience for the generality of people in order to reduce the drudgery of existence,

it is a highly laudable thing. But when it has the effect of destroying taste, of taking the local color out of life, of imposing one vast, neat, spiritless conception of things upon mankind, then it is obviously a grave calamity; and when the standardization reaches from material things to thought, it is not difficult to prophesy that the outcome of it will be sterility of the soul.

I remember reading a very popular magazine in America, and being struck with the uniformity of the stories which were printed in it. They were written with very great technical skill, but they might all have been written by the same author. They seemed to have been constructed according to formula. I was divided between my admiration for their technical excellence and my astonishment at their artistic nullity. I could not understand how it was that so much ability went with so little knowledge. A friend explained the matter to me. The editor of this very ably conducted magazine will return a manuscript to an author with suggestions for changes in it. He may return a manuscript many times to its author, with a proposal of change on each occasion, until it has been altered and shaped to his liking. Then he publishes the story. By the time it has received his approval, it has ceased to be the story of its original author and has become his story. This is the explanation of the curious similarity in all the tales printed in that magazine. Now, this editor clearly knows his business, and no one can complain of him for transacting it in the way that has proved to be profitable to him; but when the reader considers the calamitous effect his method of editing has upon the individuality of the writers in his magazine, they will observe at once that the popularity of it is purchased at the price of any artistic merit these writers possess. They become in time story-manufacturers, working according to a definite plan, and in a little while they lose all literary sensibility and become mere machines for producing sanctioned words.

One finds this effort to reduce individuality to a piece of well-oiled machinery all over America. Young men in the

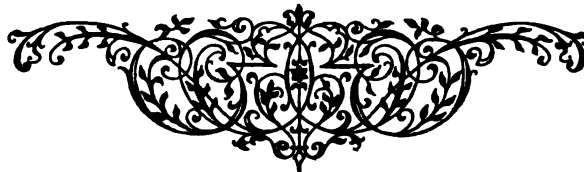
street seem ambitious to wear exactly the same sort of overcoat that other young men are wearing. The dominant desire is not to differentiate oneself from other people, but to make oneself as like the crowd as possible.

Now, a great literature cannot flourish in an atmosphere of imitation and suppressed personality, and unless America can somehow solve this problem, of making a man's individuality grow and become vivid, there is slight likelihood of her making credit for herself with an art or a literature to which the world will yield respect. She may become a homogeneous country, fusing the diverse elements that make up her people into a vigorous and united race, but unless she can so order her estate that each person in that race can offer something to the community that is totally different from anything that is offered by any other person in it, she will have to remain content with the work of Europeans or, at best, skilful imitations of that work by her own people.

As I sailed out of New York Harbor on a Saturday afternoon in April, my pleasure at going home dashed by my regret at leaving that gay and happy city, I leaned against the side of the ship so that I might look at the sky-scrapers as we sailed past them. Very beautiful they looked in the evening light. They had a dignity and a shapelessness that I had not imagined them to possess. Dull people had told me that I should hate them, that I should think of them as detestably ugly. But I did not think they were ugly. I thought they were supremely beautiful, and, gazing back at them as we went out to sea, I remembered how much pleasure they had given me that week, soon after my arrival in America, when I had lain in bed ill with influenza. Every evening at five o'clock I had looked out of the window to see the sky-scrapers light up, and had never failed to be moved by

their beauty in the blue dusk. I had thought the sky-scrapers were beautiful then, and now, leaving America, they seemed to me more beautiful still. I saw them for a long while after we had left the wharf, and it seemed to me that in them I saw the best expression of the American spirit that I had seen in the country. Here was something essentially native, owing nothing to Europe, something beautiful and national. And here in England, writing this article, recalling that picture of New York as I left it, I feel that there is a restless spirit demanding a means of expression in America. Presently, it will burst its bonds and declare itself. These sky-scrapers are a warning, a portent of what is to come. After all, people desire to be homogeneous and to be in unity, and although it is possible to obscure and divert the individuality of men for a time, it is hardly possible to do so for eternity. America will grow old, as Europe has grown old, and with the experience of her own life and the experience she has learned from the older Continent, she will surely produce a great art.

Already the rebellious poets, always the first to declare the right of the individual man to express himself without hindrance, are uttering their shouts of defiance against cramping authority. There is Amy Lowell in Boston shaking her fist at the pundits, and Vachel Lindsay in Springfield, Illinois, pushing professors off their pontifical perches, and Carl Sandburg in Chicago swinging his arms very lustily and sometimes indiscriminately. And, more importantly than all, perhaps, there is Mr. Mencken letting off earthquakes of criticism in Baltimore. They are violent in their assertions, these rebellious ones, and often they talk and write foolishness; but they have the right matter within them, and they are making the way straight.





"I had no sooner poked my head through the door of the saloon than the conversation stopped dead"

A Cask of Ale for Columban

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

Illustration by Hanson Booth



HAVE worked at strange tasks in my day," said Lubomirski. "A man has to live, and when he has no trade, he takes what his wits will bring him. But there is one position I have held that I never in my life want to hold again."

"What is it?" asked two or three of us in unison, hoping that the old rascal, with a glass of a forbidden, but cheering, beverage in his hand, could be led on to reminiscences of some of his colorful enterprises of the past.

Lubomirski sipped, smacked his lips, and then, placing the glass carefully on the arm of his chair, arose to warm his hands over a crackling log in the fireplace. Though the night was not particularly cold, the Pole's relish of the pleasant blaze showed in every line of his much-seamed, thin-bearded face, and it showed, too, in the deliberation with which he rubbed his hands, then brought his chair and glass nearer to the fire. He seemed to settle back in meditation behind his frowzy gray beard, then said, still gazing into the fire:

"For a while—a little while—I was a government agent. I was a deputy sheriff of Harley County, and the duty to which I was detailed"—he spoke slowly, lingering over each word—"was the enforcement of the prohibition law."

"What?" All of us had been interested when it seemed likely that Lubomirski was going to tell a story. There was alarm mingled with our interest now. Half a dozen glasses were resting on the broad arms of the chairs ranged about the fireplace of the Oakdale Club, and not one of them but contained a mixture that would have been highly interesting to an agent of the department of internal revenue. And Lubomirski, for all of the fact that his wise face and his strange tales were familiar at the club, was not a member, nor had he chosen to tell us some of the highly essential details of his background.

Lubomirski smiled, and as though to set to rights an unspoken question, raised his glass to his lips.

"I got out of that profession long ago," he said. The smile disappeared from his thin lips as he added, "And for good." Once more Lubomirski sought the warmth of the fire for his small, many-veined hands. Then he said in a low voice that was startling for the solemnity of its dignified, even tone, "I am not likely ever to match myself against Saint Columban again."

The little disquietude of a moment before was forgotten as we joined Lubomirski in drawing our chairs closer to the fire. But somehow no one except Lubomirski thought of reaching for his glass.

"Saint Columban," said Lubomirski, gravely, as though in explanation of what had gone before, "is not a Po'ish saint. He lived in Ireland a good many centuries ago." Again he paused, drawing the threads of his narrative together in silence.

"It was in the days before federal prohibition that I had my experience with the liquor laws and with Columban. I was retained because of my knowledge of Polish to help enforce the state law in the big Polish settlements throughout Harley County." He spoke slowly, with the bitter deliberateness of a man who does penance by confession for some despicable sin.

"Well, because I spoke their language, I was able to get into the confidence of some of the Harley saloon-keepers who were n't obeying the law during one of those periodic waves of enforcement, and some of them paid dearly for having served me a drink. But somewhere along Harley Bay, where there is a cluster of dirty little factory towns all stuck on filled-in land in the meadow, there was an active bootlegging center that seemed to supply a good part of the State. Just as many drunken men as ever were seen on the streets. The sheriff was being

bothered by the churches and by the newspapers, and he was bothering me.

"One day I got hold of a drunken Pole in the lock-up and questioned him. But, as always before, it was impossible to find out where he had got the liquor. All I could get out of him was: 'Saint Columban is protecting us. Saint Columban won't let them stop us from having our drink.' And all through the Polish district there was this mysterious talk about supernatural protection. Well, my Polish education had taught me nothing about a Saint Columban, and I went to the library to look him up, and in a dictionary of church lore I found this legend about him:

'It was supper-time one day in the monastery where this good monk did his service to God, and Columban went down to the cellar of the monastery to draw a pitcher of beer. When he got there, he was dismayed to find the spigot of the barrel open and all the precious beer spilled away on the stone floor. At once Columban got down on his knees and prayed. He prayed so hard that the beer flowed back into the barrel, and he was able, after all, to draw off a pitcher of it to bring to his fellow-monks at the supper-table.'

"The story interested me, but it did n't help much. One midwinter day I started on a tour of the whole network of factory settlements on the meadow to satisfy the sheriff—and my own curiosity—about that bootlegging center.

"If you know of a place that 's any bleaker, any more desolate and abandoned, than the Harley meadows in January, I 'd like to know where it is. Not that I ever want to go there," added Lubomirski, hastily, shivering with remembered chills. "I was the last man in the world who had the right to be out on such an errand, and I believe I would have been the last man in the world to enjoy it; but it was my job. It was the coldest day I remember. I cursed my luck and I wished that, so long as I was being a hypocrite anyway, I had at least had the courage to bring a flask of whisky with me to warm my insides for a nasty day's work.

"The conductors on the single-track trolley-line were rushing in from their

platforms every minute to warm their hands over the pot stoves, then banging the straps against the walls, stamping, and jerking the bell-cords till they nearly broke, but they were n't keeping warm. No one possibly could. It was the worst kind of cold day, when the dampness and the cold seem to combine to freeze every drop of human cheerfulness out of your blood, and a high wind was sweeping the meadow, tossing handfuls of old, dirty snow like grains of hail into your face. Lord! but I was sorry for the poor devils who worked in those smelting-mills on the meadow all year round!

"Well, gentlemen, I suppose there is something of a streak of superstition in me. At any rate, when I had tramped that bleak country until nightfall and got nothing for my pains but a through-and-through freezing and a bellyful of celery tonic and bad near-beer, I was ready to believe that I was being punished for a sort of sacrilege. Maybe it is right that there should be a law against drinking, and if there is, I suppose it should be enforced." He looked meditatively into the bottom of his now empty glass, and one of the club members signaled a waiter who hovered in the background. "But if there are to be such laws, let them be enforced by men who believe in them. No more for Lubomirski!

"They were strange things that happened to me that evening, and if I did not know when Alex Lubomirski is drunk and when he is not, I might wonder. You know, I am not of a very robust physique, and I did not bear up well under the strain of that all-day wild-geese chase. The bitterness of the cold increased with sundown, and then there came a gust of snow that became a blizzard in a few minutes. Suddenly, without realizing just where I was going, I found myself plowing through the snow and the darkness in the most God-forsaken street of them all, with my feet getting weak under me. Thank you!" This last in acknowledgment to the attentive waiter, who had come with a bottle. "I was disgusted with the world, with my job, and with myself, but mostly with myself. I looked around for the trolley-line, to let it go as a failure

and get out of that whole mess of bleakness. But the trolley-line became suddenly a hard thing to find. I had strayed off the main road, and there were no houses in sight, nothing but an occasional foundry building, totally dark, or a coal-yard or a row of stables. It seemed impossible to find a human being. And all the while the blizzard was getting worse, until I was fairly blinded when I stood up straight to look for a trolley-pole. Of course, if I had been in normal shape, I could have used my wits and come out all right. It's impossible to go through that group of factory settlements and get really far from a trolley-line. But do you know how, when you are out of tune with the world, you sometimes seem to revel in your own misfortune, you refuse to pull yourself together and think? I just walked on in a sort of daze until I stumbled blindly into the blaze of light from a saloon window. The blinds were down and the door was locked, but, seeing the light, I banged at the door. I remember how ironic it seemed to me that I should be going to that place of all places for shelter.

"I could hear a number of voices inside talking loudly in Polish, but I got no reply to my banging for a while. Then some one said:

"'It must be Jan. Open up for Jan!' and the door was unlocked.

"But I was n't so sure of my welcome. I had no sooner poked my head through the door of the saloon than the conversation stopped dead, and the dozen or so men who were gathered around the bar looked at me as though I were a sort of curiosity. Then I saw a girl. I may have been so tired as to be seeing mirages, but to me she seemed the most beautiful girl in all the world, standing behind the bar and whispering to a man who seemed to be about the fattest and the ugliest man in the world. The fat man came up to me, and, gesturing with his bar rag, said: 'We have a private party here, mister. This place is closed.' He seemed to be waving me outside, back to the snow and the meadow winds, by one sweep of his bar rag.

"I must have looked like a school-boy pleading to be let off from a beating as I stood there, shivering, and covered with snow from head to foot, mumbling some-

thing about coming in and getting out of the cold for a minute. Even the fat man, who carried himself like a ruler of the earth, with his bar rag for a scepter, hesitated about putting me out until the men all started talking at once and loudly. It seemed to be a unanimous agreement. The bar rag started waving again, with an air of finality. Then the girl spoke. A tall, black-eyed, black-haired girl she was, a Pole through and through. If the fat man with the rag acted like a sort of king, she certainly bore herself like a princess. To judge from the look on that slender, sensitive face of hers, the highest concession she could have made to any human being would have been to say, 'You may go right on living so far as I'm concerned.' She looked first at me, then at the group of Polish men, a giant, every one of them, and said in Polish: 'Well, what are you afraid of? He does n't know what we're talking about, and, besides, *he* could n't hurt a flea.' The argument stopped right there, though some of the men grumbled a bit under their breath. The fat man started mopping his bar again, and, without condescending to look at me, said: 'All right. Shut the door. It's cold.'

"I came in, stamping snow all over the place, not a bit pleased at the kind of reception I was getting. What hurt most, though, was that remark of the girl's. The fact that I had just been calling myself names did n't make any difference. I was mad. Without waiting for any further invitation, I walked to the back of the room, as far away from the crowd as I could get, and sat down at one of the rough tables. Then the warmth of the place began to soak into me, and I think I would have dropped off into a drowse in another minute if the girl had n't followed me. She stood at the table, with her arms folded, looking down at me in a calm, clear-eyed way that made me angrier and angrier all the time, and asked in English: 'Will you have something? A glass of near-beer?'

"'No,' I snapped back at her before I had had a chance to think. 'I'm afraid that would be too strong for me.'

"She stood perfectly quiet, still staring at me in a mighty uncomfortable way. I could see that she was wondering whether by any chance I could have

understood her remark in Polish. But apparently she came to the conclusion that I had n't, for she shrugged her shoulders and walked off.

"I slumped back in my chair, rubbing my hands and trying to keep my eyes open, all the time seeming to feel pairs of black eyes staring at me with maddening calmness from every conceivable direction. I could sense the fact that I was about as welcome in that saloon as the meadow wind I brought in when I opened the door. The party, which was a pretty noisy one when I came in, was suddenly quiet, and once in a while I could see one of those big fellows looking at me sideways as though he were longing to pick me up and throw me out into the snow. It was n't a very comfortable position, but I had made up my mind that I was there to stay—at least, until I should be thrown out. For one thing, I felt too exhausted to move. For another, I was getting curious. But more than anything else it was that pair of black eyes. That remark about my not being able to hurt a flea had got under my skin. And those eyes—

"Just as before, it was the girl who started things. She said something to the fat man that I could n't make out, and the fat man said to the crowd in a voice that shook the chandeliers: 'What the devil is the matter with you? Come on, drink!' In a moment the place was in an uproar again. Then I looked up, and saw that the girl was returning to my table. She carried a plate that was a mighty cheerful sight to me. On it were two hot roast-beef sandwiches, generous ones, and a fat tumbler of whisky. She looked at me with just the trace of a smile on that wonderful face of hers, and said, 'Well, here 's something a little stronger.' And without stopping for any reply, she slipped the plate on the table and left me. It was as though she had challenged me, Alex Lubomirski, to drink something stronger than near-beer. I did n't have to be challenged twice. I ate my sandwiches and drank the whisky, feeling myself get stronger all the while. Maybe a feeling of gratitude should have been growing in me at the same time; doubtless it should have, but things did not work that way. With every sip of that strong whisky my re-

sentment at the scornful look and the remark about my harmlessness grew. Over at the bar the glasses were clinking by now, and a perfect uproar had started.

"'How was business to-day?' one man asked.

"'Ten gallons for me,' was the answer, and three or four men cheered, slapping their thighs.

"'Where is Jan?' then some one inquired. There was a general racket again. Every one wanted to know where Jan was.

"'I hope the old man has had a good dream to-day,' said the man who had inquired after Jan. And they were getting drunker and merrier all the while.

"Suddenly the bar rag came down with a smack. It was like the tapping of a gavel to bring a parliamentary meeting to order, and a whole lot more effective.

"'That 's enough!' shouted the fat man in Polish. 'It 's about time we got down to business.'

"They quieted down, and there did seem to be some kind of business on foot. The girl with the black eyes had gone behind the bar again, and now she had a cloth-bound ledger spread out before her and was dipping a pen into a bottle of ink. One by one the men shuffled over to where she was standing, and mumbled some kind of report to her in Polish while she wrote. Just a scrap or two of the conversation came to me, but that was enough:

"'I 'm working the East Ferry district.' 'I got rid of sixteen quarts of whisky. Manckiewicz wants to buy a barrel of ale.'

"'Four quarts of brandy,' one man reported.

"'You 're lazy, Casimir,' the girl replied, dipping her pen into the bottle to make the entry. He started to stammer an explanation, but already she had forgotten him and was taking the accounting of the next man. Cool and business-like in her white apron and blue dress, I tell you she was an amazing figure in that group."

Lubomirski paused, and his mournful eyes watched the flying sparks in the fireplace as though he were trying to arrange out of their fantastic shapes the face of his wonderful black-eyed girl.

Whether he succeeded or not, we could not tell, for presently he continued in his even, matter-of-fact way, without looking up:

"You know the sensation of falling down an abyss that seems to stretch for thousands of feet that you get sometimes in a dream? That was what it was like to come out of my stupor and realize that here I was, in the center of the bootlegging traffic of the whole district, with all the evidence that I had been chasing my legs off for, and a great deal more than I had suspected the existence of. That remark of the girl's came to me again, and I can tell you it felt good to be having the upper hand. Whether I would really have betrayed their hospitality or not, after eating and drinking there, I do not know, and I want you to believe that," added Lubomirski, a bit fiercely, putting himself suddenly on the defensive. "I was n't thinking of my miserable job, though that would have been a wonderful catch to make. I was n't thinking of the danger of my position there. If you want to know just what it was that had me on my mettle, all in a flurry with excitement, well, gentlemen, I 'm afraid you would n't understand. You would n't understand in a thousand years—not unless you had looked into those eyes for yourself. I left my table and walked over in cock-sure fashion to join the group. My roast-beef sandwiches and whisky had made me bold.

"Well, maybe I know something now that would harm a great many fleas," I said to the girl, and this time I spoke in Polish.

"For just a fraction of a second I thought she was turning pale. I could swear that there was never a more surprised person in the world than she to find me speaking her language. But she turned to me with that magnificent self-assurance and answered:

"Has the whisky made you so strong that you want to fight fleas?"

"I wanted to say something clever and biting, but I was still trying to think of it when there was a great bang on the door, repeated over and over again.

"That's Jan this time, all right," some one shouted.

"Good old Jan! Hurray for Jan!" they yelled, and one man said:

"We 'll get him good and drunk tonight all right, and Jan 'll tell us all about Saint Columban."

"The fat man came out from behind the bar to open the door, and let in a gust of snow and a little, gray old man, bent like an umbrella-handle.

"Hello, Jan! We had a good day. Have you been dreaming of your Irish saint again?" the fat man asked.

"The little old man they called Jan chuckled, rubbed his hands, and shook his head up and down half a dozen times as though it were a mechanical toy.

"So you had a good day?" he said in Polish, still rubbing his hands.

"If we have many more like it, we 'll have the county floating in whisky," answered the fat man, and the little, goat-like head started nodding again.

"Yes, I dreamed of Saint Columban again," Jan said. "It was bitter cold all day, and I went down to the cellar next to the furnace to sleep on a bundle of rags. And in my sleep the monk Columban came to me clearer than I ever saw him before, in his sandals and his flowing robes, with a book in his hand, and told me that this time he had a command for me. "What is it?" I said. "I 'll do it. Nothing will be too much." And he looked at me, and he smiled at me sadly—so—and he said: "Jan, I will not ask you for much. For Columban's sake, I ask you to give a barrel of good ale." And he said nothing more, but he folded his hands and looked at me sadly. Then I woke up, on my bundle of rags, and he was gone."

"Hurray! Jan 's been seeing Columban again! Did n't I tell you? Such a good day that we had!" they shouted, and crowded around the old man, clapping him on the back and pressing his hands. Even the girl, whose eyes were averted all the while he was telling the story, looked at him with a flash in her eyes, clapped her hands, and cried, "Hurray for Jan!" I believe there is nothing in the world that I would not have done to have that hand-clap for myself.

"Well, how are you going to give Saint Columban the barrel of ale?" the fat man demanded gruffly, pulling at his thick mustache and smiling an ugly kind of smile.

"How are we going to give it to him? Pour it out on the floor. Pour it out as a libation. Spill a barrel of good ale for Columban. Was n't I a priest? Don't I know how those things are done?"

"Yes, you were a priest until you knew too well what ale was for, and they kicked you out," said the fat man. "Come, you old rascal, get as much of it as you can in your belly, and don't talk about spilling."

"I guess by this time the fat man had decided that everybody present had had all the drink that was good for him. He snapped his bar rag again, brought it down with a bang, and bellowed:

"That 's enough. You 're getting drunk, the whole pack of you. No more!"

"There was an unearthly racket as they all began protesting and pleading at once against this ruling, but it made no impression on that mountain of flesh. He only scowled at the whole crowd of them, drew off one glass of ale for the old man, and folded his arms. Old Jan drank his ale, still muttering about Saint Columban and about the awful things that would happen if the commandment were not fulfilled. But the fat man did not yield, and to get away from the noise he walked over to where the girl and I stood talking.

"Your friends are all good disciples of Columban," I was saying.

"One could do worse than be a disciple of Columban," she answered.

"You 're an enthusiastic defender of liquor, but I have n't noticed you drinking any," I teased her.

"Would that sight please you?" she answered, with just the slightest touch of irony in her voice. I began to wonder just how much she had guessed about me already.

"The sight of you pleased me very much, with or without the liquor," I answered. And each of us kept still for a little while, trying to outguess the other. Then I grew rash—the whisky must have been very strong—and added, "I don't wonder that Columban has protected you so well."

"The fat man had seemed startled to find me talking in Polish, and had followed every word of the conversation with a heavy expression. Now he suddenly turned to the girl and demanded:

"Who is this man, and what is he doing here?"

"How should I know?" she replied. "Maybe—who can tell?—he is a spy for the prohibition law."

"My expression gave me away then. I think I must have gasped to find myself discovered and in a mighty dangerous place. Just in time I saw the fat man reaching for his back pocket. I put my hand on the butt of my own revolver. Neither of us spoke. I think we must have stood there glaring at each other, not making a movement, for ten seconds. I wondered what was going to happen if he called to the crowd.

"The girl spoke again, just as coolly as before:

"Take your hand off your gun, Father. Don't you see he 's not afraid?" The fat man took his hand out of his pocket, and scowled at me as though that brushy mustache were going to sweep me off the earth. To prove that the girl was right when she said I was not afraid, I took my hand away from my gun, too. Then she spoiled it all by saying, without the slightest change in that low, even voice, "He is very brave."

"That remark might have been taken as a compliment or as sarcasm. I chose to take it as sarcasm. Whatever self-control I might have had was gone now. I was raging mad. I wanted to choke her.

"Well, maybe I 'm a prohibition agent and maybe I 'm not," I said. "If I am, who is going to protect you? Saint Columban?"

"She crossed herself, looked at me, and said in that same soft voice:

"Yes, Saint Columban will protect me."

"It seemed as though she had touched off an explosion. At that moment the racket started all over again with twice the intensity of before. There was an ear-splitting shout:

"A cask of ale for Columban! A cask of ale for Columban!" The men had been helping themselves at the bar while the fat man was occupied elsewhere, and they were completely out of control now. They were waving their arms, throwing hats in the air, clinking glasses, and smashing them. The little old man was crowded and pushed and almost tossed bodily from place to place by the half-

crazy crowd. 'A cask of ale for Columban!' he screeched, and they all yelled again.

"I watched the expression of that girl's face change, and it was like seeing a fire start in straw. Her mouth quivered, her teeth glistened, and the black eyes seemed to be fairly aflame.

"Father, spill a cask of ale for Columban!' she commanded. He hesitated, and she stamped her foot. Then the crowd must have heard her, for they took up the cry again, and the noise was fearful.

"The fat man did not grow excited. Very deliberately he walked back behind the bar. 'Shut up!' he boomed at them in a voice like the explosion of a cannon, and they actually seemed to quiet down for a moment. With just one tug and a grunt he lifted a huge cask shoulder-high. He set it down on the bar and wrenched loose the circular cover. 'Here 's the ale for Columban!' he shouted, and sent the barrel smashing down to the floor, spattering himself and the yelling crowd with ale, sending the ale spurting and pouring in rivers in all directions. Like the high priest in some kind of Bacchic orgy, the old man ran forward as the barrel came crashing to the floor, got a thorough drenching in Columban's ale, and then was sent spinning as the barrel toppled across his legs. The fat man came after the barrel. To make sure it was empty, he lifted it up over his head, topside down, and shook out another rivulet of ale. Then he grunted, and flung the barrel down, while the crowd scattered in all directions. It fell on end, whirled and bounced and tumbled, careening to the back of the room. It came to a stop almost at my feet. The girl looked at me without speaking.

"I felt myself to be the only human being in that place who was n't crazy.

"Well,' I said, 'Why don't you call on Columban now to charm the ale off the floor, through the spigot, and back into the barrel?'

"If he did,' she snapped back at me, 'would you dare to drink it?'

"Oh, you just said I was a brave man, did n't you?' I retorted.

"The first thing I knew she had bent over, her black hair waving in my face, and was setting the cask upright.

"Then drink!' she dared me.

"The fat man and Jan and the whole drunken crowd of them seemed to be watching me. I stood there, smiling foolishly, until I saw the girl looking at me again, with the corners of her lips curling. I kneeled down before the empty cask, laughed, and put my mouth to the spigot. A second later I thought I was drinking fire. I remember a superstitious thought flashing through my mind, giving me the awfulest fright of my life. I seemed to be trying to draw my mouth away from the spigot, and to have it held there irresistibly, with a liquid, terribly strong and terribly delicious, pouring into me. I remember having a vague thought that I was being tricked and trying to think. There are casks, you know, made with double pouches, like trunks with false bottoms; but all I could do was to make out a slim white hand moving across the top of the cask, and then everything vanished."

Lubomirski sighed, then looked around at us with a sudden challenging glance, intent on catching any glint of skepticism. But no one spoke.

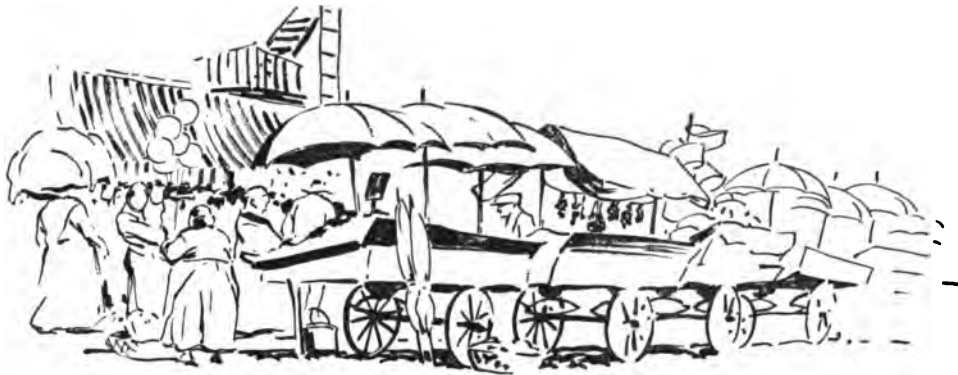
"The next thing I remember is finding myself in a police precinct in Harley, waiting my turn to answer to a charge of drunkenness before the desk sergeant. I did n't care to make myself more ridiculous than I already was by telling wild stories at that time. I did n't make explanations, either, when I got my dismissal from the sheriff. I kept my mouth shut. The only ambition I had was to find that saloon again, and to satisfy myself I spent a week tramping the meadow towns. I found nothing. There were many Polish saloon-keepers, and they were all of them fat, but there was none like the fat saloon-keeper I had seen. And there was no black-eyed girl.

"Gentlemen," concluded Lubomirski, drawing himself up gravely, "you may call me superstitious. To this day I have been unable to satisfy myself whether it was the girl or some force that will never be explained that tricked me." Then, reflecting, he repeated a remark he had made earlier: "If there are to be such laws, let them be enforced by those who believe in them. Alex Lubomirski will never tamper with them again."



Baldridge

A twentieth-century "Mona Lisa"



An Italian Saturday

By CAROLINE SINGER

Illustrations by C. Le Roy Baldrige

HIS wares glinting in the August sunlight like the polished facets of a jewel, the bearded Viennese Jew peddler stood among the push-carts of the First Avenue bazaar, on the East Side, urging the stodgy women who thronged past him to buy spectacles. In their hunt with housewifely sagacity for the afternoon's bargains, he urged, it would better their eyesight. With each gesture festoons of spectacles and his peddler's license were revealed beneath his coat. Blue and amber sun-glasses were hooked into the pockets and armholes of his waistcoat. This itinerant optician for fifteen years has watched life go by from the curbstones, and like a seasoned cosmopolite who talks of foreign cities made his own by travel, he chatted of the definitely individualized communities which, having their separate color, form the mosaic of the great city.

"This," said he, waving a handful of eye-glasses toward the pathway stretching a distance of four city blocks between the temporary stalls of one of New York's half-dozen open-air markets—"This is the gayest place in the city." It was Italian, he explained, almost wholly Sicilian, and no matter what happened, the Italian would laugh and make merry. The smattering of Rus-

sians, Poles, and elderly Jewesses in rusty *sheitels* merely reflected this Latin gaiety and added spice to the bartering.

This spot on the East Side, a district already made familiar both by fiction stories founded upon the reality of its poverty and by the actual records of the police courts, was called gay!

Gay! It was as though the old peddler had provided magic lens through which the outlines of happiness became sharpened. To a myopic gaze from surface cars and elevated trains such localities had formerly appeared to be no more than straggling lines of vegetable wagons in littered gutters. So filled with living creatures were the tenements, stick and stone seemed to radiate a human warmth with which they had become saturated. Windows either debouched grimy bedding and mattresses, laid bare squalid interiors, or framed silhouettes of family groups sitting with hunched shoulders about allotments of piece-work. This obliquity of vision corrected, these marks of congestion became the blurred background across which passed the pageants of the market-place, the plumed marionettes of Mulberry Bend, and the softly flaring tapers of the holy feast.

A street bazaar has its moods. On gray days it is like a bird that sits in dull weather with ruffled feathers,



"Like rings on ring-toss stakes"

spiritlessly chirping, but whose throat nearly bursts with arpeggios when there is sunshine. The market seems to shrink when the awnings and the striped umbrellas are folded up, but on a sunny Saturday it is self-conscious and noisy. From dawn till midnight, when the fruits take on theatrical tints beneath pendent lights, every moment is pervaded with festive anticipation of the next day's idleness, with perhaps its trip to Coney Island, or a platter of *ravioli* furnishing the major theme for a family reunion. To this generous atmosphere come the beggars to warm their souls, and there is a tinkle in the tin cups; for who can deny alms and go heart-free to mass on the morrow? There is a staccato persistence in the voices of the small boys as they dart through narrow gaps, treading on toes, zigzagging between customers, with lemons, matches, and paper bags. A group of children is intrigued by a blot of color where a youngster squats in the shadow beside a basket of pin-wheels. These wheels of cerise and green paper, each with a scarlet tissue-paper rose in its heart, make eyes wistful and fingers greedy. Some are fortunate enough to

possess the price, and pluck these exotic city flowers poised on wooden stems. As they are carried through the still air, their giddy whirling simulates a little breeze. The mint-man passes, and the air grows unbelievably sweet with perfume from the crushed leaves in the bouquet which he carries. For a short season in midsummer there are also yellow-throated field lilies to be bought, which find their way to the altar of the holy feast in a side street. There is flurry, with added confusion, when a fellow arrives with a bucket of white fish, their silver bodies wrapped in briny, wet seaweed. So weather-brown and seaworn is the man's face

that to the crowded city street he brings the illusion of a snub-nosed, blue fishing-boat beached near by, with nets drying on the white sands.

Edging into a space between the carts is the organ-grinder. He is seventy, and has looked so long with hope at the upper windows of the prosperous that his head has taken on an everlasting backward tilt, which exposes his Saturday smile, and leaves his old eyes blinking at the sun. If there is no room, he stays in the street, screened by mounds of tomatoes and green peppers, with only the top of his dusty hat visible from the sidewalk. Of his presence every Italian is aware, for he and his music-box on its wobbly wheels have not traded "*Fenesta che lucive e mo' nun luci,*" as have the grander wheeled pianos, for a potpourri of jazz and Presbyterian hymns. They are true to the songs which, when he was young and carried an organ as lightly as one wears a flower on the coat, made children dance and called Madonna-faced women to the balconies in Italian streets. Perhaps those who listen to-day are the children who danced and the women who gazed long ago in the Mediterranean town.

Content on any other day to accept the good or bad fortune of the normal trade, the merchants, now eager to be rid of their entire stock, so that there need to be no waste from spoiling during Sunday, shriek until the din is so great that a human voice may furnish added tone, though its message is without emphasis. Some resort to pantomime, in which the Latin excels, and holding their wares aloft in one hand, like deaf mutes wigwag the price with the fingers of the other.

A fruiterer with green peaches for pickling bounces the hard fruit rhythmically upon a board counter, chanting, "Percoche! che belle percoche!"

In a basement doorway, which is by night a musty shelter for slinking alley cats, and by day is hung with remnants of fabrics,—cotton, velvet, silk, blue, orange, purple,—there is an old man

with a white beard spread fanwise on his chest. Standing a few steps below the level of the pavement, he beats an incessant tattoo at the feet of the passer-by.

Before the red doorway of the fish-market squids lie in tin tubs, their bloodless tentacles limply fringing the rims. There are trays of small fry, tiniest of edible minnows, and piles of flesh-colored shrimps. Like a pot slightly boiling, the bronze-green contents of a wooden box move constantly. It is a mass of live crabs in a misery of confinement. Now and then a dipperful of water is splashed upon their backs, and the seething is quieted. More water is thrown upon the vats of sea snails and land snails. On a wooden platform lies a monster with an Italian flag and an American flag thrust into the gills on each side of the huge head. It is a horse mackerel weighing one thousand pounds. Knives are but barbs in the black bulk, which is amenable only to chopping. As the steaks fall away from the cleaver, an Italian woman with strong, brown arms tosses them into the scales. At intervals the proprietor steps to the doorway and, like a side-show barker, eulogizes his finny stock in Italian. For any land-lubber whose piscatory knowledge is limited to tuna and salmon in cans his shop is a show, a museum of natural history.

With babies in their arms, and babies—sometimes as many as three—of assorted sizes in one perambulator, and steadying the steps of larger ones, the housewives come into this good-natured babel of commerce. They wear no hats. Some heads are covered with three-cornered black shawls, or lace scarfs tied over the hair. Occasionally a handkerchief knotted into a cap in Gipsy fashion is seen. On this afternoon, when factory and shop have a half-holiday, there is



A push-cart market



"More often this supernatural business is done by a white cockatoo"

a scattering of the younger generation, easily distinguished by that slenderness of Italian women, soon obliterated by premature middle age, their hair sleek over the crown of the head, and bursting modishly into wads covering the ears.

Between touching elbows and large hips, there is room for no one except the pretzel-woman with a conventional wicker market-basket, to steer a course free from disastrous collision. Hers is endured, though its square corners menace small heads, because it is her push-cart. She has a kindly, wrinkled face. Many an Italian baby at the age for milk formulas forgets to wail as it gums one of the pretzels, which hang on upstanding sticks in the basket, like rings on ring-toss stakes.

The shoppers carry rectangular, black oilcloth bags generic to the East Side. So firmly is their efficiency established, that the one peddler of bags indulges in no other advertising than an occasional raucous, "I give 'em away! I give 'em away!"

Within an hour the bags that came to market with wrinkled sides become bulging paunches crammed with crockery, tinware, cabbages, and garments, the result of crafty survey and selection.

In the minds of those who do not realize that the Italian is the most discerning of buyers of vegetables and fruit as well as one of the most successful truck-farmers, exists a fallacy concerning the push-cart markets to the effect that the peddler sells cheaply because the source of the stock is some mysterious discard from better-class shops. It is also assumed that to be a free-lance merchant one need only procure a cart, park it where one chooses, buy wilted vegetables from the mysterious discard for a little, and sell them for a little more.

The push-cart, the portable store, is not without overhead expense, though no telephone is maintained, no wrapping paper and string are given away, and the only equipment is the battered scales. The owner must first have a license from the city, which costs four dollars a year. There are forty-five hundred of these licenses issued annually. To be caught without one means a ten-dollar fine or ten days in jail. Then the space at the curb must be procured by negotiation with the merchant before whose place the peddler wishes to stand. For this privilege he pays a rental that may be as high as forty dollars a month.

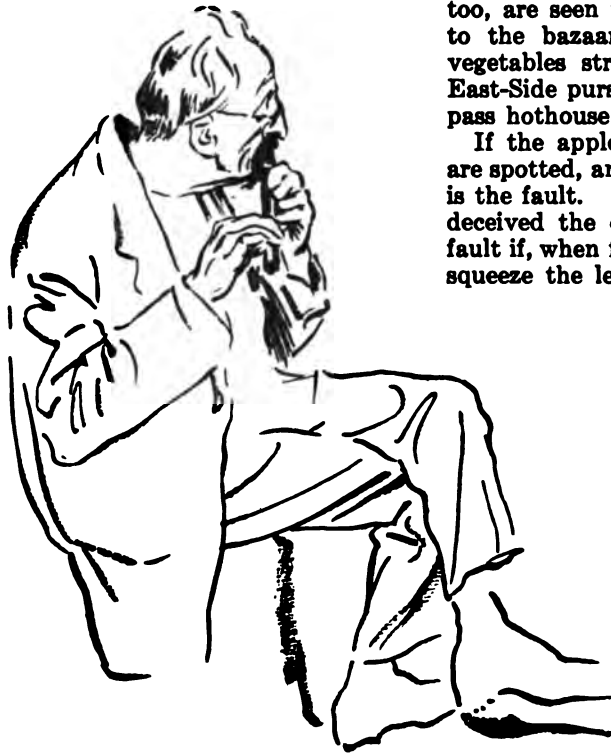
However, none of this is so costly as maintaining a store, and can be covered by a smaller profit than that demanded by the regular merchant.

If on occasion the vegetables seem wilted, it is because heat must be fought with a tin watering-can instead of a costly refrigerating system. Twice a week fresh vegetables are bought in the open wholesale market. Here, near the waterfront, while the city still sleeps or stirs lazily in its bed, half-conscious that sunlight will soon illumine the architectural peaks of the sky-line, the farmers come from out of town in wagons and motor-trucks. Mounds of purple cabbages and beets melt into the purple shadow of dawn. There is an odor of plowed fields. Arms are filled with carrots and fresh greens. Men jostle one another in the dusk. A woman hurries away as softly as a shadow, shedding fragrance from branches of wild

bay leaves which she has bought. The sky brightens. Sleeping children wriggle wakefully in the piles of sacks, and others, who for extra warmth have crawled out on the broad backs of the work horses, stretch themselves. A short, fat man beats his hands together, and, springing upon boards thrown across the body of his wagon, sings. The market is awake to Saturday's presence.

The story of the discard which ignores this market may have its origin in the fact that at times broken crates of perishable stuff, berries, melons, or shipments of staples in which cartons have become broken, find their way to the bazaars. These are not spoiled food-stuffs, but their condition is unacceptable for uptown trade. A group of peddlers pool their money, purchase the goods, and there is pandemonium until the bargains are gone. Sometimes there are lots of slightly damaged dishes and glassware. At these unexpected sales, too, are seen table delicacies not usual to the bazaar where only fruits and vegetables strictly in season are sold. East-Side purses cannot usually encompass hothouse luxuries.

If the apples in madam's black bag are spotted, and the onions moldy, hers is the fault. Stubbed hands may have deceived the eye, but hers is still the fault if, when free to prod the egg-plant, squeeze the lettuce, and strip the ears of corn, she remained stand-offish, indicating her desires in pounds and dozens. This was in violation of push-cart custom. The vender expected only to take the cash and offer a ragged sheet of paper for wrapping the purchases—a page from one of the nine Italian newspapers or from a Yiddish daily. Could he ignore such an astounding opportunity to slough stock already scorned by other customers who accepted noth-



The blind flute-player



A Madonna of the balcony

ing without scrutiny and handling? It is not often that novices put such temptation in the way of the peddler. Fingertips are dipped into the glowing vermilion of open paprika cans, gray sprigs of dried thyme are snipped off and sampled. The ovens in the bakeshop bakery are opened, the warm odor of golden crusts floats into the street, with the spicy perfume of cakes dotted with caraway; but no loaf is taken until it has been thumped and weighed in the hands; no cake is bought without the tasting of a crumb.

Suddenly arises the angry tumult of an incipient riot. A crowd gathers. Has crime been discovered that there should be so much screaming? No, shrewd madam has sampled too generously, and though the peddler shames her loudly before the public, she is unashamed, and continues on her way, sniffing the various grades of cheese, knowing that one expert sniff is as good as a piece on the tongue. If thread is to be got for lace-making, an unbleached skein is plucked from the confusion of the threadman's cart and tested with nails and teeth. The age of no egg goes unchallenged. Each one in turn is held to the ear and shaken violently until it seems curious that the shells do not burst and pour forth the contents, froth for a meringue.

"You shaka," is the explanation; "if he maka da noise—no good."

In the confusion of nationalities there is one keen observer who has learned to place madam and the other housewives racially in a flash. He is the fortuneteller, but his gift is more practical than psychic. In the tray of his brass-bound box are prophecies for them all: Italian, Hungarian, Spanish, French, Greek, Polish, Yiddish, and Lithuanian. That his transactions may be flavored with a dash of the unusual, the printed slips, colored differently for each of the eight languages, are extracted by one of a pair of white mice that raises its young in the basement floor of the box. This gentle beast is held head down, suspended by the hind quarters, and with a quick nip extracts the prophecy from the proper packet. More often this supernatural business is done by a white cockatoo that lives in an apartment of the parlor floor. A malevolent-looking bird with flopping yellow top-knot, yellow-rimmed eyes, and an evil temper, it is, nevertheless, credited with the voice of a canary. In truth, it has a voice more like the grinding of ungreased wheels; and a flat whistle, hidden cunningly in the owner's cheek, is responsible for the legend. So long has this deception been practised—for it was started in Italy—that he often, so he has confided, eats a good dish of spaghetti, and sleeps through the night with the bit of metal and wood in his mouth. The women may be fooled here as he fooled them across the sea, but the urchins know better, and the dealer in prognostications has a neat side traffic in these same whistles.

In these days even a soothsayer is not without his troubles, for included in the increased cost of living are futures. A thousand, which could once be purchased for two dollars, now cost twice as much; and where the women once could pry into to-morrow's fortune for a few pennies, they must now pay a nickel.

"They still buy, and some still believe them," is his comment; and the prophet shrugs his shoulders at the amazing credulity that outlasts superficial Americanization. Little harm, though, can come from belief in prophecies as innocuous as this:

Your horoscope announces a victory over

your enemies. . . . You will before long have an inheritance. . . . Fortune rests in your own hands . . . it will be your own fault if you let it go. . . . You must not despond for the grieves that you may have. . . . Do not trust everybody, and you will grow old, living to the age of ninety years. Better to hunt in fields for health unsought Than fee the doctor for nauseous draught.

Should one of these scraps of paper really cause apprehension, there is always Zeppos, the Greek grocer, to set such fear aside. He has a voice as smooth and slow as the golden oil forever draining from his wooden barrels into pitchers and bottles. He deals in ivory colored rounds of cheese, Italian cheese from the Argentine, Pasta, Salamis; quaint brass censers for the household shrines of the Spanish Catholics, and graceful brass pots for the infusion of sirupy Greek coffee; also in proverbs. "On the Isle of Salamis we say, 'Man

can change all things except weather and death.'" This is the assurance he gives in the five languages of First Avenue.

Like the itinerant optician and the blind flutist, who pipes "Il Trovatore" through the markets, the fortune-teller is a nomad. No two days are spent successively on First Avenue, For is there not also Mulberry Street? Mulberry—never was a name more beguiling. In the syllables there is a song which lures around corners and over pavements to a crooked street into which seem to be crowded all the six hundred thousand Italians of New York, and in which there seems not a cranny left for the three thousand arriving weekly in the steerages of the liners.

Here where there are more Neapolitans than Sicilians are found also the garlands of garlic and peppers, the single shapely bunches of grapes suspended by strings, the hard cheeses, shaped like gourds, swinging from wooden bars above the push-carts and in shop-windows. Wrapped in silver foil are chunks of hard candy made from honey and almonds. There are tubs of puckered black olives and St. John's cakes made from dried locusts that come from the Holy Land. In a store-window lie topical songs dedicated to the poet-warrior D'Annunzio; likewise to Ponzi, the Italian of Boston against whom came charges of frenzied finance. There are vivid prints of Italian national heroes in another, and a colored lithograph of the peace conference at Versailles. This shows the crowned heads of Europe and the President sitting in consultation at a long table, while across the room Hindenberg humbly relinquishes his sword to Foch, and the kaiser sinks through the floor!

Cooked green corn bobs in boiling pots, which have short stove-pipes through the centers and beds of charcoal beneath. There are hot baked sweet potatoes, and pans of cracked ice in which dried lima beans are being chilled. They have been scalded, and are ready to be eaten. Threaded upon strings, like beads, are the meats of Brazil-nuts and hazelnuts. Around the oyster-peddlers are groups eating raw oysters and clams on the half-shell. In the bakeshops hundreds of circlets of



A pedrone

white hard bread on looped cords tell a story of their own about this foreign quarter. They are baked to tempt the appetite of the enceinte.

After dinner, when the peddlers, one by one, trundle away under the street-lamps, wheeling little Pietro and Tony fast asleep in the empty carts, shadows sink down noiselessly and blot out the dirt of the gutters. Each block takes on the intimate air of porch-time in a country village. The sidewalk becomes a continuous front stoop to which women bring their chairs, to sit beside perambulators or suckle babies at their bare breasts. Leaning against one another, children with streaked faces fall asleep in doorways, and the romances of fervid *Romeos* and *Juliets* thrive where the young people loll against the iron railings.

This women's gossip of betrothals, funerals, births, and neighborhood scandal, this sitting beside baby-buggies on

a Saturday night in summer, is not for the men. They pack into the pit of the marionette theater, and the fog from their pipes deepens the dusk of the badly lighted room. In the aisle two small girls are slant-shouldered from the weight of buckets from which they sell bottles of soft drinks.

A woman hurries in from the street, lays her hat on the top of the piano in the corner, and plays an overture. In obedience to visible wires and sometimes visible hands in the flies, puppets three feet tall hitch across the boards. A bass voice in the wings recites the lines as the manikins shake the plumes on their waxen heads and clumsily beat embossed brass shields with their swords. A new voice is heard; the women enter. Their skirts sweep the floor. They wear bustles and chignons.

The pipes of the audience go out, and the little girls with clinking bottles are quiet. The play is on, and there are no



"The housewives come into this good-natured babel of commerce"



"On a sunny Saturday it is self-conscious and noisy"

dramatic critics to make surreptitious notes of its ineptitudes upon the margins of their programs. It is an epic drama. The dangling dolls glorify a chapter in Italy's history. Lifeless, they touch with life episodes of a century ago. The history is long, and many Saturday nights are needed for the telling of it.

On this Saturday night the theater is dark, and the one-man box-office deserted. Has the lure of the movie been too great? The whole street seems to hurry in one direction. A corner is rounded, and under the unexpected glare of a thousand lights the black hair of the young girls is dusted with confetti. The wash-tubs have been taken in from their nails, and the fire-escapes have become balconies. Back and forth, Italian colors, strips of satin weighed down with gold fringe, American flags, and the wires of the lights are interlaced until the thin track of sky above the street is hidden. At regular intervals hang cubic ornaments made of berry-boxes wired together and Japanese lanterns. Like bubbles, bal-

loons float from the hands of the children as fast as the man with a tank of compressed air inflates the colored bits of rubber.

Excited squeals come from a merry-go-round mounted on a wagon, where the smallest of the children are astride tiny painted horses. At the rear a man turns a crank, and the trilling race begins. There is a great clucking and whipping, with some frightened bawling. Another crank, turned by a small boy in the driver's seat, brings a waltz from the rickety piano, while the patient horse sleeps in the shafts.

The light is caught and tossed between the shining brasses of the two bands. Work-gnarled hands mark time. Old voices, young voices, softly follow the arias of "Gioconda" and "Faust." In the open air Mulberry Street "makes the holy feast."

With the rough timbers concealed by white and silver paper, the shrine stands on the sidewalk. The tip of the Latin cross on the spire touches a fifth-story window where a man in shirt-sleeves leans contentedly and knocks his pipe

against the ledge. Damp clothes sag from a line overhead. Before the shrine tall candles burn. Wax heads, arms, feet, are laid upon the altar, appeals from the stricken who beg the good saint for release from pain. Those who can, lay money at the feet of the figure and go away with photographs of the shrine pressed against their lips.

Very slowly the lifesize effigy of the Virgin Mary moves forward from the white niche above the heads of the crowd to the shoulders of six men. The hem of her gown is hidden by dollar bills, votive offerings. All heads are uncovered; old men, old women, the middle-aged, and the little children, carrying tapers, fall into line. So tightly is body pressed against body that the marchers must force their way, guarding with their fingers the flames of their candles. The procession has begun. But the young people stand aside. Says the Italian youth in a striped silk shirt to the Italian girl who

works in a shop on Fifth Avenue and knows what is being worn in the Champs Elysées:

"Come on over and have some mussels."

"Where?" she asks.

Pointing to the oyster-stall, he answers:

"Over there, under the wop flag."

They giggle; but the griddle-cakes of New York have spoiled their appetites for these queer shell-fish.

A woman leans from a fire-escape, and from her fingers purple asters rain upon the Virgin.

"It is Naples," mutters the old Neapolitan of Mulberry Bend, and the tears bulge in his eyes.


"It is Messina," whispers the Sicilian from First Avenue.

Along Broadway there is jazz in the tunes of the cafés, there is jazz in the rocketing lights; while on Mulberry Street volunteer acolytes, with pagan festivity, set red fire aglow before the figure of a saint.



Over the Andes to Chile

By HARRY A. FRANCK

 I CAME to Mendoza in early May, and the autumn leaves I had not seen for years were falling so abundantly that a line from "Cyrano de Bergerac" kept running through my head, "Regardez les feuilles, comme elles tombent." Here they lay drifted under the rows of yellowed, slender poplars that stretched away through the vineyards, endless, autumn-brown vineyards everywhere covered with the dead leaves of autumn, standing in straight rows as erect as the files of an army, backed far off by the dawn-blue Andes, their white heads gradually peering forth far above as the day grew.

Between the rows glided Oriental-looking people, lightly touching them on each side, bent on unknown errands, for the fruit was nowhere being gathered. Unpicked grapes, shriveled to the appearance of raisins, covered even the roofs and bowers and patios of the flat adobe houses that added to the Oriental aspect of the scene. Here and there a weeping-willow or an alfalfa, showing the advantages of irrigation, gave a contrasting splotch of deep-green to the velvety-brown immensity. Before his majestic entrance, the god of the Incas gilded to flaming gold a fantastic white cloud high up above his eastern portal, then lighted up these files of slender, soldier-like poplars in their autumn yellow, then brought out the autumn brown of the vast vineyards, gave a delicate pink shade to the range of snow-clads away to the west, and at last burst forth from the realms of night in a fiery red that quickly flooded all the landscape.

I am not sure that I have ever seen nature so nearly outdo herself as in this dawn and sunrise across the velvety-brown vineyards of Mendoza as we crept upward from the Argentine toward the Cordilleras. No other hour of the

day, certainly, could have equaled this, and it made up amply for the discomfort of being routed out of our comfortable cabins on the "International" before daybreak, to wash in icy water, and to stumble about in the starlight until we were thoroughly chilled before we were permitted to board the narrow-gage little *transandino* train where, in contrast to the roomy train that had carried us across the pampas, one seemed crowded into unseemly intimacy with one's fellow-travelers. Over me swept a surge of desire to get off and walk, to stride up over the steep trails, and to feel the exhilarating mountain air cut down into my deepest lungs, to sweep through every limb like a narcotic, and to take in all the scene bit by bit, instead of being snatched, however slowly, along without respect either for nature or my own inclinations.

The vast, brown plain sank gradually below us as we turned away toward the mountains, the irrigated green patches grew almost imperceptible, slowly the plain itself was succeeded by fields of loose rocks on which vegetated a few gaunt, deformed trees, spiny bushes, and gnarled and crabbed clumps of brush scattered in unneighborly isolation. The sun flooded the barren, fantastic, million-ridged and valleyed foot-hills of many colors, rolling up to the base of abrupt mountains that climbed rugged and unkempt and independent of all law and order, like some stupendous stairway, to heaven, in the clouds of which their tops disappeared. Cliffs washed into every imaginable shape by centuries of hail, snow, and mountain winds—for there is no rain in this region—cast dense, black shadows, which in the narrow valleys and tiny scoops and hollows contrasted with the thousand sun-flaming, salient knobs and points and spires and hillocks, a lifeless stony barrenness enhanced only by the scattered tufts of a hardy, yellow-brown bush barely

a foot high. Trees disappeared, with a sort of last adieu, like melancholy friends who have attended the traveler bound on a distant journey just to the turning of the road. Hour after hour we wound back and forth across the Mendoza River, fed by the glaciers above, taking advantage of its two flat banks to rise higher and higher, while the river itself grew from a phlegmatic stream of the plain to a nervous mountain brook racing excitedly past through deep, narrow rock gorges. The rare stations were "beautified" with masses of colored flowers that would have been pretty enough in their place, but which here looked almost garish and seemed to mock puny man's feeble efforts to ape and vie with nature in her most splendid moods. Above Cachueta, noted for its hot baths exploited by the city of Mendoza, in so dismal a landscape that visitors come only from dire necessity, all vegetation had disappeared, and all the visible world had grown dry and rocky and barren as only the Andes can be in their most repulsive regions. Not even the cactus remained to give a reminder of life; not even a condor broke the deadness of the peaks, which seemed cut out with a knife from the hard heavens behind. After several bridges and tunnels there came an agreeable surprise—the valley of Uspallata, with a little pasture for cattle. But this enchantment did not last long, and soon the dull, reddish-brown cliffs again shut us in.

Though a certain grandiose beauty grew out of these crude, planless forms of nature, they ended by giving the beholder a disquieting sadness. One seemed imprisoned for life within these enormous walls; the utter absence of life, the uniformity of the dry desolation, especially the oppressive, monotonous solitude, enhanced by a dead silence broken only by the panting of the sturdy little locomotive crawling upward on its narrow cog-wheel track and the creaking of the inadequate little cars behind it, seemed to hypnotize the travelers and plunge them into a sort of stupor from which nothing short of eminent disaster would arouse them.

Between the ever higher stations the only signs of man were rare *casuchas*,

huts of refuge built of the same dreary material as the hills, tucked away here and there against the mountain-sides. Before the building of the railroad they served travelers as shelters for the night or against the dreaded *temporales*, or hurricanes, of the winter-bound Cordilleras. At the Puente del Inca, a natural rock bridge under which the Mendoza River has worn its way in a chasm, we caught the first clear glimpse of Aconcagua, its summit covered with eternal snow and ice. Yet it seemed small compared with the tropical giants of Chimborazo and Huascarán, with their immense slopes of perpetually blue glaciers, perhaps because there was no contrast of equatorial flora below, and it was hard to believe the scientists who name it the highest in the western hemisphere.

As we drew near Las Cuevas, the increasing desire for a mountain tramp, coupled with that of seeing the famous "Christ of the Andes," which the traveler by train comes nowhere near, caused me to sound several of my cosmopolitan fellow-travelers on the suggestion of leaving the train and walking over the summit. But the few of them who did not rate me hopelessly mad felt they could not spare the three days between this and the next train, even if they were not seriously infected with the tales of Chilean bandits. However, I could not sit supinely in a railway-coach and dash through a dingy three-mile tunnel, to come out on the other side without having seen a suggestion of the real summit. Besides, there was another excellent reason to drop off the train at Las Cuevas. There, at the mouth of the international tunnel, my Argentine pass ended, and the fare over the summit, a mere fifty miles by rail and tunnel, was almost twenty dollars. Even second class, with the privilege of sitting on a wooden bench in a sort of disguised box-car, was but little less than that, and it was noticeable that all but the well-dressed had disappeared from this also, this most expensive bit of railroading in the world being too much of a luxury for the rank and file.

As we drew into Las Cuevas, therefore, I gathered together the essentials of kodak and note-book and turned the rest of my baggage over to a young

Norwegian on his way to Valparaiso, with a request to leave it at Los Andes, where the *transandino* joins the government railways of Chile. The train went on, and I found myself stranded and almost alone in something far less than a hamlet at more than ten thousand feet above sea-level. Yet I must climb more than three thousand feet higher to get over into Chile. The section-gangs of half-Indians, in their heavy knit caps and thick woolen socks reaching to the knees, were a sullen, cruel-looking crew, with the marks of frequent dissipation on their bronzed faces, men suggesting the Andean Indian stripped of his humility and law-abiding nature and gifted with the trickery that comes to primitive races from contact with the outside world.

With sunset it grew bitter cold, an icy wind howling and moaning incessantly even through the chinks of the dismal, guestless frontier hotel in which a coarse and soggy supper cost me three pesos. When it was finished, the landlord led me out into the frigid, blustery mountain night and, wading through a snow-drift, let me into room Number One of what in summer time is a crowded wooden hotel, telling me to lock the outer door, as the whole building was mine. I burrowed under a veritable wagon-load of quilts. Two or three times during the night I awoke and peered out the curtainless window upon the bleak, jagged snow-clads piled into the starlight above, each time wondering whether day was near; but there was no way of knowing, for not a sound was to be heard above the howling of the wind and the shivering of the doors and windows of the unsheltered wooden structure.

At last there seemed to be something faintly brighter about the white crest of the range, and I coaxed myself out of bed. The darkness was really slowly fading. I drank the cup of cold tea I had prevailed upon the landlord to leave with me the night before, strapped on my revolver for the first time since leaving Bolivia, and set out as soon as I could see the next step before me. The automobile road that zigzags up the face of the range, accomplishing the journey to the "Cristo" in seven kilometers of

comparatively easy gradients in the bright summer days of December and January, was heaped high with snow in this May-day season and was plainly impassable. Beyond the last dreary stone refuge hut I took what had been pointed out to me as a short cut, and, picking up a faint trail, set out to scramble straight up the barren rocky slope toward the grim, jagged peaks above. For hours I clawed my way upward through the loose shale and broken rock, all but pulling the mountain down about my ears, filling my low city shoes with sand, snow, and the molten mixture of both, panting as only he can understand who has struggled up an almost perpendicular slope in the rare atmosphere of high altitudes, slipping back with every step, my head dizzy, and my legs trembling from the exertion. Every now and then I had to cross a patch of hard snow or ice so steep it must be clutched with toes, heels, knees, and finger-nails to keep from doing a toboggan to perdition hundreds of feet below. Sometimes there was nothing for it but to spring like a chamois from one jagged rock to another, at the imminent peril of losing my balance once for all. There remained no choice but to keep on picking my way back and forth across the face of the cliff, gradually clawing upward, reviving my spirits now and then by eating a handful of snow, half-consciously expecting to receive a well-aimed shower of stones or knives from a group of bandits ensconced in one of the many splendid hiding-places about me.

I had lost myself completely and, convinced that I was in for an all-day struggle, could have met with resignation the lesser suffering meted out by bandits, when I suddenly struck what proved to be a gravely ridge between two peaks and on it an iron caisson marking the international boundary. Far from coming out at the "Christ of the Andes," I found the famous statue, standing alone and in utter solitude, in a sandy pocket of the mountains free from snow, so far below me that it looked almost miniature. By the time I had climbed down to it, however, the figure alone, erected by the two nations to signalize what they fondly hope will be

perpetual peace between them, grew to several times life-size, and took on an impressiveness much enhanced by its solitary setting.

Not a sign of humanity had I seen or heard when I emptied my shoes and set off down the opposite slope. On the Chilean side the highway was drifted still deeper with snow, in places stone-hard, in others so soft that at every step I sank knee-deep into it. The brilliant sun that had cheered me on all the breathless climb behind here grew so ardent that I was forced to shed my outer clothing.

Near the mouth of the international tunnel the Lago del Inca, beautiful in its setting of haggard mountain faces, reflected the blue of the glaciers and the white of the snow peaks above. From there on all was easy going, for though the sharp ballasting of the little narrow cogwheel railroad mercilessly gashed and tore my shoes, I had already saved enough in fare to buy several pairs. Now and then I met a work-train straining upward out of the mouth of a sheet-iron snow-shed or one of the many long, dark tunnels through which I passed with hand on revolver-butt. By the time I had met several section-gangs, dismal, piratical-looking fellows, with a suggestion of Japanese features, in ragged, patched ponchos and wide felt hats, I decided that they were more savage in appearance than in character, and when at last a whole gang of these reputed cutthroats left off work and took the trouble to show me a short cut, I laid away the stories I had heard of them along with the fanciful tales of danger I had gathered in other parts of the world.

In places the western face of the range was so steep that the mountain fell almost sheer for hundreds of feet to the railroad, the loose shale seeming ready to drop in mighty avalanches and bury everything at the slightest disturbance, and suggesting some of the problems faced by the American engineers who built the more difficult Chilean half of the *transandino*. The station of Juncal, perched on a rock, posed as a railway restaurant, but at sight of its price-list I fled in speechless awe, and at the next stream below fell upon the

lunch I had pilfered from my Argentine supper the evening before. The huts that had begun to appear, carelessly tucked in among the broken rocks and mammoth boulders of the Rio Juncal, collected at last into a little village called Rio Blanco, in which I found an amateur lodging.

Santiago rises late. I had wandered a long hour before I found a café open, and when I dropped in for coffee, the man who spent half an hour preparing it grumbled, "Eight thirty is very early in Santiago." My second discovery was that the Chilean capital was squalid. Landing at one of her three railroad stations—and this turned out to be no worse than the other two—had been like dropping into Whitechapel, and the electric sign toward which I headed brought me to the lowest type of slum hotel.

Unlike the capitals of Argentine and Brazil, Santiago has never been made over and modernized by the Federal Government, for all its abundance of "saltpeter money." The cobbled streets were in many cases only half paved, full of dusty holes, with loose cobblestones kicking about in them; the very house-fronts were covered with dust, and nothing seemed to have been cleaned or repainted since at least the last century. Everything looked as if the civic feather-duster had been lost, though there was no lack of ragged venders of this implement making the day hideous with their cries. The great difficulty seemed to be that no one could afford them, for it was another shock to find that prices were almost as lofty in Santiago as in Buenos Aires.

It is only from Santa Lucía that the Chilean capital gives a suspicion of its great extent. This crowning glory of Santiago, a tree-clad, rocky hill rising abruptly in the center of the flat city, a sort of perpendicular park of several stories, is the only place in which it may be seen in anything like its entirety. There, four hundred feet above the house-tops, one realizes for the first time that it may really, after all, have four hundred thousand inhabitants; to climb any of the zigzag rock-cut stairs leading upward from the imposing main entrance is to behold an ever-spreading

vista of the city, stretching far away in every direction, monotonously flat and low except for several bulking old churches of the colonial Spanish style. The chief charm of the town, if that word can be used of a city that has very little of it, is its proximity to the Andes. But for this great white, overhanging horizon Santiago would be commonplace indeed; with it its most dismal scenes have the advantage of a splendid setting.

There is a saying in Chile that the population is made up of *futres*, *bomberos*, and *rotos*. The first are well-dressed street-corner loafers. The *bomberos* are volunteer firemen, for the long and slender land is the home of fires and the dread of insurance companies. The fires themselves would be serious enough, were there not the *bomberos* to make them doubly so. There are no professional fire departments in Chile. The glorious privilege of fighting the flames is appropriated by the élite, much as certain regiments and squadrons are open only to a certain caste in our largest cities. The youthful males of Santiago's "best families" become *bomberos* because it is considered one of their aristocratic perquisites to parade before their enamored ladies in fancy uniforms and glistening brass helmets. As often as a fire-bell rings, all the upper-class dances or other functions are temporarily suspended, and all the young bloods run—to the fire? Certainly not. They hasten home to don their splendid *bombero* uniforms, without which, naturally, it would be highly improper to attack the flames. The newspapers always begin the report of a fire with the assertion that "the *bomberos* arrived with their customary promptitude," which has the advantage of being both true and courteous, and the reader can easily supply for himself the probable fact that they actually gathered about the time the insurance was paid.

As to the *rotos*, the ragged working class that makes up the bulk of the population, who are said never to be without the *corvo*, or ugly, curved knife, with which they are quick to *tripear*, or to bring to light the "tripe" of an adversary by an upward slash at his abdomen on the slightest provocation, is not

merely conspicuous; it is omnipresent. Indian blood is almost always present in greater or less degree. In the Argentine about eighty per cent. of the population is said to be foreign born; in Chile, certainly in Santiago, not one person in ten suggests such an origin.

The eight o'clock express from Santiago sets one down in Valparaiso, one hundred and twenty miles away, at noon. From the Mapocho Station the train climbed out of the central valley of Chile, squirming its way through many tunnels and over mountain torrents, with frequent magnificent views of the rich, flat plain, which gradually spread out hundreds of feet below. Then the valley narrowed, and we came to Llai-lai, the junction of the line up to Los Andes and over into the Argentine. Curving around the higher mountains, the Valparaiso line coasts leisurely downward, passing here a long vineyard, there poplar-bordered pastures dotted with cattle, now a great estate belonging to a man living in Paris, the stone mansion of his administrator near at hand, the mountains forming the background of every vista.

At Calera the "Longitudinal" sets out into the arid north, the fertile part of Chile quickly coming to an end in this direction and turning to the dreary desert that is at present the country's chief source of wealth and fame, where are the deposits which give Chile virtually a world monopoly of nitrate or saltpeter—*salitre* as the Chilean calls it. Then all at once the Pacific I had seen but once since entering South America two years before burst out in full ocean-blue expanse, without even an island to break up the unprotected bay, in which the winds often raise havoc.

Valparaiso, the greatest port not only of Chile, but of the west coast of South America, is the Vale of Paradise only comparatively. It is built in layers or strata up the steep sides of the barren, shale coast hills, stretching for miles over the amphitheater of low mountains that surround a large semicircular bay, behind which one can see jumbled masses of houses sprawling away over the many ridges until these have climbed out of sight. There is so little shore at Valparaiso that there is room

man's firewater was still doing its work among them.

The nearest Indian settlement is only a half-hour's ride from Temuco. The modern Araucanian's land is secured to him, and an official of the Chilean Government, known as the Protector of the Indians, sees to it that the acreage he owns to-day is not alienated. But the tribe is dying off, like all Indians in contact with European civilization, and the time is not many generations distant when all his land will go to the white man. To all appearances they had lost most of that warlike courage for which their ancestors were famous, though they had by no means degenerated to the cringing creatures one finds in Quito or Cuzco.

Below Temuco the train crossed several considerable rivers. Long stretches of stumps reminded me of my native heath; wooden shacks carried the mind back to the days of Lincoln and Daniel Boone; much rough lumber was piled at the flooded stations, which served ugly wooden towns as uncouth as those of our own frontier regions of half a century ago, tucked away among rolling hills once thick wooded and still so in places. Curiously enough, this more southern region of Chile is an older country, in the settler's sense, than that about Temuco. Seventy years ago, long before it was able to force the stronghold of the central valley of Araucania, the Chilean Government made an entry far to the south, catching the Indians in the rear, and settling with foreign immigrants wide areas of what are now the provinces of Valdivia and Llanquihue. The town of Valdivia, and several other strategic points, chiefly on the coast, where the Spaniards had erected forts and established small, precarious settlements, were moribund when Santiago turned its attention to the region in the middle of the last century. The coming of European colonists has given the district new life and considerable prosperity.

The methods of Chile in settling this wilderness of the south were simple. An agent in Germany sought colonists; an agent in Chile was sent to Valdivia to receive them when they landed. The first comers were placed on the Isla de

la Teja, where they would be secure against possible attack by the Indians on the mainland. There are still a number of German factories on that island, the inevitable brewery among them. When the colonial agent was forced to look farther to the unknown south for more land, he found nothing but matted forest. A trusted renegade Indian named Pichi-Juan was given thirty *pesos fuertes* (in those days nearly fifteen dollars) to burn this primeval woodland. Smoke clouds, visible from Valdivia, rose for three months, and at the end of that time a strip forty-five miles long and fifteen wide, from Chan-Chan to the Andes, was ready for the settlers.

Below Valdivia lies a great potato-growing country, occupying the site of the burned forest, now a rich, rolling agricultural region. Blackberries were thick along the railroad. The centers of this uncouth, wood-built, prosperous region are the large German towns of La Unión and Osorno. In the chief hotel of the latter there was a heating stove in the office, but no suggestion of warmth in the rooms. The big plaza to which I ventured forth in the mud was more German than Chilean. German is—or at least was, up to the late war—the language of the schools in Osorno and La Unión, and virtually all the local officials bear Teutonic names.

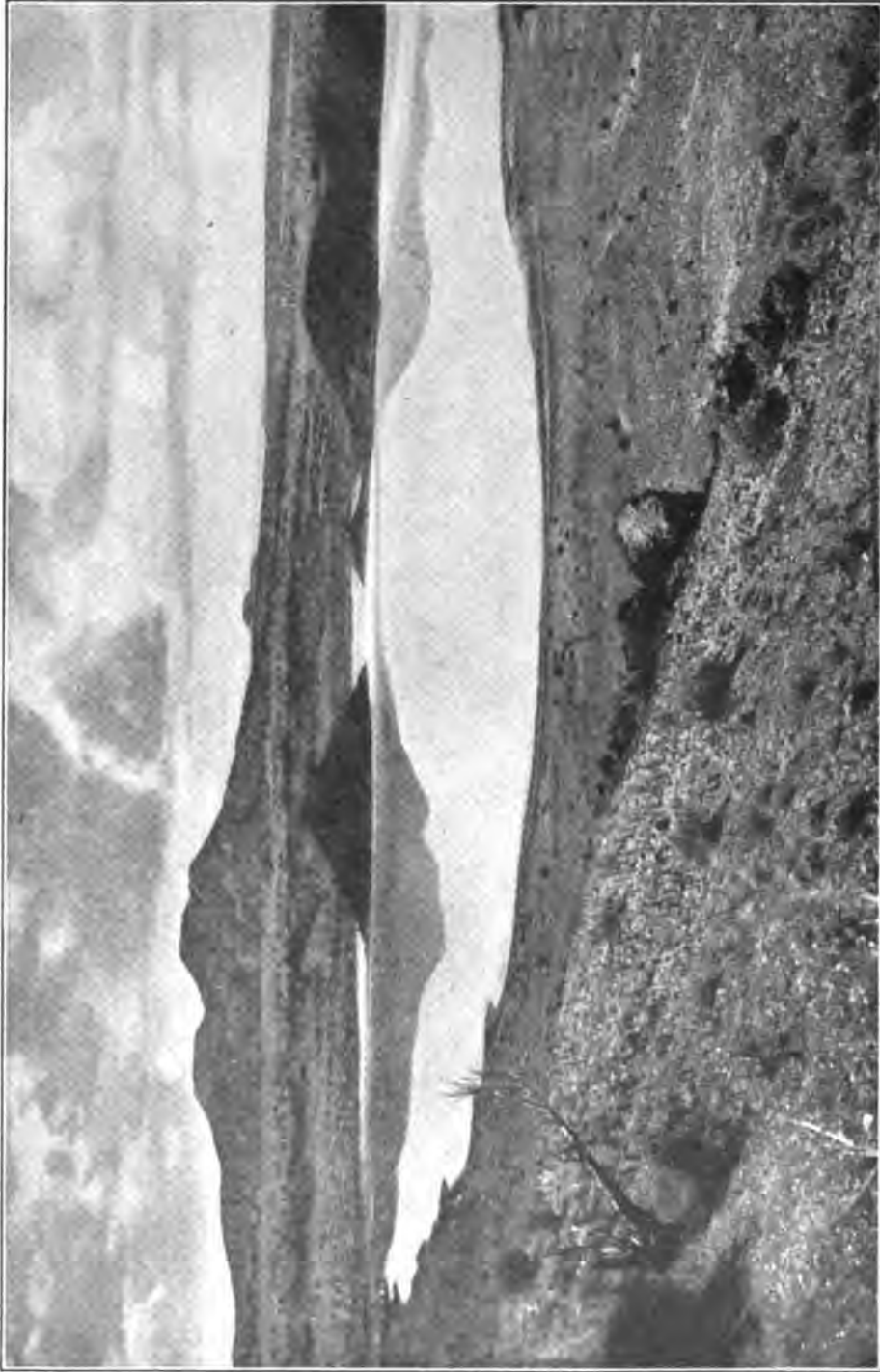
The railroad had been running out like a dying stream, with ever decreasing traffic. From Osorno I took the daily freight, which had one passenger-car with two long, upholstered seats along its sides, serving also as a caboose, and densely packed with well-dressed men entirely European in origin. Rail fences, Lincoln-like cabins in rough little clearings, rolling hills scratched over with wooden plows, *huasos* in ever thicker ponchos, and with only rare traces of Indian blood, burned woods covered with charred stumps and grazing cattle, lined the way on this journey. The railroad, here only a few months old, faded to a little, grass-grown track. Then the land opened out, flattening away to the edge of the Lake Llanquihue, and I came to the end of railroading and mainland in Chile at Puerto Montt, more than a thousand kilometers south of Santiago.

GLIMPSES OF THE SOUTH WEST

Photographs & Notes by
GEORGE C. FRASER



"I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, 'Tis all barren—And so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers. I declare, said I, clapping my hands cheerily together, that was I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections."—"A Sentimental Journey."



The Zuni Salt Lake, New Mexico

The Zuñi Salt Lake

This view surprises the traveler upon topping a gentle rise in the desert plain forty-five miles south of Zuñi, just east of the Arizona line. The depression floored by the lake is substantially circular, a mile in diameter, and from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty feet deep, with steep inner walls of horizontally bedded sandstone, in places capped by lava, and overlain by a ring of broken rock and volcanic cinders. The pale yellow, almost creamy, shallow water is indicative of the lake's bottom of salt, with a slight admixture of mud carried down from the sides by occasional rains or blown in as dust. When evaporation outstrips supply, every stick and stone projecting above the water bears incrustations of salt crystals, appearing, incongruously under the broiling sun, like miniature icebergs. The hillocks rising from the lake are volcanic cinder cones; that at the right of the picture contains a perfect crater, over a hundred feet deep, with a round, clear, emerald-green pond at the level of the outer lake.

Zuñi mythology places the residence of the war gods in that crater, which is one of their most sacred spots. While intertribal wars continued, none but members of the Bow priesthood were authorized to approach the crater, and only those of that order who had taken four scalps might enter and deposit offerings in it. The Salt Lake in those days was neutral ground, a sanctuary where every one was safe from enemy attack.

From time immemorial the aborigines have here derived their salt. Cushing reports finding crystals characteristic of this deposit in the cliff houses beyond the San Juan in Utah and Colorado, and thence traced deep-worn ancient trails leading toward the lake. He attributes the migrations of the ancestors of the Zuñis from their rock fastnesses in the north to the influence of this salt supply, the importance attached to which is attested by the Zuñi word for "south," meaning literally "the direction of the salt-containing lake."

The earliest historical records mention it. On the road from Zuñi to the lake are the ruins of Hawikuh, now under excavation, one of the seven cities of Cibola, tales of whose riches first lured the Spaniards to our Southwest. From there, under date of August 3, 1540, Coronado wrote that its inhabitants "have a very good salt in crystals, which they bring from a lake a day's journey distant from here," and in a contemporary letter one of his companions speaks of their "salt, the best and whitest I have seen in all my life."

Annually, after the corn-planting, the Zuñis make a pilgrimage to this lake and hold ceremonies in its honor. They and other neighboring tribes still repair here to dig salt, which they claim to be sweeter than that of the white man.





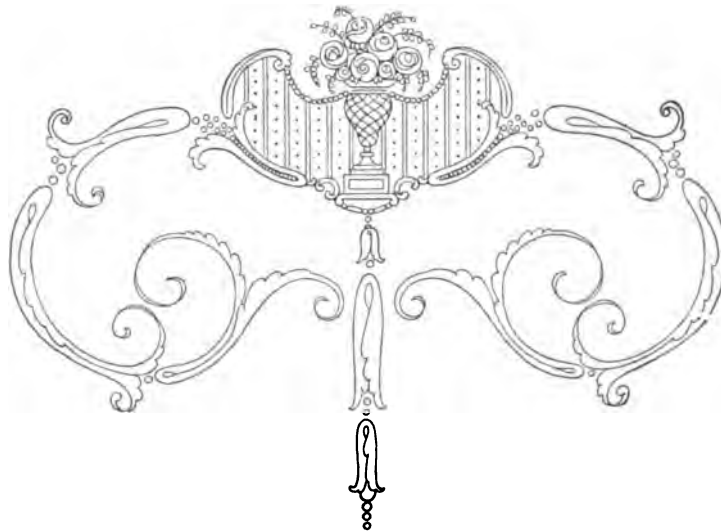
Coal-Mine Cañon, Hopi Indian country, Arizona

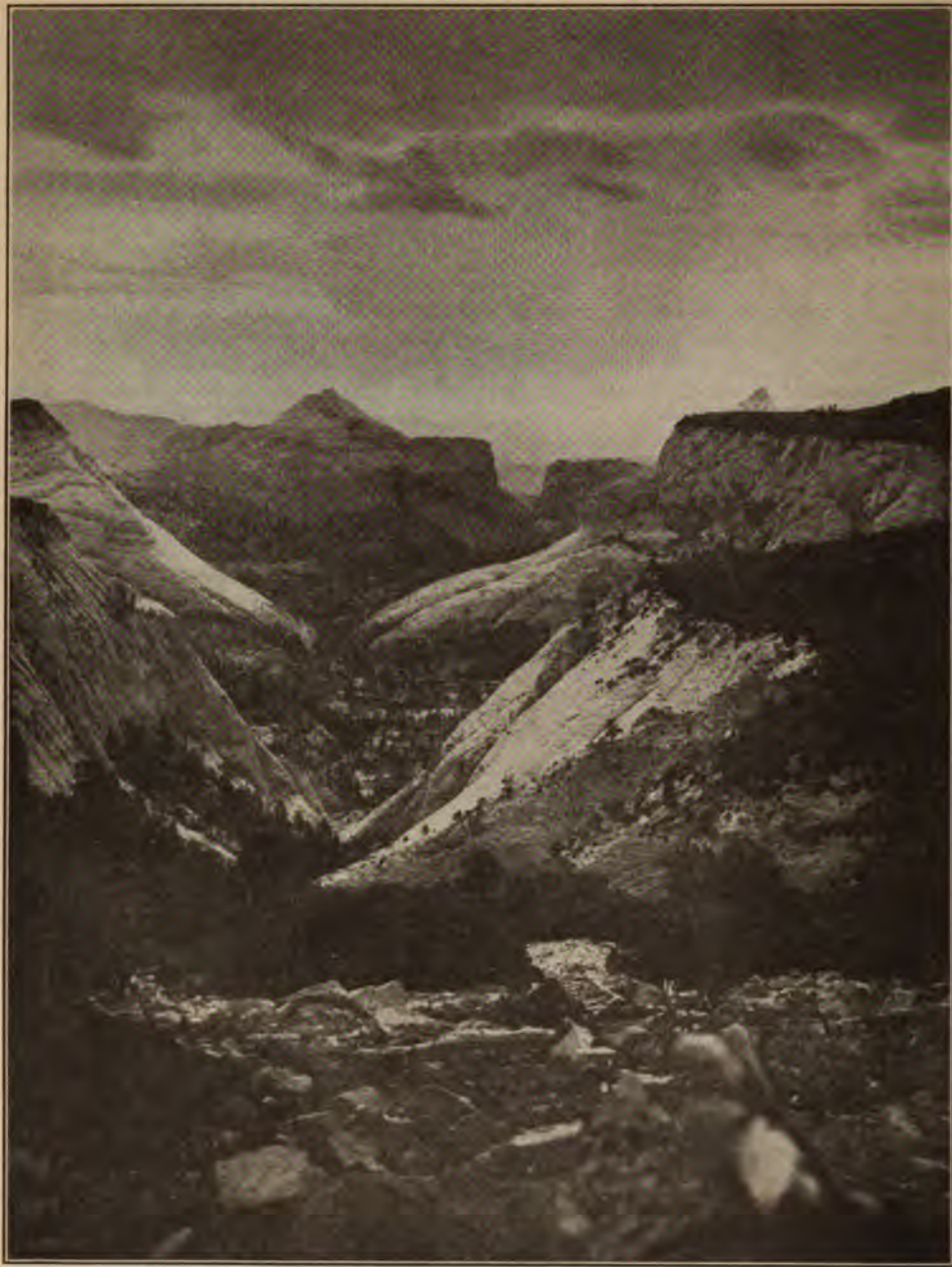
Coal-Mine Cañon

As a knife slices a cake, so water, when unimpeded by vegetation, cuts into the desert, at first short, shallow rills, growing larger and deeper with each succeeding rain-storm, ever working backward and, aided by wind-blown sand, ultimately forming cañons, of which this is an example.

The fundamental explanation of why our arid West has an interest and fascination lacking in more favored lands lies in the obvious principles, stated by Dr. Gilbert in his study of the Henry Mountains, that vegetation retards erosion and "a moist climate by stimulating vegetation produces a sculpture independent of diversities of rock texture, and a dry climate by repressing vegetation produces a sculpture dependent on those diversities."

Here the plain is floored by sandstone with seams of coal, mined for use at the Tuba Indian school, fifteen miles away. Beneath are sandy shales, chalky and marl-like, banded red and pink, and on the slopes painted by the rain-wash. In the main very soft,—that is to say, unresistant,—but of varying texture, this rock yields readily to Nature's chisel.





On Kolob, southwestern Utah

On Kolob

And I saw the stars, that they were very great, and that one of them was nearest unto the throne of God. . . . And the Lord said unto me . . . the name of the great one is Kolob, because it is near unto me.—Revelations of Joseph Smith.

The Mormon pioneers of 1847 had scarcely founded the future metropolis of their people before Brigham Young sent scouts to explore the new territory and report upon its resources. One of these, Orson Pratt, an apostle of the church, made his way southwestwardly from Salt Lake across the divide between the Great Basin and the Colorado River drainage area. Ascending what appears as a mountain bounding one of the deep valleys, characteristic of this region of abrupt contour, he came upon an extended bench of uneven surface and weird sculpture, the like of which he had never beheld. A zealous student of the theology of his sect, he found there what his imagination had pictured Kolob to be, and hence the name.

This view is from the precipitous break of the table-land into a dry cañon leading toward the Virgen River valley and the country known in Utah as "Dixie." There moderate altitude induces a mild climate so that the fertile soil, when touched by the magic wand of irrigation, produces the crops of our Southland. First settled in 1855, Dixie soon became of economic importance to the Mormons. Then and until the coming of the railroads, nearly three decades later, Utah was cut off from the world by hundreds of miles of desert and mountains. Here they were able to grow cotton, and before long a mill was constructed, ultimately containing three hundred spindles, which sufficed for local needs until outside competition, fostered by transportation facilities, made its operation unprofitable.

The summit of Kolob ranges in altitude between six and seven thousand feet, bringing it within the belt of pines. The cañon pictured is cut in white homogeneous sandstone, like congealed beach sand, not stratified in layers, but cross-bedded—laid down at irregular angles and in sweeping curves which control the weathering and produce unusual erosion shapes. The planes of cross-bedding stand out in high relief, giving the effect of etching, as is faintly reproduced on the cañon walls in the photograph. A bed of deep-red shales caps the sandstone, and in the sandstone are occasional streamers of red and pink. The rain-wash from these colored rocks paints the white walls beneath various tints, from salmon pink to carmine, contrasting strikingly with the rich green of the forest-clad upland and the dazzling white of the bare cañon bottom.





An obelisk on the Rainbow Plateau, Utah

Wind, water, heat, and cold, taking advantage of crevices and the cross bedding of the bare sandstone, work in harmony to produce unique sculptures. This is one of many on the trail leading to the most magnificent of all—The Rainbow Arch, Nonnesoshie Natural Bridge.

Old Pines

By JAMES BOYD



LD man McDonald sat in the house of his ancestors watching his little railroad die. Its wabbling single track left the Great Southern in the town below him and, climbing with laborious eccentricity, passed near the composed and graceful portico and the old man himself, and meandered away through a ragged wilderness toward the vanished glories of an abandoned port. The old man's blunt figure at the base of a slender, quiet column stood out sharp and motionless. He was waiting, with his heavy gold watch in his hand, for the evening train to come by.

When he was young, the ruined scrub-clad hills that he could see to the east had borne a vast pine-forest stretching away to the sea—great dark trees, shoulder to shoulder, rising tall and true as masts and then, at the very tops, branching fancifully into Japanese designs. Through this as a boy he had run the rough survey for the right of way, blazing the solemn kings with a hardy impudence of which they took no note until too late, when the logging teams came in, and they tumbled stiffly down in impotent majesty.

In time a clean-cut swath wound its way through the forest, and McDonald set himself to gather a nondescript negro gang from the few scattered towns of the district. With them he started to build the railroad to the coast, bossing them himself. They moved with unhurried and jocular ease, but they made the little rusty mules hump their backs in the stump-pullers while the scoops gently, but tirelessly, graded the red-streaked sand. As the road-bed took shape, the rails were laid and spiked down by buck niggers in groups of three, swinging alternately, in rhythm, with a coughing grunt at each stroke.

They kept working farther into the

forest. The little eddy of movement sank into the unfathomed calm. The clink of sledge and the rattle of single-trees faded at birth into the dark maze. The gang made lean-to camps of pine-boughs, and sat close at night in front of a great fire. They had always a fiddle or two, and at the music one of them sometimes stood up, rocking gently, and began to shuffle softly in the dust, the great flat feet sliding delicately in a little circle with magic fascination. Then all at once the rest began to sing, and a song which had come from forests of mangrove and ebony vanished down aisles of cypress and pine.

He camped with them, going home now and then in a hand-car. As winter came, their spirits drooped, and they huddled around little fires all day. It did not pay to work then, but in three summers he had put the line through. He owed money on every nail and cross-tie and knew he could not raise another penny anywhere. But the job was done, and in time he would make it pay.

So he went back to the white house his father had left him, and from his little office at one end he garnered the harvest of the halcyon turpentine days and watched his earnings, puffing mightily in their corpulence, steam by below his window—seeping hogsheads of tar and barrels of acrid rosin. Eastbound moved rotund drums of tobacco and cotton-bales to the seaboard port at the end of the road. But best of all he liked the evenings when the gangs of turpentine niggers rolled in, swinging their legs from the flat-cars and singing "Deep River."

He was now a man, self-reliant, but very shy. One day when he had gone down the line to the port and was watching the roustabouts spin the bales along the quay to where a Greenock tramp was nudging the piles, he saw a tall girl standing by the rail. Her face was homely, gentle, and, above all, strong.

He knew at once that she was from the Highlands, where such women have been bred since the beginning. Culloden had sent the McDonalds across the sea two centuries before, but at the sight of her his blood went coursing back to the old clans. She saw it, and gave him a straight look without curiosity or fear.

Within a year she had come back to marry him and put his neglected garden to rights. She learned to run levels, and used to ride down the line in the cab or tramp through the forest beside him, knitting without looking down. They were happy with the deep stoic happiness of the Scotch, though at times she grew sad and lonely. She would go off by herself, and he could hear her in the distance singing the Skye boat-song:

"Speed, bonny boat, like a bird on the wing,
'Onward' the sailors cry,
Carry the lad that 's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye."

Her head would go up, and her low voice shiver with a defiant ring which took no reckoning of the poor ruined prince now crumbling in his grave as he had crumbled in his life generations before.

As the years passed, the pine-woods were slowly drained of their turpentine. The trees were still mighty, but each dark trunk bore a long pale herringbone scar, stretching as high up as the pulpers would reach, at its bottom a little rough-hewed slot into which the precious sap oozed down every spring. The supply was failing, and the demand as well, for the iron and steel ships they were building now had small use for naval stores.

McDonald from his window watched the dwindling stream of freight. He had long since stopped paying off his debts and had begun to borrow again. He saw his earnings of years and, at last, the very life of his road slowly flowing away. It was as if the great forest from which that life had come was silently taking it back to itself again. He used to gaze out over the soft level floor of tree-tops not with any fear or depression, but wondering deeply and sturdily what he should do. At last he saw in the papers the news that he had long

been waiting for. He looked on the waving, whispering tops that night with a certain shame and awe, and next morning he started North to talk with hard-faced men.

In six months the lumbermen came in, jovial, drunken vandals who descended roaring from the train and skirmished with all who appeared on the streets that night. Here and there along the road they set up their ramshackle sawmills, crazy sheds from which came shrill, purposeless toots, wisps of steam and, endlessly repeated, a high-pitched groan as each cradled log struck the spinning saw. Slowly the heaps of ruddy, golden sawdust grew until they seemed like the burial mounds of the old giants who had there been sacrificed. The log wagons rutted their twisting roads back into the hills, through the great raw stumps and the heaps of dying slash, ever seeking the quavering cry of "Timber!" and the crackle of branches and groan of the heart-pine which followed it. They came back, padding noiselessly over the bark and sawdust; only the complaining axles told of their mighty burden. The deer and the wildcat fled before them to the mountains of the west, and the little gray foxes crowded into the branches and lived precariously on the dark-furred swamp rabbits. Down by the sidings, heaps of rough-sawed lumber, a light, sharp yellow, shone in the raw light that now flooded for the first time those unaccustomed places. There were sturdy blockhouses of joist and scantling, and fan-shaped piles of sagging boards, while now and then a twelve-inch beam, destined for some distant, mighty task, basked its broad sides, still dripping from the saw.

The railroad flourished, and McDonald was happy again. The menace of the lean years had passed; he was once more paying off his debts; once more he had become a power in the land, a dispenser of prosperity to whom others turned deferential, hopeful faces; and above all he had now a child, a daughter, Flora. Small wonder he failed to see that his fortune was founded on nothing less and nothing more than the ruin of the country-side. Like the great pines that had fallen before him, he was in

turn to stand, proud in the memory of countless frustrated storms, until disaster's unforeseen, keen edge should lay him low.

The first stroke came one evening in spring. He was sitting on the porch, his long square-tipped fingers were locked on his knee, and in the circle of his arms his little girl was curled up asleep like a puppy. Stragglng pines barred the deep, rich sky; shadowy mocking-birds busied themselves after twilight insects; down in the yards he could hear the somnolent, metallic breathing of an engine.

His wife came to the door; even in the failing light he could see the startling pallor of her face. He would have sprung up, but she saw the child and stretched out a hand.

"No," she said,—her voice was taut and whispering,—"it 's come to me. The doctor said it would."

He could almost see the yearning glow of her eyes as they strained to make out his figure and the child's. The next instant she had slipped inside the house. All down his back the primeval hackles rose at the unseen menace of the enemy. He sat numb, while three chill, tingling waves of dread swept quickly over him. Then he raised himself by his will and, swinging the child into a chair, passed with quiet swiftness through the door. He found her on a wide sofa near a small ivory-shaded lamp. She was curled up cunningly, in the same way as the child outside, a position incongruous and touching in one of her years. She was dead, but at the last a faint flush had come back to her face, an exquisite after-glow. He came no nearer, but dropped on his knees like a peasant before a wayside shrine.

Now the struggle against failure began—a struggle as bleak and endless as the moors which had bred the McDonald stock. Almost imperceptibly timber became scarcer and poorer. Instead of the sinewy stringers of clear heart-pine, in time only shingles, slats, and crate-boards came out, the offscourings of the forest. And across the waste lands spread the useless scrub-oaks in puny triumph over the old masters.

Along the coast the new ships of iron were bigger. Each year fewer of them

could make the river port to the coast; slowly it withered away. The tall, serene houses of the old merchants and sailing masters passed shabbily into the hands of petty tradesmen. The tide of commerce receded, leaving at length only an impassive flotsam stranded in the town—negroes, Portuguese, some Swedes, and Yankees. One by one the ships lanterns over the doors of inns and drinking-places went out.

Of the railroad and its business nothing at length remained except a small traffic in grains and cheap manufactured goods that were carried by a single dingy engine over the crumbling line to the port and the scattered dead hamlets along the way. Nothing remained but that and old man McDonald himself. He used to sit on the porch every evening to see the only train come by. It would have been hard for a stranger to place him. More than anything else he might have been taken for a sheriff or a master engineer. His clothes were not those of a workman, but they could be worked in. His frame was heavy and block-like. At rest he seemed made of concrete, but he moved with a swiftness and certainty that had about them almost the beauty of machinery. When thus in action he appeared slighter and taller than he really was. His face was ruddy with a grim, humorous kindness that disconcerted small minds. His eyes were like the muzzle of his gun, steel-gray, with an impersonal threat in their black depths. His gray hair grew thickly in wind-tossed eddies, and he carried his head thrust a little forward, with the face upraised, like a seaman fronting a storm.

Now as he sat there holding his great, heavy watch in his hand he heard the distant whistle of the locomotive and saw the creeping smoke-serpent draw nearer over the tops of the trees. It ended in a curling black cloud as the fireman threw on more pine-knots. The next moment the grotesque front of the engine appeared round the bend. She was an antique wood-burner, with a funnel-shaped stack and a wide-spreading cow-catcher, like a prim old lady's crinoline. She passed with prodigious, woolly puffs and unearthly clankings, a string of box-cars clattering behind.

Old man McDonald watched the negro train-hand shambling along the tops, setting the hand-brakes for the hill. The train descended into the town clanging the engine-bell.

He looked at his watch to note her time. He always did this, although for many years it had not even faintly approached the schedule. Still, he liked to know every day how much was the deviation.

The night closed in with the suddenness of a stage scene. His old engine, lighting up the belly of her own smoke, moved to her berth in the yards; lights winked here and there in the town, and the casual noises of a slipshod existence floated up to where he sat. The frogs began their harsh, unvarying iteration. Suddenly, coming swiftly from far away, he heard a stirring sound of smooth power, then saw a streaming blaze of lights as the Great Southern express rushed in. Her groaning brakes and shivering exhaust told of her might as she pulled up at the station. She lay there, purring with iron sternness. As the brakeman's lantern swung at the rear, she gave the first of the great, compact, measured coughs that were to send her on her way. With a spasm she spun her drivers in a shower of sparks, and then, cresting the grade, hummed down the line.

Old man McDonald sat with the sound still ringing in his ears, thinking of the flimsy rattle of his makeshift train. Inside he heard the gentle clink of china and turned his head slowly. His daughter, in the dining-room, was putting the supper things away. Nothing had been changed in the house since that fatal night, nor ever would be, he thought grimly, as long as the two of them survived. They still ate their fare, now plain and meager, off mahogany and plate. He could see the old sideboard, whose lustrous, ruddy wood received deep into itself the reflection of the silver candle-sticks. His mind wandered over the house, its sturdy furnishings of oak and pine, the foolish little odds and ends she had brought in and cherished with a childish care—earthenware vases, a wavy mirror with black-and-gilt frame, a rude print of Robert Bruce. He thought with a pang of the cedar closet

up-stairs where lay in even rows her beautiful dower linen. He took a sharp breath and threw up his head a little as he had a habit of doing at such times.

Through the window he could see Flora, a well-knit girl with a broad waist, but a quick, graceful carriage of the head. Her face was very forceful, and at the same time had an open doglike friendliness that covered the unknown depths below. She held a silver dish against her breast, polishing it round and round with a cloth. She was whistling in a soft, measured sort of whisper, a habit of her father's. He smiled as he watched her. She looked up and grinned affably out toward where he sat. "Coming out, Father," she said in the soft, but rugged, way of the Scotch Southerner.

Soon she appeared and sat on a chair beside him, and both looked out over the lights of the town for a while.

"Tired?" he said.

"Middling," she answered. "I oiled the big table to-day." They talked without looking at each other. He considered her remark for a moment, then said:

"The house looks mighty nice; everything—mighty nice."

This was spoken in a ruminating tone, as a soliloquy. By this device old man McDonald saved his own self-respect and spared her the intolerable mortification of having to receive a compliment. But it was perilous ground, and she quickly changed it.

"Are you going down the line to-morrow?"

"I reckon not. I was just looking at those two old engines in the yard. Expect I 'll have to go over them. They are plumb rusty—both. Plumb rusty," he repeated after a long pause.

She moved slightly, but did not speak. Old man McDonald could not know that his words had suddenly flooded her with a strange, grotesque, yet passionate, longing to pick him up and rock him like a baby in her arms. She did, indeed, start impulsively to touch his worn sleeve in pity, but came to herself before she had done so. He sat, with no feeling of pity for himself, oblivious of his escape.

They talked no more. Here and there in the town the lights were going out. They rose and went to bed.

Early next day he started work. The yard, such as it was, lay in an unfrequented field that had been his father's. It was skirted by young pines, and along it, laid on the old furrows, ran two sidings. They were filled with the last crumbling relics of the old man's rolling-stock: a string of box-cars with bulged and gaping sides; the blank, dust-filmed windows of a coach; a miraculous caboose of local construction that looked a little like a stranded tug, a little like a suburban villa; and at the farther end the engines, so incrustated and immovable that they seemed to be two petrified antediluvians plunged through eternity in their vast bucolic reverie.

But despite their appearance they had been well cared for and could be easily put in running order. Old man McDonald began inspecting the first of them. His square figure heaved itself nimbly all over her, like a black bear in a grove of trees. Then he set to work.

First, he took the wooden cover off the stack and the housing off the cab and stowed them in a box-car. Then with waste and a bucket of turpentine he cleaned the paraffin from the bright work, and touched up a few rusty places with emery-paper. He filled the oil-cups from a long-nosed can, and put oil-soaked waste in the packing-boxes. After that he went tapping around with a copper hammer in search of loose bolts, tightening a nut now and then with his wrench. He was by nature a mechanic, and that part of the job gave him much pleasure. He whistled to himself with the same laborious whisper of his daughter. He crawled underneath, and remained invisible for a long time, tinkering with the link motion and eccentric block. Only his musical breathings could be heard, as if the engine herself were already getting up steam. At last he emerged, solemnly content and heavily coated with grease and rust-flakes.

Matters now became serious, for he swung the arm of the near-by water-tank, and, coupling on an extra length of hose, began to fill the boiler. He mounted to the cab and peered intently into the fire-box, listening to the water muttering around the tubes and watch-

ing for leaks. A few small rivulets trickled down the back, but he knew the heat would close them. From the wood-pile he brought in pine-knots and hard wood and started his fire; then he delved into his pocket for corn-bread and sat down on the fireman's seat to wait. From time to time he gazed out the window at the dense oily smoke mounting straight in the still air, or looked impatiently at the steam-gage, though he knew well that it would be an hour before it registered. He soothed himself by lighting his pipe with elaborate preparations and settled down to smoke. At length, quite unexpectedly, the indicator swung to 5. "Five pounds' pressure," he muttered, hurriedly knocking out his ashes. He opened the steam-cocks one after the other. The bottom two spluttered scalding water, but the highest cock hissed a sharp, clear jet of steam. He shut it off and waited intently, not excited, but quietly and deeply moved.

As she warmed up, the engine appeared miraculously to come to life. The stolid, dead surfaces began to glisten with the melting oil. In the cab, where the heat was greatest, the metal, so senseless an hour ago, seemed almost to pulsate and twinkle.

He fixed his eyes on the gage. Slowly she climbed to 50. He opened the steam-cocks again; only the bottom one showed water. More quickly the hand swung up to 100. He opened the cylinder drain-cocks, and a splashing, feathered fountain of steam and water shot down along the rails. 120. He pulled back the throttle half an inch; the cylinders filled, and the forced draft whispered deeply in the smoke-box. He waited no longer, but leaned out the cab window and opened the throttle. Slowly the drivers began to move; with the snort of a bison she turned them over; steam jets hissed beside the ponies; twice more, and she struck her stride, and carried the old man, grim and bright-eyed, out on the line.

From that time on he worked more and more on the road himself. It made him happy to be doing things with his hands again, and it reminded him of the old days, now more glowing and unbelievable than ever, when he had made

the road out of nothing by the power of his strength and love. But in the evenings, when the unique, consuming single-heartedness with which he always labored had left him, he felt the slow pressure of fate and dreaded a future more incredible than the past—dreaded it all the more because he could not quite conceive it. He was being ruined; he could see that without shifting his seat, and Flora would go down with him to whatever obscure disinheritance awaited ruined men. That was where his hurrying thoughts paused. He had never before considered ruin long enough to picture what became of the men it overtook, still less their women. His imagination had gone other ways, always building, building.

As for seeing himself without the road, it was harder still. He would think about it tenaciously until at times he ceased to believe in his own existence. He was always glad when Flora came out to sit silently beside him and restore him to his world.

So he went on, working harder by day and more puzzled in mind at night. He saved at every possible point. He was not man of affairs enough to believe that if ruin was inevitable, it should, at least, by judicious financing, be converted from slow prostration into an abrupt, majestic cataclysm. He simply fought doggedly, directly, to keep things going.

He had no one working for him now except the fireman, a certain John Henry Moorehead. John Henry, as he was invariably called, was a limber youth of great seriousness, punctuated by outbursts of irresistible mirth. He came to his chief one day.

"Mr. McDonal'," he said respectfully, "spect I better quit."

"Why, John Henry, nothing wrong, is they?"

"No, sir; I've always been well used."

Old man McDonald was distressed. The departure of John Henry would be a welcome relief financially, but he was fond of the boy.

"Why, son, I'm sorry."

"I've got to go. But if you ever need me,"—he shyly stretched out a great hand,—"I'll come," he said, and turned away.

From this time on the old man ran the train himself, with his decrepit negro gardener to fire for him. Little by little all the rest of his rolling-stock was abandoned, and he settled down grimly to keeping the one train in order, and running it every day to hold his franchise. When he was younger he used to like to get the best there was out of an engine, and he knew how, too; but now he crept along, easing her down a mile before the stations and starting her by imperceptible degrees. He was hanging on to the last possible margin of safety. One morning as he waited beside the engine while she was being fired up the thought came to him that every bolt and plate in her stood between Flora, still a child, and some outer limbo beyond his horizon. When night came he would try again to picture it. He put a hand on the cylinder as if it were a talisman, and climbed into the cab.

That evening he sat straining into the dark, his hands curled over the arms of his chair like lion's paws, powerful, yet helpless. He was not afraid, but he hoped intensely to see for an instant what the future held, so that he might know how he should act. The darkness, blank at first, seemed after a while to weave with a motion that slowly took shape. At last he recognized it. It was the weaving of branches of great pines. Everywhere he looked the night seemed filled with those dark, tumultuous seas. The old pines, he thought, the old pines that were no more, come back to see his fall.

Suddenly he heard a brisk and hard-heeled step on the walk—the step of a Northern city-dweller. The next instant a dark little man had passed across the shaft of light and was wringing his hand.

"Mr. McDonald? Yes? This is Mr. Wailer. Well, Mr. McDonald, how are you now? Pretty good, yes? Good!"

He beamed affably, as though they were two old friends reunited after a trying separation, and made a sort of embracing gesture with his free arm. Then swiftly he drew up a chair to a confidential distance, and at the same time produced a cigar. Old man McDonald noticed that both waistcoat-pockets were stocked with imposing rows of Havanas, like a duck-hunter's ammuni-

tion. He declined the cigar, and watched, mildly fascinated, as Mr. Weiler replaced it carefully and gave the pocket a dapper pat. It was absorbing to follow the pudgy agility of those hands, and he found himself a little disconcerted to hear Mr. Weiler remark in beaming tones:

"Certainly this is a fine location you got here, Mr. McDonald—and an elegant mansion and so forth."

"Well, sir, we 're comfortable."

"Indeed, yes. I noticed it first thing I came into town. I was greatly imposed, and I said to the conductor, 'I bet that 's where there lives a Southern gentleman.' Yes."

"What did he say?"

Little did the old man know how demoralizing was this simple question to Mr. Weiler's fictitious recital. But Mr. Weiler rallied.

"Oh, he said, 'Mr. Weiler,'—we had become fast friends,—'Mr. Weiler,' he says, 'let me tell you something. It certainly is.'"

This was said with an air of gentle solemnity which, after an impressive pause, swiftly passed into one of profound concern.

"I was waiting all the afternoon to see you, Mr. McDonald, because I heard that in the day you are engaged with your business affairs. So I did not come till now."

"Yes, sir, I was running the engine."

For a moment Mr. Weiler did not reply. When he did, it was with the sober weight of a business man. Slowly he opened a discussion of general trade conditions in the North and spoke of bad times in a way that showed his responsibility for much that had been done to restore public confidence.

Old man McDonald listened closely, not always able to follow, but interested in this intimate view of a life so foreign—a life where men sat by telephones and made fortunes from the adventurous labors of other men, whose names they never knew, who were hired thousands of miles away to drill Persian wells, tap Congo rubber-trees, or seine the Northwest salmon streams. These men at telephones built railroads that they never saw, bought them, and sold them among themselves like mule-

traders on court day. He knew all this before, but now it first seemed real; more real, indeed, than Mr. Weiler himself, whom he could not help feeling a fabulous creature, an emissary from Bagdad. He reflected that, despite appearances, these men could perform some service; but at the same time it seemed much easier than in his world to make money without performing any.

"And now, Mr. McDonald, I would like to make you a proposition."

"Proposition." Mr. Weiler pronounced the word with a delicate, yet sonorous, impressiveness that was hypnotic, and clearly inspired and fortified Mr. Weiler himself. It was the only word in his vocabulary that retained much trace of foreign accent, though he used it most of all.

His proposition was to buy the road for a good price, all things considered; to buy it as old junk. Old man McDonald's head sank low, his hands curved stiffly. Mr. Weiler went on to outline glowingly the acts of Providence which had made such a uniquely liberal offer possible. He was representing an iron foundry that was short of ore on account of mine-strikes. They had decided to buy junk not from the dealers, whose practices he described, illustrated, and epitomized, but direct, through the medium of the frank, open, dependable Mr. Weiler. Old man McDonald listened motionless as Mr. Weiler warmed to his theme. In a sense Mr. Weiler was an artist; men very like him had come to America and become great violinists, etchers, sculptors. He loved business dealing as an art, irrationally, exultantly, for its own sake. He was carried away, and his voice flowed hypnotically on, melodious and full of passionate conviction not in the truth of his words, but in the artistry of his method.

The sale of the road, so inconceivable an hour before, became gradually a possibility, then finally loomed as the fortunate golden escape from the inexorable force of events. Mr. Weiler, quietly persuasive, yet intensely, electrically alive, was putting the finishing touches to his work.

Inside a door swung sharply.

"Who was that?"

"That was Flora, my girl."

The old man breathed, and heaved himself in his chair; he felt as though he were struggling back to dry land; then he moved his feet apart slowly one after the other.

"Well, sir, I'll think about it. Won't you come inside?"

But Mr. Weiler, watching, knew that the moment had passed, and after selecting an expression from his stock of farewells which he conceived to be dignified, yet intimate, left the house. He was to return the next night.

Old man McDonald heard the clicking, incisive footfalls die away. At that distance Mr. Weiler seemed merely precise and active in a futile way. He was certainly inferior to the easy-going, but determined, men of the country; but up there on the porch he had shown a flash of peculiar power which they lacked. Was it simply the effect of his strangeness? The old man wondered in what that strangeness lay. He had traded with all sorts of men, Yankees, too, and always before he had read them well and relied on his judgment of them more than on written agreements. He wanted to understand Mr. Weiler before he did anything else, but he felt incapable of fitting him into the scheme of life as he knew it. If Mr. Weiler resembled anything, it was the little foreign man who years ago ran a pawn-broking and sailors' slops business down by the docks. But Mr. Weiler was far bolder and more elegant. He had, however, the same fat, quick hands and eyes at once sad and greedy.

At last old man McDonald turned from the problem and began to think of the business aspect of such a sale. Mr. Weiler had made it seem not only inevitable, but a peculiar triumph of sagacity and good fortune. All of that conviction did not depart with the tap of Mr. Weiler's heels. The old man knew it would be a good trade and leave him able to live decently, provided he were able to finance the road's debts along the involved, but apparently honorable, lines suggested by Mr. Weiler. Above all, there was no feasible alternative. He must anchor himself to that, to that and the picture of Flora, silent, brave, but touchingly helpless, watching him board

up the front door and then quietly setting out with him for—nowhere. The thought bowed him forward into the darkness, but he returned to it again and again, and clung to it to steady himself against the tides of hope and memory that might now carry him to disaster as irresistibly as they had before carried him to success.

Flora came out. She moved Mr. Weiler's chair away a little and sat down.

"Who was that, Father?"

"I don't just know."

"A Yankee?"

"I could n't tell. Maybe. I reckon so."

"I heard what he was saying."

"He wants to buy the road."

"I know—for junk. Do you reckon you'll sell?"

"It's a mighty good chance. I expect there won't be another."

Their talk ended—ended, as always, where most talk would have begun. They sat on, the old man engulfed in the struggle, and the girl frightened not at the event, but at herself, for she had made up her mind.

He must be getting old, he thought, so fast the fragmentary memories hurried through his mind. He lost the thread of reasoning, and surrendered to them at last. He had a glimpse of one of his old work gangs side by side along the rail, hunching their backs all together in short lifts, shifting the track; then he was sloshing along the wharf side against a norther, going to meet a Greenock tramp for which he had waited a year. He heard the click of the switch-points as his first engine, with him at the throttle, came off the Great Southern track to his own, and he felt the tug of the last car when the trestle cracked down. And through it all, now faint, now clear, came the murmur, mournful, strong, of pines in the deep-sea wind. He rose as if he were breasting it, and Flora followed him.

The next day passed in a dream of agony. His steady, well-knit mind was working like a beaver, buttressing itself against the poundings of his heart. By supper-time all was settled, but only once before in his life had he ever felt so tired. His daughter joined him afterward without clearing the table.

She looked at him. He turned his gaze to her childish face and saw the unbelievable woman in her eyes. Confused, he shifted it to the fading hills.

"I'm going to sell. It's the only thing."

"Father, don't!"

That shivering ring! He had never thought to hear it again. The old words sounded in his brain:

Carry the lad that's born to be king
Over the sea to Skye.

But he shook his head.

"We can't keep her running. What's going to become of you? I would n't if I could help it."

"I would n't whether I could help it or not. That man!"

He grinned.

"I expect he's honest."

But while he was laboring the point, her mind went back to her desire.

"Did you want money when you were young?"

"Not much."

"Did mother?"

"No."

"You wanted to make the road run, and she wanted to help you."

"I reckon so."

"Well, that's what I want." She just touched him on the sleeve; then she started in. At the door she turned. "That man!" she said darkly, then disappeared. He could hear a short laugh trailing behind her.

Profound and painful adjustments were taking place in old man McDonald's mind. He had thought out his decision and taken it to protect his daughter, and now in some unfathomable manner she made him seem ever so slightly ludicrous and trivial. He might have been her small child whom she had detected being corrupted by a bad little boy. That was the way she had treated the business. But there had been nothing patronizing; he admitted that. And there had been something else that he would not forget.

She had grown up without his knowing it. He must have been asleep not to see it before. Suddenly the memory of John Henry flashed into his mind, and he recalled a hundred little circumstances to which he had been blind.

John Henry had gone away to make some money before he asked her. Perhaps he had asked her. Well, he was a good boy.

Punctually, Mr. Weiler came. He performed the same ritual with the cigar, then started to talk. That afternoon old man McDonald had seen him looking over the road, but he was too familiar with it himself to realize that an inspection by a stranger would make its sale seem a foregone conclusion. Mr. Weiler had no doubts of the outcome, but he was irresistibly impelled to finish his speech of the night before. This he did.

"Ain't that so, Mr. McDonald?" he ended, with a perforating gesture of the index finger.

"I reckon so. But, Mr. Weiler, I don't believe I'll sell."

Mr. Weiler scarcely paused, but plunged again into the discussion in order to straighten matters out as he could easily do. But he did not get far.

"No, sir, I reckon I won't sell."

It was said in a shy and hesitating tone, but Mr. Weiler recognized, with a dreadful acuteness, that behind it lay centuries of a grim Northern breed. He was struck speechless in a way that he had never been before. He was frantic at being so abruptly balked without even the chance to show his cleverness. Yet in his despairing rage one idea persisted above all others. That was to make a stately final impression on old man McDonald.

After a heavy silence Mr. Weiler rose and stood rigid.

"I am certainly astonished. I made this expensive trip thinking that of course you would be interested in my magnificent proposition. Good-by."

He bowed from the hips and vanished.

The next morning dawned in a sudden brilliant flash, and old man McDonald rose up in his bed and began to pound his chest mightily as he remembered the night before. Suddenly he felt his heart miss a beat, then two, and as he tried to get to his feet he seemed to slip and plunge into a pool of black oblivion. He sank back to the pillow, and raising one arm with an effort of will, he knocked on the wall.

Behind his steadfast, even gaze in the last two days there had raged a battle

as intense, as merciless, as destructive in its sphere as any struggle which men commemorate by statutory and legal holidays. His body, square and hardy, but toil-worn to the core, had given way.

For a week he lay there, and no train ran. No words could tell more than that of his suffering. The future was hopeless. He had missed his chance. Perhaps he could get Mr. Weiler back, but it would be a bitter defeat. He would write and tell him.

"Dear sir: I beg to advise you that, owing to my heart having unexpectedly got bad"—something like that. He reached for a financial newspaper to find the address of the firm. As he turned the pages a head-line caught his eye. "Southern Harbor Development Co." New Orleans, probably. They were growing fast down there. A familiar name started at him from the column of type. He began word by word to read the lines. His great hands gripped the paper till it trembled; then two tears twisted down his lined face. They were going to dredge the port at the end of the line. The old-time railroad days would come again. He pounded on the wall with both fists.

"Flora! Flora!"

Standing by the bed, she read the paper that he thrust silently into her hands.

"Take that down to the bank and ask them if they 'll keep me going for a year."

"Father," she murmured, and shyly patted the worn, gay quilt.

"Honey," he said, "go on along," and turned his face to the wall.

She came back beaming, and panting like a terrier.

"They say they will if it 's so."

He grinned dryly, then eyed her solemnly.

"They 's a great future for this yer road," he announced, and leaned back, contented.

For a week he lay there like some strong, inoffensive animal driven to bay for causes he could not understand. Friends at the bank were to take charge of starting the road again, and the old man was filled with forebodings of their well-meaning incompetence.

One morning Flora was sitting in the room, going over his papers and letters, trying to help him all he would let her, for he had tired rapidly in the last few days. His face was still ruddy, his mouth the same straight line; but not even he could hide the great weariness in his eyes. The papers rustled, her voice murmured as she read, and the old man, gazing into space, seemed drifting far away. Then faintly, below the house, climbing nearer, they caught the familiar, lugubrious clanking and flat, shallow puffings of the old wood-burner. She went to the window just as the little train lurched round the curve.

"Father, they 've got her running again! She 's all shined up. Two box-cars—and the caboose—and"—she scarcely breathed—"John Henry."

She gazed, rapt, at the train. Suddenly, she felt that he had moved. She looked around. He was standing beside her, incredibly old, his eyes blazing, the great gold watch trembling in his hand. He turned toward her with a touch of formal deference.

"By God! sir—" She never knew whether in that final moment he failed to recognize her, or whether at last he saw her for what she was. "By God! sir—on time!" And old man McDonald slipped quietly to the floor.



A Visit to John Burroughs

By SADAKICHI HARTMANN



IN some places time passes without making any change. The little village on the Hudson where John Burroughs made his home half a century ago has shown no ambition of expansion. There is no building activity, and the number of inhabitants has scarcely increased. The little church stands drowsily on the hill, and the same old homesteads grace the road. More freight-trains may rattle by, and more automobiles pass on the main road, but the physiognomy of the town has remained unchanged. It is as if time had stood still. The mist shuts out the rest of the world, river and hills disappear, the stem of the grape-vines look like a host of goblins, and the wet trees make darker silhouettes than usual.

I knocked at a door and entered, and there sat John Burroughs stretched at full length in a Morris chair before some glowing beech-sticks in the open fireplace. There was not much conversation. What is most interesting in an author's life he expresses in his books, and so we indulged only in an exchange of phrases about his health, of the flight of time, and a few favored authors. The questioning of the interviewer can produce only forced results, and in particular when the interviewed person has reached an age when taciturnity becomes natural, and one prefers to gaze at the dying embers and listen to the drip of the rain outside. That his interest in literature did not lag was shown by a set of Fabre, whom he pronounced the most wonderful exponent in his special line.

A quaint interior was this quiet little room. Conspicuous were the portraits of Whitman, Carlyle, Tolstoy, Roosevelt, and Father Brown of the Holy Order of the Cross, men who in one way or another must have meant something to his life. On the mantelpiece stood another portrait of Whitman and a re-

production of "Mona Lisa." There were windows on every side, and the rest of the walls consisted of shelves filled with nature books. One shelf displayed the more scientific works, and one was devoted entirely to his own writings. It was the same room in which several years ago, on a summer day in the vagrom days of youth, I had read for the first time "Wake Robin," this classic of out-of-door literature, and "The Flight of the Eagle," an appreciation of Walt Whitman.

John Burroughs was fifty then, and had just settled down seriously to his literary pursuits. He had risen brilliantly from youthful penury to be the owner of a large estate. His latest achievement was "Signs and Seasons"; "Riverby," a number of essays of out-of-door observations around his stone house by the Hudson, was in the making.

There is a wonderful fascination in these books. They reveal a man who has lived as widely and intimately, who has made nature his real home. All day long he is mingled with the heart of things; every walk along the river, into the woods, or up the hills is an adventure. He exploits the teachings of experience rather than of books. His essays are always fused with actions of the open. One feels exhilaration in making the acquaintance of a man with an unarrowed soul who has burst free from the shackles of intellectual authority, who joyfully and buoyantly interpreted the beauties about him, shunning no pleasures as jumping a fence, wading a brook, or climbing a tree or mountain-side.

American literature always abounded with nature speculation and research. Bryant was a true poet of nature; he loved woods, mountain, and river, and his "To the Yellow Wood Violet," and "The Blue Gentian" are gems of pictorial nature-writing. Whittier transfigured the beauty of New England life

in one poem "Snowbound," and in his "Autumn Walk" leisurely strolled to the portals of immortality. Whitman stalked about on the open road like a pantheist.

Yet none had the faculties of discovery and interpretation like John Burroughs, the intimate knowledge, the warm vision, to whom a wood-pile can become a matter of contemplation, and a backyard or a garden patch become as interesting as any scenery in the world. None of them could have lectured on apple-trees or gray squirrels with such intimacy as Burroughs. Burroughs had never any sympathy with the "pathetic fallacy of endowing inanimate objects with human attributes," nor would he indorse Machin's propaganda idea of the antagonism of animals against their human masters.

A trout leaping in a mountain stream, the lively whistle of a bird high in the upper air, a bird's nest in an old fence post—these are some of the topics nearest his heart. No nature-writer has ever shown such diversity of interest. Even *Rip Van Winkle* did not know the mountains as well as this camper and trampler for a lifetime on the same familiar grounds; over and over again he made the round from Riverby to Slabsides, to Roxbury in the western Catskills, and back again to the rustic studio near the river. He knows every pasture, mountain-side, and valley of his chosen land. He even named some of the hills. One of them, much frequented by bees, he named "Mount Hymettus," because there "from out the garden hives, the humming cyclone of humming bees" liked to congregate.

But is his minute observation of weed seeds in the open fields or insect eggs on tree-trunks not disastrous to literary expression? Can this style of writing soar above straightforward nature-writing of men like Wilson, Muir, White, and Chapman? Burroughs is capable of making a long-winded analysis of the downward perch of the head of the nut-hatch, but he is no Audubon. As a literary man he is an essayist who etches little vignettes, one after the other, with rare precision. How fine is his sentence about the unmusical song of the black-birds! "The air is filled with crack-

ling, splintering, spurting, semi-musical sounds which are like salt and pepper to the ear." Here the poetic temperament finds an utterance far beyond the broad knowledge of nature.

And there is his fine appreciation of Walt Whitman, his grasp of literary values despite working in a comparatively smaller field of activity. John Burroughs has a good deal of Whitman about him, whom he called "the one mountain in our literary landscape." The man of Riverby is not large of stature, but has the same nonchalance of deportment, the flowing beard, and the ruddy face, a few shades darker than that of the good gray poet; for Whitman was, after all, a city man, while Burroughs always lived his life out of doors.

We talked about the looks of Whitman, whom he had known in Washington in the sixties.

"Yes, he had a decided vitality, although he was already gray and bent at that time. Yes, he would talk if one could draw him out."

"I believe he talked only for Traubel," I dryly remarked, at which Burroughs was greatly amused.

Emerson was the god of Burroughs's youth, but Whitman undoubtedly exercised the more lasting influence. This, however, never touched Burroughs's own peculiar nature-fresh-and-home-spun style. It lingered only as a vague inspiration in the under rhythm of his work. Whitman had the macrocosmic vision, while Burroughs was an adherent of microcosm. Few can combine both qualities.

Burroughs was an amateur farmer and gardener. He pruned his cherry-trees, cured hay, and thought of new methods of mowing grain. He experimented with grape-vines, a rather futile occupation at this period of social evolution. He was a great cherry-picker all his life, and I remember with keen pleasure how delicious those wild raspberries tasted that I shared with him one summer day. He has a celery farm at Roxbury, his birthplace, and when I was last at Slabsides, his bungalow in the hills near West Park, I saw nothing but beets for cattle. I was astonished at this peculiar, indeed, prosaic pastime. And still more so that he had chosen for residence

a sight in a hollow of the mountain-side, while only a few steps above one can enjoy a most gorgeous view of the surrounding country. Did he make the selection because the place was more sheltered? No, I believe he chose the place intuitively, because it expressed his particular point of view of life. The keen breeze and the wide view serve only for occasional inspiration; but the undergrowth vegetation, the crust of soil, the hum of insects, the little flowers—these are the true stimulants of his eloquent simplicity of style.

Burroughs professed to have a great admiration for Turguenieff's "Diary of a Sportsman." These exquisite prose poems represent nature at its best, but they are purely poetic, pictorial, with a big cosmic swing to them. This was out of the reach of Burroughs, and he never attempted it. His poems contain, as he claims himself, more science and observation than poetry. A few beautiful lines everybody can learn to write, and unless they are fragments of a torso of the most intricate and beautiful construction, they will drop like the slanting rain into the dark wastes of oblivion.

His lessons of nature, accepted as textbooks in the public schools, have a true message to convey. They represent the socialization of science. He loved the birds and learned their ways; he could run his course aright, as he has placed his goal rightly. He stirred the earth about the roots of his knowledge deeply, and thereby entered a new field of thought. He became interested in final causes, design in nature.

The transcendentalist of the Emersonian period at last came to his own. There is something of the bigness of Thoreau in his recent writings, Thoreau who in his "Concord and Merrimac River" had a mystical vision, a grip on religious thought, and who, like a craftsman in cloisonné, hammered his philosophic speculations upon the frugal shapes of his observations. In "Ways of Nature" and "Leaf and Tendril" Burroughs has reached out as far as it is possible for a nature writer without becoming a philosopher. He now no longer contemplates the outward appearance of things, but their organic structure, the geological formation of the earth's crust, and the evolution of life. And some ledge of rock will now give him the prophetic gaze into the past and into the future.

And so John Burroughs at eighty-five, still chopping the wood for his own fireside, writing, lecturing, giving advice about phases of farm-work, strolling over the ground, still interested in literature, can serenely fold his hands and wait.

Indeed, this white-bearded man, in his bark-covered study amidst veiled heights and blurred river scenes, furnishes a wonderful intimate picture, which will linger in American literature and all minds who yearn for a more intimate knowledge of nature, unaffectedly told, like the song of the robin of his first love, "a harbinger of spring thoughts carrying with it the fragrance of the first flowers and the improving verdure of the fields."





Three Poems

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Passer Mortuus Est

Death devours all lovely things.
Lesbia with her sparrow
Shares the darkness. Presently
Every bed is narrow.

Unremembered as old rain,
Dries the sheer libation,
And the little, petulant hand
Is an annotation.

After all, my erstwhile dear,
My no longer cherished,
Need we say it was not love,
Now that love is perished?

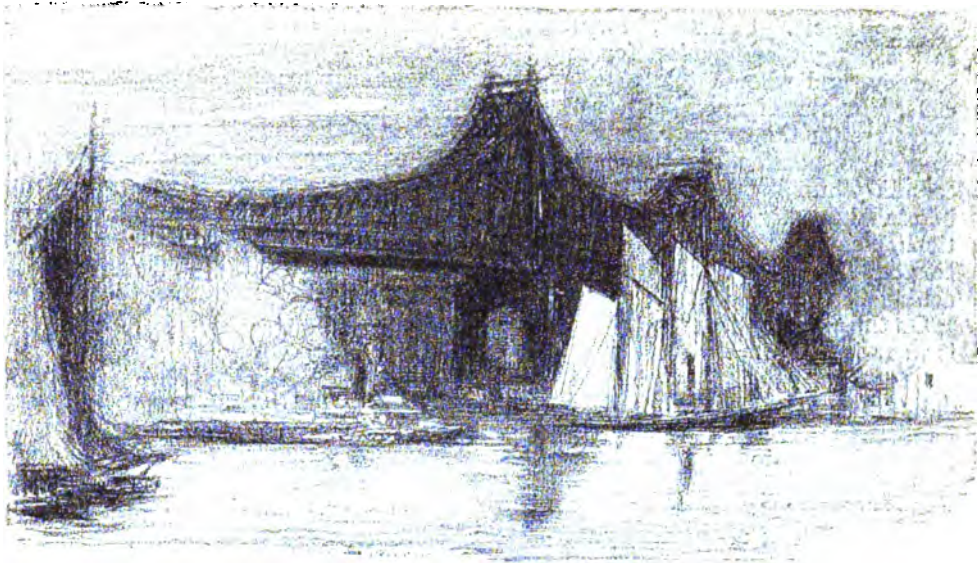
Sonnet

I see so clearly now my similar years
Renew each other, shod in rusty black,
Like one hack following another hack
In meaningless procession, dry of tears,
Driven empty, lest the noses, sharp as shears,
Of gutter urchins at a hearse's back
Should sniff a man died friendless, and attack
With silly scorn his deaf, triumphant ears—
I see so clearly how my life must run,
One year behind another year, until
At length these bones that leap into the sun
Are lowered into the gravel and lie still,
I would at times the funeral were done
And I abandoned on the ultimate hill.

Lament

Listen, children:
Your father is dead.
From his old coats
I 'll make you little jackets;
I 'll make you little trousers
From his old pants.
There 'll be in his pockets
Things he used to put there—
Keys and pennies,
Covered with tobacco.
Dan shall have the pennies

To save in his bank;
Anne shall have the keys
To make a pretty noise with.
Life must go on,
And the dead be forgotten;
Life must go on,
Though good men die.
Anne, eat your breakfast;
Dan, take your medicine.
Life must go on;
I forget just why.



Loafing down Long Island

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF WALKING



WHEN I speak of the difficulties of walking, I do not refer to the infirmities of age, to flat feet, or to avoirdupois. Not at all. I mean that it is hard indeed in these rushing times to go afoot, even on the most distant by-roads, without being considered eccentric. People stare at you as though you were some kind of freak or criminal. They cast suspicious glances your way, never dreaming that perhaps you prefer your own feet as a means of pleasant locomotion.

I asked a certain friend if he would not accompany me on my weekly jaunts down Long Island. I could not arrange to go for one lengthy stay, and neither could he, I knew; so I thought the next best thing was to do it by piecemeal rather than not at all, and I planned to save time by walking a certain distance, following a road map, return by train on Monday mornings, and then take a train out again to the spot where I had left off the previous week. That seemed

practical, novel, yet simple and well worth while. To live with a Blue Bird at one's door, and never know it, seems to me, as it seemed to Maeterlinck, the height of folly. I would discover the Blue Bird that was so happily mine, and hear its song on rosy summer mornings, three and even four days at a time, or perish in the attempt.

Well, my friend turned to me and instantly said:

"My car is out of order."

"But I did not mean to go in a car," I as quickly answered.

"Why," he replied, looking at me as though I had gone quite mad, "how else would we go?"

"On foot," I bravely made answer, yet realizing that this confirmed New-Yorker would never think the same of me again. And it was so. I shall not forget, if I live a hundred years, his final disgusted glance. If anything further was needed to crush me utterly, I do not know what it could be.

But one's friends are not the only difficulty that stand in the way of a

loitering gait. I found, fortunately, just the right companion for my first journey, and when I told a few young college fellows of my plan, fellows who were free for the summer, they asked if they, also, could n't be booked up for certain Thursdays until Monday; and before I knew it, I had a line of applications, as though I were handing out coupons instead of the possibility of aching feet and perspiring brows.

On the first day when we fared forth—it was with a friend named Jim—we had no sooner started to cross the great Queensboro' Bridge, which hangs like a giant harp over the East River, drawing Long Island into a closer brotherhood with New York, than we had offers of lifts from total strangers. Yet they say Manhattan is a cold city! We never found it so, at least not on that wonderful July evening when we started out with scrip and staff; for we had decided that as we were going to do so old-fashioned a thing as walk, we would carry old-fashioned paraphernalia, called by pleasant old-fashioned names. Bundle and cane ill comported with so quiet a pilgrimage as ours was to be. We would imagine ourselves travelers in Merrie Old England in a season now sadly gone. We would wear old clothes, and take not one article with us that we did not actually need. No burdens for our city-tired backs; only the happy little necessary impedimenta, such as a toothbrush, a razor, a comb, an extra shirt or two, and the one tie we wore. And of course a book. I chose Hazlitt's "Table Talk," Jim took George Moore's "Avowals," all the spiritual food we needed.

It takes no little courage to walk over a bridge that leads out of crowded Manhattan. Not that you want to stay in the thundering city; but this is a dangerous way to get out of it alive. You feel like an ant, or like one of those infinitesimal figures in a picture which gives a bird's-eye view of "our village." To discover your own lack of importance in a busy, whirling world, I would prescribe the perils of walking in and immediately around New York. Never does one feel so small, so absolutely worm-like. If you wish to preserve your life, your day is one long series of dodges. Pedestrians are not popular

with motorists, and virtually every one is a motorist nowadays. If you walk up the Rialto of a morning, you are convinced that every one on earth wishes to become, or is, an actor. If you edit a popular magazine, you know that every one has literary ambitions. But if you walk over Queensboro' Bridge or any of the other gateways that lead out into the country, you are certain that there is not a human being except yourself who does not own a car.

Where do they come from, these gorgeous and humble machines? And whither are they going? How many homes have been mortgaged in order that Henry and Mary may take a trip each week-end? What necessities of life have been relinquished so that the whole family may speed to the seashore at the first touch of warm weather? It is an exhilarating, healthful pastime, but I have only one friend who motors to my liking—that is, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. My other acquaintances employ chauffeurs who suffer from the great American disease, speed, and they are whizzed here and there, often against their wills, I grant you, and they expect me to care for this abominable way of traveling. The hillsides rush by; you see nothing, you hear nothing save the voice of the siren, and you arrive at your destination a physical and mental wreck, with eyes that sting and ears that hum. No sooner is your body normally adjusted than luncheon is over, and you are told to get back into the car that you may all rush madly to the next town. There is a strange and inexplicable desire in every chauffeur I have ever seen to overtake the machine just ahead of him. Every turn reveals a line of motors dashing, as yours is, to Heaven knows where; and if you toot your horn and pass one triumphantly, there is, as always in life, another victory to be won the instant you overcome the immediate obstacle. Why not sit back and let the other fellow pass you? But no one will in America. It seems to be a long, delirious race for precedence, and motoring, instead of being the delight it should be, has become a nightmare to me. One of these days I am going to have a car of my own, run it myself, and go where and when I please; for no one

loves motoring more than I when it is really motoring and not a sudden madness. That is why, on this occasion, I preferred the jog-trot afoot; and that is why Jim and I marched forth on a certain day, with minds free from tire troubles, and no intention of getting anywhere in particular until it suited our royal convenience. We had thor-

People are too preoccupied to give you even a cursory glance.

We knew there was apt to be nothing at all interesting just over the bridge; for we had motored that way too frequently, and Long Island City, I was well aware, was nothing to see. It was like a poor relative of the metropolis, a person that a rich man paid to remain

hidden away in the country, shabby beyond belief, and with no knowledge of city ways, none of the coquetry of young and smiling sophisticated Miss Manhattan.

It was dusk when we started to cross the great bridge, and, as I have said, motors were cluttered at the entrance and were doubtless thick up-



"But we spurned all such advances, kindly as they were meant"

oughly made up our minds on that. We would lunch or sup where it suited our whim, and we would n't look at our watches, but would seek to allay our hunger only when we felt healthily hungry. And we knew we would sleep all the better for so real a spirit of freedom.

That first afternoon we walked to Long Island City over the bridge, for we wanted the thrill of getting out of town on foot, not through the more comfortable process of a train or a motor. Besides, it would savor somewhat of cheating if we started out on a walking tour seated in a commuter's coach. Yet it was not always our intention to walk. We made up our minds that sometimes we would steal rides, or beg for them, or take a train over an uninteresting part of the country. And if I could locate my slow-driving friend this summer, I intended to ask him to loaf with me in his car sometime.

There is one charming thing about New York: you can go anywhere and dress as you please and attract not the slightest attention. Our knickerbockers and a duffle-bag were nothing to anybody; neither was the Japanese staff I carried, which some friends had just brought to me from the land of Nippon.

on it, running like a continuous black chain to the island. During the War, soldiers often stood at this entrance of the bridge, waiting to be given a lift; and this may be the reason why so many motorists still think of every pedestrian as worthy of a ride, and why it was that so often we were invited, as we strolled along this open pathway, to move more swiftly to the other side. But we spurned all such advances, kindly as they were meant; for on one's first day out, the legs are in good condition, and there is a certain pride in wishing to strut it alone without even the aid of one's staff.

The sky-scrapers loomed in the growing darkness, as we proceeded on our way, like a Babylonian vision; and one by one the lights blossomed in tall windows, until the city behind us was a vast honeycomb of beauty, with the river like a silver girdle surrounding it. Ahead of us smoke-stacks belched forth their black substance, and one pitied the folk who, having worked all day in glorious Manhattan, must turn at evening to the hideous prospect beyond the river, when they might have remained in this jeweled place. Gasometers reared their horrid profiles, and chimneys, like a battalion of black soldiers, stood

motionless in the growing darkness. It was to such a place the people were surging, leaving glorious New York. Jim and I loitered long on that bridge.

All of us who live in New York have motored, at one time or another, over Queensboro' Bridge; but how few of us have walked its delectable length! Like all Manhattanites, we leave such pleasant experiences to the foreigners who come to our shores. But even they have not discovered it as they may within a few years. There are benches along its pathway, and here one may pause and sit in the sunset, as if one were in a stationary airplane, and view the vast city spread out in a wonderful pattern below. There are glimpses of little parks, and the spires of the cathedral are silhouetted against the background of the west. Guttersnipes are bathing along the shore, and you wonder why rich folk do not purchase houses on this river-bank, where they might have their own private pavilions and a view that can hardly be matched. What is the matter with New-Yorkers?

Then there is Blackwell's Island, with its pitifully blind windows. It must be hard enough to be confined on an island without the added horror of tightly

closed and sealed shutters of heavy iron. Not content with keeping prisoners segregated, they shut out any chance of a view—or perhaps we would all want to go to Blackwell's Island! The keepers' houses are beautiful in design, and it gives one a sense of omnipotence to sit above them and see them from the air—people walking or running hither and thither on graveled pathways, ships floating by on each side of them, and a look of peace about a place that must be anything but peaceful. What a fine residential spot this would make, and how sad it is that it must be utilized, a veritable garden-spot, for the safe-keeping of the criminal!

Like most beautiful things, Manhattan, at once the ugliest and the loveliest city on this continent, gained by distance; and I could not help remembering, as I looked back upon it now, its hideous, mean little streets, its pitiful and cruel slums, its unsavory odors; and as I wandered away from it, I knew it could never deceive me. I knew it too well. On its granite heart I, like many another, had suffered and wept, though also I had laughed there; and some lines began to sing in my head, and over on Long Island, much later that night,



"Guttersnipes are bathing along the shore"

when we had reached the real country,
I put them down on paper.

We left the city far behind;
Ahead, the roadway seemed to wind
Like something silver white.
For dusk had long since dwindled down,
And now the trees were strangely brown,
And dogs barked in the night.



"A café or two that once might have proved an oasis in this wasteland"

The moon was up, a monstrous pearl,
As fair as any mortal girl;
Stray cars went singing by.
Far, far away the city gleamed
Like something that the heart had
dreamed—
A golden butterfly.

It sprawled against the velvet night;
It could not rise and take its flight,
Although its wings uncurled.
And you and I were glad to go
And leave its prison even so,
And pace the lonelier world.

O city, with your splendid lies,
That look of wonder in your eyes,
We left you far behind;
And though you stared with horrid stare
Into the moonlit heaven there,
'T was you, not we, were blind!

REALLY GETTING STARTED

It is curious how, the moment you set
out to do anything in this troubled
world, you immediately encounter op-
position. When I told certain friends
that I intended to loiter down Long
Island in July, they held up their hands
in horror, like my motor acquaintance,
and instantly asked: "Why that, of all
places? And why in summer? You

will be overcome by the heat; you will be
taken sick, and what you began with
enthusiasm will end in disaster." And
this, too: "But what will you do for
clean linen, and how do you know the
inns will not be too crowded, and you
may not be able to get a room?"

I could go on indefinitely, giving a
litany of friendly counsels and objections.

Why people are so
interested in telling
us what we must
not do has always
been a mystery to
me. It was as if
they were to take
these little journeys,
not I. Having
made up my mind
to do anything, I
usually find a way
to do it; and one
learns by hard ex-
perience that if one
takes the advice of

this or that friend, one ends by sitting at
home when a delectable trip is planned.
So I waved all objectors aside, and,
though smiled upon in some cases and
almost sneered at in others, I set forth
as I determined, trusting to Heaven that
it would not pour rain on that first even-
ing out, so that my ardor, as well as my
clothes, would be instantly dampened,
and I would appear rather ridiculous to
the few people who saw us off.

But it did not rain, and for an after-
noon in late July it was gloriously cool.
So, said Jim and I, the Fates were with
us; we had won at least the favor of the
gods.

Like every great city, New York is
not easy to get out of. It is like nothing
so much as a huge scrambled egg, or a
monstrous piece of dough that not only
covers the dish, but runs over the sides
of it; and you can ride seemingly forever
in the subway or on the elevated road
and still be within the confines of this
mighty place, and wonder, like the old
lady who was standing in a train to the
Bronx, if anybody had a home. "Ain't
nobody ever goin' to get out?" you
remember she asked at length, weary of
hanging on a strap.

Beyond the Queensboro' Bridge there
is a flat and desolate-enough-looking

stretch of roadway, partly artificial; a piece of land that was put there for purposes of utility only, so that motorists, pedestrians, and trolley passengers may make as speedy an exit as possible from the roaring town. You wonder

Moreover, we had no sooner begun to lurch down the line, crushed in with dozens of working people on their tired way home, than we discovered we had taken the wrong car. Instead of going straight to Flushing, we were on



"And such clam chowder as it was!"

the way to Corona, which I had vaguely heard of once or twice, with no real knowledge as to where it was. We found we could transfer there, and would not waste so much time, after all.

It gives you a feeling of extreme youth to be lost so near a city where you have always lived, and Jim and I could not help laughing at what we called an "ex-

perience." I was glad we had made the mistake, for at the cross-roads, if the inhabitants of Corona will forgive me for calling two intersecting streets of their humming little town that, I ran into a young fellow standing on the corner who regaled me, as we waited for our car, with the gossip of the village. He had knowledge of every motion-picture star in the world, it seemed, and he loved talking about them. There were prize-fights—amateur ones, of course—about every evening, and he himself had taken part in many a tussle, and was so proud of his strength that he invited me to put my hand on his arm to convince me of the iron sinews therein. I must say that, having done so, I would have staked all I had on him in any bout. He was of that lithe, panther-like type which is so swift in the ring, and he told me so many happy little stories of himself as a pugilist that Jim and I took quite a fancy to him, and even went so far as to ask him to dine with us at Whitestone Landing, whither we were bound. He had one of those engagingly simple personalities that win you at once, and he said he would like to come, oh, very much indeed, but he had dined sometime ago (people in the country always seem to sit down to "supper" at five o'clock or

how anything could be quite so forlorn. It is as sad as an old torn calico skirt; and to add to the sadness, a café or two that once might have proved an oasis in this wasteland stares at you with unseeing eyes. The blinds have long since been closed, and the windows are mere ghostly sockets. Lights used to gleam from them at evening; but now the old gilt signs that told of cool and refreshing beer dip in the dusk, and hang as a king's crown might hang from his head after the Bolsheviki had marched by. It gives one a sense of departed glory. There is a tatterdemalion effect in these suspended haunts of revelry that brings a sigh to the lips. Nothing is so tragic as these innocent deserted road-houses, save possibly a table filled with empty wine-glasses after a night of festivity—and the knowledge that there is no more wine in your cellar.

Let me make my first confession right here and now. I must pause to tell the anguishing truth that, disheartened at once by this bleak prospect, and knowing that Flushing, with its pretty main street and park would quickly delight our spirits, Jim and I boarded a packed trolley so that we might speedily pass this wretched jumble of nothing at all.

so) and, well, ahem! he did n't quite know what he— And he started to step back from the curb where he had been talking, and glanced over his shoulder so many times that finally my eye followed his, and I saw what I should have seen before—a pretty girl, of course. And of course she was waiting for him.

And what did he care about two stupid strangers and their fine shore dinner when he had this up his sleeve all the while? I told him how sorry I was that we had detained him even a second. He smiled that winning smile of his, darted across the road, and seized his girl around the waist in the tightest and most unashamed squeeze I have ever seen, and was off down the street, his very back expressing his happiness.

Well, Bill Hennessy, I 'll never see you again in this mixed-up world, but I certainly wish you well, and if our paths ever do cross again, I hope to see several strapping little Hennessys around you.

Our trolley came at just the right moment thereafter, for we felt strangely lonely there on the corner, with Bill and his joy gone down the street, and as we sagged into Flushing we grew hungrier and hungrier. Yet we determined we would walk through the scented dark to Whitestone Landing. Bill had told us the exact road to take; said he 'd often walked there, and now I knew with whom!

It was all he said it was, a lover's lane to make the most jaded happy. A path for pedestrians ran beside the main road most of the way, soft to the feet, and

peaceful in the enveloping night. The moon had come out brilliantly, and the sky was studded with stars. It was getting on to nine o'clock, and, except for once when I camped out in Canada, I did n't know where our beds would be that night. It 's a glorious sensation, such ignorance. We were aware that country taverns closed early, as a rule, off the beaten tracks; but this only added zest to our leisurely walk.

It took us much more than an hour to reach Whitestone Landing, which is right on the water, and we found a place kept by a Norwegian woman; not very much of a place, I must admit. There were ugly portraits on the wall of unbelievably ugly ancestors; but when you have come several miles on foot, and suddenly emerge from the darkness feeling very tired and hungry, almost any light in any window is thrillingly beautiful to you.

"It 's pretty late for supper," was her greeting, and our hearts sank; but she must have seen that we were woefully disappointed. A hopeful "but" immediately fell from her lips. "But



"I was awakened . . . by the crowing of a cock"

maybe I can— Say, do you like hamburger steak and French fried potatoes and clam chowder?"

Did we? We followed her right into her cozy and clean kitchen, where her husband sat in placid ease, as the husbands of so many landladies sit always, and the odor of that ascending grease—how shall I ever forget it? It smelt as I hope heaven will smell.

And such clam chowder as it was! Thick, juicy, succulent, it dripped down our throats like a sustaining nectar, some paradisaical liquid that an angel must have evolved and mixed. I dream of having again some day in a certain Paris café a soup that thrilled me when I first tasted of its wonder; but never, never will anything equal, I am convinced now, Mme. Bastiensen's clam chowder.

We were given beds that night—and how good the sheets felt!—for the infinitesimal sum (do not gasp, dear reader!) of one dollar each. And the next morning I was awakened, only a few miles from rushing Manhattan, by the crowing of a cock; and when I looked from my window, happily energetic as I had not been for many mornings, I saw wild roses climbing over a fence, and caught glimpses of the gleaming little bay, with rowboats out even this early. Whitestone Landing is a place of house-boats. I had some friends once, I remembered, who lived on one all summer, and commuted to the city from it. There is a boat-house, with a bathing-pavilion here, and a little steamer plies between Whitestone and Clason Point every half-hour, and excursionists go over for picnics under the trees, with heavy lunch-baskets and half a dozen children at their sides.

Jim and I determined to get an early start, and after a breakfast that was almost as good as our supper of the evening before (nothing could ever taste quite so fine), we set off for Bayside by a back road, which Mr. Bastiensen roused himself sufficiently to tell us of. He was a pale, weak-eyed, blond little man, who seemed resentful of most visitors, though common sense should have told him that they were exceedingly necessary if he was to continue his life of large leisure.

Now, there is nothing I like more than a back road, particularly in these days of hurry and scurry, and it was a perfect morning to walk anywhere. The air was like wine, it was not a bit hot, and we made such an early start that we met few travelers, and none at all on foot for some time. The road curved, after we passed a little bridge, and woods on the right almost lured us exploringly into them. We did venture to go out of our way to see the dewdrops on the leaves, but as the sun was kindly that morning and could not, in July, be depended upon to remain so, we thought it better to get along. A farmer was tilling the ground near by, and the smell of the earth was good to our nostrils, poor paving-stone slaves that we were; and out in a vast potato patch the rest of the farmer's family were bending over the plants, as serene as if they were hundreds of miles from anywhere. Here the road turned charmingly, and Jim and I were positively singing at our taste of exultant liberty, drinking in our joy, and wondering why we had never thought of coming out like this before. Suddenly, directly around the turning, two strange-looking men came running toward us, swinging their arms in fiendish fashion. They were hatless and coatless, and their shirts, as they came nearer, were seen to be open at the throat. They kept close together, and one of them was huge beyond belief, while the other was smallish and not given to quite the frantic gesticulations of his comrade.

"Maniacs!" I whispered to Jim, not a little alarmed; and it seemed to me I had read that there was an asylum somewhere near this spot, though on second thoughts it was only a military fort. Nevertheless, to see two men running amuck this early of a morning, confounded us, and we thought we had better get out of their way.

I could see that Jim was as uncomfortably frightened as I, though he would not say so. As the strangers came nearer, he dodged to one side, as did I; and then, as they passed us without even a glance in our direction, we both burst out laughing.

"A prize-fighter, with his trainer, practising shadow-boxing!" cried Jim,

who knows a lot about such things. "And I'll swear it was Dempsey."

"I don't believe it," I answered, rather ashamed of my inability to recognize such a celebrity of the ring. "At any rate, I'm sure of one thing."

"What's that?"

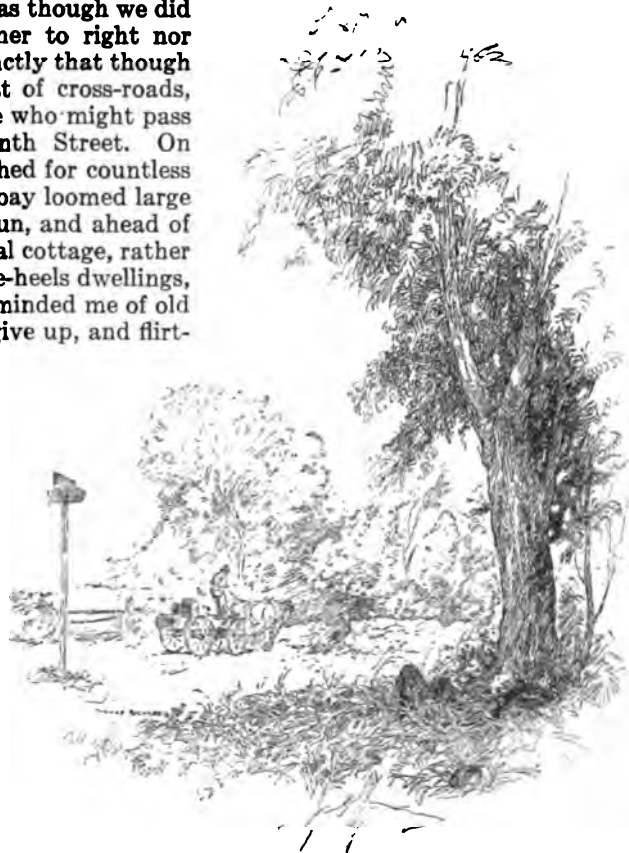
"It was n't Jack Johnson." And I had to hurry ahead, for fear Jim would give me a pugilistic punch.

Having met two pedestrians, we of course immediately met two more; just as, when you go down a lonely stretch of road in a car, through some mysterious process three or four machines will suddenly find themselves bunched together at the most narrow and inconvenient spot. This time they were a pair of stout young women, in sweaters of some heavy material, puffing and blowing up a little rise of land, most obviously striving to reduce their girth. *Il faut souffrir pour être belle!* They were not a whit embarrassed at running into us,—not literally, thank Heaven!—and went on their mad way as though we did not exist, turning neither to right nor left. I remember distinctly that though this was at the loneliest of cross-roads, a sign informed any one who might pass that this was Fourteenth Street. On one side the farm stretched for countless acres; on the other the bay loomed large and mirror-like in the sun, and ahead of us was only an occasional cottage, rather threadbare, down-at-the-heels dwellings, some of them, which reminded me of old coquettes unwilling to give up, and flirt-

ing with any passer-by. Fourteenth Street, to any New-Yorker, conjures up the picture of a busy thoroughfare; and so this sign of blue and white, hanging above an empty stretch of overgrown weeds, brought a smile to my lips. It was on Fourteenth Street, as a child, that I had been taken to see Santa Claus in a department-store window; and always the figure is associated in my mind with dense crowds in holiday spirits, with confetti and other gay reminders of Christmas.

It was at another turning that we came in sight of Fort Totten, while across the water Fort Schuyler stood serenely and firmly, and I knew that City Island wandered out into the sound a little farther up on the other side, close to Hart's Island.

I wanted to go to Fort Totten; but we were in no hurry, and I imagined that it must be time for luncheon. True



"Idleness and I"

to our compact, we had n't looked at our watches or asked the time along the road. But we had been going steadily for three or four hours, I was certain, and Jim suggested that we sit under a tree for a while. The sun was fast mounting the heavens, and I found, at a cross-roads, just the spot for a still hour or so. We had brought some sandwiches along, and there was a glen below from which I could hear the water gushing. To linger a bit would be delightful. I had not loafed for so long that it would be quite an adventure now. As I dreamed on the grass, I began to think in rhyme, as one often does when there is n't a thing in the world to worry about; and before I knew it I had made this simple song to fit my mood:

All the drowsy afternoon,
 Idleness and I
 Dreamed beneath a spreading tree,
 Looking at the sky.
 Ah, we let the weary world
 Like a cloud drift by!

When had Idleness and I
 Taken such a trip?
 When had we put by before
 Heavy staff and scrip,
 Meeting on a summer day
 In such fellowship?

Long and long ago, may be,
 I had dared to look
 For a whole glad sleepy day
 In a rushing brook,
 Reading in the haunted page
 Of the earth's green book.

Then, forgetting what I found
 In the volume old,
 I returned from solitude
 Where the shadows fold,
 Seeking what the foolish seek—
 Empty joy and gold.

Now, grown wise, I crave again
 Just the simple sky
 And the quiet things I loved
 In the years gone by.
 We are happy all day long,
 Idleness and I.

(To be continued)



When Labor-Unions Guarantee Production

By WILLIAM L. CHENERY



RODUCTION is a matter of world-wide concern. The nations involved in the war have not been able since the armistice to restore human productivity sufficiently to satisfy human need. So serious is the situation that Great Britain last year authorized a parliamentary commission to investigate ways of increasing the output of the nation's industry. In the United States, as abroad, workers are commonly held responsible for the scarcity which in part explains high prices. It is said frequently that war wages have resulted in a restriction of work. What reply do trade-unionists make to such charges? Are they alive to popular need? Do they care about the public? In part these questions have received a notable answer from the large organization of clothing-makers.

Ten years ago the clothing industry was, from the point of view of human welfare, one of the worst in the country. Hours were long. Wages were so low that according to governmental investigations the average worker earned much less than the necessary cost of living at the lowest level. The trade was seasonal; it still is to a certain extent. That meant weeks of furious work night and day, followed by weeks of idleness. Conditions were so bad that only the newest immigrants—Russian Jews and Italians—were attracted in large numbers to it. Some of the most desolate pictures of American industrial life were drawn in the garment industry. The plight of women seemed peculiarly terrible. Investigation seemed to show that by no conceivable exertion could many classes of workers hope to earn living wages. The industry was largely unorganized; the workers were impotent to help themselves. Moreover, it was highly competitive. Rivalry between

manufacturers was so sharp that the unscrupulous employer was able to rule the market. If the public-spirited manufacturer attempted to pay living wages and to provide decent conditions, he was underbid by competitors. The situation was desperate. At times the workers protested against their misery by blind strikes. Absolutism, broken by anarchy and challenged occasionally by revolution, was the industrial rule.

During the winter of 1910 a long and wasteful strike took place in the Chicago market. It was lost by the workers. When it was all over, a big Chicago manufacturer decided to make an experiment. This manufacturer told a friend that he wanted to leave his industry a little better than he found it. So his firm decided to permit the employees of their shops to organize for joint dealing with the company. At the same time Sidney Hillman, then a young cutter employed by the firm, became convinced that if he were free he could organize the workers. He discussed the matter with a young Italian. The Italian was a better tailor. His earnings were larger than Hillman's. Consequently, he offered to work and to share his wages with Hillman while the latter persuaded the workers to unite. As a matter of history, the Italian, A. D. Marimpietri, was not called on to make the sacrifice, but his willingness showed the idealism which animated both the employers and the workers at the start of the venture. Gradually, from that beginning a system of industrial government grew up. Each shop chose its representative. These, with the foremen, composed a board. Arbitrators were added. Finally all industrial matters were passed on by a legislative group representing jointly the firm and the workers. In addition judicial machinery was set up. The firm

surrendered the power to discharge its employees. Any worker had the right to a hearing before his relations with the company were severed. The firm had to get rid of its superintendent, who was trained under an earlier code, before the new system worked successfully, but that was done. Finally all questions of wages was transferred to this representative board. The remarkable thing was the prosperity which better industrial relations brought the company. Material success sealed with its stamp of approval what had been an adventure in idealism.

During the next years many things happened. Men who had achieved much in Chicago, and others in New York, became the nucleus around which a new union was formed. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America came into existence, and the machinery for industrial legislation and industrial justice, which was born in the Chicago factory of a man who generously wanted to do something for his industry, was established in the principal clothing markets of the United States and Canada. Not only has that happened, but the manufacturers in various cities have combined, and finally a national market through which all the manufacturers can deal with the organized workers has been created. Not the least significant aspect of this development has been the calling of university men into the clothing industry. Both as labor managers for the employers and as impartial chairmen of boards representing manufacturers and unions they have served. In Baltimore no less a person than President F. J. Goodnow of Johns Hopkins University has aided. In Chicago Professor James H. Tufts, head of the department of philosophy at the University of Chicago; Dean Willard E. Hotchkiss and Professor A. J. Todd of the University of Minnesota; and Professor Earl Dean Howard of Northwestern University are working for the garment industry.

The union was conceived in weakness. In part it was the by-product of a lost strike. It lived by the tolerance of a public-spirited employer. It has earned strength and, in many places, friendship. This was gaily illustrated in Chicago not

long ago. A son of the Chicago employer mentioned before is himself one of the owners of his father's firm. A dispute arose in a shop where the son happened to be employed. The union decided to call him as its witness. The young man testified. He completely identified himself with the union in that contest—so completely, indeed, that some time later, when he met one of the delegates, he asked eagerly, "Did we win?" forgetful for the moment that he was one of the proprietors and therefore not on the side of the union.

With its strength, the organization has kept very generally the good-will of the mass of employers. The reason is to be found in the genuine service which the union can render. During the last year of the war there was an actual shortage of garment-workers. Manufacturers were bidding against one another for workers. Had the union cared only for immediate advantage, wages might have been sky-rocketed. The labor cost was passed on to the consumer in the form of increased prices. As long as demand exceeded the supply, no limit was in sight. But the officers of the union refused to permit manufacturers to "steal" labor from one another. Wage rates were fixed by boards representing the manufacturers and the union. Sometimes an employer would secretly raise the rate above that which had been fixed; in that way workers could be lured from one shop to another. But a system of that kind was industrial anarchy. It made few clothes. The loss of a few essential workers might almost paralyze the organization of a shop. Consequently, again and again the union leaders stepped in and by union discipline compelled their members to return to the shop from which they had been drawn, and at the same time they compelled the return of the excess wages. The reason was, as Hillman and his associates put it, "we cannot permit the industry to be destroyed. If our agreements are not kept both by us and by the employers, the entire organization we have built up may be destroyed."

Another curious development, akin to this, has been the changed attitude of manufacturers toward the organization.

Rochester, for example, was one of the last of the important markets to be organized. There the manufacturers, although they had signed a general agreement with the union, were somewhat distrustful of business agents. They preferred to deal with their own employees. But as the labor scarcity advanced, they found that dealing with their own employees was not altogether satisfactory. Professor William M. Leiserson of Toledo University, who is the impartial chairman at Rochester, discovered that manufacturers were insisting on the visits of union business agents. As Professor Leiserson said:

They found that a shop chairman, one of their own employees, was not strong enough to tell a fellow-worker he was wrong when the facts justified it. The shop chairman has to go back and work with the man against whom he decided. He does not like to have to face that. Consequently employers insisted "on getting service from the business agent." The outsider saw the problem from a broader view. He had in mind conditions elsewhere. As a result he was able to render a wiser decision. Finally he would not be annoyed by having personal differences with a worker against whom he had decided. That factor is so important that manufacturers who have had experience prefer to have an outsider adjust their shop difficulties.

An analogous change has taken place in the union itself. So long as no arrangements bind employers and workers, the organizer is the important person in the union. The organizer, of necessity, is an agitator. His business is to make speeches and to make promises. In the garment industry it has been found that, after an agreement had been obtained, one of two things happened. The organizers either learned the new trade of negotiation, or else they were supplanted by others more adapted to the new responsibility. In politics it is well known that the campaign orator is often a poor administrator, and so it is in industry. The agitator, trained only to vague phrases, makes promises which cannot be fulfilled if he is not able to learn the second art of bargaining. Consequently, the members who have been disappointed at his failure turn

against him. Such, at any rate, has been the experience of the clothing trade.

For a long time, however, the union officially took no clear and unequivocal action in this general field of discipline and output. What was done was mainly the result of the judgment of the general officers when specific situations were presented. At the national convention held in May, the officers of the great clothing-makers' organization determined to challenge the views of their union. Production was made the question. When it was brought up, the assembly in Ford Hall surged with excitement. The union was at the crest of a still-rising wave of power. In the old days, all remembered, the industry had been "sweated." Men, women, and children had been driven to toil long hours of the day and night to eke out a wretched living. But conditions had been changed. To the workers had come recognized equality, if not mastery, in the industry. How would they choose to use their power?

Inside the convention exulting pride over remarkable achievements expressed itself. Since the beginning of the World War a veritable revolution had been brought about in their industry. Six years had sufficed to bring pauper wages up to the comfort level. Hours, immemorably long, had been shortened almost to those of the office classes. The old task system, with piece-work speeded to the pace of the most dexterous, had been largely abandoned. Week work, with regular salaries, had been substituted. The standard of living of clothing-makers had been enormously raised. Of these things delegates talked. But outside other voices were audible. The new comfort of the men and women who make most of the ready-to-wear clothing for men and boys in the United States and Canada had been accompanied by slackened production in places, manufacturers were asserting. Clothing-makers, no longer driven by the goad of necessity, were not exerting themselves to the full, it was charged. Production, some said, had been badly reduced.

The union, these continued, was protecting loafers. Yet the world was crying aloud for greater production. Scarcity and high prices bred discontent. By greater production, prices must be re-

duced. Human energy must compensate for the destruction of war. Would the clothing-makers, in the hour of their triumph, hear also these appeals of public need?

Deliberately the leaders brought up the question. They courted the expression of opposition. Sidney Hillman, president of this organization of more than 175,000 workers, is a boyish-looking man in the early thirties. Fifteen years ago he was a student of chemistry in Russia. To-day ninety per cent. of the clothing-makers of the industry look to him for leadership. He risked the chance of alienating his great following when he pressed the question of production, for clothing-makers remember the old task system with such hatred that to propose standards of production seemed to savor of the condition they call "slavery." Courage was required to confront that instinctive opposition; yet Hillman did not hesitate. He is sensitive to the need of lightening the load which the consuming public of every land in Christendom is now bearing. Even more keenly, perhaps, he feels the need to establish right relationships in the industry. Consequently, he forced forward the question of production. He minced no words when he said:

I believe that what is understood by week work is the privilege of the individual to lay down on the job if he so desires. I am here to face facts as they are—the privilege of one individual to invite a struggle against the organization.

The organization cannot check the individual unless there is a record and a standard. If you say to the individual worker, "Why do you lay down?" while there is no recognized standard, he says: "Brother President, what is a fair day's work? I believe making two pockets a day is a fair day's work." And then a brother jumps up and says, "Brother Chairman, how about the revolution, are n't we a progressive organization?"

Naturally, if you will come to our members and ask, "Do you want week work with a standard or week work without a standard?" they will accept the morale that is prevailing in society to-day to do as little as possible for as much as they can get. That is the morale prevailing to-day. But if you come to them and say this: "Do you want the

organization to make further progress?" the answer will be different.

We do not want an organization to protect a few individuals. No organization is strong enough to fight and ruin an industry. If power to organize labor means the power to abuse the industry, I say to you no organization can last. These are problems we have not created. They are here, and we must solve them. I appeal to you for the sake of the organization as a whole, for the sake of the organized and the unorganized, for the sake of the labor movement, to say to the employers and to say to the public that we want standards for our people, standards of health, standards of living, standards of working conditions, and we are ready to establish standards of production.

Hillman was not alone. Other trusted leaders of the union stood firmly on the same ground. Joseph Schlossberg, the general secretary, an older man and long famous among trade-unionists as a philosophical socialist, threw the weight of his influence into the struggle for production standards. He said:

We have abolished absolutism. It is now our responsibility to establish order. The industry is ours. It yields us our livelihood. We can have no chaos in it except to our own injury. We have now reached a point where we must regulate and rationalize the methods of work. We are all agreed that piece work is injurious to health and shortens our lives. We are unanimous regarding the desirability of week work. We ask a given amount of money—say fifty dollars a week—for the normal worker. On what basis? What constitutes a normal worker? How much work must one do in order to be entitled to the normal wage? You cannot have a sound week-work system without a clear and definite answer to these questions. We have the power and the intelligence; let us also have the courage to solve this problem right.

The convention did solve it right. Without dissent a resolution calling upon the general officers to negotiate with employers for the establishment of reasonable standards of production was passed. In doing that, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America established a precedent for all trade-unionists. In the hour of their triumph, at the time when a supposed shortage of labor provided a

bulwark for a strong organization, behind which it might with temporary safety have pursued almost any course, right or wrong, the clothing-makers deliberately elected to use their own strength to discipline their members. The union refused to shield loafers. It counted slacking as sabotage against the industry. Like journeymen artisans in the simpler days of handicraft production, these modern workers became the guardians of excellence and efficiency. This pioneering, novel as it is in the annals of modern industry, was none the less but the natural product of a remarkable development which has taken place in the manufacture of men's clothing. For ten years events have been leading up to such a dénouement. That decade records an actual change in the lives of hundreds of thousands not less basic than the social revolution so much a matter of conversation and of fear during these latter years.

In these years of change, this union of newer immigrants, for the clothing-makers are still predominantly Jewish and Italian, have achieved great things. They have lifted the level of life for all who engaged in the trade. All workers on the average got far less in 1914 than the lowest sum which the New York Factory Commission estimated to be necessary for the support of a family. Last year, on the other hand, about eighty per cent. of the New York workers earned between thirty-five and fifty dollars a week, while in Baltimore and in Chicago about eighty per cent. earned between fifteen and forty-five dollars a week. In 1914 less than fifteen per cent. of the workers earned over twenty dollars a week in any of the cities for which facts are obtainable. Socially that is a great gain. It means that the children of men who in former years could not escape hunger and squalor will have a better chance at healthy life. Simultaneously with the increase in earnings has come a shortening of hours, so that the eight-hour day, with the Saturday half-holiday, is the normal working period in the men's and boys' clothing industry.

The problem now being attacked by

the union is that of unemployment. During all the years since the manufacture of clothing has been an important industry, seasons of work have been followed by periods of idleness. It used to be said that this was inevitable. The leaders of the clothing-workers are now applying their minds to that issue.

They think that unemployment may be found to be like work accidents. As long as injury and death in industrial employment were the hazards to be faced personally by individual workers, progress in the reduction of accidents was slight. But when, with workmen's compensation, industry began paying for the damage it did to human beings, safety first became a national slogan. Similarly, when unemployment is seen to be a tax to be paid by an entire industry and not by the workers alone, methods of preventing recurrent periods of intense production and of idleness may be discovered. The union is now parleying with the associations of manufacturers on this matter. Insurance against unemployment is the immediate object in sight. The bigger goal is the attainment of regular work. That promises enormous benefits to workers, to manufacturers, and to the great public. For so long as industry asks for enough workers to meet its heaviest demands, there must at other times be idle machinery and idle men and, consequently, expensive production. The public pays for that, in the end, in many direct and indirect ways. The prevention of irregular production is the prevention of unemployment. It is an object of enormous importance, as much to consumers as it is to workers. The clothing-makers are seeking its solution because they have assumed an obligation to their industry. Enfranchised economically now to a degree almost unprecedented, they acknowledge their responsibility to serve the public as well as to better their own conditions. They are willing even to think, and as a start they have begun with production. They are spokesmen thus of the new day in industry.

The Solvent

By DAVID CHURCHILL

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe



On the seaward shoulders of the Cascades, looking down upon Puget Sound, there are yet reaches of virgin forest which have never been logged or touched by fires. For all the centuries the sea-winds have loaded them with moisture, the long days of the Northern summers have filled their dim recesses with a tropic growth of fern, vine, maple, and brier. There are within them mountain torrents and quiet pools where rainbow trout play undisturbed. There are vistas from some fold in the hills that end with distant sea-shine to the south and west, and the snows that never melt to the north and east. There are dim forest paths between impenetrable jungles of crisscrossed, fallen tree-boles, matted with vines—paths that follow the contours of the land and end in water, paths as old as the great firs which have made their silent carpets of needles, their green twilight.

The woods people, two-footed and four, who shared these silent forest aisles have almost vanished. The mystery, the enchantment remain. For those who can endure, those whom its vastness, its lonely grandeur do not terrify, it remains the roof-tree of a race whose childhood, never to be fulfilled, reaches pathetically down the ages to our own time. It remains for those bred from the loins of a hardier race.

Lars Selzjiord was a poet, although a dumb one. That he was also a timber-cruiser for the Northwestern Lumber Company was not accident. Almost from the moment of his landing in Seattle, whither he had come from Norway by the Suez, the mighty ramparts of the Cascade Mountains shining far back of the city had called to him with a voice not to be denied.

Labor was scarce then; we had gone to war and needed masts and spars of

Douglas fir. The red Norseman could wield an ax like his forbears, and because his six feet four of brawn was quickened by that nervous energy which flowered into imagination within him he cut two masts to one of the plodders. As logger he soon could select with unerring instinct the sound spar timber.

With every swing of his ax Selzjiord loved this land more, and when he came down to Seattle to bank his first pay he filed his first naturalization papers. He was twenty-one then. His dream had taken form: in the fastnesses of those hills only a little below the everlasting snows he would build his roof-tree and rear his race.

He passed by the Scandinavian banks and deposited what seemed to him a small fortune in the American Trust Company. English he had been taught in the schools of his district in Norway, and it was American grammar, history, and biography he bought now. He had taken our land to his Norse heart and Norse imagination. He went back to the mountains as timber-cruiser. It was an advance, and it gave him the freedom of the forests, the chance to select at his leisure the savage and untamed estate that his youth craved. He was in no hurry; the woman's face and the urge of love were nothing yet but a dim glory in the background of his mind.

Selzjiord had cruised two years before he saw the woman. She was waiting in a restaurant in Seattle, down on Pike Street, the Golden Potlatch. He knew her before he had taken the second step inside the door. She was standing with her back toward him, giving an order to the cook in the open kitchen, and the two braids of her hair, each as thick as his wrist, hung down her straight back below the waist and ended in a curl. Her hair shone under the skylight of the kitchen like redly burnished brass. His quick apprehension made him hold his

breath as she turned, with a filled tray uplifted; but it was all right. Her face went with those braids, he thought. It called him by every instinct rooted in his blood, that fair, ruddy Norse face, with wide eyes, as clear and blue as a fiord, shadowed by lashes and brows as fair as the braids. The brows held a trick of drawing with intent interest in what she did.

He watched her place the order before a customer, take another, standing back, her neck arched to catch the speech he knew must still be a little strange to her. He decided she must be from the city, Christiania probably; there was an air about her, the way she wore her white uniform and enveloping apron. She looked to be about seventeen, was tall and as well-grown as a fir-tree, he thought. Then he made his way to her table.

It is useless to say that love knows no boundaries of climate or of speech. No American girl would have stood for that wooing, or so the other waitresses, with their varied accents, averred. Elsa Svendsen liked it. He took his seat and gave his order, looking directly at her without seeming to see her; yet she knew that he had looked at her before or he could not have done it. She was used to startle men. Only the one-armed doughboy dared shield his eyes and make light of her dazzling fairness, and he did not count except as a diversion. She knew that Selzjiord had watched her from the door and selected her table deliberately, and she liked that. She liked everything about him from his well-laced ankles, in their hobbled logger's boots, to his blue-and-gray plaid mackinaw, his apricot-colored tie showing a trifle underneath his coat. His hands, broadened by the ax, were well-kept, for men may not handle Douglas fir without gloves. Its splinters are dangerous, and the bark stings like nettles. She was pleased that his nails were neat, but not manicured and pink, like some of the small-waisted clerks that came to eat sandwiches and pudding and to ogle.

His eyes were lighter than hers, more intensely blue, with dark rims about the iris. They were hard to face sometimes, she later found; but what really startled her, recurred oftenest to her and drew

her eyes again and again despite herself, was the whiteness of his forehead. The rest of his face was ruddy and wind-blown. That he kept his beard clean-shaven was evident by an even sunburn, but his forehead above the line of his hat threw her into a panic. It glistened below the moist, crinkly hair that edged it at the corners with little flat spirals—hair warmer-toned than hers, almost an orange in the light.

"You got the red Norseman," one of the waitresses taunted her as they stood at the kitchen counter.

"He 's a tightwad," another volunteered.

"No, he ain't, Mame," the first denied, "give him a chanct. Maybe 'is new 'finity 'll catch him with the coils and he 'll loosen up. They say he splashed a whole buck that time he fed a bunch of doughboys."

"A whole buck! And him with ten a day, if he gets a bean!"

She took her tray. Elsa took hers,—the fair lashes drawn over eyes suddenly grown black,—and carried Selzjiord his order. A man at the table remarked as she turned away:

"And her name is Elsa."

Selzjiord seemed to ignore this; the man was one-armed and in khaki.

"Just a little face-paint, burnt cork, and we 'd have Elsa of Brabant waiting on us," the man went on below his breath as she returned with his meat carefully cut. It was then, with him, that she first saw the eyes that were difficult to face. Before the blaze in them the doughboy got up from his seat as though to leave, his good left arm half derisively on guard; but the girl went on about her business, and Selzjiord smiled. The man sat down again. To atone, Selzjiord made him talk, and the upshot was a job at which a one-armed man might make good in the company mills up at Robe, in the foothills of the Cascades.

It was Elsa Svendsen's evening to stay till ten. She was tired, and the girls had teased her meanly; there had been no tip from the red Norseman. When she came upon him waiting for her at the corner she was inclined to ignore him. There was nothing like that in Selzjiord's vocabulary. He took her arm and laid

hold of her wrist. She let him, dumbly, take her home to her aunt's house on the hill, a mansion fallen into the uses of a rooming-house. In its dim, gas-lit hall Elsa Svendsen glowed like a visiting seraph. She wished him to stay, yet she was afraid of the purpose in his face. Besides, there was no room except the hall, and no chair in the hall. The parlor was audibly occupied by her two little cousins and her aunt, all sound asleep beyond the folding-door.

Selzjiord understood this. He had expected something like it; so he was brief. From his pocket he drew a parcel of tissue-paper, and out of it took what she thought was a silver chain, as delicate as threadwork, with a wine-colored stone caught at long intervals in its meshes. When he fastened it about her neck, she stood without motion other than the vibrations of her heart, which shook her from head to foot.

The chain slipped down inside the thick, white blouse of her uniform and rolled back from the splendid curves of her neck till it was hidden. He smiled at her with quick satisfaction that it was so, and then he took her in his arms, slowly, inexorably, while she faced bravely, but with dilated eyes, the young radiance in his that almost blinded her.

Twice more Selzjiord saw her at intervals of a month; then, when the vine maples that creep and twine themselves with the firs had set the forests aflame, he came to tell her he had laid the foundations of their house. He had found a wedge of virgin forest, four hundred acres or thereabout, that had escaped the big companies. He was clearing it next the little stream that would be theirs.

Elsa listened. She was under a spell. What did she know of forests! Twice in Norway she had been out with a party of young people, up the hills to the seters when the cheese was all made in the autumn, and there was dancing. When Lars Selzjiord told her that he and the doughboy were building the great log-house he had planned, she assented with resignation. The poor child was desperately lonely between his visits, and miserably restless when she was with him. Yet nothing could have made her give him up; she loved him with all the desperate fatality of her youth and her

race. The spring, when he would come for her, would never be. The months were eternities, the days lead-footed and full of small irritations that were tortures. Her aunt's old-fashioned insistence on a great dower-chest, and her own fingers that would not sew because they fluttered on the thought of him, drove her almost mad.

In June they were married, and he took her up the mountain to their home, by train to Robe, and thence over a skid road, four miles on foot, to the generous log-house, the roof-tree Selzjiord.

ELSA watched her husband adjust his stride to the rhythmic swaying of the saw over his shoulder. Down with the downward bend of the long, shining band he set his feet; up with the rebound of it he lifted them. The fifteen-foot saw was a load for two men, but Lars Selzjiord did not notice that. At the turn of the skid road he broke step to look back at Elsa, standing before the door of their house, the light of early morning upon her, the tall firs behind her. When he had gone a few rods down his way, Elsa could no longer see his face clearly; it was as dark as a cave where he stood. His stalwart presence was dwarfed. It merged into the purple shadows, though she saw the gleam of his saw. The shine of his sky-blue eyes laid heavy longing upon her.

"Lars!" she called, her full voice resonant of loneliness, affection, appeal, and longing. She was unaware of anything but that he was leaving her again for hours that held intolerable emptiness and dread—the dread of the endless silence of the fir forest, its sinister noises, dread of her own revolt.

Lars waved his free hand, but she could not see. Her eyes were blurred with tears of angry, terrified disappointment.

"Dees marrying," she thought in her broken English, "he iss no goot for me. I hate heem!"

She entered the house and closed the massive door, with its strap hinges of hammered brass. She locked and barred it with the bar of polished wood, shot home the pin, and then laid her face against the bar. She was terrified at the storm that threatened the very decencies of life: she had almost run after him,



"It was then, with him, that she first saw the eyes that were difficult to face"

begging him to put his arms around her and kiss her! Face and throat were crimson with shame.

She looked out at the somber ranks of fir-trees crowding the clearing; the sun would not rise above their tops for hours yet. Lars had promised a glimpse of the sea when the clearing should be finished, but that would be months, years. She had been down the road to where it turned abruptly at a precipice over

which the wild rhododendrons tumbled in a ruffle of rose-colored bloom. It seemed to her at that moment that if she could reach those flowers without going through the twilight path, she would be saved from all the nameless horrors that beset her. But she did not dare the path without her husband. There was a bunch of the flowers in the fireplace, falling now from their calyxes. The one-armed doughboy who had been coming

up from Robe every day to help saw the big trees had brought them to his work, and Lars had brought them up to the house. She had not seen the boy; she had seen no one but her husband since the first day. The boy was through coming for a while; Lars could fell many of the trees alone.

She sat down before the fireplace and looked with sick eyes at the clustered flowers. She sank lower and lower on the thick rug she had loved in the big store in Seattle when she and Lars had gone to buy it. She had loved everything, and he had let her have her way without question. When she had first seen the house, with the afternoon sun upon it, its windows gleaming with clean panes, its brass hinges aglow, she had been delighted. The furnishings, brought up the skid road before the snow had gone, fitted perfectly between the substantial pieces Lars himself had made, polished, and waxed. The whole interior, generous, substantial, had the satisfying air of permanence that gave her life a new dignity from the start. Yet now she lay her full length and wondered how long a girl could suffer so and live. There were aspects of her life she dared not face. One was the desperate need of the visible symbols of affection which Lars did not offer her. Her youth had a noble shame that would not let her surmise either deficiency in herself or in him. Sometimes it seemed to her he had a purpose in withholding; to make her "care more," she would have put it. Yet that was sheer cruelty; she cared so much that it was like a physical hurt. That was the trouble, she told herself sadly; she cared, she had always cared, and he had known it. She tried to remember why she had allowed him. How had he so easily cut out those others, "gar fine men, lots of dem. Hees eye' say, 'Mine voman'—like dat," she excused herself, sadly; "and like von fool, I let him t'ink—me, too."

Then her innate justice came to the rescue. She sat up.

"He is one grand man. He is de stronges'. I lof heem like—hell! But dees marrying!"

She fell to sobbing, first on her knees and then prone, her face on the hewn floor Lars had scraped and polished all

the long winter evenings. It was as smooth as a leaf of the rhododendrons, as the skin above his wrist, his forehead.

After a time she thought again of the rhododendrons in the sun at the edge of the precipice. Lars had promised to find some roots small enough to transplant, to block the edge of the raw cut where the clearing ended and the jungle began. Next spring, only next spring, she would be surrounded with bloom. She hated the jungle, the crossed and piled-up trees that Lars told her had fallen hundreds of years ago, decayed and decaying, feeding the roots of the giants that had triumphed, that still stood; nourishing the great brakes that waved above her head, and the briers that caught and threw her, that gouged her hands and tore her dress, when she tried to go beyond the clearing that first day. She had persisted, for the sun was shining and Lars was right there. She had surmounted a great fallen bole, and had daringly jumped fifteen feet down, to go on down, down between two other boles that crossed beneath, brier-covered, damp, and rotting to her clutch, filled with shining grubs and scabbling thousand-legged creatures. She shuddered as she remembered her scream for help and Lars's "Coo-ee!" as he leaped the log and lifted her. He had held her then for a moment, strongly, eagerly; but he had laughed at her city awkwardness and fear, and she had flung him off with anger. She had said much in the heat of her anger that she did not mean, and had forgotten at once. Since then he had kept his distance and an almost unbroken silence. She was afraid of him, afraid for their future.

Only that morning as they stood together at the door she had thought daringly. Before he took up the big saw to put it upon his shoulder she had been quite mad to throw her arms around him, to have him almost break her bones with his strength, to hold her as he had that first night of all. Her odd, quick anger rose in her. Other men had to be kept off, but here was her husband, like a stick! She pulled herself to her feet, sulky, superb, with the insolent certainty of eighteen.

"I haf been von tam fool," she reminded herself. "I kam too easy; he get me too easy."



"He was leaving her again for hours that held intolerable emptiness and dread"

She brought cloths now and dusted her windows, already as clear as crystal. She polished the mirror over the fireplace of field stone. She put a fresh tidy on the comfortable padded chair made of a barrel, which had been retained from bachelor days by her wish. The kitchen she treated with the same resentful thoroughness. Scouring sand and young, unused strength made it shine like her mother's kitchen in Norway.

"Eet iss bad I come dees country," she said heavily; "eet vas better I marry dat fella Haakon, like modder say."

Yet, curiously, she persisted in her broken English thoughts because Lars had asked her to do so. She had so proudly signed the marriage license that made Mrs. Lars Selzjord an American citizen!

With the blue dishes in a row above the table, she took a bowl of crumbs to the back step.

"Sigurd!" she called. "Aa, Sigurd!"

From under the edge of the stone step a toad put his head. His small, olive-gray face, with its goggle eyes, was oddly like a miniature bulldog's. His slow consideration of her crumbs made her angry. She threw them at him and went into the house. A moment later she turned from the stove to see him sprawled almost underfoot, his speckled legs, with their loose skin, clawing ineffectually at the floor. She had almost stepped on him. It was too much! The outlandish pet of her husband's long winter isolation typified the jungle to her. With the broom she swept him out violently, so that he fell a long distance from the door, a broken, helpless thing. She had to kill him, and she did, crying aloud as she buried him, like a child with some outrageous and unjust penance that cannot be evaded.

There was still her room to take care of. There were the beds to be made, which Lars had built to fit the springs he had brought up by sled. The gray blankets, as thick and silky as angora that he had brought from over the border; the old-country linen sheets her aunt had contributed; the pillow-slips trimmed with knitted lace—all made her heart ache with premonition of loss. There were no rugs yet on the bedroom floors. Lars had given her the money to buy

them, "first time out." It was too soon to go now; her aunt would be sharply inquisitive if she left Lars before the first month was over. The girls would laugh; she knew them. They had not dared laugh since that first day, but now they could. Her marriage had cut her off even from the girls.

Her miserable thoughts traveled. She might go to another city, Port Townsend or Whatcom. She could always earn her living as a waitress, for one week, two weeks, as long as she cared to stay. But how would Lars feel about it? And why was she planning to earn her living again? Lars had big contracts for his timber. Also he was in demand as a timber-cruiser or with logging. He knew how to boss men, she thought proudly.

With a heavy sigh she set out the lunch things on the speckless kitchen table and put the potatoes to brown. Then in sheer desperation she went out to the clearing before the house, where Lars had planted shortly before, and the potatoes were showing through the loam like dark-green roses. He had cleared the place thoroughly, stumps and all, and another year, he had told her, they would have a lawn, with roses, if she liked, and a little greenhouse outside the living-room. She thought it all over as one views a friend who has died. She could not go on living like this. There must be something about her that did not please him. He seemed to have forgotten that he ever loved her, ever kissed her, and murmured wonderful nothings to her hungry ears. What had she done? she asked herself, willing to atone if she only knew how.

She heard him coming up the skid road, and she slipped into the house to coil the braids around her head. He liked her hair that way, he had told her long since. While she pinned it in place she heard him splashing his head and hands in a basin outside the back door. She turned, listened, and then deliberately pulled out the pins, throwing back the heavy braids. When he entered, she was quietly dishing the lunch.

They ate in silence, and Elsa loved gay chatter. The eyes that Lars turned upon her once or twice might have been any thoughtful blue eyes; they chilled her like cold rain. On what should she talk

with him? Had she ever talked with him? Gossip there was none. That the doughboy had finished, had helped saw as far as was needed through the biggest tree, leaving Lars to fell it alone? That he would not be back for a week? It was her single item of news in two weeks. Woton was to fall some time in the afternoon; she knew that. Gossip of trees!

She rose from the table and looked out on the minute grave of Sigurd. In terse, sparkling Norwegian she told him of the accident. Her eyes were blurred, and she could have cried, but that was unseen by him. He rose and went into the pleasant living-room, with its pongee curtains, its big table spread with books and magazines, its fireplace filled with bloom. She followed him.

"I t'ink," said Elsa, slowly, "I go preddy quick to get dose rugs."

"That 's all right," Lars assured her.

He would let her go like that after only two weeks! Inconsistently and with smarting eyes, she resented his permission. She wished he would put up a fight; she longed to struggle with him, to throw him down, and stamp on him. She took a step toward him, and the tears in her eyes dried. She hated him for being so good—so like a feather pillow! She said to herself, still in broken English, "I haf von big despise of heem!"

She felt the easy kindness of her shrivel as he strolled over to the mantelpiece, and filled his pipe from a big crock fitted with a sponge, feeling and finding it damp. He leaned down to scratch his match inside the fireplace, and slowly lighted his pipe with puffing lips. She devoured him with jealous eyes while he settled himself in the barrel chair to enjoy his smoke. She tried to look at him as she used to look when he came to be served at her table in the restaurant. Why could she not go up to him and say, "Vat vill eet be to-day, Selzjird? Yust de same or better?" and then fall on his neck, as she had wished to do always, and kiss him to pieces? What was it hindered her? Was n't he her husband? Had n't he proved his love by asking her to be his wife? How she hated him! How she loved him!

He leaned forward and touched the

topmost flower of the rhododendron cluster. He lifted his thumb, felt of the spotted, rose-colored throat. He leaned back again, still looking, and took his pipe from his mouth. She held her breath, hoping he would say something; but he did not.

"He act as I vas not dere," she thought, more grieved than resentful for the moment. Her eyes passed over him, from the crown of his head down his vigorous length to his sinewy ankles. There was not a flaw upon him for her woman's eye to discover. He was clean, he was beautiful, he was strong. In that moment she loved him like a fury.

He left her and went back to his work without asking her when she planned to go to the city. He knew there was an afternoon train and that she could walk down to Robe in an hour, where she could catch it. He did not know she was afraid. She had hidden it, all of it, not voluntarily, but because of the barrier of silence he had imposed, more impassable to her than a raging torrent of words.

There were anger and despair under Elsa's crown of braids when she took her fear in her hands and started down the twilight trail with her small bag packed for Seattle. The silence of the fir-needles underfoot was perhaps the worst, so quickly had the trees covered the skids her husband had laid the year before. She hurried; she held her breath, and refused to look in any direction but forward. When she came out upon the precipice, with the rhododendrons lying in the sun, her face was blotched and she was panting, though she had seen nothing more fearsome than a ruffed grouse or heard any sound beyond his drumming.

She filled her arms with the marvel of blooms, and somehow the next stretch of woods was less terrible. She reached the little shanty beside the track at Robe, with its steep wooded slopes, and the purple-blue shadows of the afternoon were awesome to her. The mill was shut down because of low water, and the hands were gone; only two or three residents remained. She could see them moving aimlessly from shack to shack. A watchman ambled through the empty mill and cook-house. Robe, Elsa decided, was worse than the home she called hers.

She thought further. Some day Lars Selzjird might find another woman, might bring her home to use all the beautiful things she had left. He would love her as he had loved that first night. She clutched at the chain about her neck. Her heart seemed to bleed.

The train whistled shrilly in the thin air and came bending round the mountain, groaning to a standstill, a long freight loaded with big logs, one to a flat-car, and with a caboose at the end. She mounted the gritty steps and entered. She was the only woman in the car among a dozen men, all smoking. One by one they threw out their cigars or emptied their pipes, for this was the West and the mountains, and Elsa, as has been said, seemed to lighten a shabby place like a visiting seraph. Then there were two or three who knew Lars Selzjird, and several more who had seen her during the year at the Golden Potlatch. Most of them knew of the big log-house built for her.

Presently Elsa found herself being shyly introduced as Mrs. Lars Selzjird, and her native dignity rose to meet the occasion. Soon, while the rattling freight-train swung out over abysses and plunged across gorges on thread-like trestles, Elsa heard herself telling a group of silent, worshipful men all about the polished floors; the white sink, with its running water from a "ram" in the stream; about the big Woton, with a girth of sixty-three feet, that her husband was "falling" that very day. Woton's height of nearly three hundred feet was discussed for half an hour, and wagers were placed on the rings he would carry. Tales of other big trees and of accidents in their trade of lumbermen made their gossip, she realized. She broke in to tell them of Sigurd, who had lost his life through dog-like fidelity. Her little slips of English furnished a tender amusement. One man offered a big mud-turtle to take the place of Sigurd. Another had a tame chipmunk, and then from nearly every one some pet, from a daw who "talked chinook" to a cougar kitten, was urged upon her. Elsa did not accept, but she smilingly evaded refusal, for she warmed to them as she grew proud of the deference paid Mrs. Lars Selzjird. Until a youngster about her

own age, with a captivating stammer, asked when he might bring her his present, a pair of Mongolian pheasants, she really forgot the miserable business that had driven her forth. She faced the matter squarely with herself. To refuse the birds might start suspicion, and she would not discredit Lars Selzjird in any wise. With a glow that with her came more readily than a smile, she said, sure that Lars would uphold her:

"Come on de Fourt' of Yuly. It is den ve haf a house-varming."

There was silence, and then a general groan, and the boy was punished till she interfered. It ended, of course, with a general permission to come and see the log-house, "But not bring all dose pets."

They were delighted with her, she was so very human, so beautifully charming. Before they left the train in Seattle they asked her plans. On the moment she decided to go first to the Golden Potlatch with her flowers. As by prearrangement one took her bag, one the rhododendrons that had made a glowing reflection in her face all the way down. Two others put respectful hands under her elbows, as was suitable toward the bride of another, and thus they bore down upon the restaurant in Pike Street where Lars Selzjird had found his woman.

It was early for dinner, and the girls gathered about like yellow jackets, some for the flowers and some to sting, though these last delayed. When they do such things women usually do them decently, away from the sight and hearing of men, even waitresses who have had no advantages in the refinement of cruelty.

Elsa was seated with much honor, and plied with every dainty the menu of the Golden Potlatch boasted. She was surrounded by men in rivalry to interest her, and girls, the only girls of her age she knew in America, who "deared" her and touched her hair and waited upon her. Part of the time she really forgot the ache she had carried down the trail with her. The gaiety was like a drug. But when six o'clock came, she was glad she had left the pot of beans in the oven at home.

By half-past six her thrifty sense told her she was occupying a table which should have relays of diners, and she rose to dismiss her cavaliers. That was

not on the program. If she would not go to a movie with them, at least they would escort her to the house of her aunt. Elsa nevertheless dismissed all but the holder of her bag, and to him she said good-by a full block before she could see the hall gas-light above the dingy, city-stained transom of the doorway.

Her aunt was sharply interrogative, though she kissed her heartily. What was the trouble? Elsa told her with quiet authority that she had come out for rugs for the bedroom. Nothing further was said; the little cousins were already asleep in the back hall, behind a curtain. Her aunt was sleeping almost anywhere just then; there had been a good chance to let the parlor, and they

missed Elsa's wage. Elsa, feeling oddly disinherited, offered to go to a hotel. After some thrifty calculation her aunt admitted that there was a room on the third floor, freshly made up, which Elsa might as well rent as to go to a hotel. It was not as though Elsa were earning her own living any more, her aunt half apologized. Elsa paid her two dollars for the night, and took her bag up to the sky-lit bedroom.

She thought she would sleep, freed of the disturbing presence of Lars Seljjord; but she reckoned without the mighty wings that had caught her up with her lover that first night in the dim hallway, had ravished her breath and his. The sense of it began before she let



"She raised her voice in a passion of remorse and fear: 'Lars! As God! Lars!'"

down her braids, sounded in her ears while she knelt to say, "Our Fadder," as Lars had asked her to think in English. He had said: "We must speak even so good American as our children, else we shall have shame. And for this we shall even *think* in American. Afterward we shall speak again the Norsk to them."

There came to Elsa something like the sound of wings over her when she had put out her light—dark wings with sinister, prescient meaning. They came near, they drew away, anxious, hovering as a parent bird that follows its young in a dangerous adventure.

When Elsa found she could not open the skylight, the room became a prison. On the mountain she and Lars always set the door ajar, with only the screen to keep out small four-footed prowlers. Heavy, full of dread and intolerable longing that she only half understood, Elsa dropped to sleep at last, fitfully and with nervous starts. The light-hearted talk of the men, the gay dinner, were as though they had not been. Only a mean remark, below the breath, from one of the girls remained, a word unprintable.

Elsa admitted to herself that until she was Lars Selzjiord's wife nothing like this had happened to her. Her last conscious thought before she slept was of Lars, sitting before the fireplace, smoking his pipe as though she did not exist.

"Dees marrying!" she said again as she closed her eyes.

She waked herself with a smothered cry, "De vings!" She was sitting up in bed, cowering. She tried to collect herself. There were no wings; it was a dream. What had it been, wings or branches? Branches falling, fir branches, a tree; a great fir-tree falling upon her. Not upon her, but upon Lars, pinning him down, holding him there! She beat her head with her arms and hands. She moaned and rocked, crying, "Lars! Lars!"

AUNT was grim. One of the roomers had given her a vivid account of the scene in the Golden Potlatch. She told Elsa in the morning that she would have no married woman in her house without a husband. She told Elsa further that she did not believe her excuse of the rugs. Elsa lost most of what she said because

of the recurring sound of wings or branches.

Apathetically, because she would keep her word to Lars, she bought the rugs and ordered them sent up to Robe. Then she went to the station and waited for the afternoon freight. She had missed the morning train. It was after eight when she stepped down upon the platform at Robe, and nearly ten when she emerged breathless from the last dark, cave-like skid road at the door of the log-house. It was still light enough in that Northern clearing to see every object. She swung back the door and entered, her heart beating to suffocation, her dread a visible presence. Lars was nowhere about. In the kitchen it became evident that he had not eaten since she set out the things. She looked among his clothes in the closet and shed. Nothing was missing except the shirt and trousers he had worn to work the day before. Now her heart-beat became nothing but a cry, "Lars! Lars!"

It was growing dark momentarily, but she plunged down the road toward the bend where the path led to the clearing he was making. It was darker here, but her terror of the night was completely swallowed up by her terror for her husband.

"Lars! Lars!" she cried into the black jungle. "Lars!"

There was not a sound to answer her. Once more, for an instant, the ancient forest wrapped her in the folds of its mystery. She broke away, plunged ahead where the path ended, and fell in a tangle of briers, her hands deep in the moist, rotting wood. She was up in a moment calling again. She had come into the new clearing. Against the pale sky she could see the stump, as huge as a house, of the tree he had planned to fell alone, Woton. The tree lay fully twenty feet away. It had "jumped" in falling. She raised her voice in a passion of remorse and fear: "Lars! *Aa*, God! Lars!"

Still there was no answer. Now she found his saw against the stump. His ax was there, too, and that made her sure. He never left them out by night. Somewhere here with the fallen trees she would find him, alive or dead. Stumbling, rising, peering into the dark, she

followed its length, first on one side and then on the other, bruised, torn, losing hope as the call brought no answer. But the wings were close now; they no longer menaced, but were bearing her up. They gave her strength. She had reached the top branches. Once more she stood and called, "Lars!" And again, where the branches had crushed together under a great elbow: "Lars boy! It iss—Elsa—*din brud!*"

At last she found him. She could not get to him, but he answered her hoarsely from beneath the branches:

"Elsa?"

With her bare hands she tore and struggled with the boughs that pinned him down. The poison hairs of the bark burned like a flame, but she barely noticed.

"Elsa," he whispered, "I have thirst."

"Ya," she said, suffocated with relief, "I get."

Back through the dark tangle she stumbled, up the black skid road to the house. There was no fear in her. With the lantern and a pitcher of water she was back before he could believe it. She drove and hacked her way with the ax through the thick green boughs till she reached him where the elbow had caught him across the thigh. She gave him water, little by little, till he could speak. He told her where to begin chopping, and when her unskilled blows drove the elbow into him, he swore. At that her heart sang. When he started to make a shamed explanation,—he had thought himself beyond reach of Woton; a disgrace to a logger to be caught in the rope,—she was silent. She freed him at last, and he found he could drag himself out. By long and frequent rests he reached the house. It was near midnight,

and she had his dinner ready for him; but he could not eat. His bed was all he could think of, he said. He lay, when she had finished the dishes, in a delicious restfulness between heaven and earth. There was in their room only the light from the shaded kitchen lamp coming through the doorway. Elsa passed and repassed him. She kept her bandaged hands out of sight. It seemed that he had been given back to her from the dead.

"You sure nodding iss broke'?" she asked again, unaware of the deep tenderness of her inflection.

He nodded with sleepy satisfaction. She took her things out into the living-room and slipped, in the dark, into her linen shift and jacket. When he opened his eyes she was kneeling beside her bed.

"Our Fadder, vich iss in heafen," she murmured. She stopped and moved her head from side to side, trying to control the sob that tore at her throat. "I t'ank you for dose vings—for gif heem back," she whispered brokenly.

"Elsa," he commanded, "come here."

She rose and stood beside him. The two shining braids of her hair hung down over her breast. Her hands were hidden behind her.

"When I did not come yesterday, what thought you?"

"I go myself yesterday to Seattle," she said bravely. "I buy dose rugs, like ve say." She trembled. "I mean not to come back, maybe," she confessed.

"Why you come back?"

"Because," said Elsa, "I lof you."

Lars Selzjiord lifted not so much as a finger to touch her, but his voice sang in her ears.

"Elsa," he murmured, "shall you mind to kiss me once—yourself?"



The International Whirlpool

The "Complete Reversal" for President Harding

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



HE people certainly spoke, but they did not need to have spoken so loudly," was the comment of Governor Cox's campaign manager on the morning of November 3. Four months later Republicans are beginning to feel the same way about the victory: it was too overwhelming. When the moment of assuming the responsibility of government arrives, President-Elect Harding and his associates realize that the *carte blanche* given by the electorate is a cause for anxiety. With substantial majorities in Senate and House, and with public opinion in a tolerant, uncritical, expectant mood, there are no obstacles to going ahead immediately and at full steam to show the country how much better Republicans can administer the departments of the Government and formulate policies than Democrats did during the last eight years.

But politicians would not be politicians if they had an uncompromising mentality in the matter of policies and methods. Their idea of "a clean sweep" ends with getting the adherents of the defeated party out of office. After that is done, the victors become the administration. And there is an administration mentality, reluctant of radical changes and on the defensive. When the outs become the ins, they do not find most of the "crying evils" they talked about a few months before. Knowledge, caution, and sense of responsibility, the high priestesses of the *media via*, preside over cabinet meetings and department conferences, cooling the prelection ardor to adopt policies different from those of their predecessors.

It has always been that way. It is foolish to criticize an inevitable reaction of human nature. And why should one? Those intrusted with responsibilities ought to make haste slowly. And it is to be expected that they will not regard

as obligations, to bind or limit them in the great task of running this country and of deciding upon this or that policy, the rhetorical nothings of campaign speeches. Mr. Harding will stand or fall by his leadership of the nation as President and not by his pronouncements of policies as candidate. Where his judgment and a closer view and changed conditions dictate a course different from that indicated before his election, it is his duty to disregard what he may have said last summer.

This preamble is necessary, for in quoting Senator Harding's sweeping promise of a complete reversal of the foreign policy of the Wilson administration I do not wish to imply that President Harding ought to reverse completely Mr. Wilson's foreign policy simply because Candidate Harding announced his intention of doing so.

The proposal that this country enter the League of Nations, as conceived in the Treaty of Versailles, became the paramount issue of the Presidential campaign because President Wilson insisted on "a solemn referendum." Republican and Democratic leaders alike were eager to bring other questions to the front, and the Republican platform at Chicago left a good opportunity for the later Democratic convention to make foreign policy one of several issues or even a secondary issue. But the President dictated the San Francisco platform. The country was asked to indorse without qualifications the foreign policy of President Wilson and to approve the entry of the United States without reservations into the League of Nations. A definite and total repudiation of the Lodge group of Republican Senators was demanded. During the campaign, when Governor Cox tried to soften a bit the Democratic position, he was hauled up short by the White House.

The defeat of President Wilson and his supporters was without precedent in the political annals of the United States. An analysis of the vote shows that no Republican senator among the "irreconcilables" suffered by hostility to the league. Never before had the men of this group received so large majorities, and the completeness of the verdict is emphasized by the fact that the "irreconcilable" senators were from States in every part of the country. Georgia showed what Southerners thought of the league when the issue was free of party politics. The best gage of American public opinion was afforded by the vote in the doubtful border State of Missouri, where President Wilson, in a special message, asked the people of the State to choose between him and Senator Selden Spencer, who was making his campaign for reflection entirely on the Wilson foreign policy. Missouri registered a shift of almost a quarter of a million votes!

President Harding and his cabinet need not be influenced by what they may have said or promised, but the referendum of November 2 was so solemn in the imposing figures of majorities from every single State in the Union except those of the South that the complete reversal of the Wilson foreign policies is forced upon them.

The first task confronting the Harding administration is ending the state of war with Germany and Austria and resuming diplomatic relations with Turkey. Until we remedy the anomalous position of the last two years, the normal functioning of the Government internally as well as in foreign relations is impossible. The continued state of war has wrought an enormous amount of mischief. It is difficult to write with moderation about the abuses of power of the Department of Justice, invoking war-time legislation long after its *raison d'être* had passed, and of the way the administration has kept on the payroll thousands of deserving Democrats whose jobs at Washington were over two years ago and more. A horde of deserving Republicans is clamoring for these posts. If the Harding administration wants to avoid getting in wrong with wrathful taxpayers, it will abolish

this graft with one urgent measure before the pressure of new applicants becomes too strong for senatorial and congressional consciences.

This urgent measure must be the passage of a resolution declaring the end of the state of war, and repealing war-time legislation and giving the country a chance to get on its feet. Any delay in this will seriously handicap the new department heads in coping with the present chaos and getting the administration on a business basis. In his message asking for this measure President Harding will undoubtedly make clear, for the sake of our associates in the recent war, that terminating the state of war by resolution is not desertion of the common cause, but a policy forced upon him by the tactics of his predecessor in the Presidency. We can no longer make internal reorganization and return to normal conditions at Washington contingent upon arriving at a satisfactory and definitive adjustment of foreign relations.

For months the newspapers have been carrying despatches of the President-Elect's conferences with leading Republicans, and some Democrats as well. From time to time the proposal of ratifying the Treaty of Versailles with the Lodge or similar reservations is revived either as the better of bad choices by those who despair of finding another solution or by impenitent league advocates. Why do excellent men persist in the illusion that this country will tolerate the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles? The inclusion of the league in the treaty has made ratification hopeless. The American people will not stand for the assumption by the United States of the obligation to assume vicarious burdens and to defend interests in which we have no share and want none. The Paris conference rejected our idealism. We lost faith in the possibility of a world association based upon disinterestedness. Everything that has happened in Europe since June, 1919, strengthens the determination of Americans to have nothing to do with the Treaty of Versailles or the league it created. As far as we are concerned, neither treaty nor league—certainly not the two in unholy

alliance—contains a satisfactory basis for American coöperation in establishing a new world order.

The referendum of November 2, 1920, was a vote against abandoning the traditional policy of George Washington. Despite what President Wilson and his supporters said, the electorate was convinced that the league as conceived at Versailles, was a political alliance, into which we were being inveigled. The two facts that five out of nine seats in the omnipotent governing council were permanently designated, and that the league was committed to enforcing the provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, damned it in the eyes of Americans. Participation without reservations would have been entry into a political alliance, in which we bound ourselves to back the interests of one half of Europe, and not the larger half, against the other, involving us in just the peril Washington warned us against. Since each member of the council disposes of an absolute veto, it would have been impossible for the United States to change the league into an organization of all nations for the common good. The experiences of the first assembly at Geneva demonstrate that the league is simply a political alliance.

The policy of the Harding administration toward an association of nations will perforce be to abstain from entry into any such association unless it is a judicial body. On the other hand, American coöperation will be given in creating an international court to pass upon disputes between nations, to advise nations in all matters affecting common interests, and to interpret international law. Such an organization has a thousand times better chance to lessen the possibility of future wars than Mr. Wilson's scheme, because moot questions will be decided by judges upon the merits of the particular case, and not by statesmen of certain powers whose vote in every question is inspired by the interests of the powers they represent. Mr. Wilson asked the American people to join an alliance whose members would rule the world by force. Mr. Harding will reverse this policy and pledge America's coöperation in a ju-

dicial body that will honestly endeavor to secure the reign of international law.

The American people have spoken for the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. We do not intend to sell our birthright for a mess of pottage. When President Wilson proposed an international organization for the establishment of a new world order, he assumed something that did not exist, the willingness of the statesmen whom he met at Paris to make a world peace and create a League of Nations in accordance with principles he had formulated in his war speeches, notably that of September 27, 1918. The failure of the Entente statesmen to agree to pool their particular interests and to sacrifice, or even modify, the foreign policies of the nations they represented in order to make possible the Wilsonian ideals did not deter Mr. Wilson. But when American public opinion realized that the compromises and sacrifices were all on our side, the instinct of self-preservation, which is as strong in a nation as in individual men, manifested itself in the steadily growing opposition to the Treaty of Versailles that prevented ratification in the Senate and later put the unequivocal stamp of public approval upon the Senate's action.

The mandate given Mr. Harding obliges the incoming administration to preserve intact the Monroe Doctrine fully as much as to adhere to Washington's farewell advice. The tragic experience at Paris proves that we cannot yet with safety to ourselves abandon the rôle of protector of the American continents against the extension of European political systems in the western hemisphere. Nor can we agree to share with a group of European powers the responsibilities of preserving order and arranging the settlement of international difficulties on this side of the Atlantic.

Through the intervention of the Senate, while the covenant was being framed, the Monroe Doctrine was supposed to have been protected by Article XXI, which says that the covenant does not "affect the validity of . . . regional understandings such as the Monroe Doctrine." This vague provision, which distorts and insults the Monroe Doctrine, was corrected in the sixth Lodge res-

ervation. The American people do not consider the Monroe Doctrine as "a regional understanding," and they look upon the Harding administration to reverse the foreign policy of the Wilson administration in this matter of vital interest to our well-being and the well-being and security of our neighbors. The Monroe Doctrine is not an "understanding" in any sense of the word, in its inception, its promulgation, or its historical evolution. It is a unilateral declaration of policy, which we can afford to abandon only if and when European nations abandon the doctrine of European eminent domain. As long as the diplomatic methods and ambitions that called it into being continue to exist, the Monroe Doctrine must remain in full force.

The South American boundary dispute, brought before the league assembly at Geneva, but fortunately withdrawn, opened the eyes of the State Department to the danger of the course that had been steered since the league became an administration fetish and obsession. But for eight years we have been represented in Latin-American countries by second-rate men whose only qualification was service rendered the Democratic party. Because he takes the helm at storm-time in our relations with Latin America, however, our new President's first thought will be to select the ablest men he can call to his aid as ambassadors and ministers to the Latin-American republics. Is it too much to hope that the list of names sent to the Senate will first have been submitted to Director Rowe of the Pan-American Bureau, and his counsel asked? We need men of vision and understanding for even the smallest of these posts—men who will command attention and respect and gain wide influence in the countries to which they are accredited, men who will work with one another and with the State Department to draw closely together all the republics of the New World.

One is sure that Mr. Harding will put an end to the policy of dealing with Mexico through unofficial envoys appointed by and responsible only to the President, of playing favorites in Central America, of using our armed forces,

without authority of Congress, in Hayti, of arousing the resentment of Spanish America by aggressive intervention, however well-meaning, in Santo Domingo, of failing to recognize and take advantage of the relations between Spain and Portugal and Latin America.

Central and South-American trade, investments, railways and natural resources, cable and steamship communications, police and immigration and sanitary regulations, labor and negro problems—these are matters to be attended to before we jump into the European whirlpool, and matters to be taken care of at Washington and not at Geneva. May not "the fool's eyes are at the ends of the earth" be said of the Harding administration!

If Latin America has undisputed first place in our preoccupations, the Far East comes next. The foreign policy of a nation has two compartments, security and trade. By the test of both of these the Far East should interest the Harding administration nearly as much as South America and more than Europe, Africa, and the Near East. The Monroe Doctrine, by making Latin America safe from European aggression, prevents European powers from attacking us. Even if there should develop a disposition on the part of a continental European power or group of powers to declare war on us, we do not need to worry. They have no navies and no money, and can do nothing without Great Britain. Nor can we justify disproportionate attention and deference to Europe on the ground of trade returns. British, Germans, French, Italians, to say nothing of smaller states, are keen competitors who are able to undersell us in their own and one another's markets, and they have the advantage of us in Africa and the Near East. The high rate of exchange and the economic recovery of European countries are diminishing the demand for American goods. The resumption of trade with the Ukraine and Russia deprives us of high prices for our cereals, and Europe owes us already too much money to make possible further extension of long-time credits.

The Far East, on the other hand, interests us vitally for both military and the economic reasons.

Japan is our only serious potential enemy. One grows impatient with the type of American, too prevalent in these days, who thinks the only enemy to be feared is the invader. He forgets that without growing dependence upon overseas markets, certain regions of our country could be hard hit by interruption of commerce on the Pacific. We still have the Philippines. We have Hawaii. We have our prestige and our obligations in South and Central America, with thousands of miles of Pacific coast-lands. We have our trade with China, with New Zealand, with Australia. And there are differences with Japan that need wiser and firmer handling than they have had in recent years.

No blame attaches to the Wilson administration in regard to the Japanese immigration question. Roosevelt and Taft were no more successful than Wilson, and the student of the problem, instead of offering a solution, thanks God that he is not the new President. Japan, an island empire, is following in the industrial era the same inevitable policy of looking around the world for an outlet for her surplus population as Great Britain, an island empire, has done. The clash is coming somewhere. All we can do is to postpone it or divert it.

But where the Harding administration will render a great service to the United States and to humanity is in reversing the policy of the Wilson administration toward China. The Lansing-Ishii Agreement, recognizing Japan's "special interests" in China, must be repudiated. Because of the refusal of the Senate to acquiesce in the betrayal of China at Paris, we are not a party to the Shan-tung deal; but it will be the duty of the next American Minister to China to inform the Chinese Government that we wish to resume our interrupted rôle as defender of China against the "sphere of influence" policy, in which Japan only imitated the European powers.

The Harding administration has a great opportunity in China. The Manchurian question, the Boxer indemnity question, and the whole pernicious system of "leases" in treaty ports are opened by the expulsion of Germany and the withdrawal of Russia from China. Without upsetting any *status quo* or

reopening settled questions, President Harding will be able to render China the service of making her master in her own house and relieving her of economic and political encroachments upon her sovereignty by standing behind China in the negotiations into which Mr. Wellington Koo is planning to enter. Mr. Koo will bring again before the powers the demands for which he failed to get President Wilson's support at Paris. All the Chinese want is that the other powers act toward China as they compelled Germany to act in the Treaty of Versailles and Austria to act in the Treaty of Saint-Germain. What this amounts to is the triumph of American foreign policy as enunciated in the masterly diplomatic correspondence of John Hay from 1899 to 1902. The "open door" in China means equal opportunities for all in all parts of China. In John Hay's time this was a wise and idealistic policy, but not essential to our interests. Twenty years later the triumph of Hay's policy in China is of vital concern to the United States.

As senator, Mr. Harding was deeply agitated over the Shan-tung affair. He saw clearly, what many other senators saw, that to sacrifice the substance of China's faith and friendship for the shadow of an experimental league, in which the participation of Japan was supposed to be the *sine qua non* of success, while German and Russian participation was regarded as unessential, would be contrary to the real interests of the United States. The impractical ideology of those who advocated the ratification of the Treaty of Versailles without reservations was shown strikingly in their unconsciousness of the folly of the Shan-tung clauses. These enthusiasts excluded every consideration but one—getting the league started. Abandoning our traditional policy in the Far East did not bother them. They did not think of the menace to our security by encouraging Japanese imperialism, and the injury to our trade by alienating the friendship of China and acquiescing in the "sphere of influence" policy of Europe as opposed to the "open door" policy of the United States.

In this case the end, a will-o'-the-wisp, did not justify the means.

In connection with both Latin America and the Far East American interests have received a severe blow since 1912 by the assumption of the Wilson administration that encouragement of American commercial expansion abroad and protection of American investments by the State Department was giving sanction to the exploitation of the weak by the strong. In refusing to countenance the participation of an American banking group in an international loan to China President Wilson spoke contemptuously of "dollar diplomacy."

Whatever may have been the merits or demerits of the loan that called forth this expression of the Presidential mind, the policy of withholding governmental support to foreign enterprises of American capital checked the growth of our overseas trade. Especially in backward countries any important development of trade demands capital investment, in mines, railroads, banks, government loans. The country whose nationals hold concessions get the contracts for supply of materials, the country whose banks lend money gets the business. It is not possible to do business anywhere without creating and stimulating markets and without giving credit facilities. Would our own country be where it is to-day if the Federal Government had refused to have anything to do with the construction of transcontinental railroads, and had told those who were ready to build the railroads that there would be no bonuses, no guaranties, and that the money invested was at the risk of the investors?

Exploitation and illegitimate gains are not the corollary of the development of concessions and the investment of capital. Superficial and unbalanced thinkers are ready to argue that because some specific instances of abuses can be cited the whole scheme of things upon which this world is founded is rotten. But if we expect to build up foreign trade, we must give our business interests the same guaranties of protection abroad as they have at home. This does not mean that we follow the European method of making economic expansion dependent upon political servitude and oppression. American trade expansion calls for the antithesis of the European

method. In reversing the policy of the outgoing administration on "dollar diplomacy," we can aid and defend weak states against exploitation.

Nothing appealed more to American public opinion during the war than the call to defend Belgium and Serbia against big bullies. We wanted to see fair play. We were enthusiastic about the renaissance of Poland, the creation of Czecho-Slovakia, and the liberation of various *terre irredente*. We were for giving Alsace-Lorraine back to France because the people of those provinces had been torn from France against their will. But during the confusing years of the aftermath of the war we have been dismayed by the eagerness of those we liberated or helped to win back their brethren in bondage to oppress others and put others in bondage. The Paris treaties and post-bellum Entente diplomacy simply turn the tables. The erstwhile swatters are swatted. Serves 'em right, perhaps, but how about the principle for which we fought? It looks as if the Huns had taken their revenge by making the rest of us Huns. From Hayti to Ireland, to Syria, to Korea, straight around the world, we have food for thought. Santo Domingo and the Rhineland, Egypt and Persia, have been singing, "My country, 't is of thee!"

Now, most of us, honestly puzzled on the Irish question, and puzzled about the pros and contras of the Caribbean islands and Mesopotamia, begin to have our doubts about "self-determination." We either adopt the German professor's division into *Kulturvolk*, *Halbkulturvolk*, and *Naturvolk*, and limit the right of self-government to one category (our own), or we frankly admit that self-determination was a war weapon and is now a punitive measure, to be used only in central Europe. To judge from the State Department's note to Italy on Russia of August 10, the official American policy has changed from aiming at a new world order to a new Hohenzollern-Hapsburg order, the old order still holding good for Russia.

But however cynical we may have become, and however deeply our idealism has been buried during the last two years of the Wilson administration, upholding the doctrine of self-determina-

tion still remains the best foreign policy for the United States. In regard to Hayti and Santo Domingo, a complete reversal of the Wilson military occupation and protectorate scheme is wise in order to restore the confidence of Latin America in the disinterestedness of the Monroe Doctrine. In regard to the nations that have broken away from the Romanoff tyranny, we should recognize their independence because it is no longer possible to believe in the idea of the Wilson administration that by sacrificing the aspirations of these little nations we could encourage the Russians to overthrow the Bolsheviks, and because our trade rivals, Great Britain, Germany, and France, are in diplomatic, and therefore trade, relations with these new states. In regard to Egypt, Great Britain seems already to have made the *amende honorable*, and a repudiation of Wilson's policy of recognizing the British protectorate without safeguarding our rights is no longer necessary. In regard to Persia, it is too late to remedy American supineness at Paris, where we should have insisted upon a hearing for the Persian delegation, but we can notify the Persian and British governments that we shall recognize no agreement placing American nationals in a position of inferiority in Persian trade.

If you believe that foreign markets are not and will not be in the future an important factor in American prosperity, you will not agree with what I write here. But if you think that fostering American commerce is the business of our State Department, and that the foreign offices of other nations make trade supremacy the chief goal of their diplomacy, a study of the map of the world will give the motive for making the independence of small nations a corner-stone of our foreign policy. Before 1914 the world was pretty well fenced off against our commerce—monopolies in French colonies, preferential tariffs in British and German colonies, and the European powers in Africa and Asia struggling against one another for protectorates and spheres of influence. They avoided wars by compromises, but these agreements froze out all outsiders.

We did not care, because our trade with Africa and Asia was trifling, not worth making a fuss about.

We could not upset the *status quo* of 1914. We had no right to attempt that. But what we could have done and should have done at Paris was to stipulate that no other nation should increase its colonies and protectorates and spheres of influence, as a result of the war we helped to win, without giving guaranties for equality of American trade. Better still, defense of the independence of countries like Egypt and Persia, a change in whose status was attempted because of the war, was the best policy for our Government to follow. Idealism and practical interests coincide here; if we prevent little states from being incorporated in the political system of European powers, we preserve for American capital and American commerce equality of opportunity in these countries.¹

Skilful propaganda has so confused the minds of Americans on this issue during the last few years that most writers are afraid of being called "anti-British" or "pro-German" if they mention it. But it is God's truth that the American who thinks we ought to drop this cardinal plank of traditional American foreign policy ignores both the history and the interests of his country. From Thomas Jefferson to John Hay our secretaries of state fought for American rights on the high seas, and *against all comers*. We can never build up a merchant marine and a flourishing foreign trade unless we secure the consent of all the nations to definite and inviolable rules of contraband, blockade, and trade between neutrals during war-time, or, as the reluctant alternative, possess the naval power requisite to enforce our own interpretation of our rights on the high seas.

This is the heart of the problem of naval armaments. Anything else is idle talk. Our abandonment or curtailment of the existing naval building program is impossible until other nations are ready for the adoption of international maritime law binding in time of war. For when American shipping and American commerce become, as they are rapidly

¹ The mandate question in its relation to American policy is too complicated to discuss adequately here. It will be treated in "The International Whirlpool" in April or May.

becoming, an essential element in the prosperity of the United States, can we tolerate having our overseas trade at the mercy of arbitrary "orders in council" issued by a single power, unilaterally, in its own interests? It is putting the cart before the horse for Great Britain to ask us to stop building ships and leave to her the supremacy of the seas without at the same time volunteering to enter into agreements that will bind her to respect our rights in time of war. In fairness to President Wilson and his colleagues we must say that they have atoned since 1915 for earlier delinquencies, and that the State Department's correspondence and the naval estimates go hand in hand,—inevitable corollaries,—following the best American traditions in defending our rights on the seas.

One hopes that unreasoning pacifists and sentimentalists will realize that naval disarmament is not a matter of our initiative. It is dependent upon the substitution of maritime laws for the present anarchy on the high seas. There is no reason why we should throw overboard our past and meekly accept British orders in council as the new maritime law. To avoid twisting the lion's tail must we sacrifice our trade interests? For the archives of our State Department from 1789 to 1917 show *uninterruptedly* that we have been in constant protest against Great Britain's arbitrary exercise of her sea-power to the detriment of our shipping and our trade.

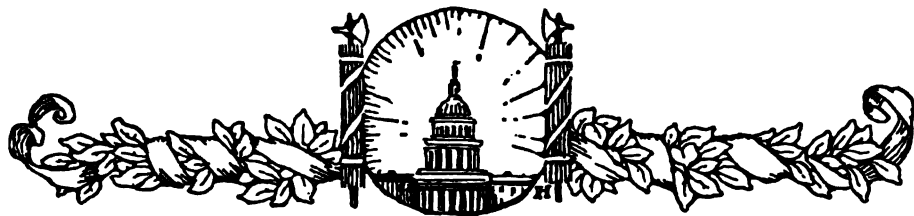
For reasons of economy and friendly relations with the other members of the Anglo-Saxon world, the Harding administration will undoubtedly seek to come to an understanding on the question of naval armaments, and that Great Britain will submit for our approval the naval clauses of her treaty with Japan, when that treaty is renewed.

Individually and nationally, we have been pro-everything but pro-American under the outgoing administration. By becoming violent partisans of one or another European nation, we have illustrated perfectly the truth of George Washington's observation:

Nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is in some degree a slave. It is a slave of its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest.

The father of our country would have added a word of caution against internationalism had that curious phenomenon been manifest in his day. In their implications, so far as whole-hearted devotion to the interests of one's own country goes, I have come to believe that there is little difference between the I. W. W. and the League to Enforce Peace. I do not want to be misunderstood. Few of my friends are in the former, and most of them are in the latter. The types do not mix. But they have had in common the advancement of their panacea to the oblivion of the fact that their own country cannot afford to change from a wolf into a sheep unless a simultaneous change takes place in the others of the pack. Probably the change will never come for the simple reason that none will consent to risk being eaten by being a little ahead of the other wolves.

The greatest privilege of President Harding will be his opportunity to make us what we talked about ardently during the war, but never were, one hundred per cent. American.





The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

The Heresy of Blue Laws—France Returns to the Vatican—Is Our County Government Outworn?—Little Essays on Big Ideas—Industrial Democracy—The Nation's Inaugural.

THE HERESY OF BLUE LAWS

SOMEbody has said that demobilized armies are always dangerous. They chafe at the humdrum procedure of peace. They have acquired the battle mind, and find themselves unhappy unless they are hacking their way through to some objective. They go back to "normalcy" with reluctance. All this applies, perhaps, to armies of reform no less than to armies of war. If so, we might have expected that the reform army that fought and won the battles of prohibition would soon begin to sigh for new worlds to conquer. May not this explain in some measure the quickness with which the blue-laws agitation has followed upon the heels of the prohibition victory?

The army of reformers may consider the war for prohibition won. There is still work for a few of the crusaders in this field. The conquering army will have to leave behind a small "army of occupation" to watch the matter of enforcement, but the great rank and file of the prohibition crusaders find themselves for the moment without a cause. And a reformer without a cause is the most miserable of men.

The next great drive has apparently

been decided upon. A playless Sunday! That is the objective. The generalissimo of this fight is the Reverend Dr. Harry L. Bowlby, general secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance. This organization is not a creature of the moment; it was formed in 1898. It is animated by the belief that a perfectly definite line can be drawn between things sacred and things secular. It purposes to rid the American Sunday of things secular and make it by force of law a sacred day. It appeals to two powerful elements of the American population, the uncritically religious element of our population, from whom any appeal in the name of a more religious observance of the Sabbath is likely to win support, and organized laborers, who have long and rightly fought for one day of rest in seven. As Dr. Bowlby states the general objective of the campaign, "Our object is to defend and preserve the Lord's Day as a day of rest and worship, and to enunciate and urge one day of rest in seven for all the toiling masses."

With this general objective all right-thinking Americans are in heartiest accord. If decent, law-abiding, and essentially Christian Americans oppose the campaign of the Lord's Day Alliance—and the name of such opponents are legion—it is not because they are hostile to the protection of Sunday as a day of

physical and spiritual refreshment and a day of rest for men and women who toil. It is not because they regard the *general statement of the purpose* of the campaign as wrong. It is because the moment Dr. Bowlby and his associates pass from a general statement of purpose to the details of their program, they fly in the face of all the elementary facts of human nature, perpetrate a travesty upon Christianity, and attempt to start the United States pell-mell back to the now happily forgotten witch-burning days when certain of our New England ancestors confused their own intolerant egotism with the purposes of God. Dr. Bowlby will deny it and pigeon-hole me with the innumerable journalists who "misinterpret" him and his movement; but the fact remains that, regardless of the loftiness of his purpose, he is attempting to loose forces that will make for a renaissance of the ugliest and most inhuman aspects of Puritanism.

The advocates of the program of the Lord's Day Alliance maintain that it is unfair to brand their campaign as a campaign for "blue laws" like the blue laws of early New England days. They contend that sinister interests are thus confusing the issue and attempting to turn thoughtless passion against their crusade. Let us see. The best way to determine this matter is to glance at some of the famous blue laws of New England. Even if these are fiction-burlesques, as some claim, they illustrate what we mean by blue laws.

No man shall run on the Sabbath, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting day.

If any man shall kiss his wife or wife kiss her husband on the Lord's day, the party at fault shall be punished at the discretion of the court of magistrates.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath day.

It is enacted by the court, that any p'son or p'sons that shal be found smoaking Tobacco on the Lord's day, going to or coming from the meetings, within two miles of the meeting house, shall pay twelve pence for every such default to the collonie's use.

No one shall read common prayer, keep Christmas or Saints days, make mince pies, dance play cards, or play any instrument of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jews harp.

For the prevention of the prophanation of the Lord's day, it is enacted by the court and the authoritie thereof, that the Celect men of the severall townes of this jurisdiction, or any one of them, may or shall as there may be occasion take with him the cunstable or his deputie, and repaire to any house or place where they may suspect that any slothfully doe lurke att home or gett together in companie to neglect the publicke worship of God, or prophane the Lord's day, and finding any such disorder, shall returne the names of the p'sons to the next court, and give notice alsoe of any prticular miscarriage that they may have taken notice of, that it may be enquired intoe.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without first obtaining consent of her parents.

Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

Strange to say, some obsolete and laughable blue laws of this type are still on statute-books in this country. These have not been copied from the files of the funny papers of an earlier day; they illustrate actual legislative programs enacted by our forefathers.

No one save an occasional humorist charges that the Lord's Day Alliance purposes to regulate the kissing of babies, the smoking of pipes, and the style of men's hair-cuts. The sense of humor we have developed since the grim Puritan days would prevent even a reformer from attempting that. But coiled at the heart of the program proposed by Dr. Bowlby and his associates is the same idea that ran through all these Puritan blue laws; namely, the regulation by law of the intimate personal habits of the individual citizen.

Propagandists propose the outlawing of every sort of sport on Sunday. Baseball must go. Not one turn of the reel must be allowed to the movie film. The guardians of the Sabbath will not be fooled by so-called sacred concerts; they do not believe they are sacred. The Sunday newspaper must come under the ban. All public parks must be

cleared of Sunday ball games. Interstate commerce must halt on Sunday. Cool waters of the sea must call in vain to anxious bathers on sweltering Sundays. All Sunday excursions must stop. The workman of a congested district must not be so sinful as to want to take his family out of the city for a breath of air and bath of sunlight on Sunday. The owner of an automobile must not use his machine for pleasure-driving on Sunday. Candy-stores must lock their doors on Sundays. The delicatessen, to which overworked housewives are wont to turn for their Sunday evening meal, must serve its public in six days a week. The great army of indoor men who depend upon the Sunday golf game for ozone and exercise must relegate creak and brassy to the attic on Sunday and content themselves with callisthenics. The tennis-player must put aside his racket on Sunday. The Sunday schedule of street-cars, subway-cars, and steam-trains must be cut to the irreducible minimum. And children must not study their Monday lessons on Sunday.

All this the self-appointed guardians of the Sabbath would enforce by law. Does n't all this hark back the least bit to the old Puritan law, apocryphal or authentic, that read:

This court, taking notice of great abuse and many misdemeanors committed by divers persons in their many ways, do therefore order that whosoever profane the Lord's day by doing unnecessary servile work, by unnecessary travelling, or by sports and recreations, he or they that so transgress shall forfeit for every such default 40 shillings or be publicly whipt; but if it clearly appear that sin was proudly and presumptuously and with a high hand committed, against the known command and the authority of the blessed God, such a person shall be put to death or grievously punished at the judgment of the court.

Those old Puritans never doubted that their personal notions were infallible interpretations of the "known command and authority of the blessed God." They had private back stairs access to the infinite. It never occurred to them that an intolerant god is the ignoblest work of man. We can smile at the assumed infallibility of our dead

ancestors, but when the ghost of their narrow conceptions of God and life begins to walk again among us, reinforced by the inevitable efficiency of modern propaganda, it behooves us to realize that all the humaner conceptions of life we have slowly attained are menaced.

I am not being carried away by the usual panic over personal liberty. I realize that almost every advance step toward a better social organization has been resisted by men who cried that their personal liberties were being outraged. The fact is that the history of human progress has been one continued story, without an instalment missing, of restrictions upon personal liberty. Just as, it may be said in passing, every real advance towards a more decent administration of international relations must involve some loss of national sovereignty. The most damning indictment against the present-day advocates of blue laws is not that they purpose to interfere with the personal liberty of the citizen. I can think of many interferences with personal liberty that might prove a blessing to the country. We might, with no small benefit to the country, experiment with a few restrictions upon the personal liberty of certain profiteers in the setting of prices, not to mention the occasional landlord who sees fit to make hay while the sun shines upon an acute housing situation. If Dr. Bowlby's proposed restrictions upon the personal liberty of the citizen were economically, sociologically, or religiously sound, we might join his alliance.

But his detailed proposals have n't a leg to stand on. His program is based upon a false notion of rest and a false notion of Christianity. It is a glaring instance of good intentions gone wrong. I want to emphasize these two fundamental errors of the proposed Lord's Day Alliance program, the false notion of rest and the false notion of Christianity. It is upon these two counts that the blue-laws crusade will be defeated, if defeated at all. The cry of "personal liberty" will be so much wasted breath. That cry did not defeat prohibition. The truth is that the average American citizen will talk more about and do less to defend his personal liberty than the

citizen of almost any other free country on the globe. But if the average American fully realizes that the playless Sunday is not only a bad thing for the nation physically, but that it is essentially un-Christian, he will be immune to the propagandist's plea. This, I am convinced, is true.

There are two books—books that have been off the press for a long time—which I fear Dr. Bowlby and his associates have not read understandingly. They are the dictionary and the New Testament. I suspect that the advocates of blue laws have read the *Old Testament* faithfully, for their program is strangely reminiscent of many severe, unrealistic, not to say inhuman regulations recorded in the Old Testament—regulations which Jesus pronounced obsolete when he announced his more generous régime of justice and love and flung to the world his gospel of the more abundant life.

I want Dr. Bowlby and his associates to read the dictionary in order to learn the elementary fact that rest is not of necessity the calm and repressed process their program implies. After I have been at my desk for six days, it is quite possible that a brisk game of tennis on Sunday will "rest" me more than the whole day spent in an easy-chair; it is even possible that a game of tennis early on Sunday morning will clear my brain and put me in a better mood for service and sermon later in the forenoon. Dr. Bowlby might suggest that a long walk would serve the same purpose. But I refuse to see the subtle spiritual distinction between the slow motion of my legs while walking and the swifter motion of my legs in a tennis game. The only chance multiplied thousands of men and women from offices, stores, and factories have to romp and play and find genuine rest from their work is in the ball games and tennis games in our parks on Sunday or in a round of golf. To deny them this would be a calamity to physical America. Blue laws are the advance agents of indigestion and flabby muscles. I do not mean that the American Sunday should be turned into a sports carnival. I agree that the man who chases a dollar for six days of the week and a golf-ball on the seventh,

with never a thought of "God or home or native land," is simply an undesirable citizen. I agree that materialistic America needs to give more time to the things of the mind and spirit. But that cannot be insured by a return to the cheerless régime of pre-Christian and Puritan days. The Puritan Sabbath was not a day of rest. I will venture the guess that the old Puritans were more tired on Monday morning than upon any other morning of the week.

But, more important, I want Dr. Bowlby and his associates to read the New Testament in order to see how utterly their program is at variance with the attitude of Jesus toward the Sabbath. I want them to use historical imagination and reconstruct the incident that led Jesus to make the statement, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." His disciples had broken one of the religious blue laws of his time. And he, Jesus of Nazareth, was having to defend himself and his associates against the accusations of the bigoted Pharisees whose spiritual descendants now conduct the flourishing industry of making nations religious by law! Directly after he had announced this rankest of rank heresies, from the Pharisees' point of view, about the Sabbath's being a means to an end not an end in itself, he entered their synagogue. A man with a withered hand stood before him. The Pharisees were smarting from the rebuke he had just administered. They were looking for a chance to trap him. The man with the withered hand gave them their cue. Turning to Jesus, they asked:

"Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day?" Their blue laws said "No!" I commend to Dr. Bowlby the last sentence in the reply Jesus gave to these professional moralists of his time.

"What man shall there be of you," Jesus replied, "that shall have one sheep, and if this fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out? How much then is a man of more value than a sheep? Wherefore *it is lawful to do good on the sabbath day.*"

Any sport or recreation, inherently wholesome, that brings rest and relaxation to men and women and children on Sunday, after a taxing week in store,

office, factory, school, or home, *does good*. To busy men and women whose only chance to satisfy their thirst for beauty comes on Sunday, a concert *does good*. A spin into the country on Sunday afternoon for fresh air and new scenes *does good* to men who have been cooped up in offices for six days. And a golf-stick may add years of effective service to a man's life. And it must be remembered that all golfers are not bloated plutocrats, free to take to the links any afternoon. Multitudes of the army of black-coated, white-collared, salaried middle classes must wrest health from the golf-links on Sunday or not at all. To such, Sunday golf *does good*. And let us remember that "it is lawful to do good on the sabbath day."

By every means at hand let us strive to defend and preserve Sunday as a day of rest and worship and let us see to it that that one day of rest in seven is assured to all the toiling masses, to use Dr. Bowlby's phrases, but let us not revert to the shallow bigotry of the Pharisees in our efforts. It is not for any group of propagandists or legislators to say just how each of us shall choose to "rest" on Sunday. No standardized method of rest will work. And let us remember that the surest way to make Sunday the day of insincerity is to Puritanize it, as the surest way to alienate the masses from the church is to supplement its appeal with the policeman's club.

FRANCE RETURNS TO THE VATICAN

IN the closing weeks of 1920 the French Chamber of Deputies, by a substantial majority vote of 397 to 209, approved the resumption of diplomatic relations between the Republic of France and the Vatican. And thereby hangs one of the most interesting tales of contemporary world politics.

Save for a bare half-dozen papers, the meager reports of the American press presented only the inanimate skeleton of the issue involved, giving little reminder of the colorful story that lies behind this return to the papal court. To Frenchmen, to Catholics, and to interested observers of world politics, at

least, the problem is alive, acute, and arresting. It deserves, perhaps, a bit of more interpretative reporting. Let us, then, touch the brevity of head-line and cabled paragraph into a complete story.

What did this vote imply? It implied two things: the establishment of a French embassy at the Vatican and the reception of a papal nuncio at Paris. This meant the closing of a breach that had existed for fifteen years between France and the Vatican. For it was fifteen years ago that M. Briand brought forward the law that separated church and state in France, disendowed the church, and doubly assured the secularization of French schools. The breach was definite and, apparently, final. Since Napoleon's Concordat became inoperative, France had not maintained an embassy at the Vatican, despite the fact that most countries kept an ambassador there. The French representative was recalled from the papal court at the time Pius X protested the visit of M. Loubet, then the President of the Republic of France, to the King of Italy.

Of course the struggle for a separation of church and state in France runs far back of the fifteen-year period above mentioned. The controversy was long and bitter. France has long been the victim of a religious quarrel between the clerical and anti-clerical parties. M. Léon Gambetta, distinguished French statesman, long ago exclaimed: "*Le cléricisme, voilà l'ennemi!*" The history of this controversy brings to mind many dramatic episodes and dramatic names in recent French history. The fight between clericalism and anti-clericalism was brought to a head by the famous Dreyfus case. Dreyfus was a Jew. The clericalists had from the start contended that Jewish influence animated the anti-clerical policy of the French Government, and, consistent with that contention, the defenders of the church threw their weight against Dreyfus. Not to press the point too far, whether it was a matter of cause or coincidence, it was about this time that the French Government began to handle the forces of clericalism with unglorified frankness.

And then there comes to mind the

name of M. Combes, the man who put into effect the stringent laws against the church and its religious orders in France, the same M. Combes who fought strenuously the recent *rapprochement* between France and the Vatican.

This suggests, sketchily, the bitter background against which the French Chamber of Deputies threw the recent proposal to resume diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Now, I have not recounted these facts in order to pass a personal judgment upon the long-standing dispute between Catholics and anti-Catholics in France, or upon the anti-clerical policy of the French Government. I want only to clear the ground for these questions that have occurred to every reader of the despatches:

What does this resumption of diplomatic relations between France and the Vatican mean? Does it mean a weakening on the part of the French Government in its anti-clerical policy, or has the French Government acted upon grounds of expediency alone? In short, is the primary significance of the move religious or political?

At this distance and in the absence of personal investigation, there is no point to an ultra-dogmatic answer. Politics is always a drama of mixed motives. A political picture painted only in very black black and very white white is never quite true. The most useful service an editor can render to his readers in a case like this is to lay before his readers the varying interpretations that the different groups, parties, and types of mind place upon the action. He may then frankly draw such conclusions as he thinks the facts justify, assured that his readers have before them enough facts to enable them to pass personal judgments upon his judgment.

I have before me as I write rather full reports of the debates that attended the vote in the Chamber of Deputies and a packet of clippings and interviews that give, perhaps, a pretty accurate sense of the way the radicals, the royalists, and the moderates of France are interpreting this reestablishment of a French embassy at the Vatican.

The first plunge into the packet of clippings and interviews reveals the fact that such inveterate royalists as M.

Léon Daudet are attempting to interpret the vote as a triumph for the royalist program of a return to the old régime in France. The "New York Times" refers to M. Daudet's royalist associates as an "industrious but faded faction." They may be "faded," but they are "industrious," and their insistent attempt to interpret the resumption of diplomatic relation with the Vatican as a victory for the royalists will tend to embitter the controversy, introducing elements of passion into the internal politics of France that will hamper the free play of creative thinking on the vital issues that confront the republic.

A study of radical reactions to the vote to resume relations with the Vatican is illuminating. The interpretations of radical papers and persons fall into two fairly distinct sorts. The first sort emphasize the religious aspect of the action; the second sort emphasize the political and social aspects. Let us look at these in turn.

For instance, I find clipping after clipping from Socialist papers raising a great hue and cry about a new "slavery" of the republic to the "clergy" that they see threatened by any relations with the Vatican. The anti-clericalists in France have never displayed a very gracious brand of religious tolerance. Whatever the most ardent Protestant may think of the moral value of the anti-clericalists, their manners have certainly been open to improvement. The religious tolerance and good feeling which we enjoy in the United States has never been achieved in France. The radical reactions against the resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican on religious grounds seem everywhere marked by the bad manners of religious intolerance. Passion rather than principle stands in the foreground of all these attacks.

But there is a second type of radical criticism of the move that is based not upon fear of a return of the French clergy to political power, but upon the charge that France is again joining hands with the Vatican for a reactionary campaign against the new social movement. Radicals of this type see in the move not the return of clericalism, but the mobilization of the forces of reaction. With no

attempt to placate the religious sensibilities of Catholics or anti-Catholics in France, this group of radicals flatly charge that a deal has been made in which France trades recognition of the Vatican in diplomacy for the pope's support of the reactionaries in Continental politics. Unlike the first group of radicals, this second group condescends to details in the argument.

Perhaps the best statement of this point of view that was made in the debates that attended the vote in the Chamber of Deputies was the speech of M. Paul Boncour. This speech was reported at length in the columns of "The Christian Science Monitor" a few weeks ago. The report says this about M. Boncour's thesis:

Paul Boncour endeavors to show that the real reason why France is seeking to renew her relations with the Vatican is that the Vatican is pursuing a reactionary policy in central Europe and that French official policy commits the country to the same course.

What he tried to prove was that the Vatican proposal was not the beginning but the continuance of a counter-revolutionary policy engaged in with the concurrence of the Conservative Roman Catholics of the states modified or created by the war. The reason why Republicans who have hitherto been regarded and indeed are anti-clerical now espouse the Vatican is not a religious one. It is the desire to base French resistance to the new social movement upon the Vatican.

He repudiated the idea that the Socialists wished to take up any anti-Roman Catholic attitude as far as Roman Catholicism is a religion. He swept aside the argument of some of the Republican opponents of the project of setting up an embassy at Rome. What he was concerned with was not the quarrels of the believers and non-believers but the political significance of the new step.

The government itself proclaims that it is inspired by purely diplomatic and political considerations. It is not giving satisfaction merely to Roman Catholics as such. It is pursuing with the aid of the Vatican, which is rapidly taking a new position in world affairs, a certain general aim. France in recognizing the temporal authority of the Pope is thinking chiefly of his political sovereignty in the new Europe.

M. Boncour thinks that the aim of the alliance between France and the Vatican has little to do with French interests outside Europe, although the fact of Roman Catholic institutions in Syria might be thought to give some body to French claims there. It is in Europe, he thinks, that France expects to reap the benefit of the influence of the Vatican. He thinks the reactionary elements in the French Government have in mind a sweeping European program that will be anti-German, anti-Russian, and, underlying all, anti-radical. There are many detailed considerations upon which such a policy would rest. It may be illuminating to review briefly these considerations.

First of all, the French hope to retain some measure of control, if only an intellectual control, over the Rhineland. Roman Catholic influence is strong there, indeed dominant. French politicians see that, without a representative at the Vatican, France might be at a decided disadvantage when the matter of episcopal appointments for this area arises. The German representative at the Vatican would, of course, use his influence for the appointment of men in the bishoprics of Mayence, Treves, Worms, and Cologne sympathetic to German interests in the Rhineland. A French ambassador at the Vatican could keep a watchful eye on French aspirations in the Rhineland. Politics, it seems, is not above stealing the livery of heaven to robe territorial schemes.

Second, certain elements in French politics dream of detaching Bavaria from the German Empire. Roman Catholic influence is preponderantly strong in Bavaria. The northern part of Germany is Protestant. A policy making for the territorial disintegration of Germany could not overlook the alluring possibilities locked up in this religious division. A France insulated from the Vatican would be at a disadvantage in the pursuit of such a policy. France has all along played with the reactionaries in Bavarian politics. By some critics it is claimed that the French Government in following its love of reaction really defeated its desire to lure Bavaria from its Prussian association; that this happened when France failed to support

Kurt Eisner, who was a federalist as well as a Socialist, and looked with pleased tolerance on the reaction that triumphed over him.

Third, strong forces in French politics have displayed sympathy with the reactionary and monarchist forces in Austria and Hungary. Admiral Horthy has been a man after the hearts of many prominent French politicians. Admiral Horthy dreamed from the beginning of a revision of treaties that would effect a marked expansion of the territory of Hungary and a monarchist restoration. Both in Austria and in Hungary, it is asserted by certain radical critics, the aims of France and the aims of the Vatican coincide.

Fourth, France has played for a strong, conservative, militarized Poland as a bulwark against Bolshevist Russia, and an instrument of disintegration against Prussia in the east and north. Poland is strongly Roman Catholic.

With these observations before us, we are ready to understand more clearly M. Boncour's assertion that the dream of the French Foreign Office has been to unite Bavaria, duly split off from Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Poland into "a Danubian confederation, which would constitute a Roman Catholic bloc, anti-revolutionary and, indeed, monarchist in the center of Europe." We are ready also to see why he charges that the French policy of resuming diplomatic relations with the Vatican has been evolved with the view to gaining the support of the Vatican in this policy, for in every area that figures in this program Roman Catholic influences are decisive, to say nothing of the fact that the church has been the consistent foe of the forces of disorder and social disintegration that have marked the orgy of post-war revolution.

In making these observations I have sought simply to interpret what seems to lie in the minds of those radical French critics of a French embassy at the Vatican who regard it as a move of political and social rather than religious significance.

In contrast to these royalist and radical interpretations of the move to resume diplomatic relations with the Vatican, the moderates in French politics refuse

to fume and fret about the significance of the affair. They assert that a few simple, practical, and perfectly open considerations prompted the proposal. They say, as the editor of the "Figaro" put it: "Rome is one of the cross roads of world politics; there ought to be a French observer there." Taking this as a cue, "The New York Times" remarks:

Rome is really a world capital. Representation at the Vatican is not a matter of religion alone. Great Britain is there. Switzerland is there. France must still regret that in a great crisis she was absent and Germany very much present. Bulgaria, Greece, and Rumania are negotiating concordats. France can't afford not to be represented there.

This would seem to be justification enough for the move. But the return of Alsace-Lorraine to France raised another very practical consideration. Alsace-Lorraine was not involved in the break between France and the Vatican. And when Alsace-Lorraine was returned to France, France undertook to respect the religious beliefs and traditions of Alsace-Lorrainers. The religious statutes of France make it necessary for France to maintain direct relations with the Papal Government. This is due to the fact that the French Government, in agreement with the Vatican, must appoint the archbishops in Alsace-Lorraine. Plainly the practical thing to do was to appoint a representative of the French Government to the Vatican to act as the agent of the Government on these and other matters.

There is nothing about this resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican that suggests any alteration in the laws that separated church and state in France, fixed the status of religious orders, and assured the secularization of French schools. France is doubtless as anti-clerical as ever as far as domestic affairs are concerned. The papal nuncio is not to be appointed to his post in Paris until one year after the French representative has arrived at the Vatican. The approval of his appointment is reserved by the French Government, and the opportune time for his arrival is left as a matter of discretion and arrangement.

The Rome correspondent of the "Petit Journal" wrote some weeks ago that the pope had accepted the resumption of diplomatic relations with France without conditions, bargainings, or designs, and expressed the opinion that the pope was ready to recognize the French laws respecting religious associations, in the belief that they are applied in a liberal spirit.

Knowing the immeasurable distance between the average political controversy and the facts of the case, it behooves us not to be disturbed by the charges and counter-charges that will fly thick and fast as this new policy is put into effect. It is inevitable that the ghost of the dead controversy will arise and rattle its saber of ancient hates.

IS OUR COUNTY GOVERNMENT OUTWORN?

SOME months ago in these columns I suggested the primary importance of good leadership in the small town of the United States. I dignified such leadership with the name of village statesmanship. I pointed out the fact that we cannot build a successful nation upon sloven villages, and made the statement that many problems we are now throwing upon national leadership could be solved at their source if the town councils of our small towns were in reality boards of social engineers, administering the common town life as a social unit. I tried to show by the listing of certain facts how the men of the small towns of America are failing to answer the challenge to leadership, to village statesmanship.

I then used, and am now using, the word "town" and the word "village" very loosely, as they are used in the middle West, where the words are commonly used as synonymous.

The simple statements I then made have proved provocative beyond expectation. Among the letters received from readers is one from Mr. Walker D. Hines, formerly director-general of railroads as successor to Mr. McAdoo, but now serving in Paris as "arbitrator of questions pertaining to river shipping" involved in the application of the Ver-

sailles treaty. Writing from his Paris office, Mr. Hines says:

In the November Century I read with a great deal of interest "The Tide of Affairs." I was particularly struck with what you had to say on "Village Statesmanship." It fits in with my own idea that improvement in our political development must come very largely through improvement in the conception and action of the voters with respect to local political affairs. . . . I believe the time is coming when insistence upon the idea of centralizing and increasing responsibility in local affairs will elicit a constructive response from the public, and I do hope you will think it worth while to continue to use your influence in that direction.

Mr. Hines has long been an ardent believer in the *national* importance of effective *local* government. Some four years ago Mr. Hines delivered an address on "Our County Government" which is a mine of political suggestiveness.

In this address Mr. Hines pointed out the fact that city government in the United States used to be the very worst form of government in the country, but that it got so bad it began to develop its own cures, with the result that more thought has been given to the improvement of city government than to the improvement of any other part of our governmental system. But consideration of county government has lagged far behind consideration of city government. Mr. Hines's discussion is a stimulating contribution to the study of this vital issue.

His first charge against the ordinary form of county government is idleness. He says:

As I look back over my observations of county officers, their most striking characteristic has been their idleness. I can recall only rare instances of having seen a county officer at work, except when he was out, soliciting votes for reelection. The general impression that I have of a county officer is a man who gets anywhere from \$2,000 to \$4,000 a year, or perhaps more, and who selects one or more deputies, or clerks, at perhaps \$50 or \$75 per month, who do the work.

His second charge is that of a multiplicity of useless county offices, which

almost enforce idleness upon county officers. Of this he says:

This impression gives rise in my mind to a very strong suspicion that the average county has a good many more officers than it needs, and that, in the aggregate, there must be a tremendous waste in paying an army of county officers large sums of money for work which, in fact, is done by deputies and clerks.

Nor do I think the system can be defended on the ground that the county officer is needed to furnish the brainwork, because there is exceedingly little brainwork that the average county officer is ever called upon to do. The duties are almost wholly routine.

This idleness is not a reflection on the gentlemen who hold these offices. It is the necessary result of a system which creates many more officers than the work requires, and which provides officers to do work which is almost entirely clerical.

His third charge is that responsibility in county government is so widely scattered among useless and overlapping offices that it is difficult for officers to feel responsibility for good work or for the people to locate responsibility for bad work. This he illustrates by reference to the way we attempt to administer the matter of law enforcement in our counties. He says:

In connection with the enforcement of the law, we have a county attorney, and a sheriff, and a coroner, and frequently other county officers, and then in the various precincts or townships of the county we have constables. I have never come into intimate contact with any scheme of county government where anybody seemed to have a complete responsibility for enforcing the law, but we always find a large number who have an incomplete responsibility for its enforcement. If the law is not enforced, the people cannot definitely fix the blame and every officer connected with law enforcement can find some good excuse to put the blame off his own shoulders. In many states an additional feature of law enforcement is the grand jury, and the grand jury is a fine place in which to sink all responsibility, because, if the grand jury fails to indict for violating the law, nobody on earth can fix the blame for the failure to punish the violation.

His fourth charge is that all this

results in confusion and uncertainty in the minds of the voters, so that, as he puts it, "The public generally abandons all hope of expecting really first class results or of holding anybody to account for slipshod work." Mr. Hines protests against our practice of making all these indefinitely defined officers elected. On this point he says:

The result of this policy of having all this mass of county officers elected is that it becomes impossible for the voter to pay any particular attention to the qualification of the man for the office to which he seeks election. Indeed, in my boyhood, when I observed these things at closer range, it seemed to me that the rule was that the fact that a man was lacking in capacity to make a living in any other way was of itself a sufficient qualification to hold any county office, provided the man happened to be a good handshaker.

But the crowning indictment into which these four charges merged is that a system which makes the voter indifferent about the qualifications of county officers greatly lowers the quality of political judgment in national affairs. This is true because county politics is closer to the average citizen than national politics. It is in county politics that the voter really forms his political habits. On this point Mr. Hines says:

Has it ever occurred to you that the average voter, outside of the city, does most of his voting with respect to county officers? He votes for a candidate for Congress once in two years, and for a candidate for the United States Senate twice in six years. He also votes from time to time for a slate of state officers. But, generally speaking, the most real and vital exercise which he makes of the power of suffrage is his action in expressing his choice as to candidates for county office.

Do you not perceive, therefore, that the mental processes which characterize the action of the voter in selecting his candidates for county office go far toward holding his action when he votes for other officers?

Therefore, when we find a scheme of county government which makes the voter practically indifferent as to the qualifications of the candidates for county office, and which renders the voter after the election prac-

tically indifferent as to whether the county officer performs his work effectively or not, is it not clear that we have a demoralizing influence which tends to undermine the sense of responsibility of the voter himself in the exercise of his right of suffrage in every other field? . . . Is it not true that under our present scheme of county government we have set up in each county a school for political training, which tends to paralyse every instinct which the voter might have for intelligent and affective exercise of his right of suffrage, and which tends to encourage him in irresponsible and aimless selection of people for public office?

This is the indictment as drawn by Mr. Hines. His suggestions for reform of county government are simple and clear. He suggests that there be affected a thorough-going consolidation of county officers. He suggests that such consolidation would result in an organization that would give county officers work of genuine importance to do, and would give the voters a greater interest in selecting effective men for the offices. He suggests that we adapt to county government some of the important reforms which have proved sound and effective in city government. There is little doubt that we could improve the efficiency of county government very greatly by adapting to our county organization the principle of the commission form of government or the city manager plan. The work of county governments falls pretty clearly into two divisions. There is the work of law enforcements for one thing, and the business affairs of the county government for another. Why can we not have at each county a county manager who will be the sole responsible head of the county government? The responsibility for law enforcement should certainly rest definitely upon the shoulders of one officer instead of playing hide and seek, as it now does, between county attorney, sheriff, coroner, constable, and grand jury. The responsibility for the efficient conduct of the business affairs of the county should rest definitely upon the shoulders of one officer. In most counties a county manager with capable routine assistance could conduct the entire business of the county govern-

ment with greater efficiency and at lower cost.

We like to regard ourselves as a progressive people, and yet we are strangely reluctant to experiment with our political institutions. We refuse to apply the lessons of science to the problems of politics. In science or in mechanics the tool must always be fitted to the task: Too often in politics the task is bungled by tradition. Is not the time about ripe for the overhauling of our system of county government?

LITTLE ESSAYS ON BIG IDEAS

II. *Industrial Democracy*



IN the January issue of THE CENTURY I began a series of essay-editorials in which I purpose to define as simply and clearly as I may certain problems, parties, groups, and proposals which figure constantly in present-day discussions of political, social, and industrial affairs. This series is to run intermittently through 1921. I intend to take my cue from the letters which this series of editorials elicit from readers. Since the appearance of the first editorial, which dealt with gild socialism, I have received repeated requests for some clarifying word on the matter of industrial democracy, which is in danger of becoming merely a catchword instead of the animating ideal of a statesman-like program for industrial relations in the United States.

The phrase "industrial democracy" is used very loosely. To one man it may mean a company union that stands in opposition to the sort of organized labor represented by the American Federation of Labor. To another it may mean any one of a great variety of shop committees. To still another it may mean the dictatorship of the proletariat. And to some it means only the trademark of John Leitch's plan for the organization of an industry after the pattern of our Federal Government.

I want simply to ask and answer three questions about industrial democracy. First, what does the average liberal employer mean when he uses the phrase? Second, what is the significance of the

steps that have already been taken toward a more democratic organization of many industries? Third, are the numerous plans for industrial democracy simply artificial creations of the moment, plans of dreamers, or are they the expression of a deep-going historical development in industry? Let us take these questions in turn.

First, what is the meaning of industrial democracy as commonly used by liberal employers? I am not here concerned with the state of affairs to which the application of the principle may lead in, say, a hundred years. Prophecy varies with the prophet. One type of mind thinks industrial democracy will mean increased efficiency, another that it will mean the bankruptcy of business. One thinks it will mean orderly progress in industry, another that it will mean Bolshevism in industry. Setting these conflicting prophecies aside, what does the phrase mean now? In the light of its application to date, it means merely a tentative and timid application of the principles of representative government to industry, as illustrated by the average shop committee, or the Whitley Council scheme.

The Whitley Council scheme, as it is being worked out in England, differs not a little from the manner in which industrial democracy is making headway in the United States. In England the whole situation promises to go to a more comprehensive and rigid organization than in the United States. The Whitley scheme starts upon the assumption of complete and coherent organization of both workmen and employers. With the two camps completely organized, the program calls for three units of organization: first, National Industrial Councils in the several industries; second, District Industrial Councils; and third, Local Works Industrial Councils, or shop committees. In this program every industry is looked upon as an industrial community that requires a form of industrial government. As may be plainly seen, the plan of industrial government follows somewhat the sequence of municipal, state, and Federal Government. Each of these bodies—local, district, and national—is composed of both employers and employees.

These bodies are to meet at regular intervals. They are not thought of as intermittent bodies, like boards of arbitration, which have work to do only in times of trouble. They are administrative bodies primarily, and arbitral bodies secondarily.

Now, what are such bodies supposed to do? Does this mean a taking over of industry by these joint bodies? It does not. The limitations thrown about these bodies caused me to describe industrial democracy as the *tentative and timid* application of the democratic idea to industry. Industrial democracy does not mean handing over to inexperienced workmen the financial and technical matters of industry—matters that call for expert judgment and experience. It does not imply, at the present stage at any rate, a labor voice in the commercial side of management. It implies mainly a labor voice on the human side of management, a voice on the control of the conditions under which work is done.

In the United States there is little likelihood that the Whitley program will be followed. Employers in general are not ready, as the English employers seem to be, to sanction the complete organization of labor. In the ranks of the present movement for an open-shop policy for the nation there can be found much opposition to the full organization of all labor. But the idea of industrial democracy is gaining ground despite this fact. The next twenty-five years will, I think, see an increasing number of local shop committees. In some cases these will be simply a modernization and broadening of the old company unions. In many cases they will be adopted in the hope that they will prove a club against organized labor. In other cases they will represent sincere attempts to apply the democratic principle to industry. But it will be many years, unless I am far afield in judgment, before we shall see industrial democracy taking shape as a national program. The one gain we shall realize out of all these attempts will probably be this: we shall begin to deal with disputes before they arise by common counsel between employers and employees instead of waiting until disputes arise and then quarreling about them and indulg-

ing in the luxury of strikes and lockouts.

The second question I want to ask and answer is this: What significance may we attach to the experiments made so far? Has the Whitley program, for instance, established any new principles that will be helpful to industry in the future? I have elsewhere answered this question with the five statements that follow:

1.—The Whitley scheme and its many shop-committee variations has established the principle of conference between equals.

2.—It has established the principle of equal representation of equally strong and well-organized forces.

3.—It has established the principle of open diplomacy in business to take the place of the secretiveness that has hitherto been the breeding-ground of suspicions and lack of confidence between employers and employees.

4.—It has established the principle of legislation for industry by industry, the most fruitful political as well as industrial idea of modern times.

5.—It marks the beginnings of constitutionalism in industry, since it is based upon the idea that industrial relations present a problem of government rather than a problem of warfare.

The third question I want to ask and answer is this: Are such plans as the Whitley scheme artificial creations of the moment, makeshift programs designed to bridge over a difficult time of unrest, the work of clever industrial politicians, or do they express a sound historical development? There is much to indicate that they are part of a deep-going development. At least this is the opinion of many of the best minds of England and the United States.

Before the introduction of machine power, which resulted in grand-scale production, the handicraft workman was master of industry. When the factory system came into being the masters of the small shops were driven to the wall. Two classes developed in industry, employers and employees. Not even a sense of partnership survived the wreck of the old handicraft system. It became a matter of master and servant. Control was the big thing that was lost by the masses of laborers.

The workmen of the world have never become reconciled to that loss, and as popular education has done its work, stimulating the self-respect and dignity of the masses, the sense of disinheritance has become keener. So that many of the most acute students of contemporary life contend that beneath all the clatter of labor disputes there is a profound movement for representative government in industry, exactly as there has been through the years a movement for representative government in politics. It is a little difficult for many employers to believe this. They come into daily contact with workmen, and rarely do they find a workman who seems greatly concerned with a "voice in the business." The workmen they meet seem concerned solely with matters of wages and hours. Many employers, therefore, set down all the talk of a movement for industrial democracy as the dream of doctrinaires. But I suspect that a reporter going up and down England a little while before Magna Charta was wrested from King John would have been impressed with the fact that few of the common folk of England could discuss intelligently and in detail the desired political reform, though the underlying urge to democracy was there. Most of the profound movements of history have been unconscious, as far as the masses were concerned, until the critical moment of consummation arrived.

THE NATION'S INAUGURAL



It is a custom as old as the nation that the President-elect of the United States shall, on the day he assumes the duties of chief executive, deliver an inaugural address. This is one of the formalities of our political procedure. In politics, as in religion, it is always difficult to keep formalities instinct with reality.

It might make inauguration day a more vital date if, instead of the President's addressing the country, the country could address the President. The average Presidential election is in no sense a referendum on issues. Platforms are vote-catching devices, and no plat-

form-writer, with a weather eye on the polls, is likely to utter any very challenging truth. After the votes have been counted, the country has still to speak its mind on the vital issues.

It is as dangerous to attempt to interpret a people as to indict a people. I do not purpose to suggest, much less to write, the nation's inaugural. Without discussing any of the major problems that confront the incoming administration, I should like to venture the statement of three or four general assertions I think the nation has in mind.

I think the American people would like to say to Mr. Harding: We hope you will reorganize the Federal Government in the interest of greater simplicity and efficiency. The departments are hopelessly scrambled now. They overlap in disconcerting fashion. There must be vast waste that we have no right to permit in these difficult times of financial strain. But our concern for reorganization is not simply a matter of the saving of a few dollars. We want our Federal Government organized simply and clearly in order that we can follow its workings. It is a Chinese puzzle to us now. When we finally get the impression that bad and wasteful work is being done in Washington, we cannot put our finger on the man who is to blame. Responsibility is too widely scattered now. We have n't time to play Sherlock Holmes in a search for the man to blame. Reorganize the departments in order that we will know whom to blame and whom to praise when bad work or good work is done. You are obligated to report to us, through our representatives, the "state of the union," but we want an understandable organization, in order that we can read your report more easily.

We hope you will make politics deal with realities. We are not interested in the wire pullings of party politicians. We are not interested in glittering generalities. We are interested in food and clothing and shelter in production in industrial peace in education—in realities. Make politics deal with realities!

We hope you will not try to be the brains of the United States. We have been drawn to you in these weeks by

your honest modesty of bearing. You have frankly said that you did not intend to try to do all the thinking for the country, that you hoped to play impresario to the best minds of the nation. That way lies good leadership. But even an impresario must dominate his artists, not be dominated by them. There is a half-way house between superman and slave. That half-way house should be the White House.

We hope you will turn your back upon all temptation to use the suicidal powers of repression, however menacing certain interests may attempt to make the restlessness of our time appear. If we place a strait-jacket upon the mind of the nation, we shall stagnate and die. We must have complete freedom of speech, press, and assembly. We are not a rattle-brained folk. We can be trusted to listen even to dangerous doctrine. We are less afraid of a few radicals than even one censor. We hope you will meet the menace of radicalism by removing the incentives to radicalism rather than by clubbing the results of radicalism.

And we hope you will distinguish between opposition to imperialism and opposition to international coöperation. We do not want to sell the soul of our country to any league of imperialisms masquerading in the livery of a league of free nations, but we will have less and less patience with partizan politicians who would drag world politics to the level of ward politics. We are in no mood to play the rôle of a swashbuckling nation going it on its own in an interdependent world. We want to play our part in a more decent ordering of the world. In all the fume and fret about the League of Nations it may be that some have been imperious and some have been petty, but in a democratized League of Nations we see the only escape from a world of competing armaments and periodic wars. We hope you will contrive to determine a foreign policy for us that will awaken our idealism and not turn us into a nation of confirmed cynics.

These are a few things I think the American people would like to say to Mr. Harding as he assumes his high office.

The Song of Rain and the Homes of the Dead

By *CONSTANCE CAMPBELL*

All night the gray rains moved upon the waters;
They pass and leave no mark.
We stirred, and felt the soft earth fibers swelling
In the cool and humid dark.
We felt the night lie thick in tangled gardens;
We heard the slow rain soak the sodden grass;
We, who were dreaming of the gods, awakened:
(God of the darkness, hear!)
We felt the night lie stagnant on the marshes;
Around the wild duck's nest the water gleaming;
The puff-ball grow upon the sick morass,
The smooth pale ovals slip into the mere;
The water rising, and the rushes growing;
The gray-green ovals waver down the mere;
Dark water sucking, and the wind a-blowing.

All the night long the gray rain soaked the grasses,
All the night long soft fibers moved below.
We stirred and ached with spring, were damp and swelling,
And felt the rushes grow.
We heard the wind blow over waste, gray spaces,
The furtive water creeping in the bogs.
We might not rest by night; we sighed and whispered:
(God of the darkness, hear!)
We felt the night lie stagnant on the marshes;
The tadpoles changing into slim, green frogs,
The smooth pale ovals waver down the mere.
We feel the breath of life in earth's deep fibers,
The indrawn sigh as death breathed forth again,
Her little white mouths sucking in the darkness,
Her green ears thrusting forth to hear the rain.

All the night long the white pith swelled the rushes.
Cool mouths dragged at us softly as we lay.
We swelled and sweated; something left us sighing,
Some faint thing passed away.
It made a whiteness swimming in the waters,
It cast a shadow flying by the moon—
A sudden whiteness of a wind that passes
Upon the waters gray,
A ripple like a ghost upon the grasses.
We heard low flutes a-down the rain-soaked hollow,
Playing the water-rune.
Life of the swamp and woodland,
Life, on bare hill-top and in rain-soaked hollow,
The indrawn sigh as death breathed forth again,
We are your green ears creeping forth to listen,
Your damp, white mouths that gobble in the rain.
We are the flutes of life death softly fingers;
We are the vital breath,
The murmur of the sigh of life that lingers
In the dark flutes of death.





Qh, my brown man of the woods, make haste away, for naught will avail me for my life" *o o o o o*

Illustrating "Wolf's-Head and Eye-for-Bane" (Page 695)

THE CENTURY

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An Open Letter to Century Readers

By W. MORGAN SHUSTER

President of The Century Co.

The May issue of THE CENTURY will, we believe, mark the beginning of another significant epoch in its long and distinguished history as a magazine of American life and letters.

The May issue will come to you in a wholly new and satisfyingly beautiful form, which will be the physical symbol of a program of enlargement and enrichment that will make it more than ever a journal of superb diversion, authentic information, and illuminating interpretation—in short, an indispensable magazine for intelligent America.

A word about the new form. The page size remains the same, the "standard" size used throughout the fifty-one years of THE CENTURY'S existence. But the number of pages of reading matter will be increased to one hundred and sixty. Hereafter the cover of THE CENTURY will remain the same month after month. The new cover will be of heavy and durable texture, a rich brown in color, and resembling nothing so much as a soft and flexible leather. Its beauty is that of simplicity, strength, and dignity. We have experimented extensively with types and with paper in preparation for this

new CENTURY series. We have chosen a paper, to be specially manufactured for us, that combines the best qualities of the best book papers. The paper is soft, beautiful, and restful to the eye. The new CENTURY type will be slightly larger than the old type, the spacing a bit more open, giving a delightfully readable page.

As you open your May CENTURY you will feel not so much that you are opening a magazine as that you are opening an exquisite book.

But what of illustrative art? In its earlier days, through the taste and tireless energy of Richard Watson Gilder and Alexander W. Drake, THE CENTURY held a very intimate relation to the arts of design and was a notable means of diffusing correct judgments and sound principles. In particular did THE CENTURY revolutionize the art of wood-engraving. But that is history, and you are more interested in seeing history made than in hearing it related. Briefly, this is what we have in mind respecting illustrative art.

THE CENTURY will hereafter be illustrated throughout with the art of the pen-draftsman. We believe, not only that this way lies the possibility of a beautiful and distinctive magazine, but that THE CENTURY can render another valuable service to American art by giving, perhaps, a fresh impetus to the art of pen-drawing, of which the most has not been made in the last few years.

We agree with Joseph Pennell, despite his far from lovely estimate of the intelligence of magazine editors and publishers, that the time is ripe for a renaissance of pen-drawing.

We hesitated long before saying anything about this particular part of our program, for this is not a thing that can be achieved in a day or a month. It will require time and patience. The number of excellent pen-draftsmen now available must be increased, and will be as

magazines come more and more to see the rich possibilities in this field of illustration. But why should n't we take our readers into our confidence and tell them something even of distant goals we have set?

But all this has to do with the body of THE CENTURY. The soul of THE CENTURY must always be its policy. In this the magazine happily rests upon long-established and eternally vital principles. Its first editor, Dr. Josiah G. Holland, and its first publisher, Roswell Smith, conceived THE CENTURY as a magazine that should do two things: first, present the best of American letters in story, essay, and verse, and, second, give stimulation, interpretation, and leadership to American life in article and editorial.

Our present program purposes only a fresh effort toward excellence in the achievement of THE CENTURY'S original purpose.

We shall, as before, print fiction, both serials and short stories; essays from the most vital minds and practised pens here and abroad; the best poetry available from the old and the new schools; articles of a comprehensive and informative sort dealing with the insistent issues of domestic and foreign politics, business, labor, religion, education: in short, the whole round of political, social, and economic life; articles of a provocative character that start things in the reader's mind; and an editorial department that will be marked by freedom and liberality of opinion.

As far as may be humanly possible, we shall know neither race nor sect nor creed nor color nor party. In so far as we can make it that, THE CENTURY will be a liberal, a progressive journal, ready always to break a lance with hypocrisy, unreality, and injustice whether in the haunts of politicians, diplomats, employers, labor leaders, or venders of Utopias. Our pages will carry

the ideas of men with whom we may profoundly disagree. THE CENTURY is not our personal organ. We feel a little of the relation of trustee to the American public. We want you to turn to THE CENTURY not to find our point of view alone, but to see the best minds of the world—minds perhaps as wide apart as the poles, at work on the issues that underlie our health, our happiness, our prosperity, and our honor as a nation.

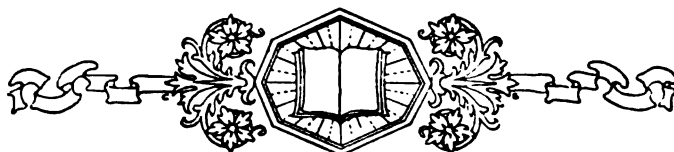
We are going to do this pleasantly as well as earnestly. That is, we shall not take ourselves too seriously.

Always the magazine will regard the discovery and sponsoring of new writers as one of its highest duties and most pleasant privileges.

This is what we, the publishers of THE CENTURY, feel we desire the magazine to be, what we desire it to mean to you.

These hopes of ours rest in the hands of the man we have asked to become the new editor of THE CENTURY, Mr. Glenn Frank. Readers of the magazine who have been following Mr. Frank's vigorous and illuminating comments in "The Tide of Affairs," the editorial department of THE CENTURY, during the last two years, will not ask for further introduction. As author, publicist, and lecturer he is known to a large and increasing audience.

Beginning with the May issue, Mr. Frank will assume complete editorial direction of the magazine. We commit THE CENTURY into his hands with confidence and high hopes.



The Porch-Swing

By KARLE WILSON BAKER

Illustration by George Avison



“CAN’T you mend the steps this morning, Eddy?” asked Delle as she automatically put back the clutching hand of the baby reaching for a black wisp of her hair. She carried him on her hip, which made a sort of shelf for him to sit on, she was so thin.

“No, I can’t,” said Eddy, throwing the answer back over his shoulder as he proceeded, at his driven, harassed trot, down the path. “Paw just sent for me to come and help him finish seedin’ the pasture ’fore it rains.”

Delle opened her lips to speak, but said nothing. She put the baby down on the floor, where he at once began to scream. Disregarding his cries, she plunged recklessly down the broken steps, where the children had often come to grief during the last month, and passed around the house to the woodshed, reappearing presently with hammer and nails. Laying them on the ground beyond the baby’s immediate reach, she went off again in search of a board. The very sounds she made as she overhauled the pile of scrap lumber under the kitchen seemed angry and despairing. At last she came back with a clean board and a saw. While the baby still screamed and tugged to reach her, she went doggedly to work, measuring and sawing.

“Mawther!” came a fretful wail from within the house, penetrating the baby’s screams. Delle had taught the children to call her “mother,” though Eddy had laughed at her a little, and Paw Hutton had sniffed. “Maw” and “paw” were good enough, he thought, and “moma” and “papa” quite the permissible limit of innovation. Paw Hutton, though himself an old man of dignified appearance and pompous manner, had a great scorn for what he termed “refinement.” Shade-trees in the front yard, for in-

stance, were a *refinement*, as were most of the things in which women-folks were really interested; also the habit of calling in a doctor when people were sick. That was the most foolish and culpable *refinement* of all.

Delle heard Willie May’s small bare feet strike the floor fretfully as the wail was repeated. In a moment she reappeared at the front door in her nightgown, a pathetic little wisp, sallow and hollow-eyed from illness, and sodden from uneasy sleep. She had had chills and fever for weeks, and no amount of quinine and chill tonic seemed to help. Delle had wanted to have a doctor, but Eddy, brought up on his father’s ideas, did not encourage her.

“Mawther,” whined Willie May, exasperatingly, “I want some meat an’ biscuit.”

“I did n’t make any biscuit this mornin’. There’s milk in a pan of water on the shelf, and corn-bread in the safe. You can climb up on a chair.”

Willie May’s whine turned into a weak, mechanical, determined crying.

“I don’t want no milk! I don’t want no corn-bread! I want some meat an’ biscuit!”

“Well, you can’t have it,” said her mother, and shut her mouth tight.

Willie May went wandering back toward the kitchen, holding up her nightgown with one sallow little claw and rending the air systematically with her wails. The irruption of his sister had wakened the next oldest, Buster, who now came out on the porch, and, seeing his mother, at once began to scramble down the dangerous steps.

Delle’s eyes rested for a moment on this new apparition, round-eyed, good-natured, in its dirty nightgown.

“Go put on your rompers, Buster, and wash your face and get your breakfast.”

Without a word Buster reversed him-

self, and began climbing zealously back up the steps. A lovely ridge of sawdust on the grass had inflamed his imagination; if rompers led to it, he would concentrate on rompers.

The blithe spring sun climbed up in the fleckless heavens; Delle's temples began to throb. The pain in her side, which had been troubling her for months, began to grow worse. In a moment Buster reappeared, tugging violently at his half-donned rompers. She buttoned him hastily, admonishing him:

"Don't get in my way, now. You'll get hurt. I can't watch you and work, too."

Buster settled down happily between her feet to investigate the wonder of the sawdust. Suddenly she was aware of a weak, distressed, rather shamed voice behind her.

"Mawther."

Neil's leather-brown bare feet had brought him up unheard, and his mother started violently at the sight of his gray, drawn face.

"Mawther, I've got a chill, I reckon. My head's about to split. Paw told me to plow till he come back, but I cain't."

Delle dropped her work, and sat down weakly on the one solid step. Neil was only nine, and small and slight like herself; she had begged his father not to put him at the plowing for another year.

"Go in and lay down, Neil," she said after a moment. "The plowing'll have to go. Take a dose of quinine first; the bottle's on the top shelf, and there's some coffee on the stove. Cover up if you feel cold, and try to go to sleep."

Neil, weakly stoical, disappeared within the house. His mother shut her lips to a thin, blue line and resumed her work.

Straightening up after a while to wipe her steaming face on her apron, she saw an old man driving toward her down the lane. He was part of what she mentally described as "a queer turn-out." His vehicle was an old two-wheeled cart, his beast a little gray mule, his harness an intricate affair of strings, ropes, and wire, with only an occasional reminiscence of leather. He drew up before Eddy Hutton's gate and alighted from his cart.

Just at that moment Buster gave a nerve-shattering roar. The end of a board on which Delle was working had sprung up and struck him on the head.

She sat down on the bottom step, and took him, kicking and screaming, into her arms.

"Bring a pan of water," she called over her shoulder to Willie May, who, attracted by the uproar, had appeared in the doorway. While she waited for the water, she wiped off the streaming blood with the corner of her apron. Slow, despairing tears at last rose in her eyes, and began to mingle with the little boy's.

The old man came stumping up the walk toward her. He was a respectable-looking old fellow despite the marks of the vagrant upon him, with observant, blue eyes lighting up a ruddy, stubbly face. He wore an old cloth cap, which marked him as not belonging to that country-side, and clothes which showed that they were accustomed to being washed in casual streams and dried on roadside bushes.

"The little geezer much hurt?" he inquired solicitously, standing before her with his cap in his hand.

"I don't know," answered Delle, mechanically. She was washing the wound with cold water and a soft rag; but she had reached the end of her tether, and the tears still rolled, slow and unashamed, down her face.

"Take him in out of the sun," said the old man. "Here, Sissy, move the pan for your mammy. I'll work on your step a bit. That's no woman's job."

Blindly Delle rose, and lugged her great wounded nursling into the house. Soon she heard the old man sawing away with a brisk, professional noise at her abandoned carpentering.

Presently Buster's crying stopped, and he fell asleep in her arms. When she returned to the porch, she found the baby sitting, placid and round-eyed, contemplating the stranger, while Willie May, with unaccustomed amiability, was engaging him in friendly talk. Delle picked up the baby and, seating herself in the broken rocking-chair on the shady corner of the porch, opened the bosom of her dress and began to nurse him. Soon his contented eyelids drooped.

Quiet, like the brushing of a soft wing, touched the mother's bruised, exhausted mind. She watched a humming-bird dart from trumpet to trumpet of the honeysuckle that covered the old dead

tree by the gate. Through all of one hot summer she had carried water in a bucket to help that gasping little honeysuckle to take root in the baked, sandy soil. That was the summer before Buster was born. How hot and dry it had been that summer, and how Willie May and Neil had dragged at her skirts and stumbled about under her feet as she tried to keep the honeysuckle alive! But now it draped the old snag from root to tip, and was a match for drought or frost. It was one of the few things she had planted that had managed to live; it was one of the few things she had tried to do or have that she had not had to give up. Sometimes it gave her courage, sometimes it reminded her of unnumbered other attempts, equally desperate, that had failed utterly.

"Thar!" said the old man, straightening up stiffly, with his finger-tips meeting over the small of his back. "Now you got some good, substantial steps." The kind, keen look in his old, blue eyes made something in her leap, somehow, to meet it. It reminded her of the way her grandfather had sometimes looked at her.

"You ain't got any umbrellers to mend, I reckon?" he asked, after a moment. "That 's my business; but I 'm right smart of a carpenter, too. Got any more jobs your husband ain't had time to do? I don't want no money," he added, with another of those direct, paternal looks that touched her so strangely. "A bite to eat at dinner-time, maybe, if you got it to spare. If you ain't, I got bacon and bread and coffee in my rig there."

"My cook-stove won't draw," Delle answered, the color rising a little in her pale cheeks. "I been trying to fix it for two weeks. You guess you could help it any?"

"Sure I can," he answered cheerfully. "Is it around this a way?"

She went through the house and put the sleeping baby on the bed; then she met him on the kitchen doorstep and took him in to see the offending stove. In a moment he had the pipe down and had discovered the trouble.

While he worked, Delle attacked the breakfast pans and dishes. Conversation sprang up between them.

"This here big girl your'n, too?" he asked once, indicating Willie May.

"I got a boy bigger than her," answered her mother in a voice half-proud, half-grim.

"Don't say! And you don't look no older 'n my youngest grandchild, that ain't out o' school yet."

"You got children living?"

"Two. You 're wonderin', likely, why I don't live with 'em. Well, one 's too rich and t' other 's too poor." He chuckled at his own sententiousness.

"No, I was n't wondering," corrected Delle, surprising herself both by her words and by the energy with which she uttered them. "I would n't live with *my* married children, not if I had a dozen."

The old man said nothing at first; he made no audible sign. But his eyes, resting on her small, flat waist and thin shoulders, seemed to emit a spark of benevolent shrewdness.

For a decent interval he went on with his tinkering in silence; then he said:

"Got some in-laws living with you?"

"Not *with* us," said Delle in a muffled voice. "Up yonder—round the turn of the lane."

"Your husband own this place?"

"Yes. That is, his paw give it to him—or said he did. But it 's just like being his paw's renter, except that he can't move."

The old man fell into a busy silence. At last he asked:

"You brought up on a farm?"

"No; I was raised at Maplevale, on the railroad, about twelve miles from here. You might have come through there."

"To be sure; pretty little place, with a white church-house on top of a hill."

"My grampaw was Doctor Thrash; it was his place you passed just before you come to the railroad." Delle spoke with unconscious pride.

Once more the old man cast that shrewd, appraising look at her back. Perhaps it was sympathy that made him change the subject.

"Quite a high-flyin' old leddy that lives just yon side of your place," he said.

"I mended a fine silk umbreller she says she 's had for nigh on sixteen year'. And when she paid me, she give me a piece of her po'try to boot."

With a horny thumb and finger he fished in the pocket of his shirt and drew out a newspaper clipping, which he proffered her with a chuckle. Delle did not offer to take it.

"I don't want to see it," she said. "I wish she 'd tend to her own business instead of writing poetry to hand around to folks that are tending to theirs."

"Sort o' nuisance?" asked the old man. "I kind o' 'lowed as much."

"She 'd borrow the straw out of your hen' nests," said Delle, with a kind of gentle ferocity. "And there ain't a week passes she don't send for Eddy, my husband, to come and do something for her. He dassent pass her house. When he ain't working for his paw, he 's working for old Lady Paine. His paw kind o' favors her. She nearly always gives him some of her poetry to bring home. She 's been sending it to the 'Weekly Herald' ever since she was born, I think. I used to think it was real pretty—when I was first married."

The old man shook with low chuckles of intense enjoyment.

"Fine old leddy!" he said, "fine old leddy! Been a widow-woman, she told me, for twenty years. Husband the biggest man ever seen in these parts. Common folks could n't hardly see his head, she seemed to think, on a cloudy day! Fine old leddy!"

Delle smiled despite herself. A certain inborn, ineradicable delicacy—the refinement which aroused Paw Hutton's resentment—kept her from voicing further her opinions of Mrs. Paine.

At last the job was finished.

"Now your stove 'll draw," said the old man. "Want I should build your dinner-fire and show you?"

Without waiting for her answer, he went about it, and soon had a roaring fire in the mended stove.

"I 'll just split you up a batch of kindling," he said, looking in at the kitchen door, "and then I 'll be moving on."

"No," said Delle, hurriedly, "you eat dinner with us. My husband won't be home; he 'll eat at his maw's. I always cook at noon," she added hastily, his look reminding her that the fire had been built at her suggestion, "so 's not to have to stand over the stove in the evening."

The meal nearly over, Delle stooped for the sixth time to pick up the baby's spoon.

"You won't never know how obliged I am," she said. She had been trying to say it for an hour; she spoke with an almost painful sincerity.

"I 've had an idea while I was eatin' these here spring onions," the old man answered hastily. "I see considerable scrap lumber laying around. Your husband planning to use it for anything particular?"

"No," answered Delle, wonderingly.

"Then nobody 'd miss it if I fixed up something for you and these here tumble-bugs? I could do it this afternoon and be off by sundown." His old eyes sparkled mysteriously.

Delle hurried through with the dishes, so that she might go out and see what he was making. After one look, she hurried back into the house with something nearer a run than her tired feet had remembered for many a day.

"A porch-swing!" she cried. "O Neil, you can use your rope you been saving! He 's making us a porch-swing."

Neil, his eyes burning with fever, lifted himself on his elbow to look out.

"I 'll come out and get it by the time he 's ready for it," he said in a thin, shaky voice. "I 'm through chillin', and I think my fever 's goin' down."

All that afternoon the treasure grew into shape. About five o'clock the old man called from the work-bench under the mulberry-tree:

"All done now but the rope. Where 'll we hang it?"

Neil, as rickety as a new-born calf, made his way out to the woodshed and produced his hoarded rope from a high shelf. Then they all trailed around to the front porch, where the long, welcome shadows were beginning to fall across the new steps. On the end that was partly shaded by the big sycamore, a gaunt, but companionable, tree which Maw Hutton had always insisted to Delle should be cut down because it kept the yard littered, the swing was installed.

"Git out now, and let your mammy set in it," ordered the old man to the swarming youngsters. "I made it for her to set and rest in. You brats can have it when she don't want it."



"All that afternoon the treasure grew into shape"

Delle seated herself awkwardly in the swing. Her eyes rewarded him.

"I 'll be going now," he said, glancing down the lane, where the tall sumachs were beginning to be tipped with gold. "Whenever you 're beat out, you set here in the shade awhile and pretend you 're me, jogging along day in and day out, stoppin' where you please and startin' when you please, without a string to you in the world. Long 's I was held to my place by rights, I stayed. But there 's some strings that ought to tie a man, and some that ought to be busted. Them spring onions sure was fine, ma'am. Good evenin' to you." Embarrassment and formality suddenly overtook him as he started to the gate; but by the time he had disentangled himself from the children, who pursued him despite their mother's calls, he was again chuckling and twinkling. Delle, with the baby on her hip, stood on the new steps and watched him out of sight.

"Well, now, a regular old tramp they 'd say he was!" she said, with softly shining eyes. Somehow everything seemed to look different. The atmosphere of her mind, like the late afternoon light, seemed to soften and beautify the poor, weather-beaten, sagging house set in the bare, sandy yard. Something fluttered feebly in Delle that was almost dead. She went back and sat down in the new swing, her mind like a long-closed room into which a fresh, sunny breeze has suddenly stolen.

Perhaps it was all her own fault that things had gone so badly. Perhaps if she had not lost heart—Delle had long had a deep, hidden, almost fierce consciousness that she was too soft, too tender a creature, too helpless in the hands of fate. Yet, fiercely, too, she realized that life had not given her scope for the sort of strength she had. "I can do," she told herself, despairingly, "if only I had anything to do *with*." She had been in love with Eddy when, in his appealing, dumb way, he had come courting her; but for her love meant, most of all, nest-building. To have a home of her own to plan and keep, to arrange and embellish, to live in and for—Delle could not bear to remember the thoughts with which she had begun her married life.

But this evening, as she sat relaxed in her new swing, she found herself lifting her defeated eyes once more to those lost radiances. She had long ago come to telling herself that they were all wrong, girlish notions and fancies, all foolishness. There was only one thing to do in this world, hang on as long as you could until you dropped. And when you dropped, what became of the children? You did n't think of that; you could n't. You just shut your eyes and hung.

But now, perhaps, perhaps there *was* a way out—a way in which things could be improved. With overmastering force the longing which continually underlay all her thoughts rose up and engulfed her. If only they could get away!

As she sat swinging gently, the children playing in unwonted peace about her feet, she felt a great welling up of hope, courage, and a sort of healing shame. How foolish and wrong she had been to lose heart! She and Eddy together must find some way to do better for themselves and the children. Perhaps, if she could find enough courage and patience, she could get him to move, to try a fresh start, somewhere. Her heart quailed at the thought of taking such a responsibility; yet, so irresistible was the goal—At that moment she saw Eddy and his father coming.

Paw Hutton was a patriarchal-looking old man with a straight, white beard that reached nearly to his waist. A farmer in all other details, he kept his beard with unfarmerlike neatness and care. His son walked a step behind him, leading his tired horse. Eddy was a large, powerful man, like his father, but already he was more stooped and blurred by heavy work. He had nothing of his father's magisterial, self-important air. Though so large and strong, he had a look not unlike Delle's own, of being near to irremediable defeat.

As Delle watched the two men approaching, all her sudden, new-found courage seemed to ooze out of her. The familiar, desperate reality seemed to close upon her mind like a pair of iron pincers. How could she ever communicate anything so intangible as a mood of hope and enthusiasm to Eddy? His whole being was concentrated upon the immediate problem. He was on his

guard, instinctively on the defensive against anything irrelevant or distracting. And there was Paw Hutton, as fixed and inescapable as fate.

They came on into the yard, giving Delle a glance, country-fashion, by way of greeting. They did not even notice the new swing. As they started around the house, Eddy bethought himself, and paused to ask anxiously:

"Neil get the patch plowed?"

"Neil 's sick," said Delle. "Came in this morning with a chill."

Eddy said nothing; he only set his tired face harder. But Paw Hutton paused alertly.

"You give him any vinegar?"

"I 'm giving him quinine," said Delle.

"Well, I reckon you 're determined to go your own way," said her father-in-law. "You was brought up on such ruinous ways, and nothin' seems to change you. If you 'd give all the children vinegar soon 's it begins to be warm weather, like I told you, you 'd 'a' been spared this. Notice Eddy never has chills, don't you? Because he was treated right while he was growin'."

Delle said nothing, and the old man continued his way to the lot. He had come to instruct his son in the care of a young cow that had fallen sick. After a moment Delle went into the house and began to "set on supper."

At the table her husband, tired and preoccupied, ate in his usual silence.

"Get through at paw's to-day?"

Delle asked at last, holding the baby in the crook of her elbow while she peeled a cold boiled potato for Buster.

"No," answered Eddy, grimly. "That is, I got paw's job about done, but he promised old Lady Paine to send me over to break up her garden-patch for her. And this evenin' he told me he wants to put in an extra melon-patch at the far end of the old field. I 'll get through by noon to-morrow, I reckon—both jobs. If it was n't for Neil's givin' down—" A dispirited silence followed.

"You notice the steps?" asked Delle.

"Steps? No," said her husband, dragging himself up again from inattention.

"He made us a swing!" cried Willie May, aroused.

"N, I busted my head," said Buster, proudly.

Eddy looked at his wife with half-bewildered inquiry in his eyes.

"An old man came along," said Delle, "and offered to mend the steps for a bite to eat." She had imagined herself describing the whole incident to Eddy, with a secret hope that he might get a glimpse of her through the old man's eyes. Now, with those iron pincers on her heart, she knew that she could give him only the bare facts; the hope of communicating her mood to him became the wildest of illusions. "He fixed the stove-pipe for me," she said, "and—and made a porch-swing."

"A porch-swing?" said Eddy, stupidly.

"A porch-swing? What 'd he make a porch-swing for?"

"For mawther!" piped Willie May.

"He told us to keep out of it when she wanted to set in it."

Delle dropped her eyes guiltily. Her husband was staring at her; his attention was caught at last.

"Come look at it," she said hastily.

"You 're through."

They scraped their chairs back from the table and trooped out upon the porch. There hung the new swing, sturdy, trim, and workmanlike.

"Come and try it," said Delle, sitting in the swing with the baby in her lap, and laying her hand awkwardly on the seat beside her.

Still in a daze, Eddy sat down. An unconscious sigh of comfort escaped him as he relaxed his tired muscles against the substantial back of the swing.

"What 'd he make it out of?"

"That scrap lumber under the house. You did n't care, did you?"

"No; reckon not." Then, with a sudden anxious suspicion, "What you give him for all that work?"

"Not a thing but his dinner."

"Who was he?"

"Oh, an old vagrant sort of man, going round mending umbrellas."

Her husband was silent. They swung a little, back and forth, in the dusk, the children hanging to the ropes and arms.

"Ain't it easy and nice?"

"Uh-huh."

A little later, while her husband was drawing off his shoes, Delle was seized by another spasm of courage.

"Come out and sit in the swing a

minute before you go to bed," she said. "Children 's all asleep. It 'll cool you off and rest you."

Her husband looked up at her in surprise, about to dismiss automatically so fantastic a suggestion. Then, without a word, he put down his shoes and followed her, in his stockinged feet, out to the porch. Delle knew that he was answering the plea in her eyes at the same time that he was dismissing it, wearily, as women's foolishness. Eddy tried to be indulgent; he was never unkind.

Out in the darkness they sat down side by side in the swing. The fragrances and delicacies and potencies of the spring night finally made their way dimly even through Eddy's drugged weariness. Up among the jungles of bloom in Delle's honeysuckle by the gate a mocking-bird was singing with a piercing abandon of ecstasy. Eddy put a heavy arm across his wife's shoulders.

"Eddy."

He made a sound of acknowledgment. "You ought n't to be working for paw—and the neighbors when you 're behind with your own work."

Eddy laughed shortly.

"Tell me somethin' I don't know," he said.

"Then why don't you quit it?"

A weary silence followed. Then he said:

"Why don't you quit runnin' round doing things for the children they could just as well do for themselves?"

"I 'm trying to. But paw and maw and old Lady Paine ain't children. You 'd ought to make them let you alone."

"Huh!" said Eddy. "Ought to make myself over, too, but I don't have much luck at it. Paw brought me up that a way, and I reckon I ain't never growed up. He 'd 'a' done better by me if he 'd 'a' kicked me out when I was fourteen."

Very rarely had she wrung such admissions from him before. They raised her courage.

"Eddy, let 's go away!"

"Huh!" The spell was broken. She had dared make that suggestion only a few times, but it had been enough to put him on his guard. "Let 's go to bed. That 's the place for us to go. I got to be stirrin' early in the mornin'."

"You go on," said Delle in a muffled voice. "I 'll be along after a while."

She sat on alone in the new swing. At first, as he turned away, a black disappointment and despair engulfed her. What could she do against these human walls, stronger than adamant, that shut her in? But gradually, as the stillness closed again about her, she was surprised to find herself following the old man's parting advice. She saw the stiff, tough old figure, seated once more in his rickety cart, jogging off down the lane among the gracious evening shadows. What had his adventures been? What had he not survived, that gnarled, faded, battered, courageous old figure? Why did he choose to live so differently from other folks? Dim perceptions grew in her mind, comforting, fortifying.

All that summer Delle spent her few spare moments in her swing. She formed the habit of depending upon it, of thinking of it as a friend and ally. And as she gathered courage to face her problems, her timid soul became more convinced that she must assume the responsibility she dreaded: she must interfere, as Eddy thought, with his affairs. So at intervals she began systematically urging upon him to "get away."

"What you know about getting away, Delle?" he would answer her, patiently enough now; for he had come to see at last that he could no longer ignore or evade this fixed idea of his wife's, he must convince her of its folly. "You want me to take you and the kids off to starve among strangers? You got to hang on to what you got when there 's four kids. I 'm the one that 's got to say, Delle, because I 'm the one that 's got the responsibility."

The effect of these frustrated efforts upon Delle was almost invariable, first an abyss of despair and discouragement, succeeded by a rebound to even greater hope and determination. Delle had her own submerged sort of strength.

Yet it is doubtful what the outcome might have been but for a most unwelcome ally that overtook her toward the end of September. The recurrent pain in her side, which she was in the habit of ignoring, not even taking the vinegar Paw Hutton would have prescribed for it had he known, suddenly became acute

and deadly. Eddy, in panic, summoned from the county-seat the doctor who had attended them when Neil broke his leg and Willie May had diphtheria. He was prepared to hear that it was appendicitis, but he was struck dumb by the doctor's urgency about the hospital and an operation. It paralyzed him. Of all the emergencies of which he had lived in secret dread, this was the worst.

Delle came through the ordeal scarcely more shaken and weak than Eddy himself, and in that state of panic and inner disorganization he had to take another blow.

"Eddy," said the doctor, kindly, "you ought to move. You're doing no good here with your paw, and you know it. You'd ought to go somewhere and take a fresh start. You're strong and a good worker, and you could make good most anywhere. Why don't you try something besides farming? Your wife's breaking down; first thing you know you won't have any wife. You must remember she was n't raised on a farm; she was n't used to having things so hard."

"I don't know nothing but farming," said Eddy, white and stubborn, lifting miserable eyes.

"You don't? What about that time before you were married when you had that job in Houston? Sort of ran away from the old man, did n't you? And worked in the yards down there for a while?"

Eddy assented, hanging his head.

"Well, how did you like it? Made good all right, did n't you? And what brought you back?"

"Well," said Eddy, "paw bought the new place—"

"Yes, paw," said the doctor. "Now, if Delle could have an entirely different sort of life for a while, she'd get all right. She's sound now; just run down and overstrained. If you don't—"

"You said this to Delle?" interrupted Eddy, desperately.

"No, I have n't; I'm talking to you. If I can help you any, let me know. I like you, Eddy, and I've known Delle since she was n't any bigger than Willie May here. I guess I've got a soft spot for Delle."

So, as Delle lay through the long days, trying to recover her strength, Eddy

went about like a haunted man. Under his unusual gentleness and solicitude she felt something she could not fathom.

One day he came home unusually early from a trip to town. He had sold a cow and made a small payment on the doctor's bill, besides paying a pressing debt and buying some things her illness had necessitated. He sat down awkwardly on the side of the bed. His face was pale and curiously still, as it had been ever since her illness, but his eyes blazed with excitement.

"When you be well enough to move?" he asked.

Delle half raised herself on her elbow; she began to tremble all over.

"What is it?" she asked, her eyes leaping like his own. "What you done?"

"I got a job—as good as got one. I met Jim Hagan to-day, home on a visit. He's workin' for the same folks I worked for when I was in Houston. They're in Dallas now. He says they're takin' on new men right along."

"In Dallas?" whispered Delle, breathless from surprise and weakness. "You going to Dallas?" Her wildest flights had not carried her beyond the county-seat. At last she said feebly, "When?"

"You be willing to stay with maw a month or so while you get well and I look around for a place for you and the kids? If you was, I could go back with Jim to-morrow."

ABOUT a year and a half later, one spring afternoon, Delle was planting marigold seeds in the round beds on each side of the path in her front yard. Her very movements, the lines of her body as she worked, expressed a possessive pleasure. Delle's house was very much like the others in the straggling suburb of small, new houses for working-men, but it had a more homelike and cherished air. Most of the ferns and geraniums that lined the shelves along the porch railings looked sick and spindling in comparison with Delle's. No one was more clearly aware of all this than Delle herself, for her new home was the center of an alert and jealous passion. At last she had something to "do with."

Eddy had not only kept his job, but had bettered it, and the little house, which belonged wholly to Delle in spirit,

was being steadily paid for, in fact. Shy at first of her neighbors, Delle now felt herself in every sense one of them; with an inborn fastidiousness she discriminated among them, scorning especially those who were slatternly and aimlessly discontented. She was impatient of any one who could not appreciate a life so satisfying, so rich in opportunities and possibilities. Delle could stretch out her arms and almost touch with her fingertips the circumference of her soul's circle; she instinctively resented any belittling of a lot that seemed to her wholly good.

On this April afternoon she was working away with a full mind and a contented heart. The baby was asleep; the other children had not yet come from school. Part of her mind, as she worked, was occupied with plans for remodeling Willie May's best white dress for an Easter program at Sunday school. Suddenly up the sidewalk came a messenger boy on his bicycle. While Delle wondered, he stopped at her own gate and put the yellow envelop into her hand.

After she had signed for it mechanically, she took it, unopened, and sat down in the porch-swing. Transformed by two loving coats of dark-green paint from her own hands, it now hung invitingly behind the ferns. At last she opened the message. Maw Hutton was dead.

Delle was ashamed when she realized that, mingled with the very first shock of natural kindly feeling, mingled with her warm, protecting impulses of sympathy for her husband, was a premonition of fear for her own happiness and peace. She would not at first define her fear. Only, somehow, this misfortune had released Paw Hutton; her security against him was at an end.

A few days later, on the evening after the funeral, they all drew their chairs out on Paw Hutton's front porch, feeling very lost and strange. The clean, garnished air of calamity still hung over the place. The old man was doubly portentous and stately. Eddy's eyes still wore their boyish, hurt look; even Neil looked subdued and solemn. Only the younger children played about naturally. Delle herself was consumed by an inner uneasiness: the scene of those long, defeated

years filled her with secret panic. She seemed to feel those old pincers of unfriendly circumstance about to close again upon her soul. She was struggling with a passion of impatience to be safe back at home.

"Well, Eddy," said Paw Hutton at last, "don't you reckon you and Delle better come back here now and take charge of things for me?"

Delle's heart contracted. There was a long moment of silence.

"I don't hardly see how I can, Paw," said Eddy, at last. "I'm paying for my place, and I got a good chance of a raise. You better sell out and come live with us. Nothing to keep you here now."

Was it any relief, after all, Delle wondered? Unobserved in the dusk, she felt the tears rise under her lids as she waited tensely for his reply.

"But that ain't no way to do, Eddy. We're farmin' folks; we don't belong in town. You're makin' a mistake—you and Delle. Those chilern, now—you'll see sometime, when it's too late, what comes of raisin' chilern in town. They'll be wantin' more an' more, and strikin' out fer bigger places, if they don't bring you worse sorer and disgrace. Neil, there, 's old enough to make a crop this year. You're ruinin' him—and all the rest of 'em."

Delle sat, braced and uneasy, while they argued desultorily and inconclusively. But the minute she and Eddy were alone, she said passionately:

"We ain't ever coming back here, no matter what happens."

"All right; we ain't, then," said her husband, with a hard smile. She saw that he was still sore from recent loss, from the pressure of old memories; that he was torn between two loyalties, and that her own attitude hurt him. She went to bed miserable, but unshaken.

"Well, Paw," said Eddy to his father as they drove away next morning, "remember our house is your home any time you want to come."

Delle smiled out of a small, set face. She had won her point, but that was the alternative.

Although Paw Hutton had not consented to sell the farm, she had a desolate premonition that it eventually would come to that. Already she saw him

stalking about her new home, by the blight of his disapproval withering the shy, gracious things that flowered invisibly in its sunny corners for her alone. But she forced herself not to dwell upon it. If it came, it must be her duty to make the best of it. Anything was better than moving back to the farm.

So she held herself prepared. She wrung an added drop of sweetness from the sense of undisturbed spiritual possession, from all her little household ritual, because of the impending shadow. Often and often that summer, as she rested at "odd times" in the porch-swing, she caught herself thinking of the "old vagrant man" who had made it. She saw him driving off down the lane between the sumach-bushes, gentle, indomitable.

"Well," said Eddy, coming home from work one evening, "paw 's decided to sell the place. Jim's brother 's been back home, and paw sent me word."

"He coming with us?"

"Says so."

Thus the blow fell; but execution was delayed. Paw, it seemed, entertained different views about the value of the place from those of available bidders. All that summer Delle moved about her house, pressing out and hoarding in her heart the last drops of her secret joy in it. "It won't ever be the same afterwards," she said, but only to herself.

Finally, one evening, Eddy announced that his father had found a new purchaser and that the place was "just about

sold." Still, action hung fire. Delle, braced to bear a hard part creditably, began almost to wish that paw would decide and get it over. Every morning she would say:

"Reckon we 'll hear from your paw to-day?"

And Eddy would answer:

"Should n't wonder. If a letter comes, you can open it."

The letter came one mellow autumn afternoon as she sat in the porch-swing, frankly watching for the postman's blue uniform. With fingers a little unsteady she tore open the envelop. Then, after a quick glance or two, she dropped it weakly in her lap. Astonishment, followed by utter beatitude, overspread her small face.

"Well, of all things!" she said aloud.

"Well, of *all* things!"

That evening, after the supper-table was set, the baby asleep, and the other children playing amicably in the back yard, Delle came out on the porch and sat down in the swing to wait for her husband. She folded her small, worn hands in her lap, her heart bathed in happiness and utter content.

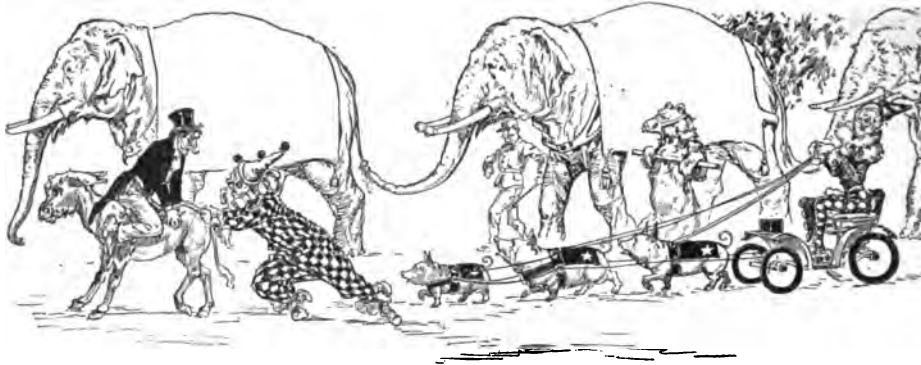
At last Eddy turned the corner.

"Eddy," she said at the gate—"Eddy, paw 's not coming!"

"Not coming?" said Eddy, stupid with surprise. "What you mean?"

"He 's not coming at all," repeated Delle. "This letter says so. The trade 's off, and—he 's married to old Lady Paine!"





Circus Days

By CHARLES S. BROOKS

Illustrations by John R. Neill

THERE have been warm winds out of the south for several days, soft rains have teased the daffodils into blossom along the fences, and this morning I heard the first clicking of a lawn-mower. It seems but yesterday that winter was tugging at the chimneys, that March freshets were brawling in the gutters; but with the shifting of the cock upon the steeple the spring came gaily from its hiding in the hills. At this moment, to prove the changing of the season, a street organ plays beneath my window. It is rather a miserable box and is stocked with sentimental tunes for coaxing nickels out of pity. Its inlaid mahogany is soiled with travel. It has a peg-leg, and it hangs around the musician's neck as if weary of the road. Master, it seems to say, may we sit awhile? And yet on this warm morning in the sunlight there is almost a touch of frolic in the box. A syncopation attempts a happier temper. It has sniffed the fragrant air and desires to put a better face upon its troubles.

Susan, the housemaid next door, hangs out the Monday's garments to dry, and there is a pleasant flapping of legs and arms impatient for partners in a dance. Must a petticoat sit unasked when the music plays? Surely breeches and stockings will not hold back when a lively skirt beckons. A slow waltz might even

tempt Aunt Bertha's nightgown off the line. If only a vegetable man would come with a cart of red pie-plant and green lettuce and offer his gaudy wares along the street, then the evidence of spring would be complete.

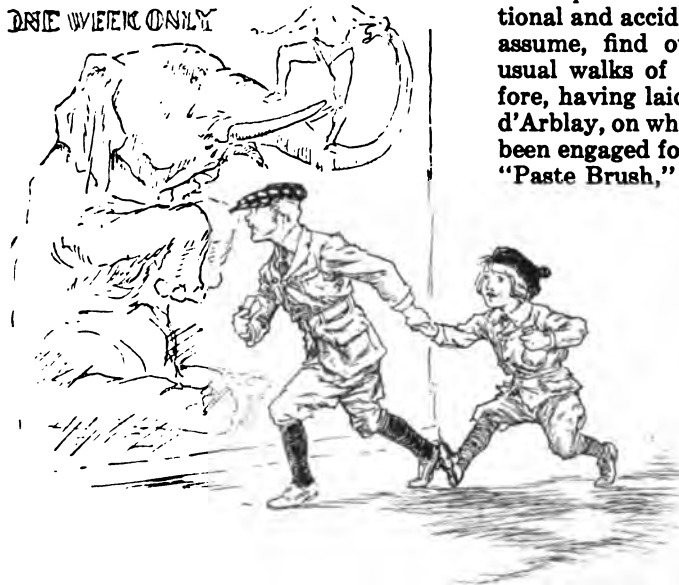
But there is even better evidence at hand. This morning I noticed that a circus-poster had been pasted on the bill-board near the school-house. Several children and I stopped to see the wonders that were promised. Then a bell rang, and they dawdled off. Were there circus bill-boards in the days of Stratford? There, also, it seems, the school-boy with his shining morning face crept like snail unwillingly to school. This morning it will be a shrewd lesson to keep the childrens' thoughts from leaping out the window. It will hardly keep their truant noses on the desk.

On the bill-board there is the usual blonde with pink legs balanced on one toe on a running horse. The clown holds the paper hoop. The band is blowing itself very red in the face. An acrobat leaps headlong from a high trapeze. There are five rings, thirty clowns, an amazing variety of equestrian and slack-wire genius, a galaxy of dazzling beauty, and every performance includes a dizzy, death-defying dive by a dauntless daredevil on a bicycle from the top of the tent. And of course there are elephants and performing dogs and fat ladies. One

day only, two performances, rain or shine.

Does not this kind of bill-board stir the blood in these adventurous days of spring? It is a gay tonic on the sober street. It is a shining dial that marks the coming of the summer. In the winter let barns and fences proclaim the fashion of our dress and tease us with their bargains, but in the spring, when the wind is from the south, fences have a better use. They announce the circus. What child now will not come upon a trot? What student can keep to his sober book? There is a sleepy droning from the school-house. Must the boundaries of Siam be kept indoors to-day? The irregular verbs, lawless rascals doubtless who have sowed their oats, chafe in their dull routine. The clock loiters through the hour.

It was by a mere coincidence that I stopped last night on my way home at a news-stand for a daily paper, and saw a periodical by the name of the "Paste Brush." On a gay cover was the picture of another blonde, a sister, maybe, of the lady of the bill-board. She was held by an ankle over a sea of upturned faces, but by her happy, inverted smile she seemed unaware of her danger.



"What child now will not come upon a trot?"

The "Paste Brush" is new to me. I bought a copy, folded its scandalous cover out of sight, and took it home. It proves to be the trade journal of the circus and amusement-park interests. It announces a circulation of seventy thousand, which, I fancy, is largely among acrobats, magicians, fat ladies, clowns, liniment-venders, lion-tamers, Caucasian beauties, and actors on obscure circuits.

Now, it happens that among a fairly wide acquaintance I cannot myself boast a single acrobat or professional fat man. A dear friend of mine, it is true, swells in that direction, but it is as yet his unwilling avocation, and he rolls nights and morning as corrective. I did once, also, pass an agreeable hour at a county fair with a strong man who bends iron bars in his teeth. He had picked me from his audience as one of convincing weight to hang across the bar while he performed his trick. When the show was done, he introduced me to the bearded lady. One of my friends, also, has told me that she is acquainted with a lady, a former pupil of her Sunday-school, who leaps from a parachute in the park on holidays. The bantam champion, too, many years ago lived behind us, around the corner, but he was a distant hero for our youthful worship. But these meetings are exceptional and accidental. Most of us, let us assume, find our acquaintance in the usual walks of life. Last night, therefore, having laid by the letters of Mme. d'Arblay, on whose seven volumes I have been engaged for a month, I took up the "Paste Brush," and was carried at once into another and unfamiliar world.

The frontispiece is the big tent of the circus, with side-shows in the foreground. There is a great wheel with its swinging baskets, a merry-go-round, a funny castle, and a sword-swallowers' booth. By a dense crowd around a wagon I am of

opinion that nothing less than red lemonade is sold. Certainly Jolly Mause, that mountain of flesh, holds the distant crowd against the ropes.

An article, "Freaks I have Known," is worth the reading. You may care to know that a celebrated missing link—I withhold the lady's name—plays solitaire in her tent as she waits her turn. Bearded ladies, it is asserted, are mostly married, and have a fondness for crocheting out of hours. The three-legged boy tried to enlist for the war, but was rejected because he broke up a pair of shoes. The wild men of Borneo lived and died in Waltham, Massachusetts. If the street and number were given, it would tempt me to a pilgrimage. Have I not journeyed to Concord and to Plymouth? Perhaps an old inhabitant, an antique spinster or whiskered grocer, can still remember the pranks of the wild men's childhood.



"I stopped . . . and saw a periodical by the name of the 'Paste Brush'"

But in the "Paste Brush" the pages of advertisement are best. Slot-machines for chewing-gum are offered for sale, merry-widow swings, beach babies (a kind of doll), genuine Tiffany rings that defy the expert, second-hand saxophones, fountain-pens at eight cents each, and

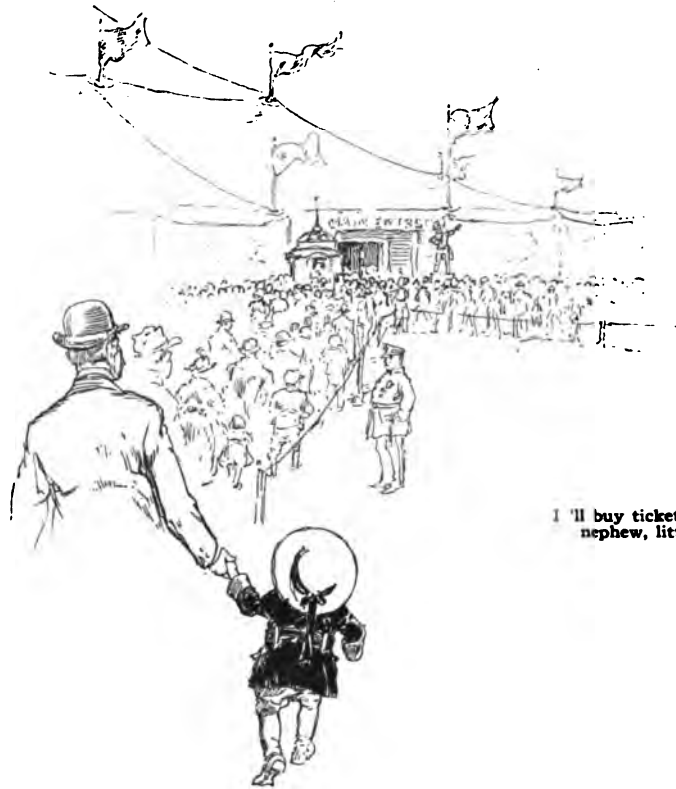
sofa pillows with pictures of Turkish beauties.

But let us suppose, my dear sir, that you are one of those seventy thousand subscribers and are by profession a tattooer. On the day of publication with what eagerness you scan its columns! Here is your opportunity to pick up an improved outfit—stencils and supplies complete, with twelve chest designs and a picture of a tattooed lady in colors for display. Send for price-list. Or, if you have skill in charming snakes and your stock of vipers is running low, write to the Snake King of Florida for his catalogue. "He treats you right." Here is an advertisement of an alligator farm. Alligator-wrestlers, it is said, make big money at popular resorts on the Southern circuit. It needs only a moderate skill to seize the fierce creature by his tail and haul him to the shore. A deft movement throws him on his back. Then you tickle him under the ear to calm him, and pass the hat.

Here in the "Paste Brush" is an announcement of a ship-load of monkeys from Brazil. Would you care to buy a walrus? Or perhaps you are a glass-blower with your own outfit, a ventriloquist, a diving beauty, a lyric tenor, or a nail-eater. If so, here is an agent who will book you through the West. The small cities and large towns of Kansas yearn for you. Or if you, my dear madame, are of good figure, the Alamo Beauties, touring in Mississippi, want your services. Long season. No back pay.

Would you like to play a tuba in a ladies' orchestra? You are wanted in Oklahoma. The Sunshine Girls, famous on Western circuits, are looking to augment their number. "Wanted: Woman for Eliza and Ophelia. A child for Eva. Must double as a pony. State salary. Canada theatres."

It is affirmed that there is money in box-ball, that hoop-la yields a fortune, that "you mop up the tin" with a Huckley-buck. It sounds easy. I wonder what a "Huckley-buck" is like. I wonder if I have ever seen one. It must be common knowledge to the readers of the "Paste Brush," for the term is not explained. Perhaps one puts a Huckley-buck in a wagon and drives from town to



I 'll buy tickets and take my nephew, little Nepos"

town. Doubtless it returns a fortune in a county fair. Is this not an opportunity for an underpaid school-teacher or slim seamstress? No longer need she subsist upon a pittance. Let her write to-day for a catalogue. She must choose a Huckley-buck of gaudy color, with a Persian princess on the side to draw the crowd. Let her stop by the village pump and sound a stirring blast upon her megaphone.

Or perhaps you, my dear sir, have been hooped through a dreary winter over a desk. If so, your gloomy disposition can be mended by a hoop-la booth. "This way, gentlemen! Try your luck! Positively no blanks. A valuable prize for everybody." Your stoop shoulders will straighten. Your digestion will come to order in a month. Or why not run a stand at the beach for walking-sticks, with a view in the handle of a "dashing

French actress in a daring pose, or the latest picture of President and Mrs. Wilson at the peace conference"? Or curiosities may be purchased—"two-headed giants, mermaids, sea-serpents, a devil-child, and an Egyptian mummy. New lists ready." A mummy would be a quiet and profitable companion for our seamstress in the long vacation. It would need less attention than a sea-serpent. Let her announce the dusty creature as a daughter of the Ptolemies. When the word has gone round, she may sit at ease and count the dropping nickels. She will take to her thimble with vigor in the autumn.

Out in Gilmer, Texas, there is a hog with six legs, "alive and healthy. Five hundred dollars takes it." Here is a merchant who will sell you "snake, frog and monkey tights." After your church supper, on the stage of the Sunday school, surely you could draw a crowd. Study

the trombone and double your income. Can you yodle? "It can be learned at home, evenings, in six easy lessons."

A waffle-machine will be shipped to you on trial. Does no one wish to take the road with a five-legged cow? Here is one for sale, an extraordinary animal that cleaned up sixty dollars in one afternoon at a county fair in Indiana. "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen! The marvel of the age. Plenty of time before the big show starts. A five-legged cow. Count them. Answers to the name of Guenevere. Shown before all the crowned heads of Europe. Once owned by the Czar of Russia. Only a dime. A tenth of a dollar. Ten cents. Show about to start."

Or perhaps you think it more profitable to buy a steam calliope. Some very good second-hand ones are offered in the "Paste Brush"—"and tour your neighboring towns. Make a stand at the cross-roads under the soldiers' monument. Give a free concert. Then, when the crowd is thick about you, offer them a magic ointment. Rub an old man for his rheumatism. Throw away his stick, clap him on the back, and pronounce him cured. Or pull teeth at a dollar each. It takes but a moment for a diagnosis. When once the fashion starts, the profitable bicuspid will drop around you."

And funny castles can be bought. Perhaps you do not know what they are. They are usual in amusement parks. You and a favorite lady enter, hand in hand. It is dark inside, and if she is of an agreeable timidity, she leans to your support. Only if you are a churl will you deny your arm. Then presently a fiery

devil's head flashes beside you in the passage. The flooring tilts and wobbles as you step. Here, surely, no lady will wish to keep her independence. Presently a picture opens in the wall. It is souls in hell or the Queen of Sheba on a journey. Then a sharp draft ascends through an opening in the floor. Your lady screams and minds her skirts. A progress through a funny castle, it is said, ripens the greenest friendship. Now take the lady outside, smooth her off, and regale her with a lovers' sundae. Funny castles with wind machines, a Queen of Sheba, almost new, and devil's head, complete, can be purchased. Remit twenty-five per cent. with order, the balance on delivery.

Perhaps I am too old for these high excitements. Funny castles are behind me. Ladies of the circus, alas! who ride in golden chariots are no longer beautiful. Cleopatra in her tinsel has sunk to the common level. Clowns with slapsticks rouse in me only a moderate delight.

At this moment, as I write, the clock strikes twelve. It is noon, and school is out. There is a slamming of desks and a rush for caps. The boys scamper on the stairs. They surge through the gate. The acrobat on the bill-board greets their eyes, the clown also, the lady with the pink legs. They pause. They gather in a circle. They have fallen victims to her inverted smile. They mark the great day in memory.

The wind is from the south. The daffodils flourish along the fences. There will be parade in the morning. The great show starts at two. I'll buy tickets and take my nephew, little Nepos.



Wolf's-Head and Eye-for-Bane

By JAMES C. ANDREWS

Illustration by George M. Richards



WHEN Wolf's-Head met Eye-for-Bane, she was gathering sticks for fuel in the mid-part of Torreholme, where it is very lone and waste. Wolf's-Head was strange to the country, for he had been hunted out of the boundaries of March, and bitter need drove him ahead. "Better short care than long bane," is the wisdom of the Marchlands, and so thought Wolf's-Head. Therefore, when the flash of the girl's face and arms caught his eye athwart the underwood, he dropped behind a great oak and put arrow to string. He lined the girl fair over the top of his thumb-nail and then called, the low for-ester's call that just carries the distance. "Stand fast," it was, "or die unshriven."

As for Eye-for-Bane, she stood fast; in truth she might do no other, but she was no way adread.

"Come near," cried Wolf's-Head.

"Wherefore should I come near?" she shot back jeeringly. "Wherefore should I wait the bidding of a man masterless?"

"Must right hand wait for subtle tongue?" he asked grimly. "Right hand tires apace."

Therefore she came, for his right hand held the shaft at full stretch; she dropped her fagot and drew near him, smiling, straight up the arrow-path, turning not to either hand. When she was at spear's-length he slacked string and put up the shaft, yet so that the goose-wing stood out above its fellows.

"How do men call you?" he asked.

"Fair," said she. "Speak they troth, strong, brown man of the woods?"

"Answer," he said shortly. "Every man is my foe this day."

Then said she sulkily:

"Some have called me Devil's-brat and some the Changeling." She looked down at her brown, bare toes, then up

straitly into his face. "One that was my mother named me for Mary when I was dipped, and here in Nether Denne, whereas I dwell, folk call me Fey to my face, but out of earshot Eye-for-Bane." She fixed him suddenly with blue-gray eyes that drave into his brain so that he turned his gaze aside, who yet was not wont to waver. "Whence are you, oh, man, masterless?"

"Lo!" said he, "twice have you called me masterless. Behold this coat." His coat bore the pelican in her piety, with bleeding breast, which all men know for cognizance of Mont Joyeuse.

But she returned answer with disdain.

"I know all who bear that coat whether of Updene or Nether Denne or Torreholme."

"Say on," he said, and eyed her.

"Your speech is not of Mont Joyeuse, brown man of the woods."

"Say on," he answered again, and made to pluck forth a shaft from his quiver.

"Nay," quoth she, drawing to arm's-length, "am I not within knife-stroke?"

"Say on," he answered yet again, sourly, not moving his eyes from her, and his look was grim; but she made naught of that.

"What man died that you should wear his coat?"

He stepped back a pace.

"Do you fear me?" she asked mockingly.

"This day," said he, "I mistrust all things that move on earth, though naught I fear."

"You are Wolf's-Head," said she. "You are without the law."

Then for the first time he thought of her fair hair, like summer corn, and her blue-gray eyes, witch's coloring, and he crossed himself in haste.

"Do not so," she said; "for surely we are two of a kind."

"Of one kind," he said again, stupidly.

"Without the law," she answered him.

"If I wear false colors, it was fortune garred me do them on, not fault," he said. "I have been chased from mine own land, and one withstood me. My life for his it was, as it would be now if any came against me to betray."

"Even if folk called them Eye-for-Bane?" she retorted, challenging.

"Even so," he said. "My head is worth two pounds of gold."

She sighed.

"It is a fair head," she said; "but two pounds!"

Then he knew that she mocked him.

"Neighbor's dole,
Light to thole,"

he said bitterly. "Why hast thou joy of my sorrow, Eye-for-Bane?"

"Joy?" she cried. "Yea, I have joy. I have never taken risk to befriend any man yet. Are we not of a kind?"

"How?" said he. "You dwell within walls."

"Am I within the law the more for that?" cried she scornfully. "Who dares cross my threshold?" She paused a moment, and he wondered at her fairness, her pale skin, with the quick color on the cheek, the wide, blue eyes, and hair all gold, which stood around her like a cloud.

"Oh," she said at last, words eager as fire—"oh, man masterless and lone, am not I, too, lone? Yonder,"—she thrust an angry hand downhill,—"down there, they grin at me, and when I walk up road, they take the childer in lest I cast eye on them. They come by day with gifts to cure their ills and sain their beasts, to make love philters—I whom ne'er a man will love. By night they would not pass my lintel an I lay dying, nay, not the priest. Shine or shadow, they cross themselves who meet me on the way, or make the devil's horns for fence against me. Am I not meet to be man's mate? Am I not outcast, too, oh, man withouten law?"

She was hoarse with the heat and vehemence of that which she said.

He stared at her, awed and wide-eyed, for she was keen and angry, moved out of herself.

"Woman called Eye-for-Bane," he

said, and pulling at his yellow beard began again—"woman called Eye-for-Bane, my life-lode has been after kind; for if a man meet false witness and hath no friend to maintain him, there is left but the greenwood. Yet if a man take the greenwood, he must live, though living bids him kill. Naught have I done against kind—against kind and Holy Church."

Whereat she cried out on him strangely between laughing and tears.

"Go thy ways, Wolf's-Head, and fear not; I shall not bewray thee."

He felt shame of the fear that was in him, and yet he spoke.

"Nor anywise harm me?" he said.

At this she fell a-laughing.

"Not with tongue or hand."

"Nor eye, nor spirit?" he asked.

"Nay," she said, "not eye or spirit. What would you?"

"To win hence with a whole skin," quoth he, bluntly.

She strode to him and, laying a hand on his arm, pointed through the thickest wood, where no path was.

"Yonder," said she, "walk as far as you may say your rosary twice through, and so you will come to a hill. Beyond the hill is a dale, and in the dale is a stream. Beyond the stream you come within the liberties of Denne that is called Warden's Denne. The sheriff may not take you there. The king's law does not run, and the warden of Denne is far. You may lie there at heart's-ease all summer through. There be no deer, but a plenty forage for your commons." She paused a moment and smiled on him strangely as though some hidden thought made mirth for her. "Folk talk of elves who dwell there doing good to honest men."

"I am beholden to you," he said. "But, and if I may, I will repay your kindness at another time."

"Nay," said she, and she spoke cold, like an east wind in bare trees; "fortune has made me to give and not to get, to tell and not to ask." She half closed her lids and seemed to look on him with disdain. "Farewell, brown man of the woods!" she cried.

He made haste to go away.

Once he looked back through the spray of oak and ash, for it seemed to him that one wept in the underwood, yet

that perchance was just an owlet whimpering in a hollow tree. In the end he came to the stream and crossed it with joy, for he might not doubt the word of the maid whom men call Eye-for-Bane.

Two months he abode within that glade unknown of man, and the good elves served him. Times when he awoke he found a haunch of buck slung near him on a bough, and times a clout of cheese; so he lived well. Once he saw the girl by moonlight in a glade, but he feared her magic art and fled from her. Another day at dawn he woke and found her treading softly by.

"How," said she, "still here? I had guessed you back in your own lands this fortnight gone." Then she turned on him, softly. "Why do you tarry, brown man?" said she.

"There are fish in yon water," he answered her, "but in my land the brooks are small."

And she bit her lip and laughed, then grew sorrowful.

"I will not come again to spoil your quiet."

"Nay, lass," quoth he, soberly enough; "art better than the trees to talk to." Whereat she cried "Fool!" upon him and fled.

Though leaf was in the spray when first he met Eye-for-Bane, there was yellow in the oaks when last she came. He woke in the half-light before sun-up, for he was aware that one stood beside him. It was the maid. Her torn kirtle was bedraggled, and her bare legs slashed with gorse and bramble, and she panted hard.

"Up, Wolf's-Head!" she whispered. "Men seek you, and you may not stay."

"Nay," he said. "Maids seek me," and he laughed; for the morn seemed very fair to him that day; also he was rested and fed and hard with his life under linden.

"Oh," she cried dolefully, "they seek thee, warden's men of Denne and king's men. Haste, as thou art dear."

With that he stopped her.

"How, then, am I dear?" quoth he.

"To the elves within this wood," said she and stamped her foot. "There lies your way, up-stream, lest there be hounds. Follow the sun; the wood holds two days' journey."

He stooped to pick up his jerkin, doffed at night for greater ease, and on that instant came a stir in the thickest of the scrub. His bow was unstrung, and save for knife at girdle he had empty hands. A voice cried loudly on him:

"Stand, traitor, in the lord king's name!"

Sudden he dropped for the cover of the scrub, but the girl snatched something from the place where he had lain, and darted like a deer into the brake. He heard twang of bow and the maid shrilling down the wind, then all the thicket quickened with men crying and trampling forth.

A strange thing befell him wriggling through the wood. He heard a voice, deep like his own, cry strongly as with challenge:

"Who follows the Wolf's-Head? Who dares put hand on him?" And the voice came from down-stream.

In a little all the folk who had come to take him had turned and followed the mocking voice downhill. Now, this was surely some magic of the elves.

He went up breasting the hill, and all was still. So he made his way into the stranger valley, and he lay hid all that day in a fox earth, cool and wide-mouthed in the sand; but about high noon he crept back warily to where he had been wont to lie, for he wished two things—to learn about the girl and to find his bow. He would have dared more than that to be armed again. Of the girl he saw nothing, but yew, rod, and quiver he found, and bore them back with a merry heart. Lying in the sand-hill, he waited for the conies to come out at cool of evening. It was easy shooting; he chose his meal, and pinned it screaming to earth at one shot. Yet he got little content out of that; for, whenas he lay broiling the meat, some thought that he could not catch nagged and gnawed at his mind like a ratton at the wainscot. He had little joy of his escape, for fortune had saved his head, and he was a man wont to face men and prove them for the mastery. Hob Goodfellow, as he thought, had been his friend.

All that time shame and misease tugged at him. He had pity of the rabbit and knew not why, who had slain

many score. It came to him like a shock. The girl had screamed in the underwood, like the rabbit when it was stuck. "Poor soul!" said Wolf's-Head, "she was adread of the blades, I think."

But in the liberties of Denne things had fallen far other than Wolf's-Head deemed. It is true that Eye-for-Bane fled at sight of steel and goose-wing, but she had caught up the stolen jerkin with the sign of Mont Joyeuse and wrapped it about her as she ran, so that men, glimpsing the glint of the pelican badge in the open glade, loosed shaft on sight. If she screamed when the bolt drave home, it was with wound of her own seeking, and though she halted a trice, she 'gan again straightway to run downhill, with the warm blood crawling slowly down her arm and the loose shaft dangling in the torn flesh. Yea, even she began to call jeeringly in a man's voice, "Who follows the Wolf's-Head?"

That was no long chase. A bow-shot down the glen, she ran on the gleam of steel and halted. Turning she came on other men to the bracer-arm, and folk breasted through the bracken at her heels. Thinking that by some mean she might yet avoid them, she dropped the outlaw's jerkin and set her hand to the arrow in her shoulder. The shaft dragged through the torn flesh, and the gray goose-wing came out scarlet dyed, with a gush of blood that sickened her so that she swooned.

She came to herself in the hall of Nether Denne, where often she had been, but in a part of it where she was never in her life before, tied upon a chair upon the dais before the high seat. In front, at the table, in the lord's high-chair, sat Thirkill, the reeve, a face all cunning and soft smiles.

Behind him stood Aloys, the priest, and a bearded man who wore the king's coat, a captain of bowmen. She looked round as she might, which was little enough, for her bonds forlet her. It was full hall, set as for court-leet, and the villeins sat silent at the benches. A noise of whispering wives and squealing brats stirred behind her beneath the singers' loft. A Bowman of the king's company stood at the dais table and spoke of the escape of Wolf's-Head.

"Verily," he said, "I saw that traitor

and I heard his voice. He fled downhill, I saw his coat, and knotted him with a shaft on 's shoulder. Then he called again, daring us to follow, and following him, I came on this wench swoounding in the brake. His coat lay by, arrow-picked in the sleeve, and the shaft, all bloody, lay beside; but he was clean gone. The wench lay bleeding with a wound in that same shoulder."

The captain spake.

"Might he by any mean avoid your guard?"

"Nay," quoth the Bowman, "by Him Who died on tree; by no mean under heaven might he 'scape."

Thirkill grunted.

"Under heaven and far under," said he. "This was glamour of witchcraft. How say you, Sir Aloys?"

The priest put up his hands as for to pray.

"It is well known," he said, "how these lims of Satan, by guile of their foul lord, change shape and kind at will, transporting themselves unseen from place to place. So it may be well understood how this Wolf's-Head, by aid of this foul shrew, was changed by glamour, haply into a leveret or a heron or a crow, and so got himself away in the brake. Yet meseems his coat she might not change, for the sign of the holy badge upon it. Moreover, it may be well known that by some evil device, simples, or spells, God wot, the wench has left your quarry whole and taken on herself the hurt. Whereby we see how even in such black fellowship—"

"Enough said," broke in Thirkill, eagerly. "This asks fagot and brand, Sir Priest."

At that a murmur rose among the women and in the lower benches where the younger villeins sat, so that the captain of the bows rapped sharply on the board.

"It is Nether Denne," he said—"Nether Denne that garred our man escape. From whom shall the lord king ask payment, then?"

So they fell silent till the elder villein rose and spoke, facing the captain with troubled eyes.

"Sirs, we are guiltless in this thing," he said.

"If that may be," quoth the captain,

"see that ye judge aright such among ye as are not."

"It is fagot and brand," cried the reeve again.

"Nay," put in Sir Aloys, "is there not the ordeal?"

"Let be," spake the captain. "The matter toucheth not me. I go, I and my menie, but in seven days I come again. As for your free customs, keep them an you will; yet have for me, what time I ask, the palms of two hands that are scorched with fire and a head branded."

"This is not law," cried the elder.

But the captain of bows, angry that he had not taken his man, strode down hall, he and his men after him, and so away without word spoken.

"It must be done," quoth Thirkill with haste when they had gone.

"Following our wont," cried a villein, "art thou our lord?"

Indeed, Mont Joyeuse was a merciful man and a piteous, but he was at the wars. Yet the villeins had their will. After all, the wench was one of them, and many held in mind that she had holpen them, though that they ever feared her.

So it came to the water-test.

They took her out, foot and hand bound, and cast her into the stream. The water splashed over her kirtle and held a bubble of air within, so that she swam upon the water.

And some cried: "She swims! Burn her! she swims!"

And other:

"She swims! Our Lady pity her!"

But she abode silent.

They cast her, dragged from the stream, into the lord's chequers, which is beside the hall, a very strong chamber, and she lay upon the rushes. Her wound had broken out afresh, very pitiful to see.

Yet she was fain to rest there that night, seeing that morning would make an end of all her travail, and she was glad thereof.

"Life," quoth she, "has never been so good to me that I should hold it dear. Where I have given love and pity, there I have had dread and fear of me and loneliness; yet never have I hurt a soul. Yea, Holy Church has cast me out, and all men fear."

Then again there came a thought to warm her.

"Yet, lo! my brown Wolf's-Head is clear of bane. His pain I took and his life I gave. Now he may walk gay in the greenwood and still have joy of earth and sky. He knoweth not my toil o' nights with bread and meat; mayhap he holds me, too, in dread; yet surely have I given him life, and none can gainsay me."

So it was with a high mind that she came forth at noon to the green where doom waited.

Now speak we once again of Wolf's-Head, where he lay thinking of the cony slain and how it had screamed as the girl screamed when she ran from him for fear. After a while he 'gan doubt lest she might be hit by a chance shaft and haply lay helpless in the wood. For all his wild life, he was a man very pitiful, and he might not be at ease for thinking of the maid. Therefore he made all haste the way he came, saying:

"At least she strove to warn me, and a maid is not a man to hazard blood and sinew in fell field. Small blame to her, she has been, in some degree, a friend."

So he traveled through the cool of night and came at dawn to the thicket where he was wont to lie, and beyond it he came upon a pool of blood; but the girl was not there. He went on through the brake, ever downhill till the trees opened and in the dale he might see a hamlet gathered round a hall, and his way was plain for him because of the men that had passed and the blood.

Now, there were many cottages, and all smoked; but that one which was nearest him smoked not, and he went down to it, for he knew by that it was empty. In this cottage were two doors. One opened upon the wood, and no life stirred. He walked through the house, and on the sill of the other door there lay a cheese and an earthen pot of honey. He deemed, therefore, that he was in the home of the girl-witch, for of all the manor here alone was no fire, and upon the walls were bundles of herbs hung upon thorns, henbane, snake-wort, nightshade, poppy, and rue. He began, then, to deem that his journey had been vain, for he found neither the girl nor any trace of her; moreover the

blood-trail ran on toward the street, whither he would not follow. And, as morning grew, folk went out on their day work in the fields, men toiled at the wattling, and children herded the beeves, yet none drew near the empty house where Wolf's-Head lay. Over against him, anigh to the great hall, a smith worked at his anvil.

Now it was already prime and morning half spent when the housemen from the hall began a work upon the green. First they set up a great pole and digged it about, and had the smith to set staples upon it, and chains,—four staples and two chains,—and they set beneath it bottles of wheaten straw and fagots of greenwood. Then came one bearing the chain of a reeve upon his neck and bade damp the straw.

"As well be struck by lightning," said he. "Would you have it ended at one stroke?" But the others would not, for they said the free customs of the manor had been fulfilled. Wolf's-Head was glad of this, for he thought that the number of the maid's ill-willers was less than the number of such as bore her no unkindness; yet all were ready that she should die, for fear of the king.

As he abode in that place it began to be clear that he could not bear that she should burn. Yet this was not that she had taken a hazard for to warn him, but rather that she was lone and piteous and good to look on. It was in his mind how he met her in Torreholme and she had cried to him, "Am I not meet to be man's mate?" So he tarried there, saying, "Christian or warlock, she shall not burn if I may avail to aid her."

For with the day the feeling grew that she was lefe and dear, and that it was good for him to risk even life in her service. Thereon he set himself to find a mean to get to her, and so abode in thought all high-noon.

But, behold, evening come, and stake and fagot set, while he weighed these things, and so nothing done. Anon they fetched forth the girl bound with wainropes, and at the right side stayed a man with bill and gambeson, and on the left side one, and they brought her to the stake. Yet she bore herself with a high mind, crying:

"Lo! though I am shent, my love is

free to have his joy of life under linden this many year."

And Wolf's-Head heard her. About the stake stood all the manor, the reeve in the midst of them, and they bound her fast. Then they who had walked beside her stood aloof, and Sir Aloys drew near, praying her to turn from her evil and wickedness that she might save her soul, for that she might not anyway avoid the pain of fire; but she answered nothing to him.

Then came the reeve and cried to her:

"All Nether Denne knows thee for a foul witch-hag, and this had been done before, yea, years ago, but that my lord, now by good hap at the wars, had stood thy friend. Now, behold, he is far and naught to aid." Thirkill had ever borne her hard since she had named him robber of the poor, which was good sooth. So he grinned on her with false-seeming, calling her "my lady," and asking, "Is it your good-will that we lay on the torches?"

And she, answering, cried:

"Yea, Thirkill, thou robber, it is my good-will; for I shall have more joy of this day than thou," whereat he waxed wroth and cried, "Set on!"

But, lo! as he who bare the torch stood forward, an arrow flew out of the blue sky and pierced his heart, so that he fell dead upon the torch. Yet ere folk had well seen what had fallen, another came and smote Thirkill in the face, and he died likewise.

Then all the manor stood adread while one might say a paternoster, till one cried, "Lo! Roger Smith's cot it burns!" and the house of the smith stood close under my lord's hall.

Thereon some ran to put out the fire, and some to arm, and some to ring the bells for aid, and many, crying out on the witch, fled with dismay; so none stayed by the maid. Then came Wolf's-Head from the cottage of the smith with joy to strike a blow for his wench under open sky, and there was none to withstand him. In his hand he bore a blade, and his bow was slung, and he ran straight-way to the stake upon the green.

Thereat the maid, seeing him, cried:

"Oh, my brown man of the woods, make haste away, for naught will avail me for my life."

But he:

"Liever than life art thou. What cheer, my maid, our road is clear," and 'gan loose the chains about her while she not gainsaid him, but she cried;

"Oh, my life and love, I would have joy of death if thou wert free."

"Yea," quoth he; "yea, my maid, thou also shalt have joy whose life has held small gladness," and his eyes shone, and he laughed.

So she was freed, and in sooth he handed her down from that grim place as she had been lady of cote-armour, nay, dame of ancestry.

Yet some who had before fled now came back to let them from their flight. He put a billet into her hand and bade her swing it on any that withstood.

"Gladly," quoth she, "gladly, oh, my man, an we may abide together unto death."

"Yes," he answered, "that shall be so; but that time is far off," and 'gan sing a song they have in the greenwood:

"Villein in the manor,
Burgher in the town,

King's men and baron's men
Serving up and down."

Then she smote sidewise with the billet, and he stood before her with his long knife. One came at them with a sickle-hook, and him Wolf's-Head clove, and two she sent reeling with bloody coxcombs. By St. Hubert! they dinged a way on right merrily, and had joy of it, too, for with five men to ground and the rest grown fearful, they gat them through and 'gan run for the wildwood. Then came a flight of shards, and the girl fell with a cut head; but he heaved her over 's shoulder, and so on without pause. Yea, he toiled on though heart might brast, and hid her at long last safe in the fox earth, far side of Warden's Denne.

But in Nether Denne the folk listened to their elders, and they cut off the hands of Thirkill the reeve, and the head, branding them with flame, that the manor might be quit of blame.

As for Wolf's-Head and Eye-for-Bane, they gat them safe into Bishop's Fell, a place of many caverns, and dwelt there together in great content.

The Home-Maker

By NANCY BARR MAVITY

I have made a home for my beloved.

But what is the adorning of your house?

My house is gracious with remembered moments
Of gaiety and quietness; and soft
To my beloved's feet the woven colors
Of joy we daily tread; and white the curtains
Of happy peace; and leaping is our hearth-fire.

I have made a home for my beloved.

But what has been the labor of your hands?

I have polished every open window
Wherefrom my love looks out; and I have wrought
Wide flower-bright embroideries to lay
Beneath his head, and given him sweet silence
For wearied heart, and music for his gladness.

I have made a home for my beloved.

But where is that bright mansion where you dwell?

Oh, sometimes in a tawdry-seeming room,
And sometimes where there is no room at all.
Wherever we have rested, laid our table,
To the new day have risen with gallant welcome—
There I have made a home for my beloved.



A Book-Hunter's Garner

With Examples of "The Gentlest Art"

By WILLIAM HARRIS ARNOLD



WHILE gathering first and early editions I now and then obtained an author's own copy or one he had given to a friend. My appreciation of the sentimental appeal of such books became more and more pronounced. After an experience of six years, I decided to give particular attention to the acquisition of books that bear inscriptions of ownership, presentation, or other personal marks of interest.

The collector of first editions strives to procure them in their pristine state, just as the numismatist seeks uncirculated examples of coins; but, when a book bears evidence of distinguished association, the material condition of the volume becomes a matter of secondary importance.

Preferably, these books should be first editions; but, of course, a book may be so inscribed that its association interest will far transcend the bibliographical, whatever the importance of that may be. A volume of the very slightest consequence may be transformed into an object of precious regard just by a bit of writing on one of its leaves. Such are "The Poetical Works of Thomas Sackville," with the autograph signature "John Keats" and date "1820" on the title-page; and "The History of Romances," with the autograph signature "Percy B. Shelley" and date "1816." These two books were in the collection of Thomas J. McKee, and

were sold with that portion of his library which was dispersed at auction in May, 1902. Now they are with me.

These books of themselves would find no place of honor in any collection; but, by the inscription in each of the name of the owner, written by his own hand, they carry for all time the evidence of rare association.

I am acquainted with many collectors, but not one of them has told me of such abundant good book luck as has been accorded me. Sometimes the favor of fortune has been put in my path; sometimes hints are thrown out as if by way of invitation to follow trails leading from the beaten track. It was a suggestion of mere possibilities in an advertisement, insignificant in size, in the Boston "Transcript," sent to me by a kind friend, that brought me to a very rich quarry. The notice merely stated that the subscriber wished to dispose of his library of about three thousand volumes, some of which were of special interest. I pasted the half-inch cutting on a note sheet and wrote, "Please send me particulars of the more important books."

The advertiser was a physician, formerly of London, residing in Beverly, Massachusetts. The doctor intended to return to England as soon as he could dispose of his library and some other effects. Inclosed with his reply was a list of association books all of which had belonged to Bryan W. Procter (Barry Cornwall), his wife, "Lady

Anne," or to their poet daughter, Adelaide.

At the top of the list my amazed eyes read:

Vanity Fair. First Edition. Dedication Copy to Barry Cornwall, with author's Autograph.

Then followed authors' presentation copies of Lamb's "Elia," Swinburne's "A Summer Holiday," Rossetti's "Poems," Kinglake's "Eothen," Leigh Hunt's "Poems" (with two poems in the author's autograph on the fly-leaves), all first editions, and a proof copy, with many autograph alterations, of Barry Cornwall's "Charles Lamb, a Biography of his old Friend," with the dedication to John Forster in the author's handwriting. There were also five or six other association books of only comparatively less interest. All of these the owner would let me have for what seemed a very modest sum for such rarities.

A few days later I was in Beverly. My natural doubts were removed by an inspection of the volumes. The doctor, himself a poet, had been an intimate friend of the Procters.

As I turned to depart, with the books under my arm, I noticed a Jacobean arm-chair, such as one occasionally may see in the chapter-house of an English cathedral. I asked:

"Are you willing to part with that chair?"

"Yes," was the reply. "As I am leaving this country, I wish to dispose of my furniture as well as my books."

Thus it was not without fortuitous consequences that a certain charming girl of cultivated taste, to whom years earlier I appealed, had advised me to put old rather than new furniture in my new bachelor quarters, for this counsel led me to learn something of Chippendales, Sheratons, and Heppelwhites, and to gain a passing acquaintance with even such ecclesiastical examples as this stately reminder of ancient days. The richly carved, age-darkened chair, and with another of the period of Queen Anne, were pronounced choice examples by Ernest F. Hagen, the expert to whom I always resorted for judgment on my adventurous furniture acquisitions. The

girl for many a year has shared with me the enjoyment of these and many other treasures that have become mine through the influence of her unerring flair for things of beauty.

Permit me to tell of another casual "find" that never would have been mine but for devotion to this most fascinating pursuit of book-collecting.

At the very end of a catalogue of old books which were to be sold under the auspices of that veteran auctioneer, S. V. Henkels of Philadelphia, was an item that caught my willing eye—a small unframed painting in oils of a farm-boy in a grain-field, by Winslow Homer. The chance of securing a prize in this inadequately described picture induced me to take the little journey, although doing so necessitated the sacrifice of my cherished Saturday game of golf. Before the end of the week some unexpected business matters required my presence in Philadelphia. The conjunction of business and pleasure, with the usual precedence given to the former, would prevent me from being at the sale in the late afternoon, when the Homer would be reached. So I went to the shop of the Rosenbachs, where I found both of the brothers. It happened that in the sale was an important Tennyson autograph, and the remark was immediately made, "I suppose you have come for the Tennyson letter." I said I intended to take a look at it. I was then asked, "Are you a judge of Homer paintings?" The brothers said they intended to bid on one at the sale. I disclaimed any such qualification, but told of two of his water-colors in my possession. I was asked to go with the brothers to look at the picture in question. We found it, dulled by dust, under a pile of pamphlets, a typical example of Homer's middle-period, painted by him for Bayard Taylor. Then I confessed the object of my visit. At once the brothers generously said, "We'll buy it for you." At the end of the day I called at the shop; the painting was placed in my hands. The brothers had bought it for the ridiculously low price of seventy dollars. Only my insistence induced them to let me pay the usual agent's commission on this and a few other items bought for me in the afternoon.

As everybody knows, Thomas Carlyle had extremely trying experiences in his endeavors to find a publisher for the manuscript, completed in 1831, of one of his most famous books. At last, in 1833-34, "Sartor Resartus" was brought before the world anonymously in successive numbers of "Frazer's Magazine," in the face of protests from many subscribers. As part of the author's compensation he was to receive for his private use thirty or forty copies of the complete work in pamphlet form. These were struck off from the type forms from which the magazine had been printed. The generous printer increased the number to fifty-eight. What is commonly, but erroneously, termed the first edition (actually the first published English edition) was not brought out until four years later. In the interim two small editions were published in this country. While I was in London in the summer of 1911, a presentation copy of the private issue, bound in boards with a leather back, but with the front cover and a few leaves detached, was sold at Sotheby's. I bought it for thirty pounds, which is just double the price I had been asked a few years earlier for a copy without inscription. Thirty pounds was not a low price, but I was quite content, and would have paid much more rather than lose it, for this was the only presentation copy that had come into the market for many years.

I did not then give particular attention to the name of the person for whom the book was inscribed. With other books I had bought in England and Scotland, the volume was sent to my home. On my return, among many catalogues which had come during my absence, I found one from Henry Sotheran & Co. of London, in which I was more than surprised to find described a presentation copy of this private print of "Sartor Resartus," elaborately bound in levant morocco, price, ten pounds! I cabled to Sotheran's. Their reply stated that the book had been sold. A little later arrived the parcel of books from London. On examining the "Sartor Resartus," I was roused by the name of the recipient of Carlyle's favor, Mrs. Richardson. I turned to

Sotheran's catalogue; their copy was also inscribed to Mrs. Richardson.

The puzzle was soon solved. The Sotheran firm had planned to bind the book, and thus described it in their catalogue; but later, realizing that much too low a price had been put on the rarity, they sent it, unaltered, to be sold at auction.

The book is still in shabby state, for I prefer the old binding to the richest that might be put over its extremely economical leaves. In a cloth folder, and again inclosed in a substantial asbestos-lined case, this thin octavo of 107 pages will have well-deserved protection from the hazards of the coming years.

Of other early editions of Carlyle's writings the most interesting I have is a copy of "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays" in four volumes, which was brought out, two volumes in 1838 and two in 1839, by James Munroe & Co. of Boston. Emerson, who edited the collection, contributed a brief "Advertisement" by way of preface, in which he says, "Many readers will here find pages which, in the scattered anonymous sheets of British Magazines spoke to their mind with an emphasis that hindered them from sleep." We may surmise that James Russell Lowell, at Harvard and still in his teens, was ready, if need be, to burn the midnight oil, for on the fly-leaf of each of the first two volumes we find his bold signature, with the date September 10, 1838. In each of the succeeding two volumes his name appears again, with the date July 20, 1839.

The six lectures of Carlyle which bear the general title "On Heroes, Hero Worship and the Heroic in History," came out in book form in 1841. There were one thousand copies of this first issue, so the book is not rare. The copy I have was presented to Mrs. Anna Jameson, the author of "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," "Lives of the Early Italian Painters," and other books that were in vogue in Carlyle's time and have many readers to this day.

In 1843 John Stuart Mill received a friendly gift of a copy of "Past and Present," which the author had written in the marvelously brief period of seven weeks. The inscription reads, "To

John S. Mill, Esq., with kind regards T. C." I never look at the philosopher's name on the fly-leaf without recalling the tragic incident of the destruction of the manuscript of the first volume of Carlyle's "French Revolution." Mill had planned to write a history of the great upheaval, but learning of Carlyle's intention in this direction, he withdrew in Carlyle's favor, and placed at his disposal the books and other material which had been gathered in preparation. On the completion, early in 1835, of the first portion of the manuscript, Carlyle submitted it to his generous friend. The precious sheets, mistaken for waste paper, were destroyed by one of the household servants. Mill, overwhelmed by the catastrophe, pressed upon poor Carlyle a check for two hundred pounds as the "slightest external compensation for the loss." Carlyle unwillingly, but from sheer necessity, accepted one half the sum. The disheartening task of rewriting occupied six months. The complete work was ready for the printer early in 1837.

To analyze our friends is not the best pastime in the world, but, of course we harmlessly may, and, naturally, often do, characterize them as good, grateful, sincere, close, intimate, frank, or faithful. Innumerable happy attributives suggest themselves. It is as Carlyle's candid friend that Edward FitzGerald, the translator of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, wrote to the Reverend George Crabbe, the elder son of the poet. I quote from the original letter in my possession:

As to the "great Scotchman" I spent an evening with him in London: and told him exactly your experiences of his writings; how you detested his German jargon, but how his Burns and Johnson made you laugh and cry alternately—He declares he will go one day to Boulge . . . to see us all but (to tell you the truth) I don't much want him. He is too laborious a guest—I agree with you in all your admiration of him; you must read his "*Past and Present*" when I get home.

FitzGerald had a peculiar way of treating favorite portions of certain books. He carefully extracted from the volume the desired chapter or article and had it separately bound and labeled.

Thus from "*Past and Present*" he took the part entitled "The Ancient Monk," consisting of a little more than a hundred pages. This is now in my collection. The binding is brown half-morocco, with brown cloth sides, lettered in gold length-wise on the back, "Carlyle's Monk." The inside of the front cover bears FitzGerald's book-plate, designed for him by Thackeray; on the fly-leaf is his well-known signature.

The first mention of Omar Khayyam in the letters of FitzGerald was in April, 1857; his study of Persian had begun a few years earlier. I happen to have his copy of "A Pocket Dictionary of English and Persian" by Tucker. On the half-title is inscribed "Edward FitzGerald Febr 1855 London"; so it is fair to assume that with the aid of this very volume FitzGerald made the translation of the quatrains that brought fame to his name.

In common with most book-hunters, I also seek autograph manuscripts, letters, etc. I count myself particularly fortunate to possess a memorandum by FitzGerald which relates to the meter he used for the translation. It begins with this quatrain written in ink:

O shall we once again beneath the beams
Of yon chaste moon renew this night's fond
dreams

Or will her rays reflect a flickering path
Across our lives' far separated streams?

Then follows this comment in pencil, also in his hand:

I came upon this verse when I was looking round for a suitable metre for the translation but omitted to note the author's name. I remember being struck by the "flickering path" imagery—crude but good in picturesque suggestion. I had noted some verses in the "Keepsake" of 1842 or circa 40. Could it have been there?

At my request, an official searcher at the British Museum has looked at the "Keepsakes" for 1835-45 inclusive, but he has not found the verse. I should be much gratified to hear from any one who can tell me where the lines appeared.

The first edition of FitzGerald's "Omar" was printed in 1859, a modest paper-covered volume. He thus tells of it:

As to my own *Pecadilloes in Verse*, which never pretend to be original, this is the story of *Rubaiyat*. I had translated them partly for Cowell: Young Parker asked me some years ago for something for Frazer; and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using; and as I saw he did not want them I printed some copies with Quaritch; and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a Copy was naturally alarmed at it; he being a very religious man: nor have I given any other Copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other Day, to whom I was showing a Passage in another Book which brought my old Omar up.

The little books did not find ready sale. Priced originally at half a crown, soon reduced to a shilling, then to sixpence, Quaritch finally exposed them on a stand outside his shop at twopence or a penny; authorities differ as to the exact depth of the commercial degradation. One of these waifs was bought by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who, quickly recognizing the unusual merit of the verses, spoke and wrote about them to many friends. In 1919 the Quaritch firm sold a copy in its original state for 120 pounds, and in April, 1920, the Holden copy was sold at auction in New York for \$975.

No one has enriched the books he owned, or borrowed, as did Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Besides his notes on the margins of the printed pages, he often filled the fly-leaves with criticism and comment. For instance, in his own Elzevir copy of John Barclay's "*Argenis*," now in my possession, are seven closely written pages of scholarly praise of the old romance, a book apparently as neglected a hundred years ago as it is to-day, for the critic says:

It absolutely distresses me when I reflect that this work admired as it has been by great men of all ages and lately I hear by the poet Cowper should be only not *unknown* to general readers.

In Allan Cunningham's copy of "*Biographia Scoticana*," in which Coleridge has written remarks in relation to certain parts of the book to the extent

of more than 150 lines, he adds his signature and an apologetic postscript:

S. T. Coleridge who entreats and trusts in Allan Cunningham's pardon for thus bescrewwing a leaf of his Book. A. C. may be assured that S. T. C. is not so devoid either of genial Taste or of gratitude for pleasures enjoyed as to have treated a book of A. Cunningham's own creation so irreverentially.

In all, no fewer than four and a half pages are covered with the closely written lines, but we may take for granted that A. C., whose name in full is inscribed on the title-page, fostered no resentment. It is this generous critical contribution that to-day renders the old octavo worthy of careful preservation.

In the spring of 1808 Coleridge wrote a critique for the "*Edinburgh Review*" on the "*History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade*" by Thomas Clarkson, with whom he had long been in sympathetic relation. Clarkson, though not himself a Friend, for many years had united his efforts with those of the English Quakers to bring about the suppression of the atrocious traffic throughout the British Empire. In a letter I have, dated March 9 of the same year, in response to an invitation, Coleridge thus writes to Mrs. Clarkson:

I cannot come to you—what indeed could I bring but Discomfort? but Wordsworth certainly will spend a day or two at your uncle's—and he is a Comforter. God bless him and his. His friendship and that of his sister Dorothy's are the only Eminent Events, or Passages, of my Life, (among those wherein my Happiness has been involved) in which I have not been cruelly deceived or deluded: taking however a full share of the Blame to myself.

Coleridge was in much distress of mind and body, for he further says in the same letter:

As soon as I have written this, I shall (God willing!) go down to Bristol, and place myself under the immediate care of Dr. Beddoes more for Duty than from any Hope of Recovery, or to utter the whole truth; from any wish of Life.

Later in the same year the Clarksons had renewed their invitation, and Coleridge came to their home in Bury St. Edmunds. It was at this time he presented to Mrs. Clarkson, who was one of his most devoted friends, a diminutive copy of "Paradise Lost," with this charming inscription on one of the fly-leaves:

Catherine Clarkson from S. T. Coleridge, who, if he go off to the better Place before her, will try hard to make the acquaintance of this John Milton—and on her after-arrival will introduce her to Him as S. T. C's dear Friend, and a Being perfectly producible even at the celestial Levees of a Milton. I joke with a heavy heart.

Bury St. Edmunds. June 1808

This book, I fancy, was a parting gift, for the preceding fly-leaf had been attached by wax, so as to cover the written page. We can imagine the pleasurable surprise of Mrs. Clarkson when the seals, three in number, were broken, and the message was revealed.

Another volume I have, the poems of Thomas Randolph, inscribed, "S. T. Coleridge—given me by Robert Southey," marks for us the friendship of these comrades and co-workers of two-score years.

Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria" was brought into the world after many vicissitudes. All of Volume One and nearly half of Volume Two were off the press when Coleridge quarreled with his Bristol printers. The sheets were then transferred to a London printer, with whom another quarrel ensued. At last the two octavos were published by Rest Fenner, with no lack of uniformity in type, presswork, or paper. My copy of this miscellany is in the original boards, uncut, with paper labels, and almost unchanged in condition from the day of issue, more than a hundred years ago, when it was presented, "With the Author's most grateful respects," to whom we have no clue.

Coleridge was only twenty-three and Wordsworth twenty-five when they first met in 1795. Two years later Coleridge made his memorable visit to Racedown, where the acquaintance ripened to intimate friendship. Here, too, he met

Wordsworth's sister Dorothy, who was to have a lifelong influence over him.

A brief, but important, letter written at this time by Coleridge to his friend, Joseph Cottle, a bookseller of Bristol and publisher in a small way, is a significant tribute to Wordsworth's poetic genius which had not yet been recognized by other critics. The letter is well known to Wordsworthians, but no one, I am sure, will cavil at its insertion here. Of several letters of Coleridge now in my collection I regard it as having the highest interest.

My dear Cotton

I am sojourning for a few days at Racedown, the mansion of my friend Wordsworth; who has received Fox's Achmed—he returns you his acknowledgements [*sic*] and presents his kindest respects to you. I shall be home by Friday—not tomorrow—but the next Friday. If the Ode on the departing Year be not reprinted, please to omit the lines from "When shall scepter'd Slaughter cease"—to—"For still does Madness roam on Guilt's bleak dizzy height—" inclusive. The first Epode is to end at the words "murderers fate".—Wordsworth admires my Tragedy—which gives me great hopes. Wordsworth has written a Tragedy himself. I speak with heart-felt sincerity and (I think) unblinded Judgement, when I tell you, that I feel myself a *little man* by his side; and yet do not think myself the less man, than I formerly thought myself.—His Drama is absolutely wonderful. You know, I do not commonly speak in such abrupt and unmingled phrases—and therefore will the more readily believe me.—There are in the piece those *profound* touches of the human heart, which I find thfee or four times in "The Robbers" of Schiller, and often in Shakespere—but in Wordsworth there are no *inequalities*. T. Pooles opinion of Wordsworth is—that he is the greatest man he ever knew.—I coincide.— — —

It is not impossible, that in the course of two or three months I may see you—

God bless you and

S. T. COLERIDGE

Thursday

Of course, with the lines you omit the notes that relate to them.

Wordsworth had the felicitous habit of writing his name in his books. I believe

there are more books now known to have belonged to Wordsworth than to any noted man of his time or of any earlier period. None of the four from the poet's library that are now with me is of high importance, but three of them denote the scholar. The "Tragedies of Sophocles," in Greek and Latin on alternate pages, bears Wordsworth's name in his earlier hand, and has very many manuscript marginal notes, which are all in one or another of the classic tongues of the texts. It was printed at Cambridge in 1665 by that master of his art, John Field. Another volume containing the works of three Roman poets, Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius, has the owner's initials in his earlier hand on the title-page, while in his later hand on a fly-leaf is this fine inscription:

To G. L. Fraser as a memorial of Rydal from his sincere friend Wm. Wordsworth December 1826.

The little volume was beautifully printed in 1772 by John Baskerville, a name revered by all lovers of good books. A well-printed small quarto, *Dictionnaire François, & Portugais*, with the imprint of Michel Manescal da Costa of Lisbon, has the poet's bold signature, "Wm. Wordsworth, Rydal." "Letters from the Continent" by the Reverend Weever Walter, M. A. of St. John's College, Cambridge, Wordsworth's alma mater, has written on the half-title page, "W. Wordsworth Rydal Mount." On the margins several manuscript notes testify to the owner's familiarity with the scenes described by the learned traveler. Wordsworth made several visits to the Continent, the first, a pedestrian tour of the Swiss Alps at the age of twenty. Three years later his first publications appeared, "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," the latter poem based on this initial excursion. Coleridge was his companion on two visits, the second of these being a tour of the Rhine in 1828, the year in which Walter's "Letters" came from the press.

The popularity of Wordsworth's poems is attested by the request of an enterprising schoolmaster, by name Joseph Hine, for permission to choose such of his productions as would make a suitable

volume for young people. The poet gave generous license. Hine says in his preface that he had found

when Mr. Wordsworth's poems were read, the pupils were in a glow of delight, and never failed to listen with much attention; were always deeply impressed with the matter and eager to hear more; and numbers of them would apply to me to borrow the volume to read more and again.

The book in Quaker-drab cloth was published by Moxon in 1831. The copy in my possession is inscribed:

Wm. Wordsworth to his respected Friend John Carter. It is pleasant to surmise that John was a young admirer of the distinguished poet.

In 1835 appeared the little volume entitled "Yarrow Revisited and other Poems," which contained Wordsworth's compositions for the four years immediately preceding. The copy I have belonged to Mrs. Godwin, formerly Mrs. Clairmont, the second wife of the radical philosopher, the father-in-law of Shelley. Lamb, who knew her well, vituperates this lady in such unmeasured terms that it is difficult to reconcile the presentation inscription

Mrs. Godwin in token of sincere regard from Wm. Wordsworth.

The book is dedicated to the poet's warm friend, Samuel Rogers, whose celebrated breakfasts brought to him the company of the immortals. We have a human touch in a little message written by one friend forever famous to another who believed himself destined to rank among the greatest poets of his time.

My dear Rogers—

The morning is at present very wet. I am however in hopes that it may clear up before noon, if so you will see me and my little Phaeton; if not then pray come to us in a chaise, and the sooner the better.—Your gout, I hope is no worse—

Affectionately yours

WORDSWORTH

Monday Mor.
Rydal Mount
Half past nine

To-day Samuel Rogers's books would be neglected were it not for Turner's and Stothard's exquisite illustrations used with the effusions of the generous retired banker.

The first edition of "The Excursion," designed as the intermediate portion of Wordsworth's never-completed great poetical scheme entitled "The Recluse," is a sumptuous quarto of over four hundred pages. It was published in 1814, but the copy now with me was still in the poet's hand many years later, for it bears this inscription on the half-title:

To Miss Copley as a token of sincere regard from William Wordsworth, Rydal Mount 19 Dec—1838. When the Wordsworths came up to London in the Spring of 1820 to attend a wedding, Charles Lamb took the opportunity to give a party for them. One of the guests, Thomas Alsopp, was thus invited:

We expect Wordsth tomorrow Evening.
Will you look in?

C. L.

Another guest was Henry Crabb Robinson, who records in his "Diary":

At nine I went to Lamb's where I found Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth. Lamb was in a good humour. He read some recent compositions which Wordsworth cordially praised.

On July 10 Wordsworth, his wife, his sister Dorothy, and the bride and groom whose nuptials they had attended a few weeks earlier, left England for a Continental tour. They returned after an absence of four months, when Lamb again writes his friend Alsopp:

Wordsworth is with us this Even. Can you come?

Wordsworth and Lamb must have had many points of sympathetic contact, but their ruling passions were as divergent as could be. Wordsworth, the poet of nature, loved mountain, plain, and valley, while Lamb declares he is "not at all romance-bit about nature." "Let not the lying poets be believed who entice men from the cheerful streets."

The other invitations bear testimony to Lamb's habitual hospitality. One, without date, to Sergeant Talfourd, reads:

Dear Talfourd

Come and dine with us to-day on Miss K's Birds, come a little before 4. We dine punctually at that time.

Yours ever

C. L.

If I ever produce a M S sonnet again I 'll be damn'd!

Miss K was Frances Maria Kelly, the actress for whom Lamb formed a hopeless attachment. The portentous sonnet has not been identified.

A delightful note, dated from Enfield, June, 1826, was written to Miss Holcroft, daughter of Thomas Holcroft, the dramatist.

Dear Louisa,

I think I know the House you have in view. It is a Capital old Manor House lately in possession of Lord Cadogan. But whether it be that or another we shall have in the meantime a small room and bed to let, pretty cheap, only Two Smiles a week, and find your own washing. If you are not already on the road, set out from the Bell, Holborn, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, and ask to be set down at Mr. Lamb's on the Chase. Mary joins me in the hope of seeing you very speedily, and in love to you all.

Yours truly

C. LAMB

Mary has left off writing letters, I do all.

It is my good fortune to possess two copies of the first edition of "Elia." One of these is in what booksellers term "fine collectors' condition"; it has the original board covers, with label intact and leaves uncut; moreover, it is of the first issue of the first edition before the title-page was reprinted and a half-title added. Of much more consequence, however, than these technical "points" is this presentation inscription:

Mr John Clare with Elia's regards

John Clare, now almost forgotten, was known in his day as the "Northamptonshire peasant poet." He was the author of four volumes of verse. Clare died in 1864, leaving his widow in such needy circumstances that she sold the "Elia," and other books presented to Clare by Lamb, to Mr. John Taylor. Subsequently a fund was gathered by a committee formed for the purpose, and the

precious volumes were taken over from Mr. Taylor and presented to the Northampton Museum, where they remained until 1902, when, despite an organized protest against such blind action, the museum trustees sent them to London to be sold at auction. The proceeds were used to buy books of reference for the library.

My other "Elia," also of the first issue of the first edition, though leather bound, is much worn and loose at the hinges. It was given by Lamb to the comedian, Joseph S. Munden, who, as will be remembered, is the subject of the last essay in the book. On the fly-leaf is this distinguished tribute:

Mr. Lamb presents his respects to Mr. Munden, and begs his acceptance of a volume, at the end of which he has ventured a faint description of the pleasure he has received from Mr. Munden's acting.

20 Great Russell Street
Covent Garden

"Elia" was published in 1823. In 1833 followed the second collection, "Last Essays of Elia." The copy now with me is briefly inscribed to one of Lamb's oldest friends:

For Hazlitt from the authour.

Lamb had no more faithful friend than his biographer, Bryan Waller

Procter. In a letter written by him to Sergeant Talfourd there are a few words which afford us one more happy glimpse.

I saw Lamb some 3 or 4 weeks ago. He had a superfluous gaiety upon him, which at last I traced to a recent Legacy—a thirty-two pounder—which he wished me to keep secret even from the Gods.

A friend of mine, when told of my intention to print these anecdotes, expressed the opinion that it might be better worth while to tell *why* people collect books. Such an explanation would require one to expound the philosophy of collecting, a task far beyond my powers. Moreover, I should be as reluctant to dissect my joys as to analyze my friends. If, through reading my experiences, any one comes in some measure to appreciate the spirit of the pursuit, it seems to me that this is a far happier result than any which might be obtained from a perusal of a dissertation on the whys and wherefores of collecting.

It is a pleasure to relate incidents of my experiences, which now cover a period of twenty-five years. If these prove of interest to present-day readers, I shall be encouraged in the hope that they may have a permanent value as a contribution, however slight, to the record of book-collecting in our country.





Menena

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON

Illustrations by Clarence Rowe

WHEN Burrel had made the river too hot for him, when even the arm of the law no longer stretched out a hand ready to be appeased with milreis, Burrel broke for the bush. Burrel knew the bush. Between the brighter intervals of card-rigging and discriminate burglary he had worked in the forest lands either for rubber or orchids. He reckoned he could make his way across the Madeira country and get over the border into Bolivia. There were no warrants for his arrest in Bolivia, and he could start again, a newer and less chased man.

He planned it all well, but he had counted on meeting villages even in this semi-virgin land. The villages failed. One day, in a nest of swamps and side streams, he knew himself to be entirely lost.

There was nothing to help him. Tracks, of course, there were none. The damp had got into his compass and ruined it. The vegetation failed him; there were new trees and new vines, and the bush was thick and strange. The more he tried to reason out direction, the deeper he became entangled. He was probably wandering round in a mad circle, as one did when one could not see the sun. He felt he was, but that did not help him. It scared him more. He went on slashing ahead wildly, very much like a beast trying to break out of a cage.

Perhaps he was lost for days. It seemed weeks. He hacked a path doggedly through a million miles of vines, and still there was no end. *Sipors*,

twisted cable over cable, like ropes (they call that kind the devil vine), barred his way endlessly, stung, and brought fever, drenched him with jets of cold, sweet water as his big *tassade* swung into them, clutched at him slyly with green fingers, clinging and living. They were slimy things, as avid as the suckers of octopi. All the vines in Brazil seemed massed against him for those million miles,—if it were a million,—and he plowed and cut drearly, hoping to win through, but feeling he was doomed. And then, as is the way with vines and most things in the world, the *sipors* stopped.

Burrel tripped through a hole in the green-black gloom, and flopped into a patch of sunlight as hard and shining as brass. Caring not a damn for snakes or fever ants, he lay where he fell and went to sleep.

How long he slept he did not know; but somewhere in his sleep there came a dream—a dream of a soft laugh and soft eyes, and a slim body like the body of a gold-brown Psyche. In the tenderness of dreams he saw the vision of a girl who was also a woman; a fine, swaying graceful thing, young and candid and true, and the glow and poetry and freshness of this vision moved him with a curious reality. He half opened his eyes.

Before them then was a leg, slim, smooth, and brown—the leg of a goddess rising exquisitely to the laugh of knee; then a drink, sharp, bitter, and invigorating. Strange that that invigorating bitterness should course through his veins and sting him awake. He

opened his eyes wide. Before him was Menena.

He did n't know her as Menena then, of course. She was then just a wood fairy, something delicate, laughing, and elfin, a dream thing. He thought she was so fine, so delicious, so young! Was she the princessa of whom the river people told—the princessa who loved a noble tree and who went off into the woods to mate with it and become even as it? Indeed, she might be that lovely and immortal creature taken human shape again.

Burrel, callous as he was, thrilled at the thought and the sight of her. Gold brown in the sun she stood, and flowers of heliotrope were caught like great jewels in the darkness of her hair. Before such beauty he was full of reverence and worship.

She laughed at him, and he saw that her even teeth were stained with *asio*. She was human, after all, then; only—and this was unexpected, if you knew Burrel—his reverence and worship did not leave him at the touch of humanity. He became not callous, but tender. She was not the immortal princessa of the fable, but she remained dear and a goddess.

He found out that her name was Menena soon after that. He tried her with Portuguese, but his attempted speech merely made her laugh again. She knew no Portuguese, nor any river tongue, and he began to wonder what unmapped and unheard-of settlement he had struck. He tried her with the dialects he knew. Presently he came to the dialect of the Purus country. In the talk of the Purus country they found words, no more than that, that had meaning for each other; nouns, like food and drink, and certain other words they had in common.

Just at the moment Burrel wanted food and drink badly, and he made the most of that. The girl understood swiftly, stood up, and pointed to the bush. Burrel knew there was a village near and he was safe. In that glad moment he seized her hand and kissed it, and at that kiss something of the wonder of her came out.

Kisses—she was unaware of kisses. Her eyes opened wide at the strange

marvel. She looked at the back of her hand where his lips had rested, her long lashes screening her dark pupils as she glanced down. Then she thrust out her hand again, laughing deliciously, asking with her eyes that she should experience the delight of kisses once more.

Burrel had the impulse to take her strong young body in his arms and to kiss the lips so ignorant of kisses; but he did not. If you had known Burrel, you would have been puzzled at that. Concerning Menena, however, there was much about Burrel that puzzled.

She was such a child, yet such a woman, and such a goddess, too. She laughed at him, and he felt strange and glad at her laughter. He was certainly an amazement to her, a new toy, a new wonder. His clothes were an awe and a joy; even his ragged canvas shirt. Her long fingers touched it almost with fear. And his skin was a miracle. She pulled his shirt apart and touched the white chest beneath, her eyes wide with astonishment. She touched his chest, and then the budding brown of her own breast, looking up at him as though asking him to explain the meaning of this bewildering difference.

Burrel said to her in Purus, "White man, man from beyond the great waters"; but that conveyed nothing to her. She was filled with wonder and awe. Burrel began to ask himself where the blazes he was. Had he fallen out of the world into an unknown and hidden land? Had he found that almost unbelievable spot, a village where no white man had ever set foot, where white men were not known, had never been heard of?

It was absurd to think that. It seemed impossible that things should be so in this century, but the way the girl acted seemed to suggest it was as true as it was absurd. He walked toward the village along the hunter track, feeling like a man who had just landed upon a distant planet.

And it was while they were walking that the girl told him her name—Menena. The sound she gave to his own first name, Stephen—"Steevin," she called it—was curiously alluring.

The village, when they reached it, was the usual river settlement, a collection of leaf-thatched roofs on poles,

with here and there a hut having a wall, or even two mud walls, to windward. That type of village is to be seen right down to Para. The people, too, were small built, small boned, and of the thin, powerful type common to the land. When they saw Burrel coming, they were all for using their seven-foot reed arrows on him, which showed they had instincts in common with their kind up and down the Amazon. Only when Menena had checked them, and they became friendly, he knew them to be truly unique.

Since he was not a menace to them, they seemed certain he must be a miracle. There was apparently no other way for them to recognize him. Menena told, in a rapid tongue he could not follow, how she had found him lying like a fallen angel in the woods. This excited them. They all chattered together about him, and, as they chattered, he saw the awe growing in them. A very old man began to dominate the talk. He spoke solemnly in the tones of a seer, and they listened with reverence. Bur-

rel picked up a word now and then, but the old chap's manner more than anything else told him that this grave recital concerned something holy, some tribal revelation.

He could see that he was mixed up in the revelation, and was secretly amused. He knew the queer creeds natives had; most tribal theologies held that a prophet or a god would one day come down to earth to live with and lead the tribe to glory, and the prophet or god was usually white. Though he could not follow the talk, he felt that the old man was pointing out how he must be the man of promise.

Burrel was sure this was the gist of the old fellow's eloquence, and he was amused. Whatever he felt about Menena, he had no false sentimentality about her fellow-tribesmen. Cynically, he wondered whether he was being accepted as a god or as a mere prophet. A god, he hoped; that would be more attractive and useful. He was certain, then, that his was the first white feet that had trodden that way.



"Gold brown in the sun she stood"

As he was thinking this, a shock came to him. The old man finished speaking, and they were all looking at him. And then, incredibly, they began to genuflect. Burrel regarded them with amazement, but the thing was unmistakable. One by one they passed before him, bending on one knee, as he had seen people in Para Cathedral bending before the altar. And, yes, they were making a sign; and though it was not quite the same thing, it was obviously something like the sign of the cross!

Burrel was astounded. Every one of their previous actions had made him think this was an unknown and unvisited land; yet here they were doing him reverence with the habitual methods of Brazil. He started to revise his theory about this place being unknown to white men. If these Indians knew the religious habits of the Brazilians, they must know Brazilians; but that did not work out, for if they knew white men and the habits of white men, they would know enough to tell them that genuflecting and making the sign of the cross to him was wrong. There was logic in that, but it did not help to solve the puzzle.

In time he came to see reason in it all, but not all the reason. He pieced out some of it from the interminable powwows—Burrel had a quick gift of tongues, and soon made something of their dialect—round the evening fires, but he learned most from the laughing lips of Menena, those joyous and comely lips that told him many things as he and she idled in the rich and languorous forest glades. Menena was always with him. They had set her aside as though she were his handmaiden, his godlike choice. That was sweet and splendid, and yet Burrel was afraid about it. He was cynical and callous about women, but about Menena there was something different.

The reason of it all, he learned gradually, was almost as queer as a story in a magazine. They knew not white men, that was true, but they had heard dimly of the great white race. They had traditions which talked of fabled peoples whose skins were radiant and whose acts were marvels. There were legends in their tribal history telling of

white men who had come to them and lived with them and taught them wisdom and kingship and worship. And stories drifted to them from the river.

It was queer, but they treated the river as a sort of fable. Talk of its wonders had drifted through from village to village until it had reached this hidden spot. The men spoke with awe of the things that happened along the mystical stretches of that wonderful stream, its fire-boats, its death-dealing sticks, its riches and glories.

Burrel gradually found his place among them. They did not really adore him, but he was as one of the denizens of Olympus who had stepped down to live among men. Not a god, really, for he learned they worshiped only one god, the Supreme Being. He was, all the same, one of the citizens of heaven, one of the holy and fabulous people of their myth. There was no doubt about this. Did he not wear the vestments of the divine? The trousers, the top-boots, and the shirt that clothed the heroes of their mythology? And was not his .45 Colt the death-stick of terror and power? Burrel used it once to teach them how dangerous it would be to play tricks with him; it exalted him further in holiness.

Menena, in the rich heat of the forest shade, told him of the legends of her tribe, with her soft eyes holding his, and her quick, young vigor trying to express to him in darting and exquisite gesture the meanings that difficulties of speech failed to convey.

According to the stories Menena told, and the old seer recited, he was not the first of his skin to come to this place. But he rather doubted the stories. They were, on the whole, rather usual. They told of white chiefs who lorded the land in the beginnings of time,—what native legend does not?—white chiefs of the black roses who had come out of the sky to the people, and made them good and rich, had taught them wisdom and worship, and the crafts to make them comfortable and great. The white chiefs had built a great temple to the Supreme Being, and had initiated them into methods of adoration.

Burrel looked at her quickly, for he saw light. He recalled the genuflec-

tion and the sign of the cross. That was the explanation. He saw how it fitted in. He saw at once that perhaps the legends were possible. Some missionaries might have penetrated into this unknown and unheard-of place and set up their church.

Burrel thought, too, of what the priests had done in the river towns. He remembered the glittering churches of Manaus and Para, and a hard, excited breath from his old life shook for a moment his idyllic languor.

"The temple, Menena," he said quickly to her—"they built a temple, yes. What of it?"

Menena looked at him. Her laughing mouth had opened to speak, but she drew back. She was cold and frightened in an instant.

"You are cruel to see," she cried. She slipped away from him and stood gazing at him and she trembled in fear.

He cursed, but it was himself he cursed, not her timidity. He told himself he was a fool to spoil this life for an ugly memory of another. He shrugged the past from his shoulders, and smiled at the girl again.

"The bad man in me looked out," he said, "but he is gone. We will forget the temple, Menena. Tell me of the other wonders of the white chiefs of the black rose?"

Menena came back to his side.

"You are good to see now," she said, "and I will tell you of the temple. It is—"

"Forget the temple," he said sharply; "forget it. It makes me cruel."

Menena laughed and talked on like a happy child who is yet not a child, and the temple was forgotten. That is, Burrel thought it and all it meant was forgotten. But it was not. When he saw the temple the cruelty in him came back again. In the temple he saw the jewels!

BURREL had grown into the habit of expecting strange things in this place, but the strangeness of the day he saw the temple was beyond all expectations. What happened had best be put down simply. The facts can be contained in a sentence: the Indians went to mass.

They went to mass through a forest

path Burrel had not yet followed. They walked with strange, high, and haunting singings, beating up to the immense arching of the leaves. The meaning of the singing Burrel did not know, but the melody of their hymn he knew. He had heard it last at a church in Villa Bella.

At the end of a path they came to a clearing, and there were ruins in the clearing. They were jumbled ruins, alive with vegetation and overcome by vines, but Burrel saw that they were the ruins of a church and a big one. The walls of the church were flat to earth in most parts, but here and there they rose sometimes shoulder high, sometimes as high as a house. Only the walls by the altar stood complete. They towered against the trees in a splendid and springing arch. And the altar space beneath was clear; it had been kept clear through centuries. And there was an altar!

After that the amazing ceremony was to be expected. It was a mass, or, rather, the memory of a mass, gone through in rough vestments and in a disjointed manner, but with the main ritual—its singing, its lights, its incense—as true as the tenuous tradition of ages would allow. That mass and the singing would have been a wonder to any mind, the marvel that it should have survived the long years since those who first celebrated it had vanished even from memory would have been miracle enough for any man. Burrel, however, was beyond considering emotional miracles. Already he had seen the material miracles of the jewels.

It had been the thought of jewels, the possibilities of jewels, that had made him cruel. Now that he saw them, he knew there was every reason for cruelty. The jewels were marvelous and many. There were crucifixes of gold, chalices with great stones in them; there were other cups and vessels of names unknown to him, and all were of fine gold in whose antique and beautiful design were incrustated many flawless gems. There were statues of saints in precious metal, and a monstrance one blaze of glory, so full was its surface of radiant stones; even the thuribles flashed diamond lights as they swung in the sun.

There was no need for him to trouble his head about the history or the meaning of the ceremony. The jewels were the facts. They were there, they were real, they were old, and they were enormously valuable.

"The finest haul I ever struck," his mind told him, automatically, and he felt that probably it would be the easiest to gather. For, having seen the jewels, he meant to have them. Sold even at loss, they would set him up for life. There was an enormous fortune in them. They would mean riches and luxury and ease. He would go home; he would dazzle the world as a retired Brazilian millionaire. At last he had found the wealth that would give him all he asked of life.

He forgot the Indians and the village and he even forgot Menena. Only he saw his dream of life and luxury. He would take the jewels quietly one night, he would make for the nearest river, and travel down it until he came to the Amazon. Then he would be free—free and rich.

Menena stirred a little as she knelt at his side. He looked at her, and saw the rapture in her face. She was gazing at the altar and the jewels, and for the first time it seemed to him that he realized what a religion of some kind meant to some people. The whole of this ceremony, the singing and the ritual and the jewels, was reality to Menena, and he felt that *he* was part of the reality, too. She was binding him up with her in this ecstasy of devotion. It would be hard on Menena losing these jewels and him, but he could not help Menena. It was hard, but he could not help it. He looked at her again. It was hard, but there was no hurry to get off.

Meanwhile the days were rich and hot, life was full of soft sweetness, and Menena sat and laughed with him, and wooed him with her slight and incomparable youth.

There was no hurry. He sat and looked at Menena in the sun. Oh, yes, he could fix up his plans. He could find out from Menena the tracks, and the quickest ones, to the nearest settlement and the most likely river, and where he might get canoes. He did it

carefully, had to be careful, and it took time. And still Menena was laughing with him in the sunlight, and Menena was a girl and yet a woman, and wholly unlike any other woman he had known. The days were full and sweet; one need not hurry. This week, next, a month's time.

And of course nothing on earth or above it would prevent him taking those gorgeous jewels.

DID he linger weeks or months? He did not know. He only realized he had waited too long when one day a German and a Swede came walking out of the bush into the village.

They had a bad Brazilian with them who was, obviously, the guide, and they came into the village clearing showing stereotyped and quite artificial airs of surprise.

The German, in English (Burrel, with an admirable lie, said he had no German), said that, as little as he had expected to find a village, he expected less to find any white man in this part of the world. He and his companions were out for orchids and exploration. They were firmly under the impression that this land was uninhabited and virgin. It was a colossal surprise. Burrel knew at once they were after the jewels.

They were rogues of the usual hard-bitten kind. Bold and unscrupulous, ready to bluff or pull a gun, save the Brazilian, who would pull a knife when your back was turned. But they were clever; they played their game well. They asked no questions, and showed no more than necessary curiosity. They accepted Burrel's statements of himself, not believing, but without showing incredulity. Burrel knew them, however, for what they were. In some way they had scented out the story of the village and the jewels, and they had come up to get them.

They meant to get them. They might suspect Burrel of being after them, too, but they were determined to snatch the plunder even from him. Burrel knew his men well enough for that, though they gave him no sign.

Their coming stung him awake. He saw how foolish had been his dream, how his love and his indolence had imperiled



"One day a German and a Swede came walking out of the bush"

his fortune. He was awake. He cursed himself. He cursed the folly that had chained him idle to the laugh of a girl. He had lived too sweetly, and now he was in danger of losing the prize of his life.

Menena came to him, inviting him to the fairy-land of the woods. Menena, with the rest, had accepted the newcomers as part of the wonders that had come to them lately: the heroes of their Parnassus were coming to earth again; their first divinity had brought his fellows in his train. Menena accepted the German and the Swede, and wished life to go on as before. Burrel put her off.

"I have friends to-day," he said to her; "I will stay with them." Menena, disappointed, left him, her bright spirits drooping. Burrel had to tell himself, rather vigorously, that he could not help that. That Menena was fine up to a point—

He stayed, talking and drowsing and smoking in the clearing. The newcomers spoke to him languidly, discussing this new country and its possibilities in orchids, timber, and rubber. It was hot and still, and even idle con-

versation demanded an effort. In time Burrel's eyes closed.

Burrel's ears had not closed. Presently the Swede spoke to the German, using the latter's language, and the other bade him be careful.

"He knows no German," the Swede protested; "also, he is asleep."

At once the German loosed a stream of the foulest insult. It was in his native tongue, and it was directed at Burrel. It was a terrible and provocative outflow. Any man, understanding it, would have struck to kill at once. In his soul Burrel smiled, appreciating the trick. After a minute the German said:

"He is either really asleep, or truly he understands no German. We will risk it, anyhow."

The Swede immediately asked if the German thought Burrel knew of the treasure. The German admitted he was not sure. Burrel was so obviously a rogue that he could not understand how, knowing of the jewels, he was still there. The Swede suggested the girl, Menena, might be the reason of his presence. The German protested. Burrel was a rogue and an Anglo-Saxon; if

there was a fortune to be had for the taking, no woman would stand between such a fellow and his haul. They went on talking of the jewels.

Burrel learned how they had got news of them. The story had come down to the river in the mouth of an Indian who had heard it from a good source. The Indian swore to its truth, and offered to put the German on the track. They had hired him, come up country with him, got all the directions from him, and then killed him. It was not well that he should be alive with such a fortune depending on his tongue. They had left his body in the bush and come up alone.

They came back in their talk to Burrel. They decided that the presence of Burrel was a danger. The Swede was all for killing, but the German said that would set the village against them. Until they were certain of their haul, they must go warily. But they must also be swift. They could not waste time here. Wasted time was dangerous. A long stay might arouse suspicion.

"We will start hunting at daybreak," said the German.

Burrel knew that to-night he must escape with the jewels. He was sorry they had crowded him so; a little more time to have seen the last of Menena would have been good. He had the advantage of knowledge over these beasts, however, and he must make good on that. By dawn he would be well away. Menena—he wriggled his mind away from Menena. He could not afford to be sentimental now.

HE had not given the enemy enough credit for cleverness. He could not have been careful enough as he slipped from the village into the path that led to the ruins, for as he lifted the stone closing the cellar in which the jewels were hidden, he heard a sound, and looking up, he saw the three white men standing in the moonlight, looking at him.

They looked at him, and the German laughed softly and came forward.

"You have saved us some trouble, my friend," he said, sneering. "We expected a long hunt for the stuff."

"What stuff?" asked Burrel. He was

bitter, mostly with himself, but his voice sounded surprised and puzzled. The German laughed again.

"Not clever enough," he answered. "This innocence is unreal in a man who sneaks off in the night when he thinks he is unobserved. Come, now, we will be sensible. We are all after the same thing. Why not a partnership? Four of us can carry more than one. Is that not so? Why should we quarrel? There will be enough for all."

Burrel stood and looked at the German. How thick and evil the brute was in the moonlight! He seemed like a monster in this world, a blot, a sin; and how clean the world had been!

"Perhaps there is not enough for four," insinuated the Swede.

"There is enough and more," said Burrel, slowly. That Swede, now, how repulsive he was!

"Well, then," insisted the German, "is that not good? There are four of us. Safer to travel, safer to fight, if these Indians follow and fight. More chances of getting away. And if there is a fortune for each, well, why quarrel? We can help one another to carry that fortune to the world, where it will buy what we want. Four of us—we can win our way to the world."

Burrel stood and looked at them. They were low and brutal and greedy, and he had not realized before how brutal and greedy men could be, he himself could be. They would rip their spoils from this place, from the villagers, from Menena. This rather splendid traditional worship, what did it matter to them? They would go out to opulence and the great, hard, bright enjoyments of the world. He had only to agree to their terms.

"Come, now," persisted the German, "is there need to squabble over this? We know what we all desire. A big coup to buy big happiness. Think of that happiness! Good clothes and ease, dinners and wine to drink, laughter and women in jewels and silk—we are all after that. Is it not sensible for us to help one another?"

Good clothes and ease, women in silk and jewels, and laughter. Would these women laugh as Menena laughed? And their silks and their jewels and their

ivory shoulders! Would the beauty of these things move him as the sight of Menena with her gold-brown skin had thrilled him? The sharp, bright gaiety of the large world of money, how it dragged at one! But Menena was young, the quick gestures of Menena's lithe body—was there another woman who could touch him as she did?

"Is it not sensible?" urged the German. "And we are three to one," he said significantly.

After all, Burrel meant to take those jewels. He had made up his mind they should be his plunder. Only—

Three to one, three brutes coming out of the world into a clean life; three devils coming into Arcady for loot. Burrel lifted his head and glared at the German.

"Go to hell!" he said.

The German stepped forward.

"Ah—I see—you *Schweinhund*," he snarled.

"Go to hell," snapped Burrel, and his big *tassade* was ready. The Brazilian threw his knife.

Burrel knew Brazilians, and had side-stepped in a flash. The knife nicked his arm. The German was on top of him at once.

Burrel knew they would not shoot. To shoot meant the alarming of the village, and the Indians with their arrows and the poison on the arrows would be up and out. It was to be steel against steel, and death for the loser.

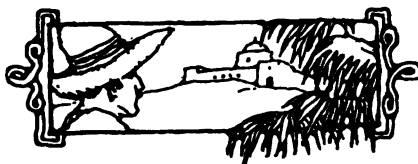
Burrel slashed at the German as he came on. The German slipped the blow, but fell. Burrel was sure then that he had made his first kill. But the Swede was a quick man, and was on top of Burrel before he could drive at the German. Burrel went down, the Swede squirming on him, at the same time trying to shorten his arm to stab.

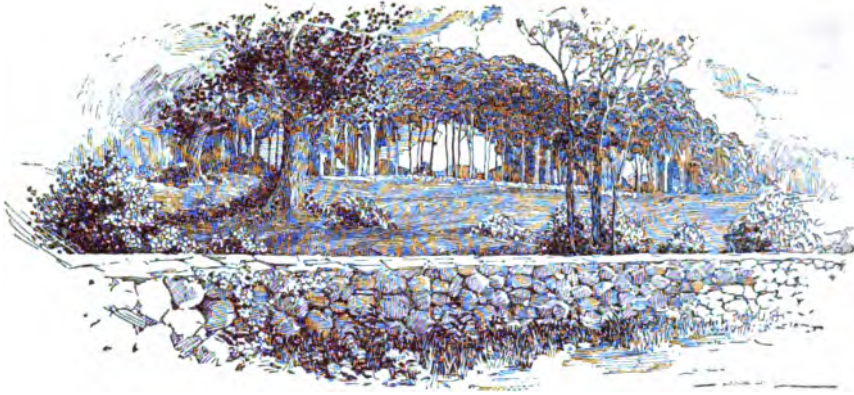
They rolled on the ground. The German, up now and eager to get in his blow, stood over them, the Brazilian hovering near with a second knife. The Swede was a stout brute; by sheer strength he turned Burrel on his back. He pressed him flat, and his hand went up to murder. Then he screamed, for there was a trick Burrel had learned from a Jap. It breaks the stabbing arm if properly applied, and the Swede's arm broke.

The fight became quick again. Screaming, the Swede jumped to his feet. He was in agony, but he had not long to suffer. Burrel was up as quickly as he. The Brazilian, excitable and Latin, chose that moment to get at Burrel, as Burrel knew he would. As the knife flashed, Burrel swung the Swede round, and, even before the murderer could drag his weapon clear of his companion's body, Burrel struck and killed. The German was dead a minute after. The German had a slow mind; the startling, double tragedy had jolted him off his guard. His thrust was lame; Burrel's was not.

For a moment Burrel stood over the three bodies, stood over the stone that guarded the treasure of jewels. He remembered the silks and the lights and the jewels of the world; all these things he might now have. He looked up to the sky, and saw the clean blue of heaven, and the delight of tree-tops in lace against the firmament, and he saw the clean gems of the stars; and there was the memory of a laugh that seemed to make gay the world—the laugh of Menena. And he laughed himself.

BURREL went back to the village, back to Menena. There was no hurry. There would be no hurry now until eternity.





Of Stone Walls

By ROBERT PALFREY UTTER

T was a rainy April day in the hills of the Côte-d'Or, the heart of the old province of Burgundy. I had trusted to the direction of a foot-path through the woods to take me a short cut from one smooth white road to another. At a moment when my mind was absorbed in thought that left me scarcely aware of my surroundings there rose to the surface of consciousness a haunting sense that any turn of the path might bring me out in some corner of my own New England hillside fields, or a familiar spot thereto adjacent. It was the sort of feeling that would have come from some accustomed odor, as that of sweet-fern. I looked up, and found myself in the presence of a neglected field and a stone wall that was quite unlike the solid, regular masonry of the vineyard walls on the lower slopes. It was of field stone, rounded, weathered, lichened, laid loosely, as if to clear the field rather than to make a boundary. I paused only a moment to look; I was urged to hurry on by premonitions of an impending wave of homesickness.

"Something there is that does not love a wall." It may be so, but "Lord-inges, by your leve, that am nat I," and I give you my word it is n't the chipmunk. Observation tells me that it is the highway surveyor. I know he destroys them; buys, begs, steals, borrows them to make roads. I don't

know what his theory is; perhaps he loves them and thinks they are dead, for he lays them reverently in the right of way, "looking as if they were alive," and buries them decently in sand. I can't believe that he loves roads, either; I doubt if he loves anything but his job. It must be just his nature, "loving not, hating not, just choosing so"; or rather "working by rote in his unweeting way," for it can't be that he prefers for his own use such roads as he makes out of old walls. I enjoy hearing his car go over them; it sounds like a tin-shop off Monhegan. I do not mind the roads myself, for I go afoot, but I do love the walls, the kind they make roads of, the plain, bucolic, Snout-the-tinker, New England wall, with more of loam than of plaster or rough-cast about its broad bottom.

I do not believe the farmer loves the walls, either. I can't be sure, because my neighbors are not so much farmers as philosophers and other gentlemen of leisure who cultivate the soil a little when they find any on their premises that is suitable for the purpose. But *à priori* I should say that a farmer either would have imagination or would have none. If he has imagination, he sees in the walls a memorial to the rockiness of the fields and the painful toil of clearing them. If he has none, he thinks of nothing but the amount of space the walls occupy, and is glad to see all that old stone go off the premises. Besides.

old walls are too hospitable to make good fences, especially when mended, as characteristically they are, with a birch- or alder-tree cut and thrown on the weak spot. Whatever the reason, I have yet to see the inhabitant of this region—except myself—that will not part with his walls at the mysterious will of the highway surveyor. My interest in the landscape is not like that of my neighbors, for it is largely sentimental. Even the bit of it I own I do not farm for anything but cord-wood, literature, and a few apples. It is crisscrossed with walls containing stone enough to build a castle. The highway surveyor has hinted that he would pay cash, and Heaven knows I need it, though not so much as my imagination needs the walls.

Along the highways the old walls are nearly hidden by dusty goldenrod, joe-pye-weed, jewel-weed, and tall white lettuce, overrun with grape or over-arched with blackberries. They undulate over hillsides, where puffs of warm wind bring scent of blueberry-leaves, bay, and sweet-fern baking in the sun. On moist borders of woods they are nearly overtopped by long feathers of lady-fern and cinnamon-fern. Each wall has its record of human character and human purpose. One will be nearly as wide as the narrow road it borders, and only half as high as it is wide. It has two faces of big boulders, each face a respectable wall in itself, with the "dornicks" thrown in between. At intervals the facing has toppled down, and the amorphous insides have rolled helplessly out. It is not a memorial of the builder's art, but of the industry of the man who tried to make a farm out of the dump-heap of the glacier. One imagines an ant trying to handle a carload of coal. There are uncounted tons of stone in that wall, and the man lifted every pound of it twice; he put it on the stone-boat, and he took it off again. Here where he built his scrap-heap I see his cenotaph commemorating heroic, but misguided, labor; its inscription is the word spoken of the bull that attacked the locomotive, "I admire his courage, but damn his judgment."

Another tells a different story. Here labored a man who wanted an enduring

barrier, and his was no prentice hand at laying it up. One imagines him working skilfully and quickly, ready judgment saving waste labor, keeping the hired man and the oxen busy with the stone-boat, speeding them with pointed jibes as long as they are within hearing. It is of field stone scarcely touched by the hammer, except for a boulder here and there riven by the bursting sledge, and set with its twin faces showing side by side, like butterfly wings. Every stone is rightly placed for stability, looking as if divine Providence had shaped it to the builder's hand; whereas, if you ever tried to build a wall, you know that Providence is anything but divine in that particular, and you are quite ready to take off your hat to the man whose wall even remotely suggests such an idea.

One wall we have on our road the fellow of which I have yet to find. It is a retaining wall round two sides of a knoll of smooth lawn where stands a white story-and-a-half farm-house, with one sturdy chimney exactly in the middle of its broad roof. That wall will be standing when the trump of doom sounds, unless the highway surveyor gets hold of it, and I hope that the trumpet will sound for him first. It was built with loving care, with a forward look to a wedding and a long vista of busy, cheerful years, the care a man has for his work on the first dwelling-place he calls his own, that shall in his thought mean to his children what his father's house means to him. It is of accurately dressed stone, flat layers of gneiss, leveled, staggered, and coped. Where it bounds the side yard the ground lies flat, but in front, facing the road, there is a gentle rise. The coping is parallel with the ground, but below it the courses are laid horizontal on the sloping side as well as on the level side. The corner is handsomely rounded, each stone cut nicely to the quarter-circle. It has every appearance of being an old wall,—moreover, I cannot believe that any man in the last seven decades would have put so much work into it,—but frost has not heaved it or water undercut it. I can answer personally for the last dozen years, during which I have watched it like a guardian in my

frequent passings. Sometimes I stop to talk with the owner about it. He does not know who built it, but he is learning to be as proud of it as I am, he as owner, I as discoverer.

My dog does not like this wall so well as others in the neighborhood. In general he is as fond of an old wall as I am, but he loves it as a woodpecker loves a dead tree, for what he thinks he can get out of it. Tim is a terrier and an Irishman; he has the imagination of a Celt and all the dear illusions of youth. His zest for stone walls is eager and unquenchable; each is a fresh adventure every time he goes over the road. At sight of a familiar wall that he has investigated minutely a dozen times a week all summer he affects a glad surprise. "Whisht!" he exclaims, or "Begorra!" or words to that effect, "a jewel of a wall! Who could have guessed it!" And at it he flies, his stump tail vibrating three hundred and sixty strokes to the minute, like a sucking lamb's. His inquisitive nose, bound in half-black morocco, he thrusts into every crevice, his nostrils quivering with delight at the happy smells with which the stones are (to him) impregnated. I suspect that he gets drunk from inhaling the odor of chipmunk, for I never knew him to find anything else in a wall except once, when a yellow-jacket scored on the tip of his nose; but that did not deter him long from his indulgence in the delirious "stone fence." Aside from the chipmunk, I never actually observed any inhabitants of the wall beyond spiders, ants, and two kinds of snakes, interesting enough, but not to my senses inebriating. I have seen both rabbit and woodchuck disappear in the mass of interrupted fern and blackberry that clothes the base of my orchard wall, but I never had any reason to think that they entered the wall itself. I believe that the woodchuck has behind the ferns a concealed line of retreat to his burrow, of which Tim and I know the entrance well, twelve yards east a point south from the snowapple-tree, under a tag-alder-bush that has no more business there than has the woodchuck himself.

The old wall is hospitable. It keeps no one out unless it be some clumsy

female, such as a woman in high heels and narrow skirt or a cow. It is kind to twilight lovers. Its irregularities are not so slippery as those of the horsehair of the "best room," its seclusion no less, and its atmosphere has more of poetry than formality. Of course lovers need little but themselves of which to make their heaven, but to my thought the park benches are poor things compared with a wall I know cushioned with pine needles, where the wood-thrush sings, or another that in May is hung with fairy constellations of flowering dogwood. To all comers old walls offer rest for eye and body. Of their soft hues I dare not say much lest I write a whole chapter. The softness must come from the blending medium, for most of the lichen patches are really brilliant when detached and laid on a black background. It was the Red-Admiral butterfly that told me this. He was sunning himself on a gray-green surface of my wall, and I did not see him till he slowly lifted his wings. Then first I saw protective coloring in the glowing red ring with which he is marked, for the pattern it made to the eye was that of the crimped edges of a lichen patch. As a rest for the body my neighbor philosophers know well the properties of the wall, but one firm principle of mine is not in their books: *not* to perch on its top or on any of its hard surfaces, but to sit on the ground at its base and use it as a rest for back and head. This principle was revealed to me early in life, and if I have by now, as I have been assured, an accurate eye for the spot which will fit the contours of the body, it comes from years of conscientious practice. "Sothe, it wolde be game to tellen al" that might be told of the pleasure of a reflective pipe smoked on the shady side of a wall in midsummer, "or if the earlier season lead" to the sunny side, in the kindly warmth of spring or autumn sunshine.

A stone wall is like a work of art in one respect: you don't appreciate it to the full, and are hardly qualified as a critic, until you have performed the creative act yourself. Before this experience you may assent as to a platitude to the assertion that the wall expresses the character of the builder. After the

experience, as you review your handiwork, you look upon it as a betrayal. Are you choleric? You will be, perhaps literally, "nettled and stung with pismires" ere you have built a yard's length of wall. Are you placid and reflective? You will not build a yard in a week. If you are testy, work beyond earshot of your wife and children, for no Christian vocabulary can stand the strain of refractory and infractible stone, finger-nails split and torn despite gloves, skin worn mercilessly down till the blood oozes through. And finally the crisis no words can match when the big flat rock you are upending twitches out of your raw fingers and reduces your toe to incoherence. You hop one-legged to the house and spend a week with your foot on a chair; if the wall is built, the stone mason builds it. If you are phlegmatic, you begin with elaborate preliminary surveys; you collect stone, and waste time sorting it by shapes and sizes. Despite your sorting, you soon come to a point where you want a stone, exactly such and such, that is not in your collection. You saw one last week, just the thing; it must have been out there in the south wall of the wood-lot. You go to hunt for it, spend a delightful half-day prowling along the borders of your domain, and then—well, I can hear you saying to your friends, "Yes, I intended to have a wall there, but somehow I never got round to finishing it." And if the building process reveals human character, how much more it reveals the character of the stone! When you have struggled with "dornicks" from under the glacier, obstinate balls of quartz, flint, and granite the shape and size of your head, how you bless the docile layers with clean, parallel cleavage lines!

In my aimless explorations of the woods that cover much of the land between one of my horizons and the other, I sometimes come on bits of wall that linger in my memory for no reason

I can name except the certainty that they are forgotten by every one else. Going through a bit of woods that looks as if no one ever had gone through it, fighting tangles of laurel and horse-brier so close woven that I am sure no other fool in Christendom ever tried to force them, I find a long, low cumulus of half-buried stone which at first I take for a rib of the hill itself. It is a stone wall, and yonder is another at right angles. I look at the trees, and guess that not for the better part of a century has man inhabited here. Among birch and chestnut stand four door-yard locusts, and beyond the wall, which perhaps bounded the orchard, is a hollow trunk which was unmistakably an apple-tree. On the road to Lexington and Concord inscribed stones mark spots where men suffered and died; I have passed them as heedlessly as if they were trolley-poles. But here in the woods the old stone wall, unlettered and without tongue, moves me for the old and far-off things that befell men and women to me nameless, as ghosts and memories of ghosts might stir the spirit more than the acts and bodies of men. When next I see the owner of the land I ask him about it.

"Who ever had a house in your big wood-lot over on Turnip Hill?"

His look challenges my sanity.

"Ain't never been a house on Turnip Hill since the Lord God made it."

So, then, I have seen the haunting spirit of a farm; it is a stone wall.

The symphony of the stone wall as it comes to me in the hills begins with a theme of indomitable energy sustained by hope and mighty power of will. The second movement is tragic; its motif expresses wasted energy and lost hope. In the third movement the theme softens to an autumnal melancholy, wan sunshine, a suggestion of gathered forces and promise for the future. The fourth movement is not yet written.



Almswomen

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,
And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends
Of all the village, two old dames that cling
As close as any true loves in the spring.
Long, long ago they passed threescore and ten,
And in this doll's house lived together then;
All things they have in common, being so poor,
And their one fear, death's shadow, at the door.
Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise
Brings back the brightness in their failing eyes.

How happy go the rich fair-weather days
When on the roadside folk stare in amaze
At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers
As melloes round their threshold. What long hours
They gloat upon their steeping hollyhocks,
Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood, and stocks,
Fiery dragons'-mouths, great mallow leaves
For salves, and lemon plants in bushy sheaves,
Shagged Esau's hands with five green finger-tips!
Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.
As pleased as little children where these grow
In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,
Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry shoots
They stuck egg-shells to fright from coming fruits
The brisk-billed rascals; waiting still to see
Their neighbor owls saunter from tree to tree,
Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane,
Long-winged and lordly.

But when those hours wane,
Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm
Whose pelting Saracens on the window swarm,
And listen for the mail to clatter past
And church clock's deep bay withering on the blast.
They feed the fire that flings a freakish light
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,
Platters and pitchers, faded calendars,
And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray
Both may be summoned in the selfsame day,
And wiseman linnnet, tinkling in his cage,
End, too, with them the friendship of old age,
And all together leave their treasured room
Some bell-like evening when the may 's in bloom.

A Conjugal Bolshevik

By ROBERT DAVIS

Illustrations by C. F. Peters



HE captain of the tug, after a wave had carried away half the cord-wood fuel that was piled on the deck, laid his course east, and let the wind and sea drive us past Cape Lipovshoe. We ran close in under the lee shore of Louga Bay, and let the boat rest her nose in the ooze while the captain went below to help bail out the engine-room. We three passengers prayed for the wind to fall and the temperature to mount.

It was Jim Daly, of the Associated Sunday Press, and Harrington, of the "London News," who had hired the tug, the only steam-propelled craft in the Narova River to go to Bjorko Island on the scent of a story. The bare fact had been received by radio that the Bolsheviks had surrendered eight Russian merchantmen to the British, and that the merchantmen had been sunk fifteen miles northwest of Kronstadt. It smelled like real news, both the surrender and the mysterious sinking, with hints that there might be the tracery of a new governmental policy under the surface. As we three were the only Americans at the Yudenich headquarters at the time, where I, in a humble capacity, was trying to get the American Red Cross supplies into economical circulation with the medicos, we fraternized a lot, and the newspaper men had invited me to tag along in their excursion.

Crammed into the pilot-house for warmth, we were talking of the things that are interminably discussed and that can never be conclusively settled—whether Bolshevism is a religious movement between the Jews and the Christians, whether the Bolsheviks have ever seriously tried to reform Russia, whether from the first it has been merely a monstrous blunder-bund, and why, if they had honestly wished to reconstruct Russia, they had begun with a wholesale pulverization of society.

"The most intelligible explanation that I can figure out as to what was in the Bolsheviks' mind," said Daly, "is the case of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Gates. Know them, either of you?"

"Not Gates who was editor of the 'American Republic' ten years ago?" replied Harrington. "His front-page editorials were well known in England. Poor fellow! we heard he went to pieces. Insane, or a mild form of bug, is n't he?"

"Why, no; he 's dead," said I, for Gates had been the most-quoted journalist in our country when I first began to read the news.

"Both wrong," said Daly, "but both nearly right. He almost went crazy and he almost died, but he did n't quite. All on account of his wife, too. Last summer I visited them up at Goshen, New York, where Dave has better health at fifty than he had at twenty, is the father of three great little kids, and the husband of one of the most docile women whom you can find outside of England. The double process that his wife put David Gates through is, to the best of my comprehension, the same double process that the Bolsheviks wanted to put Russia through."

"My eye!" ejaculated Harrington, wiping his glasses, "what do you mean?"

"Yes, tell us—all of it," I said.

"I roomed with Gates for ten years—the years when he passed from thirty-two to forty-two years of age, and the period during which he got firmly settled in his manner of living. He was in a rut, but it was a cheerful, harmless, and profitable rut. He had a big heart, and I used to think that some woman had missed a fine husband when he dug himself so deep into the newspaper pit. But at the age when he might have fallen without rebellion under the spell of a woman his income was too uncertain and his ambition too strong to divide himself in side issues.

"Dave was what you would call a strong personality, with a strong sense of duty, a strong instinct for what was precisely honorable, and very strong tastes. He had experimented, and found out just how he liked to dress, to eat, to sleep, to exercise, and to do his work. He had fallen into a routine, which he could follow with a minimum of effort. Physically he lived like a good-humored automaton, with his brain free to occupy itself in his work. We had as housekeeper a Mrs. Titcombe, a nice old widow, who spoiled us by running our somber Washington Square house without sound and apparently without friction. Dave, without realizing it, and through the indulgence of Mrs. Titcombe, was running along on habits as smooth and straight as iron rails. He had been following them for so many years that they came as naturally as breathing, or drinking a glass of water. As there was no moral issue involved and we lived alone, other people did not infringe upon them. Not that Dave was selfish. He did plenty of generous things on the side, but none of them disrupted his routine. He never did a kindness that cost the fracture of our personal habits.

"As I remember it, Dave's schedule, when he arrived at the age of forty-two, was something like this for three hundred days of the year. At seven in the morning Mrs. Titcombe laid a tray of coffee and buttered toast on the table of our room, and slammed the door as a signal that it was time to get up. We bathed and shaved slowly. Dave walked around listlessly, or sat on the edge of his bed dragging at a pipe; but his mind was grinding ahead, laying out the day's work for himself and his staff. His front-page editorials, which were the big feature of his paper, and were copied in many countries, appeared on Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and were dictated, in the rough, on Monday and Thursday. On these mornings he would take longer than usual in dressing, walk to his work, and be ready to talk at his secretary by nine-thirty.

"Dave had traveled in Europe considerably, and had learned to divide the world into two classes, the breakfast-eaters and the non-breakfast-eaters.

He made breakfast the best meal of the day and went light on lunch; otherwise he would be half asleep by three o'clock. He had eccentricities,—but who has not?—and his hurt nobody. He violated no one's convenience. In clothing he liked short, light things underneath, with woolen stockings and low shoes, low collars and baggy coats. He seldom wore gloves. His watch was carried loose in his pocket. He disliked jewelry, and flowers in the buttonhole, saying that they made him fidget. He smoked a pipe, consumed his food slowly, and never touched liquor, as he had seen too many promising men in the newspaper business go wrong on account of it. He had a strong aversion to long-haired men and to short-haired women, to men who wore spats and to women who wore those big shell-rimmed spectacles. If he could help it without discourtesy, he did not have them around. These peculiarities did not interfere with his mixing constantly and with all classes of people. Few men ever had more devoted friends than Dave had. He had a real heart fondness for human beings, particularly the ones who had found the struggle of life a losing battle. None of his tastes was offensive, nor did they bring him into collision with other people's happiness. And of course none of them involved what you call 'moral turpitude.'

"It was in the spring of 1909, I think, that Gates's mind, as several references in his editorials pointed, began to be concerned with the duty of clean-blooded Americans of the Revolutionary stock to propagate their kind, if a leaven of Americanism was to remain in the big baking of foreign-born dough which the United States had become. He was convinced, on intellectual and patriotic grounds, that it was every American man's duty to marry. Also we had met several old bachelors around sixty years of age who were tottering about without chick or relative, and Dave commented on the pathos of an unmarried senility. He was still young in spirit and physique, with a passion for sport and outdoor exercise, and when he broached the subject of marriage to me on one or two occasions, when we were dining together at home, I told

him that it might be the best terminus to life. I felt sure that he had met some woman who had brought his impersonal reflections to a point; and he had.

"She was a velvety young woman, in her middle thirties, with a limpid voice, shy manners, and a genius for wearing little round hats and for making a man talk about himself. For many years she had looked after an invalid father, and her tenderness to the old man was the first thing that roused Dave's attention to her character. 'Poor little girl,' he once mused, 'she has been taking care of others so long, it's time some one took care of her.' Dave told her about his inner impulses and even about his religion, sacred things that I am sure he had not mentioned to a man since college. Without seeming to be firm, she yet exercised a subtle dominance in every group of which she was a part. Persons who were near her revolved about her. She never seemed to have a principle which was not a skilful reinterpretation of some principle which a man had expressed a week before. But she was a sweet, healthy, lovable girl, and no one could be in her company an hour and not confess it. And she had a weird memory for conversations. She could recall verbatim what you had said when you met on the street corner that morning last spring. She seemed to memorize conversations as some men remember card hands.

"Dave was fascinated, and no one could blame him. He might have been fascinated a dozen times in the same way during the previous dozen years if he had not shut himself inside a wall of newspaper and political work. Now his sense of duty, his inarticulated fear of a desolate old age, and his delight in the effervescence of this slim, affectionate creature, all joined to persuade him to set up a home of his own, with a wife of his own, and with a dream in his still-young heart that sometime little things would crawl across the floor and climb up on his knee.

"And why not? I loved old Dave, and could not wish anything better. He loved this woman as well as he could ever love. Marriage would call for a lot of concessions, but if love was not strong enough to bear them, Dave's

good sense would. He and she were thoroughbreds. They would do the self-controlled and rational thing when the inescapable little domestic tempests arrived. Their good breeding was instinctive, which is saying a lot. Both were healthy, clean-minded, with an unusual share of the joy of life. I myself have never married, but I have stood on the side-lines and observed a number of families, and it seemed to me that Dave and Janet, if they took each other, were making a mutually good bargain.

"One small thing did give me a pang of uncertainty as to the smoothness of old Dave's future. Several times we went to dinner at her father's house, and one night as I left my coat in the wash-room, and Dave had not yet come uptown, I overheard Janet speaking to a maid up-stairs. The icy-steel-edged brittleness of her voice at that moment was a quality that she never exposed at dinner or at box parties. Doubtless the maid was provoking, but I knew that a woman who could produce that tone had not the character of a pliant flapper. After that, when Dave would rhapsodize, 'The wonderful thing about Janet is that in spite of her intelligence, she is so docile and generous in her ideas; she is one of the few women who practise "Live and let live," I said nothing, but could not forget Janet's back-stairs' voice.

"On the morning of their marriage,—it was a Monday, and Dave was due to dictate his editorial at nine-thirty,—as I saw the old fellow sitting on the foot of his bed, his eyes on space, and the second shoe dangling in his hand, his brain focused on a paragraph of the editorial, 'How far Public Opinion is Responsible for the Steel Strike,' I went cold all over. His days of preoccupied work were about past. He was likely not to have another pleasantly placid morning like this for moons. Perhaps, after all, he was too old, too deep worn in his ruts, to risk the gamble of a reorganization. The shock of change, the process of being pried out from all the little nuances and habitudes which had unconsciously been embedding us for a dozen years—would the happiness of Janet's society compensate him for the



““Dave, it does n't seem like you to be all dangled up like the leader of the band””

irritations? The good old duffer did not guess how consistently marriage means a surrender of tastes to a man of forty-two. Would love be elastic enough to stand the everlasting concessions? I knew that these were the thoughts of a middle-aged man; but we were middle-aged, old men even, in the grip which customs held upon us.

“Mrs. Titcombe and I came home together from the Long Island place where they pulled off the pageant. She was depressed, and I guilty. Perhaps I should have forfeited our friendship in trying, even when I stood up as his best man, to save him. As we parted in the hallway, she said, ‘Poor Mr.

David! I ’m afraid he will be a home-sick boy.’

“I could analyze Dave’s personality because I was in the same state myself. Neither of us was deliberately selfish, if by selfish you mean a man who would inflict wilful pain, who would rough-ride over another’s sensibilities, or who would be incapable of returning a full measure of gratitude or affection. But we were selfish, if by the word you mean stiffened in a mold. We both had pronounced preferences, and, other things being equal, knew exactly how we wished the small machinery of life to run. We asked personal liberty for ourselves, but we were more than ready to allow others

the same liberty. We were detached from group life rather than selfish. We did not wish to interfere with the convenience of others nor injure them by a hair's-breadth; but we would thank the world to leave us alone in our own small, inoffensive personal methods of living, which had become second nature to us. If one calls the acquirement of a stable way of life 'selfishness,' we were selfish.

"Most men and women who live as laws to themselves until they are forty are selfish in this sense. They have grown to know what they want and to be ruffled by irregularities. People who marry younger and who spend the years from twenty-five to forty together become exactly as selfish, but the two of them together get set in the same mold, they grow selfish in the identical routine. When married couples are jolted out of their grooves, they become as irritable as single people; but they have the self-same reactions, and are not irritated with each other, but with the authors of their joint inconvenience.

"What I feared for Janet and Dave was that they were both established, but in individual directions. Each was sure to smash the habits of the other. Subconscious currents of opposition would start. There must be a continual invasion of the other's tastes. There might be the chronic resentment under which women grow petulant and men grow sullen.

"Mrs. Titcombe and I carried on in the Washington Square house, my brother joining us and taking up Dave's half of the lease. We did n't have a real visit from the old fellow for more than eight months. But we celibates grow to feel that we bury our friends when we accompany them to the altar. I followed Dave's editorials with my usual loyalty for perhaps two months, and then lost interest, I, who was his most reliable rooter. I had to admit to myself that they had become very mediocre stuff. Their quality of thorough and incisive intelligence was gone. His pen never roared at the free-traders. His phrases were less frequently quoted by his friends or refuted by his opponents. The Republican party was using another spokesman. One paper referred to Dave as the 'late editor of the Ameri-

can Republic.' The epigrammatic, dogmatic flash was prosy. Once or twice misquoted facts showed a sloppy reading. I thought much about his editorials, because it was now my only means of touching him, and I knew that in the competition for the editorship of a great paper the old boy could not hold his desk much longer. He was sliding fast. If the management were convinced that he had become a mental dud, even the glamour of his name would not count.

"It was eight months, as I say, before we had a genuine visit at Washington Square. We were just about to sit down to dinner one evening when I heard Mrs. Titcombe answering the telephone. From the excitement of her voice I guessed the news even before Mary began to set the fourth place at the table. Dave let himself in five minutes later, for he had always kept our latch-key on his ring. He said that Janet's father had a sinking spell and that she was spending the night with her family. For an entrée Mrs. Titcombe had kidney pâtés. To our amazement, Dave ate his without a word. He wore a gaudy new trousseau, but that meekness over his food was proof of an inward change which the new clothes only made us suspect. Formerly he abominated kidneys, grouping them with liver, calves' brains, and tripe under the general name of 'animals' entrails.' We were struck, also, by his submissive manner. 'Old Dave' was more than an epithet of affection. I feared that it came very near being the fact. He seemed twenty years older. He was in good flesh and beautifully groomed, but he had the don't-care air of a man convalescing from typhoid-fever. He was an almost timid personality. Fifty per cent. of his spiritual electricity was not being generated. The old towering autocrat of the 'Republic' was without downrightness and forthputting.

"His dress, to one who remembered his careless tastes, would have been a provocation for bantering except that we sensed that the new refinements were the product of a painful battle in his soul. He wore violets in his buttonhole, an amethyst in his royal-purple cravat,

a lavender shirt, and lavender socks. What was to me pathetically symbolic, he wore gray spats and shell glasses pendent upon a wide braid. He wore a watch-chain composed of little platinum balls connected with invisible gold links. To be quite honest, our David was a notably well-dressed man, one that any woman might be proud to accept as an escort. He bore the atmosphere of being an ambassador or a trust president. There was no criticism of the new Dave; only we were mystified as to how this subdued and elegant man had hatched from our rugged and careless David Gates of eight months before. But inside the transformed garments, one was aware of a spiritual amenableness. Whereas he had been an austere personality, with individuality protruding from every word and gesture, he was now merely an affable, stereotyped, sweet-mannered gentleman of fifty.

"When we got to my study after dinner and had talked generalities for an hour, my curiosity drove me to the plunge, and I asked him about himself, relying on long friendship to save the question from impertinence.

"Dave, it does n't seem like you to be all dangled up like the leader of the band."

"Jim, I expected you 'd speak of the change in me, and I counted on explaining it to you, because I know you must have worried over the falling off in my work, just as I would have worried over you if our places had been reversed. And you have a right to be shocked by these ornamental clothes and knick-knacks I tote around. But I want to tell you about my married life for your own sake, Jim, because you and I were similar characters, and sometime you might consider getting married. It is just because I think a lot of you, old fellow, that I 'd like you to know in advance what sort of deal a man like you must expect marriage to be.

"Jim, for eight months I have been in pure hell. I have n't skipped any of the way stations or back alleys; I 've been all through it. But I begin to see the pink of heaven ahead. If I did n't, I could n't say what I 'm going to say. I 'd die biting my tongue rather than seem to welch on my wife. I loved my wife when we were married, but I love

her a whole lot more to-day, and that is the reason I can tell you what I 've weathered.

"It began the second morning after we were married. We had gone up to the mountains, you may remember, and when I opened my eyes that morning the sun was sailing up, and it was a peach of a day for a ride or golf. I jumped out of bed about seven, the usual time that Mrs. Titcombe woke us, gave Janet a playful punch to wake her, and exclaimed, in what I thought was the light tone of a happy groom, "Wake up, honey; we are wasting good sunshine in sleeping." I had finished my shower before I noticed her. The little girl was crying. She said that she had never dreamed that she had married a brute, a man who would wake her up in the middle of the night and want her to rush outdoors and thrash around like a farm laborer. I sat down on the bed to comfort her. I sat there until nine o'clock before she seemed pacified. Then I got up to shave. You know I have always set store by the clean feeling of a good shave to start the day. She called me back in a cooing voice, and said that she had a little favor to ask, just a tiny one. Of course I acquiesced in advance. She asked me if I would n't shave in the evening instead of in the morning, because I looked cleaner for dinner and did not scratch her when I kissed her in the evening, as she had a very tender skin. It was nine-thirty, and I was almost giddy with hunger. I lighted my pipe. You know I have smoked every morning while dressing for the last twenty years. Janet gave a little moan and buried her head in the pillow.

"Oh, how could you! how could you!" I heard her crying.

"What is it?" I asked, and shuddered, for I was really giddy by now.

"Would you fill the room where your wife lives with poison smoke, and before I have had a bite to eat? Oh, oh, why have I married?"

"Well, I was beginning to wonder myself why I had married, but I knocked out my pipe, and sat down on the bed to comfort her again. By and by I began to dress.

"Are you going to leave me?" she asked.



““She studied the papers for the advertisements of men's sales””

““No, honey, of course I'm not going to leave you; but it's nearly ten o'clock, and if you will slip something on, maybe we can get into the dining-room before it closes.” She gave me a startled look.

““But I've had my breakfast in bed ever since I was a little girl,” she said.

““Well, Jim, I won't go through these eight months in detail, but every day has been an eye-opener to me. You know I've always slept with the windows open; but the night air hurts Janet's throat, so we keep the windows shut, Janet says, is the hour when civilized men and women eat. We have coffee and a roll. I have always slept under two light blankets; but Janet feels the cold and needs two comforters in addition, so I lie and steam. Sometimes I wake up at two or three o'clock in the morning and hold my arms and one foot out of bed to reduce my temperature so that I will not melt. I shave before dinner and feel fine in the evening, but I feel unwashed all day.

““Then Janet began giving me

presents. The things that I had deliberately deleted from my wardrobe as an unnecessary incubus she seized upon to buy. She assumes that I have never thought to get them or could n't afford them. This thing, for instance,—he fingered the chain of platinum balls,—‘came first. I hate it, but what can a man do? You know I would n't be found dead at a dog fight wearing a curio like this, so I mislaid it the morning after she presented it; but she came running after me and snapped it on. That little girl had taken money which was given her by her aunt for a fur coat, and had bought this chain in the unselfishness of her precious little heart, because she thought I did n't wear one because I could n't afford one that was elegant enough. I ask you, what can a man do? When I went down town wearing that chain, I could not have felt more conspicuous with a string of sleigh-bells around my neck. A dozen times that day I swore at it. It violated every taste I have, but I could n't help thinking of that dear girl, chilly for lack of

her fur coat, warmed by the feeling that she had sacrificed her comfort to make her man happy.

"She studied the papers for the advertisements of men's sales, and then studied my bureau-drawers to see what I needed. When we went to the theater, she used to cut out the page where it describes what the nobby men are wearing this week. I used to rave and foam and say I would n't wear the damned things that she brought home. Sometimes she 'd cry, and then I 'd apologize and promise anything, and we 'd kiss and wipe our noses and begin again, and she 'd pat my head and say it was only her dear boy's unselfishness, which wanted her to have all the pretties. Or sometimes she turned icy, and said that she had associated with gentlemen all her life, and, as she was forced to go about with me, she might be expected not to want to be an object of ridicule to her friends, with a husband who dressed like a teamster. I used to explain that I 'd let her wear whatever she wanted, and would never force horrible junk on her, and could n't she let me dress myself. She would get a far-away expression in the eye and sigh. Oh, she would be so proud if only I did care how she looked, and did try to show my love by a little practical helpfulness.

"About this time she picked up a bargain in men's underclothes, lovely, hairy ones for the December mornings. Well, you know I have never worn anything but light stuff since I escaped from mother, but I had a slight cold at the time, and that proved the point for Janet. She felt that she had some rights in preventing her own widowhood. She laid the underwear proudly on a chair, so that they would be all ready for me to jump into in the morning. I did not jump. I lay in bed a long time, meditating whether to leave home or wear the cursed things. The tyranny of that woman was past belief. Next day I pretended to be sick, and stayed in bed until I should decide upon a course. All this affectionate dictation as to what I should do and wear, how I should play, where spend my evenings—I was never to put my foot on a chair, or knock out a pipe on the rug, and always get the right tie with the right socks, shirt, and

pin, and a hundred other imbecilities. You may smile, but life was unbearable.

"I am wearing those woolen shirts and drawers. The day that I lay in bed pretending to be sick Janet did not leave me for a second. Honestly, that girl loves me to death. She lavishes all the thought and care of an ardent young personality on my helpless, middle-aged carcass. She has had an invalid father for fifteen years, and she knows the masterful manner to adopt toward dependents. She thought that she was being an ideal wife, and she was being nothing but a nuisance. That afternoon she made herself pretty in a nurse's uniform, and read aloud from a love-story for three hours. And I only wanted to be let alone to think out an editorial. I got a cold sore from having the thermometer in my mouth and biting it.

"Before dinner I put on the underclothes and walked around the block. I had hoped to go out alone for a quiet think, but she said that I must be weak after being sick, and she would steady my arm. My brain and soul were in a turmoil. Should I leave that place and that woman, which had become like a prison and a jailor to me? With all my heart I wanted to be back with you, Jim, and Mrs. Titcombe. But I come of three generations of Massachusetts deacons, and the sense of respectability is powerful. My mother is alive, and a scandal would prostrate her. In our family, time out of mind, the men folk have stayed married until death. Besides that, I was a grown man and I loved my wife, and I might as well play up. But those woolen shirts about wrecked our marriage. The boys in the office thought I had St. Vitus's dance.

"My work was getting poor. I did not get down to the office until the middle of the morning, and there was no time at home to think. That girl was devotion itself; I cannot conceive of a thing a woman should do for a man which she was n't eager to do. If she omitted anything, it was because her imagination did n't function. Usually she would drop in for lunch with me, to see that I got the right sort of food. She would order and serve the meal, and the amount I ate kept my brain heavy until

three o'clock. I did n't like to be late home in the evening, for she made it a point to be waiting at six o'clock, with the buttons in my shirt, and my shaving-tools laid out. She is young, and likes to see something of life in the evening. I have learned to dance at a place she takes me on Saturday afternoons.

"An odd thing about Janet is that, for all her docility and girlish ways, her ideas get put into practice. The people who are under her influence, without knowing exactly how, find themselves carrying out her plans. Twenty times I have revolted, but I always calm down in surrender. What's the use of quarreling forever? She loves me, and I love her, and she is always able to show me that little personal matters are of second consequence compared with a big love.

"The final event, before I abdicated and became a neuter, grew out of Janet's desire that I get intimate with her family. After that experience, I quit resisting her, and relinquished every taste and habit which twenty years of solitary life had given me. Now I will eat what is put before me and wear what I find in my dresser and cross every *t* and dot every *i* of whatever schedule of engagements my wife wants to arrange. To-day I will do it gladly, but it came hard. Once I had a feeling of being a victim led to the altar, but now I know that it makes my wife happy. I love her, and these are small matters that don't hurt any one.

"Her brother lives in West Summit, New Jersey, and Janet said very prettily that she wanted the two men who meant the most in her life to be "chums"—that was her word. I said I would do my best, although I could n't tell her the truth, that chums are made in heaven and not by a bubble that floats to the top of a wife's brain. He lives in a smallish stucco house, with his wife and two children and one or two domestics. They believed in going in for country life, and his wife's hobby is police dogs, of which she had seven, and his hobby is chickens, which, by the morning chorus, must be all males. Janet's plan was for the two families to spend week-ends together, one week

they coming to us, and the next week we going to them. We always did our part. On the Saturdays that they were to come to us it always happened that a child was sick or a dog was to have puppies, so that they could n't leave home. For two months we spent alternate Sundays in West Summit. Frankly, old fellow, I could n't sleep out there. The man and his wife were dull people,—you never yet saw a man who raises chickens whose brains did n't wilt,—and the food was bad; but we could forgive all that. But I could n't sleep. One of the children had whooping-cough, the dogs kept hearing burglars in the next town, the chickens began welcoming the sun before I went to bed. The guest-room bed was lumpy, and the D. L. & W. tracks were not a hundred yards distant.

"One Saturday evening, after we had listened to the talking-machine and heard the children rehearse their part for the May-day exercises and had played a rubber of bridge, I felt completely fed up with Janet's family and the suburbs. I called her up-stairs.

"Honey, I am bored to death by this vacuous squandering of time, and I am not going to stay here over to-morrow. Fred and his wife don't want us, they are cross and their servants are cross, and I have had a heavy week and am going home to get a night's rest and to-morrow have a Christian Sunday." She did not melt as she sometimes did when I was irritable. She froze up.

"Very well," she said, "if that is the way you feel toward me and my family, I am glad to know it. If you had any love for your wife, you would n't be thinking of your everlasting comfort. You can not only go for Sunday; you can stay away until you come to your senses."

"Right-o," I snapped. "I am off."

"I had my bag strapped in a jiffy, and had explained to Fred that an important despatch had been forgotten and must be sent out of the office before midnight. By luck I got a train that was pulling out, sat down among all the good, comfortable, dirty mechanics in the smoker, put my feet on the opposite seat, and began to smoke. For three

minutes I was exhilarated. It was like coming out of school the day before the long summer vacation. No more school bells, no jail or jailor, no cloying chains of a woman's unresting love. But after the exuberance, I grew ashamed. I had left my wife in anger, left her away from home, with luggage to carry, maybe humiliated her before her family, and all because of her innocent plans that a family group should grow intimate. At Jersey City there was a train returning to West Summit, and I stepped aboard, contrite, and ready to kiss the hem of her skirt in apology.

"Fifteen minutes after I had left Fred's, my wife dissolved in tears and sobbed that she had driven her husband away. Fred carried her bag to the station, and she caught the eleven-ten train, the last train in from West Summit that night. And when, forty minutes later, I walked humbly into Fred's house and asked whether Janet was up-stairs, they began to giggle. I suppose it was funny, these lovers' quarrels

of the middle-aged. Learning that Janet had gone to town, I said that I'd manage to get to New York somehow, and I did—at four o'clock in the morning, having walked two miles, ridden eight miles in a village taxi, and twelve miles in the trolley. Meanwhile my wife, not finding me in our apartment, had concluded that I had resolved on a bona fide get-away, and, half-hysterical, had vibrated all night between the Grand Central and Pennsy stations. We were two emotional derelicts when we fell into each other's arms in our own sitting-room at six-thirty o'clock that Sunday morning.

"The miracle was that I still loved my wife in spite of her pestiferousness, and that she still loved me in spite of my sulkiness. The hours between our angry parting at West Summit and our reunion at home had been an agony for us both. Therefore I decided that, if we were to have any peace, one of us must vacate his personality, and I would be the one. Janet was congenitally



"So there they are to-day"

obliged to have an object to be the recipient of her affection, a dog, a child, or a husband. If that torrent of love were turned back into herself, she would die. I had been nominated, and I decided to accept the nomination.

"Whereas up to now I have concentrated all my efforts on being a successful editor, and have done my darnedest to overcome the obstacles to success, I am now determined to become a successful husband. By seeking the responsibility of marriage I am in duty bound to devote my intelligence and good-will to that end, and, believe me, it is far more difficult to be a successful husband than to be a successful editorial writer. I am determined to concentrate my thought on this new goal with as much intelligent attention as I ever gave to becoming an editor. Next week I intend to resign from the "Republic," because a man cannot have two engrossing occupations. At forty-three, marriage is a damned serious business enterprise.

"To-day I love my wife more than when we were married. Perhaps one reason is that she has caused me so much pain—the real "mental anguish" that the legal term signifies. But if I had let resentment at the overturning of my little habits blind me to the inner joy of loving and being loved, I should have been a fool and without a sense of proportion. Personal convenience and tastes are good, and natural to foot-loose men, but whoever lets them weigh heavier in the balance than married love deserves all the loneliness of perdition. It took me a good while to learn this. When a man is following Merlin's gleam, he may step in a puddle; but if his soul would rather lose the gleam, to keep his boots un-muddied, let him keep his boots clean and pauperize his old-maidish soul.

"And it was a funny thing that even when I hated marriage worst, even when I was blind-mad at my wife's exactions, I not only loved her, but I knew that she loved me as I never deserved or expected to be loved. Even then I realized that it was the efflorescent excess of her postponed, middle-aged love that made her such a bore. She had a mental picture of what an ideal man should be down to the color of his gar-

ters, and she wanted me to be perfect. Every good woman has so much of the maternal that she thinks of her husband as her creation, her child, whom she must mold and train and curb until he is a perfected creature. She cannot let him rest so long as he is sub-standard. She wants him to be happy, she 'd give her hand to insure his happiness; but, now you listen to this, Jim, *she wants him to be happy in her way*. Her love makes her blind to the fact that he, especially if he is past forty, *wants to be happy in his way*, in the way he has been happy for so many years that it is a surgical operation for his notions to change.

"When I used to walk around the block to cool down, in moments when Janet surpassed all reason, I would try to remember that she would do ten, no, twenty, times as much for me as she was asking. She would wear pink hats or green shoes or go on the stage or learn Hindustani—anything that she thought I really wished. Between ourselves, she was a little disappointed that I did not make difficult requisitions that would test her love. She would have liked to suffer for me. This is a secret between ourselves, Jim, but you remember it—women like to sacrifice themselves for their men. It gives them the glow of a martyr.'

"Well," concluded Daly, "Dave and I talked half the night, and I went to sleep with the twin feelings that he was a heroic figure of a lunatic and that marriage would never claim me. During the night I dreamed that I was in front of a parson. It was vague how they had carried me there, but the whole churchful of people could n't force me to say 'Yes.'

"Not until last summer, up at Goshen, where Dave has the most profitable farm in the county, did I hear the dénouement of the Gates's family story. At the time Dave and I talked in the Washington Square house, Janet had just succeeded in reducing her husband to a pulp. She had brought him to the stage where he no longer vigorously preferred anything, had no pet habits, did n't even claim his own soul. He had become neutral, mud in her fingers. That was the first stage of what mar-

riage had done for him—to unmake all that fifteen years of self-sufficient selfishness had made. Janet returned him to the unformed, pliant youth he would have been at twenty-five, to the man he would have been then if she had netted him at that age.

"After the first step, which was destruction, getting him out of the newspaper game and out of his crusty habits, she opened her constructive program. She took him to agricultural experimental farms, they visited all the poultry shows, horse shows, cow shows, vegetable shows. She hid the political science monthlies and left farm literature on the library table where his hand would automatically fall upon it. She talked liquidly of horses, of wild, free rides in the dewy woods, of the bloom of spring-time pastures, of the smell of plowed loam. A plastic man, without occupation and keen to please his wife, of course swallowed the bait. He became more enthusiastic than she. Dormant in him there had always been an attachment for the country and growing things. They pooled their fortunes, together with a legacy that came along just then, and moved up to Goshen. Now that she had unmade one man and remade another to her entire liking, and had maintained an increasing love between them during the operation, she was perfectly happy. She really had accomplished a remarkable feat, and she settled down into the rôle of a docile wife, with some children to divide the opulent love of which her husband had been sole target. So there they are to-day."

There was a pause as we heard the captain of the tug splitting wood and passing it below deck to the engineer. Evidently we were about to make a second start for Bjorko Island and the British fleet.

"Yes, but what connection has that psychological study of a soft-brained editor got to do with Bolshevism? I don't quite get it," drawled Harrington, in his soothing Mobile accent.

"Yes, perhaps I should make that plainer," agreed Daly. "I said that the

best explanation I could dope out as to what was in the Bolsheviks' mind in their plan for Russia was the case of Mrs. David Gates.

"Mrs. Gates took a man who had become settled in certain forms of life which she thought far from ideal, and reduced him to a plastic paste by pulverizing all of his habits and his forms of thought and work. She could not make the model of her ideal man until she had reduced the old man to malleable material. Her second step was to mold a new man out of the neutral human pulp which she had created.

"The Bolsheviks—to give them the benefit of the doubt as to their sincerity—took a nation which had become hard-set in institutions and customs which they thought the opposite of an ideal society. Their first step was to have a wholesale pulverization, to grind up the habits, ideas of family life, trade, money, business, and government. Before they could rebuild the ideal state, they had to reduce the former state to a neutral mass of national pulp. That was the first step, which we have all observed, the destruction of the existing, as preparatory for the building of the future ideal state. In their first step you have got to admit that the Bolsheviks have been as successful as Mrs. Gates. They have smashed the forms of Russian national life to bits. They are ready for the second step, the building of the new and beautiful justice out of the unformed plastic medium which is under their hands."

"But Russia has not so much vitality as Gates," objected Harrington. "Russia is reduced to pulp all right; *but then she died.*"

"Not at all," said I. "Russia is in pulp, but very much alive. The trouble is that Mrs. Gates died before she was able to complete the second part of her job."

"Well, there may be conflicts of interpretation if you press the analogy," remarked Daly, dryly, "but I am a poet and I cannot be expected to be scientific. You have the story. Apply it as you will."

Uruguay: a Progressive Republic

By HARRY A. FRANCK



NE cold June evening, with more than a hundred days and eight thousand miles of travel in Chile and the Argentine behind me, I took final leave of Buenos Aires. I had long looked forward to this as the beginning of my homeward journey after three years in Spanish America, yet when the time came I bade the place farewell with regret, for all its ostentatious artificiality. Or it may be that the pain came from parting with the good friends with whom I had been wont to gather every evening in the café across from the consulate for a "cocktail San Martín," one of whom at length volunteered to bear me company as far as Montevideo, just across the river, a hundred and twenty miles away.

We rambled out the Paseo de Colón, past the Casa Rosada, to the Dársena Sud, ablaze with the lights of the half-dozen competing steamers, equal to the best on our Great Lakes, which nightly cross the mouth of the Plata. For traffic between the two cities is heavy. They are closely related socially and commercially; in summer *Porteños* flee to Montevideo's beaches; in winter the white lights of Buenos Aires attract many Uruguayans; the year round business men hurry back and forth.

On the *Viena*, of the Mihanovich Line, we watched the South American metropolis shrink to a thin row of lights spread unbrokenly for many miles along the edge of the receding horizon, like illuminated needle-points where sea and sky were sewed together, then retired to our truly luxurious cabin. Wide and shallow, exposed here to all the raging winds from the south, the *Paraná Guazú*, the "River like a Sea," often shows itself worthy of its aboriginal name in this winter season. I did not awake, however, until the red sun was rising over Montevideo and her Cerro,

and we were gliding up to a capacious wharf.

It was fitting that our sight-seeing should begin with the Cerro, that rocky little hill surmounted by an old Spanish fortress which is the first and last landmark of the traveling Uruguayan. To the Cerro, barely five hundred feet high, yet standing conspicuously above all the rest of the surrounding world, Montevideo owes both its name and its situation. When the Portuguese navigator Magalhães, whom we call Magellan, sailed up the Plata, thinking it might prove a passageway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the sailor on lookout, catching sight of this little eminence, cried out "Monte vi 'eu!" "I see a hill!" On it was built the first fort against the Charrúa Indians; its value both as a point of refuge and as a stone quarry made it natural that the chief town of the region should have grown up about it. The part the Cerro has played in Uruguayan history is out of all keeping with its insignificant size; the poems that have been written about it are as legion as the facts and legends which hover over it; it holds chief place in the national coat of arms and in the hearts of homesick sons of Uruguay; never during all the rebellions and revolutions since its discovery has the Cerro been taken by force of arms; never will the people of Montevideo tire of telling the haughty *Porteños* that Buenos Aires has nothing like it.

From the summit of the Cerro may be seen all Montevideo in picturesque detail and far-spread entirety, the point where the Plata, still deep brown to the last for all its sea-like width, and the Atlantic come together and flow away over the far horizon, and, swinging round the circle, the faintly undulating plains, broken here and there by low, purple hills of the "Purple Land." Yet it is a pity, as many a traveler has noted, that the Cerro, certainly no longer impreg-

nable as a fortress, should not have been made a place of residence or, better still, transformed into such a park as Santa Lucia of Santiago. The fashionable part of Montevideo, however, has moved in quite the other direction, leaving the famous hill, with its garrison-sheltering old Spanish fort and its lighthouse, to the squalor of squatters' shanties, rubbish heaps, and capering goats, not to mention the insistent odors of the *saladero*, where cattle are reduced to salt beef, just beyond.

The Uruguayan capital is in many ways the most attractive city of South America or, indeed, in the western hemisphere. Particularly in situation is it far better off than Buenos Aires. For one thing, it is much nearer the mouth of the river, making it a true ocean port and the most nearly a seaside resort of any national capital in Spanish-America, possibly in the world. Built on a series of rocky knolls which roughly suggest the fingers of a clumsy hand, the charm of its location is enhanced by undulations that recall by contrast the dead flatness of its rival across the river. The old town, all that existed up to two generations ago, is crowded compactly together in true Spanish fashion on what might be called the forefinger, though it had unlimited room to spread landward. On this rock peninsula the cross streets, little less narrow than those of Buenos Aires, fall into the sea at each end, for here it is only eight or ten short blocks from the Plata to the Atlantic. On one side is an improved harbor, usually filled with steamers of many nationalities; on the other, a bay lined with splendid beaches. Like that of its larger rival, the harbor of Montevideo requires frequent dredging, though it has more natural depth and plenty of stone near at hand for the building of protecting *rompe-olas*, for its problem, too, is quite the contrary of that in Valparaiso and most of the bottomless west-coast ports.

Along with its unfailing seascape, the situation of Montevideo gives it a most exhilarating air, especially in the winter season. Indeed, it is not merely exhilarating, but often penetratingly cold, and frequently so boisterous that it picks up with ease the most securely fastened hat and threatens to blow the hair away

with it. On the day of my landing a wind-storm caused several deaths and much property damage; among other things it picked the sheet-iron roof off a building down by the beach in which four fishermen had taken refuge, and as these ran away across the fields the roof followed and fell upon them. In the third story of the wooden hotel that housed me I often woke from a dream of being rocked in a ship at sea. Punta Brava in a far corner of Montevideo suburbs was indeed rightly named on windy days.

Uruguay claims 1,400,000 inhabitants, of whom all but the million are said to live in the capital, though the absence of a definite census makes guessing a popular pastime. The city is much larger in extent, however, than this number would imply. One can ride for hours on the lines of its two tramway companies without ever leaving town. A narrow main street follows the ridge of the rocky forefinger through several pleasant plazas, and turns at last into the chief artery of the city, the Avenida 9 de Mayo. Even in the older portion Montevideo is substantially and handsomely built, with frequent good modern monuments. Only a few old landmarks are left, such as the purely Spanish cathedral on the Plaza de la Constitución, for Uruguay seems to consider 1808 the beginning of her history and to make no effort to preserve the memories of her colonial or pre-Columbian days. For all that, however, the capital has retained a considerable atmosphere of old Spain along with its South-American style of up-to-dateness; compared with Buenos Aires it has a distinctly seventeenth-century echo. Along its fine avenues the houses are mostly colonial, an almost Moorish style of one-story building with very high ceilings and capacious, space-devouring patios. Especially in the many roomy suburbs do the dwellings stop abruptly at one story, so abruptly sometimes as to suggest that ruin, or at least a laborers' strike, has suddenly befallen the proprietor, though the real reason is probably that it would be hard to marry one's daughters if their "dragons" were compelled to begin their wooing by shouting up to the second or third story. Most house doors have

brass peepholes through which the resident can determine whether or not the man knocking is worth letting in; iron-work grilles as a protection against burglars, especially of the daughters' chastity, are universal. Gardens with subtropical plants are numerous, promenades under palm-trees by no means unusual; along the edge of the sea there are over-ornate *quintas*, alternating with washerwoman shanties. But there are few paupers or slums in Montevideo, and at the same time little of the ostentatious plutocracy so familiar across the river, a lack of contrast which perhaps adds to the monotonous sameness of many streets.

Out beyond the older town there are park improvements on an extensive scale. The Prado, with its great rose gardens, said to include hundreds of varieties, though with very few in bloom among the autumn-brown leaves of June, is an unmitigated joy, while the naturally rolling wooded hills make artificial, over-polished Palermo, with its deadly flatness, seem disagreeable by contrast. A part of the Montevideo of to-day covers the site of swamps in which a century ago partridges were shot—and sold at five cents a dozen, if we are to believe current stories. In the outskirts there are enough small, but real, hills to break the monotony of the landward vista and to make Buenos Aires envious. The tale goes that a group of rich *Porteños* once set on foot a movement to buy one of Uruguay's hills, carry it across the river, and set it up as a curiosity in one of their own plazas. No doubt they could have reimbursed themselves by charging admission and rights of ascension, but, like so many good Latin-American plans, this one died prematurely.

As a place to live in, contrasted with a place in which to make a living, Montevideo is superior to most American cities, North or South. It has a peculiar quality of restfulness quite unknown to its large and hectic rival across the Plata, something distinctive which easily makes up for the drawback of being so near a world metropolis as to be overshadowed by it. Compared with the self-sufficient, ostentatious *Porteños*, there is something extremely pleasant, too,

about the modest, simpler *Fluvenses*, as the people of Montevideo call themselves, a term which we might translate as "rivereens." They have as a rule a native politeness, an unobstreperousness, a frank and open simplicity, all but unknown in Buenos Aires, a leisurely, contemplative philosophy that will not be broken down even by the decided material prosperity of the country that is making the most intelligent use of its situation and resources of all the republics of Latin-America.

Somewhere in South America I met a Dane who contended that a small country, like a man of modest wealth, is far better off than a great nation. Uruguay bears out the statement. We have long been accustomed to speak of the "A. B. C." countries of South America as the only progressive and stable governments in that continent. Only its slight size as compared with its gigantic neighbors has caused Uruguay to be overlooked in the formation of that list. As its near neighbor and relative, Paraguay, is perhaps at the bottom of the scale governmentally, so Uruguay, by its development of national spirit, its energetic character, its advanced legislation, is probably at the top, more nearly fulfilling the requirements of an independent state than any other nation south of the United States. Certainly, Uruguay is superior to both Chile and Brazil in anything but size; it is doubtful whether even the Argentine is governed with more educated intelligence and general honesty. The stability of its finances and the maintenance of public order alone give it a decided superiority over its neighbors. Once as troublous a state as any in Latin-America, Uruguay has settled down and developed her natural resources until her money tops world exchange, and revolutions are memories of earlier generations. Were she a large country instead of being merely a choice morsel smaller than many states of Brazil, there is little doubt that she would be greater even than the Argentine. Or would size, always an obstacle to good government in Latin-America, if not in all the world, give Uruguay all the faults of its larger neighbors?

It has been claimed that the Uruguayan came originally from the Basque

provinces and the Canary Islands, while the Argentino came chiefly from southern Spain, and that the former brought with him, and still retains, a sturdier, less facile, but more dependable, more thoroughgoing character than the latter. Those who have business dealings with him say the Uruguayan is the most honest man south of Panama; every foreign resident I met rated Uruguay the finest country in South America, and as a rule foreign residents do not see the best side first. Personally, I found him more sincere, less selfish, somewhat more solid, and at the same time more of an impulsive idealist than the materialistic Argentino. His country is far enough south not to give him the laziness of the tropics, far enough north to make life itself seem of equal importance with making a living. Uruguay's reputation as the most progressive republic in South America, however, is largely based on its advanced legislation, most of it fathered by a recent president. Under his guidance Uruguayan lawmakers have enacted stern minimum wage and maximum-hour laws, and many doctrines of the less extreme socialists have been put into modified practice. The legislators forbade bull-fights, cock-fights, and prize-fights in one breath. Uruguay is the only country in South America which has a divorce law, and the church has been greatly hampered in its abuse of power.

Yet there is still no Utopia at the mouth of the Plata. The ultra-modern laws often work far better in theory than in practice; as a widely traveled native put it, "At their very best, our South American presidents are enlightened tyrants"; "there is a curious mixture of lofty idealism and Tammany tricks in Uruguayan politics," adds another experienced observer. Politically, the Uruguayans are divided between the *blancos* and the *colorados*, the "whites" and the "reds." It is a splendid distinction for several reasons. For one thing, the parties can print their arguments and their lists of candidates in posters of their own color, and even the stranger has no difficulty in deciding which side is talking. Townsmen can announce their political affiliation by wearing a red or white cravat or a bit of ribbon in

their lapels, countrymen by the color of their neckerchiefs.

In theory at least the "reds" are "advanced," the "whites" somewhat conservative. There are apparently no neutrals in Uruguayan politics, no "non-partizan leagues," and the like. Every one is either "red" or "white" from the cradle not because Uruguayans take a greater interest in political matters than the average republican societies, but because it is bad form, as well as lonesome, to be outside the ranks; moreover, men who do not vote are fined. How a Uruguayan becomes attached to the party of this or that color is a mystery; almost none of them can give any real reason for their affiliation, except the equally fluent flow of curses at the other side. Evidently, like *Topsy*, they are just born in their natural colors.

This, however, makes the two parties none the less ready to engage in fratricidal strife at the behest of their politicians, and probably as capable of exterminating one another for no real cause, as did the Paraguayans half a century ago. It is fifteen years since the "reds" came to power on the heels of Uruguay's last revolution, possession is nine points even in so progressive a corner of Latin-America, and the "whites" have been the "outs" unbrokenly from the day they were driven from office. Yet it is common talk in Uruguay to refer to the time "when the 'whites' start their new revolution." It is taken for granted that the tables will eventually be violently turned; the "whites" expect, and are expected, to come back some day with bullets instead of ballots, and virtually every man in the country is prepared to fight on short notice for one side or the other.

Roughly speaking, "big business," big estate-owners, and the church,—in other words, the predatory classes,—are "whites," though neck-cloths of that color are by no means rare on the peons and *gauchos* of the more backward country districts. The leader of the "reds," now a private citizen merely because the constitution does not permit the same man to be president twice in succession, has often been described as "a composite of idealist and predatory politician," but he knows the secret of imposing his will

upon the Government, and is generally credited with most of Uruguay's progressive legislation since he came in on the wings of the revolution of 1905. For all his efforts, however, there is still much that is rotten in the Republic of Uruguay. The most advanced laws are of slight value when they are administered by the legal bandits who still flourish in office throughout the rural districts. Even in Montevideo the government telegraph and postal service are atrocious. One must carry his own letters to the post-office, and see that the man to whom they are handed cancels the stamps lest he steal them when one's back is turned. A few years ago the "reds" bought a large block in the capital,—much of it having mysteriously become the property of high politicians not long before,—and began the construction of a cut-stone government palace. When two hundred thousand dollars had been spent, the structure was abandoned, a mere foundation surrounded by a wall, an eyesore in the heart of town, and another palace was started in the Plaza Flores, though that, too, is expected to "*fracaso*."

Uruguay has not always been a small country, nor, for that matter, a country at all. In the olden days the *Banda Oriental*, or "Eastern Bank," of the River Uruguay was a province of the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires. To-day the official name of the country is "La República Oriental del Uruguay," and the people still call themselves "Orientals." When, therefore, one hears or uses that word in South America, it does not mean a Turk or a Hindu, but a citizen of the smallest and most progressive republic on the continent. In 1800 the whole "Eastern Bank" had only forty thousand inhabitants, of whom fifteen thousand lived in Montevideo. When Napoleon overran Spain, the viceroyalty of Buenos Aires revolted, but the *Banda Oriental* remained loyal, thus opening the first breach between the two parts of the colony. Not long afterward the "*grito de libertad*" was given in the interior of the province, and the man who was destined to become the national hero of Uruguay soon took the head of the revolt. Born in Montevideo, José Gervasio Artigas was a mere

estanciero until 1797, when he became a soldier. In 1811 he left the Spanish army and fled to Buenos Aires, but soon became an advocate of Uruguayan independence, a "patriot" or a "traitor," according to the speaker. In 1815 the Argentinos were defeated by Rivera, and Artigas became ruler not only of the present Uruguay, but of the now Argentine provinces of Entre Rios, Corrientes, Santa Fé, and Córdoba, these having formed the "Liga Federal" in opposition to the Buenos Aires Directory. An attempt was made to hold the former viceroyalty together, but, to read Uruguayan school-books, "at the same time the Tucumán Congress worked secretly to establish a monarchy in La Plata, and our five provinces sent no delegates." One by one the other provinces returned to the new mother country, but the "Eastern Bank" persisted in its isolation and demand for independence. For a time the Uruguay of to-day was the "Provincia Cisplatina," the southernmost province of Brazil, and took the oath to the Brazilian constitution. Artigas was meanwhile in exile. Finally, in 1825, a band of "Orientals" besieged Montevideo, and Uruguay declared her full independence.

The revolutions of 1863 and 1870, each two years long, are the only serious disturbances that have occurred in the "República Oriental" since its independence,—that of 1905 might perhaps be included were not all the school histories written by "reds,"—and with those exceptions the country has steadily advanced in health and prosperity. Its Government is somewhat more centralized than our own, on the style of the Argentine, the two hundred members of the senate and the house being elected in the departments, the latter having executives appointed by the Federal Government. To the average "Oriental," history begins with the first demand for independence, in 1808. There are no reminders of the conquistadores, few monuments of pre-independence days, and few men who remember further back than that period. During my stay there Montevideo was trying to find out when Zabala founded her, sending, by act of congress, a well-known author of Uruguayan school-books to

delve in the colonial archives of Buenos Aires.

Several fierce thunderstorms had marked my stay in the capital, some of them accompanied by the mightiest of flashes and crashes, during which water fell in such torrents that one could scarcely see across a narrow street; tropical storms one might have called them were it not that it kept right on raining after it got through raging. My first railway journey in Uruguay began under just such wet and gloomy conditions, though one might as well stay at home as travel in an incessant deluge. We rambled on at moderate speed across a somewhat rolling country, more fertile in appearance than the Argentine, and brought up at Minas. A broad stone highway, here and there disintegrated by the heavy rains, led the mile or more from the station to the town, an overgrown village in a lap of low, rocky hills monotonously like any other Uruguayan or Argentine town of its size, with a two-towered church and a few rows of one-story buildings toeing wide, bottomless streets. As in the Argentine, there are no cities in Uruguay which compare with the capital. The present department capitals were originally forts against the Indians and the Portuguese, around which people gathered for protection and other reasons, and few of them have cause to grow to importance.

My second journey carried me into the northwestern corner of the country. As far as La Piedras, a suburban town twenty miles from the capital, there are a score of daily trains in both directions. Here street-cars come also, for the place is noted for its granite monument topped by a golden-winged Victory commemorating a battle for independence in 1811, from the terrace of which Montevideo's fortress-crowned Cerro still stands conspicuously above all the rest of the visible world. Then this chief "Oriental" landmark disappears, and to the comparative cosmopolitanism of the federal district succeeds the bucolic calm of the *campaña*, as the *pampa*, or "camp," is called in Uruguay. The nudity of an Uruguayan, like an Argentine, landscape, especially as compared with the richness in flora of Paraguay or tropical Bolivia, makes a long journey by any

means of transportation tiresome. The absence of trees alone gives the *campaña* an oppressive aspect. The "Oriental" has tried rather half-heartedly to make up for this natural lack of woods by planting the imported eucalyptus and the poplar, at least about his country dwellings, but nowhere do these reach the density of a forest.

Fertile rolling *lomas*, with now and then a solitary *ombú*, the striking national tree of Uruguay, spreading its arms to the wind on the summit, made up most of the landscape, a scene not greatly different from, yet vastly more pleasing than, the dead flatness of the Argentine pampas. At Mal Abrigo, properly named "Bad Shelter," a branch line set out for Colonia, just across the river from Buenos Aires, which here gets most of its building stone, and such of its paving-blocks as are not made of the *quebracho*-wood from the Argentine Chaco. Granite rocks thrust themselves here and there through the soil; for long stretches the coarse, brown *espartillo* grass covered the country like a blanket. This and the abundant thistles ruin the black loam underneath, but the average "Oriental" *estanciero* abhors agriculture, preferring to give his rather indolent attention to cattle and sheep, considering planting fit only for Indians, peons, and immigrant *chaceros*. Nor is the lot of these Basque or Italian new-comers always happy, despite the fairly generous terms on which they hold their plots of earth, for the locusts have been known to destroy a year's labor in a few hours.

From La Lata onward, however, there were a few riding gang-plows, drawn by eight or ten oxen, and many primitive wooden plows behind a pair or two, oxen with sad, lowered heads that moved with slow, powerful, yet almost painful, step as they turned up the rich, black loam. Now and then a nandu, occasionally a whole flock of them, legged it away across the plump, rolling *campaña*. Sleek cattle, and horses of much better stock than the average in South America, were grazing along the hollows and hillsides. A rolling country, one realized, with slopes for drainage and ravines in which to catch the water, is less subject than table-flat

pampas both to floods and waterless summers.

I had ridden the sun clear around his short winter half-circle when I descended at Tacuarembó, far north near the Brazilian boundary. The town had a hint of tropical ways—women going languidly down to the sandy little river with bundles of clothing on their heads, the streets running out into grassy lanes scattered with carelessly built ranchos and happy-go-easy living, the features, which had grown more and more Indian all day along the way and in the second-class coaches, here sometimes suggesting more aboriginal than Caucasian blood. Next morning I rode away on a stout *tordillo*, a gray-white horse of rocking-chair canter. The often muddy or flooded road curved and turned and rose and fell, always seeking the moderate height of the succeeding ridges, and here and there crossing gently rounded *cuchillas*. The *mucamo* accompanying me on his piebald pinto was outwardly a most unprepossessing creature, yet he was a helpful, cheery fellow, in great contrast to the usual surly workman of southern South America, and though only sixteen and scarcely able to read, he was by no means dull-witted. Apparently there was not a bird, a flower, or an animal which he did not know intimately, and he was supernaturally quick in catching sight or sound of them. Many were the new species he pointed out to me on that glorious half-day's ride.

Tacuarembó, in its lap of rolling hills, had long since disappeared behind us before my companion gave any indication that we were nearing our destination. At the door of an *estancia* house, with all the comforts reasonably to be expected in so isolated a location, I was met by "Pirirín," the son of a former minister to London and Washington, and brother of a well-known Uruguayan writer. His English was as fluent as my own, with just the scent of something to show that it was not his native tongue. An old woman brought us *mate*, and we sucked alternately at the protruding tube each time she refilled the gourd with hot water. The sun soon set across the rich loam country, which was here and there being turned up by plodding oxen,

and threw into relief the three *cerros chatos*, or flat-topped hills that give the region its nickname, and which suggest that the level of the country was once much higher before it was washed away into the sea by the heavy rains, which even now gave earth and sky such striking colors.

Next day "Pirirín" and I rode off through the Sunday morning sunshine across the immense *estancia*, the *teruteru* birds screaming a warning ahead of us wherever we went. The *gauchos* of the estate had been ordered to *rodear*, or round up, a large herd of cattle, and soon we came upon them riding round and round several hundred animals on the crest of a hillock. More than two hours of riding brought us to the *almacén*, or *pulperia*, the general store isolated out on the great rolling *campaña* that is to be found on or near every large *estancia* in Uruguay. As the day was Sunday, scores of *gauchos* of that half-bashful, laconic, yet self-reliant, independent air common to their class, ranging all the way from half-Indian to pure white in race, with here and there the African features bequeathed by some Brazilian who had wandered over the near-by border, rode up silently one after another out of the treeless immensity on their shaggy, unsophisticated ponies, and each throwing the reins of his animal over a fence-post beside many others drowsing motionless in the sun, stalked noiselessly into the dense shade of the acacia- and eucalyptus-trees about the *pulperia*, then into the store itself.

Most of them were in full regalia of *recado*, *pellones*, shapeless felt hat, shaggy whiskers, poncho. When on dress-parade the "Oriental" *gaucho* is indeed a picturesque figure. With few exceptions he still clings to the capacious *bombachas*, the primitive *chiripá*, the ballooning folds of which disappear in moccasin-like *alpargatas*, or into the wrinkled calfskin boots still called *botas de potro*, though the custom that gave them their name has long since become too expensive to be continued. These "colt boots" were formerly obtained by killing a colt, unless one could be found already dead, removing the skin from two legs without cutting it open, thrusting the *gaucho* foot into it,

and letting it shape itself to its new wearer. A *rebenque*, or short, stocky, one-piece leather whip hanging from his weather-browned wrist, a poncho with a long fringe, immense spurs so cruel that the ready wit of the pampa has dubbed them "*nazarinas*," a gay waistcoat, and last of all his flowing neck-cloth tied in a graceful *négligé*, the last word of dandyism in "camp" life, its color proclaiming the political party into which the wearer was born, complete his personal wardrobe. It is against the law to carry arms in Uruguay, yet every *gaucho* or peon has his *cuchillo* in his belt, or carries a revolver if he considers himself above the knife stage. Then every horseman must have his *recado*, that complication of gear so astonishing to the foreigner, so efficient in use, with which the rural South-American loads down his mount. An oxhide covers the horse from withers to croup, to keep his sweat from the rider's gear; a saddle similar to that used on pack animals, high-peaked fore and aft, is set astride this, and both hide and saddle are cinched to the horse by a strong girth fastened by thongs passed through a ring-bolt. On the bridle, saddle, and whip is brightly shining silver; over the saddle quilts and blankets are piled one above the other, the top cover being a saddlecloth of decorated black sheepskin or a hairy *pellón* of soft, cool, tough leather; and outside all this is passed a very broad girth of fine, tough webbing to hold it in place. With his *recado* and his poncho the experienced *gancho* has bedding, coverings, sun-awning, shelter from the heaviest rain, and all the protection needed to keep him safe and sound on his pampas wanderings.

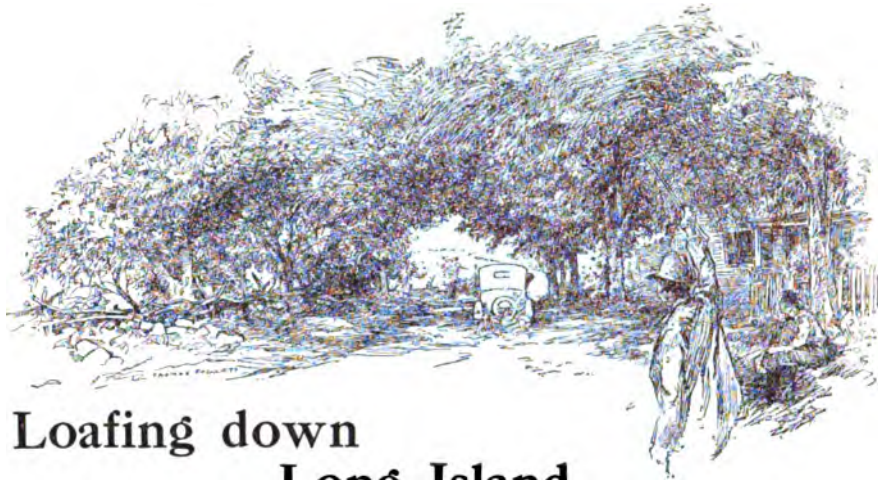
As they entered the *pulpería* the new-comers greeted every fellow-*gaucho*, though some two score were already gathered, with that limp hand-shake peculiar to the rural districts of South America, rarely speaking more than two or three words, and these so low as to be barely audible, apparently because of the presence of "Piririn" and me. For the rules of caste were amazing in a country supposed to be far advanced in democracy.

In theory the *pulpero* establishes him-

self out on the *campaña* only to sell tobacco, *mate*, strong drink, and tinned goods from abroad; in practice these country storekeepers have other and far more important sources of income. They are usurers, speculators in land and stock, above all exploiters of the *gaucho's* gambling instinct. Along with his *mañana* philosophy of life the countryman is fatalistic in temperament and passionately addicted to gambling. Thanks, perhaps, to the greater or less amount of Spanish blood in his veins, he will accept a wager on anything, be it only on the weather, on a child's toys, on which way a cow will run, on how far away a bird will alight, on whether *sol ó numero* ("sun or number" corresponding to our "heads or tails") will fall uppermost at the flipping of a coin. Indeed, there are evidences that the *gaucho's* love of gambling is even stronger than his love for women. This makes him easy prey to the *pulpero*, who is usually a Spaniard, Basque, Italian, or "Turk," and often an unconscionable rogue utterly without any other ideal than the amassing of a fortune, yet who somehow usually grows rich at the expense of the peon and the *gaucho's* chief weakness instead of meeting violent death from the quick-tempered *hijo del pats*, who despises yet fears him much as the Russian *muzhik* does the Jew.

There was a suggestion of our own cow-boys among the group that finally overflowed the *pulpería*, though the *gauchos* were less given to noisy rowdiness and had far more dignified courtesy.

In the evening, with the *gauchos* departed and the *pulpería* officially closed to the public, we added our bonfire to the sixteen others in honor of St. Peter and St. Paul which we could count around the horizon, and gathered about the table with the *pulpero's* family to play "lottery," a two-cent gambling card-game, until long after midnight. Late next morning "Piririn" carried me back in an *arana*, a rocking two-wheeled cart that did roughly resemble the spider it is named from, to Tacuarembó, where I caught the evening train for the Brazilian border and the continuation of my journey overland to Rio de Janeiro.



Loafing down Long Island

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Drawings by Thomas Fogarty

II. ALONG SUNLIT AND MOONLIT ROADS



HAVING rested royally by the road, we fared on to Bayside; but first we turned in at a pair of big gates, thinking we were entering some rich man's estate, and caring not at all whether we were desired or not. "But I hope we won't be taken for Bolsheviks," Jim said.

A man in uniform moved here and there, but we did n't pay much attention to this fact, until a building loomed ahead of us that could not possibly be a private dwelling. A sergeant and a corporal sat on the veranda, and as Jim and I were very thirsty, we asked for a drink of water. The sergeant immediately took us within, where it was dim and cool, and I noticed some barred doors immediately in the center of a great space. There was a painful silence all about, but as I went into a little side room to get my drink, I heard a *click-click, click-click*, as of some one walking up and down with a cane. I asked the sergeant what this noise could be, and he pointed to the barred door, and, my eyes having become accustomed to the gloom, I saw the shadowy figure of a young soldier on crutches pacing up and down the corridors of a huge cell.

"Would you like to go in?" the sergeant asked; and when I said I would, for I have always been interested in prison conditions, he unbolted the great door, and the one occupant of the place said, "Good afternoon, sir," and seemed really glad, as I suppose any one in his situation would be, of human companionship. He was lame, and I asked him how it came about that a boy wounded in the war should be undergoing this punishment. "Oh, I overstayed my leave," he said; and then I knew we had come right in to Fort Totten, having left the main road when we entered the gates.

If, ten minutes before, any one had told me that soon I would be talking to a lame and imprisoned soldier in a dark cell, I would have thought him mad. There Jim and I had been dreaming and drowsing under a tree in the pleasant sunshine, and all the while this lame boy, not a hundred yards away, had been confined, with no glimpse of even "that little tent of blue we prisoners call the sky." All the other men, he told us, were out in the fields at work; but he, because of his lameness, was obliged to remain in the ghastly cell. The penalty of courage in the war, I suppose. A strange world, my masters, more inexplicable every day we live in it! But there was one consolation: he was



"We bumped contentedly enough along, getting dustier and dustier"

receiving the best of medical attention, and he told us he had nothing of which to complain.

There is a lovely walk between the fort and Bayside, with little red farmhouses here and there, and more austere, rigorous, dignified homes as you approach the town. The road curves, and there are soft paths if your feet begin to ache; and I remember one house, down by the water, with a splendid row of Lombardy poplars and small shrubs and bushes like giant mushrooms forming a lane to the bay, a bit of French landscape that was indeed enchanting. A stillness seems to brood over this part of the island; but suddenly you find yourself on the outskirts of busy little Bayside, where many actor folk live in the summer, I believe. You see a small Italian villa once in a while—the kind of little home you'd like to pick up and put in your pocket and take away with you, it looks so cozy and compact, so like a house bought in a toy-shop.

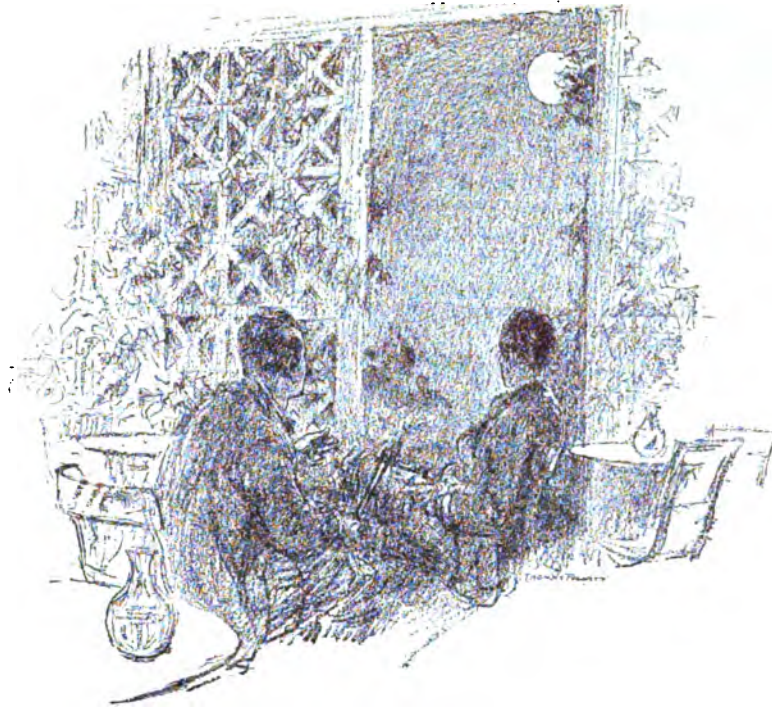
It was here we got on the main road, where there is always much traffic, and where, in consequence, it is no fun to trudge along on foot. We determined we would ask any one who came by for a lift, and we hailed several cars. They did not stop. I turned to Jim, after the eighth or ninth driver had sailed by us, and said:

"What in heaven's name is the matter with us—or with them, rather? Surely we look like respectable piano-tuners, at least."

A fivver came along just then, with two men on the front seat, and a perfectly empty back seat.

"This will do nicely," we decided; and I put up my beautiful Japanese stick, and called out, "Say, won't you give us a lift to Douglaston?"

But they, too, sped on. We could n't understand it. They had proceeded about fifty yards, when we noticed that they slowed up, conversed a bit, and then deliberately backed in our direc-



"You felt as if you were somewhere in France"

tion. We ran forward, jumped in, and thanked them.

"But would you mind telling us," Jim asked, as we started off at a good clip, "why you did not stop for us at once?"

Our new friends looked embarrassed, and then one of them offered:

"Well, to be honest, we each have a pint flask on our hip, and we thought you might be federal agents."

"We may wear plain clothes, but we are not plain-clothes men," we said, and laughed; and then, before we knew it, we had reached Douglaston, and stopped for a drink of water at a cool-looking well I saw that would have delighted the soul of *Pollyanna*; for it bore a neat and hospitable sign above it, reading, "All is well."

Just a mile or so away, on the water, is beautiful Douglas Manor, which used to be the estate of Mr. George W. W. Douglas a wealthy gentleman who evidently had a consuming passion for trees. In 1814 he bought this extensive property from the old Van Wyck family,

to whom it had come down as a grant from George III. The oldest oak-tree on Long Island is here. Some one was going to cut this tree down recently, in order to build, but a man with a great sense of civic pride, Mr. James Hoffman, purchased it instead, and now it is, happily, to be forever preserved. The old club-house at the manor is the original Van Wyck homestead, and a beautiful building it is.

In 1819 Mr. Douglas built the present hotel in Douglas Manor, which was his residence. He would have no trees disturbed, and the sidewalks are made to run about the monstrous umbrellas which shield the houses everywhere. There are fourteen varieties of beeches, and about twenty-five different kinds of evergreens, some of them very rare specimens. One fernleaf beech, in particular, is considered a remarkable arboreal thing of splendor. It must be about a hundred years old. In the manor house ancient mahogany book-cases, made in sections, are now here. And yet there are those who say that

sectional bookcases are a comparatively new idea!

All over Long Island you see houses with wonderful old shingles. Would that we could get some like them to-day! There is a feeling of permanence about the farm-houses, and some of them look as if they almost resented the growth of the many roads around them, and the encroachments of motors chugging and clattering by. Yet they manage to preserve their aspect of tranquillity, and chickens and pigs and goats loiter on many a farm-house lawn not many miles from New York, as unconcerned by the modern spirit of unrest as if a fivver had never passed the gate. And there seems to be no real poverty on Long Island. You can walk or motor for miles, and though a few houses will look shabby, they never bear that appearance of downright slovenliness you see elsewhere. There is always a garden, however small; and, situated as it is, there is always good fishing along the shores, and a real livelihood may easily be maintained. Before the inevitable arrival of the millionaire, Long Island dreamed its days away in happy peace, and many a prosperous farmer cannot be driven away, despite the walled and formal gardens that often come to his very threshold.

We had been captivated by Douglas Manor, where, by the way, Jim had taken a swim, and were loath to leave it. Good friends had given us a fine dinner at the inn, but we would not spend the night, determined as we were to push on across the island as far as Lynbrook, begging or stealing rides if we got too tired. There was not much of interest on the way, but with daylight saving there were still many hours of the afternoon left. It was a sunlit road, with turns and shadowy oases now and then to relieve the monotony of our walk. We got as far as the Oakland Golf Club links, when we found we were really tired; so we "hooked" a ride on a farm-wagon. Maps are the most deceptive things in the world. I love to pore over them, but I have no sense of direction at all, and when a road curves I never remember that that makes it all the longer.

The farm-wagon was not very easy-

going; but beggars cannot be choosers, so we bumped contentedly enough along, getting dustier and dustier, and not caring a whit. The farmer was strangely uncommunicative and seemed to take no heed of us at all. It was as though we were a pair of calves he was taking to market; yes, dear reader, I know there is another obvious comparison that could be made. When there came a sudden turning to the right, we jumped off, and thanked him; but he did n't turn his head an inch. We saw that his farm was just at the turning, a simple-enough place, and presently a boy who must have been his son ran to the fence and made strange signs to him; and we realized that our silent host had been a deaf-and-dumb man. No wonder he did n't mind having his home at a busy cross-roads. They say the motors whiz by here in battalions of a Sunday.

We got another lift later on. Many towns, like Floral Park, do not live up to their names; they are floral only from the railway station, though that is not to be sneezed at, since many villages are particularly hideous where the trains come in.

It is curious that on the outskirts of Lynbrook, which is a dreary, commonplace, drab, uninteresting little town, there should be a miraculously beautiful inn. It is as though a shabby, poor old lady suddenly pulled out a wonderful French lace handkerchief in a dingy street, and exclaimed, "Just look!" This inn (alas! no longer do we use the charming word "tavern") is off the beaten track, and one has to know of it to reach it; but we wanted to get there for a bite of food, since our hike had made us desperately hungry again. That is one of the many joys of tramping, or staying out all day in the open air: you eat like a giant. And you sleep like a baby.

Beneath an arbor outside, in the moonlight, while our sea-bass and our salad and coffee were being prepared, we watched two gorgeous peacocks disporting themselves, and several pheasants strutted it up and down. You felt as if you were somewhere in France, for French was the language we heard on the other side of the grapes, where several waiters were resting and smoking after the day's work. The big dinner

crowd from town had long since gone, and the place was completely ours. We had freshened up, and it was well on to eleven o'clock when we sat down to that delicious little supper. But afterward we found, to our regret, that monsieur, who came himself to greet us in a grand chef's costume, with picturesque cap and white apron, had no rooms for us; his was only a restaurant now.

It was a fearful anticlimax to loiter down to the center of the ugly town and have to take stuffy rooms that opened almost on the public square. But any bed was comfortable after the long day outdoors, and though a raucous band played loud tunes beneath us, and motors tooted as they swiftly turned corners, I sank into an easy slumber, from which I did not awaken until a crash of thunder and a vivid flash of lightning came toward dawn.

It had been cool the day before, but this storm, like many another, simply made the atmosphere heavy and more oppressive—so heavy that we had n't the heart to go back to our French inn for breakfast, as we had planned to do. Instead, we ate what we could get in a sad room where the chairs were piled on the tables, until they formed a fence around us, and a trying light from a skylight revealed a dirty ball-room floor. Covered drums were on the musicians' stand,—would that they had been muffled during the night!—and the one sluggish waiter on duty wandered about among this tattered place of artificial flowers like a lost soul, fetching a spoon now, a fork later, and some



"The one sluggish waiter on duty"

coffee when it suited his, and the cook's, convenience. The heavy red plush hangings, with the dust only too evident in the garish morning light, were draped back with cheap brass cords, and we could hardly wait to get out of such a place. Any road, no matter how hot, would be better than this. It was like viewing a soiled ball-gown at nine in the morning, with a grotesquely painted face above it.

All the towns and villages along the South Shore between, say, Lynbrook and Bayport are but a means to an end—the reaching of the real outskirts, those more fascinatingly informal places that lead to Shinnecock Hills. Such spots as Freeport, Massapequa, Merrick (although one must say a kindly word for this charming little residential neighborhood), Babylon, Bay Shore, and even Islip, are too hard-heartedly decent in aspect to give one any sense of comradeship; and Jim and I, like everybody else, had motored through or to them so often that they were an old story to us. One wishes to pass them over on a jaunt such as ours, though remembering bygone happinesses in them, as one would skip uninteresting passages in an otherwise good book—a book one had dipped into many times, so that one knows the very paragraphs to avoid. There are some splendid estates along the Merrick Road, and I suppose the total wealth here would amount to an unbelievable sum; but mixed in with places that the architects have striven to make lovely, and succeeded in their efforts, are too many *nouveau-riche* dwellings that must belong

to the period of Brooklyn renaissance. Oh, how I detest Mansard roofs! And one sees plenty of them here. Bits of water, like little mirrors, break the monotony of a long motor ride through this region, and a bridge and a stretch of hedge every now and then do much to vary the scene. Yet, taken all in all, it is an area that has never thrilled me. William K. Vanderbilt kept up a vast park at Islip, and seemingly for miles there is a high iron fence, and a warning to keep out (as if one could ever get in), and a statement to the effect that this is a private preserve, where birds and fish and game are raised, and allowed to increase and multiply like so many dollars in a remote vault.

Other multimillionaires, I am told, raise horses round about, and behind tall brick walls and solid green hedges is many a beautiful home that the mere wayfarer cannot view; only the elect who professionally go to week-ends and drink in the delights of the greensward and the golden private beaches, and whisper of them afterward to the less favored in town.

Just outside Lynbrook, on this muggy morning, we had the energy to start down the Merrick Road, knowing full well it was a place for motorists only, with no scrap of a path, save here and there, for pedestrians. We did it, knowing how stupid we were. We did not like the thought of a train, and we said to ourselves that surely some kind-hearted driver or truckster would give us a lift. It is more difficult, however, as we soon discovered, for two people to be taken care of in this way than one. We were passed scornfully by several times, and even suspicious glances were cast our way.

"Revenue officers again they think us, getting the evidence in pairs," I said. "How times have changed! A year ago such a situation would have been impossible."

Then Peter came along. Peter drove a great, strong, massive truck, and he sat triumphantly alone on an unbelievably wide seat, with little baggage; none, apparently, from our point of vantage. We hailed him, and he instantly stopped in that burning stretch of road. The



Blue Point, where Jim went bathing

sun had come out, and it was as hot as I cared to feel it.

Peter smiled on us, bade us get in, and before we knew it we were speeding on, though not too fast, passing fashionable limousines in which we hoped rode friends or acquaintances who would see us on our proud eminence on a wagon marked "Bologna, Ham, and Sausages." But no such luck.

Peter had been in the army—ten months in France, where he was utilized in the repair shops because of his mechanical bent; he would rather tinker with machinery than eat a square meal, and he was a husky young fellow. And he was proud of his job. His employer had the biggest and finest trucks in Brooklyn, he told us. They never broke down, and when he recognized one coming toward us—they did a thriving business on Long Island, evidently—he hailed the driver in that freemasonry of fellow-employees, and remarked: "Ain't that a fine truck, now? You get a better view of it when you ain't on it." We assured him it was because of the beauty of his wagon that we had hailed him.

We saw a sailor trudging along ahead of us, and Peter, once having been inoculated with the germ of hospitality, drew up and asked him to join our happy party. Jack was going to Babylon to get recruits for the navy, he was quick to inform us, and he was loud in his love of the service. He had been on submarine-chasers all during the war, and he and Peter hit it up in great shape, doing most of the talking, while Jim and I merely listened. It was as though you heard two college boys from a university to which you had not been privileged to go, talking over their secret societies, their professors, their dormitories.

But Peter was going only as far as Massapequa, much to his regret; but he might go on farther later in the day. So we all got out when his turning came. Right behind us thundered a huge wagon, crowded with men and boys who

wore little white caps, and waved flags industriously; I think it must have been an Elks outing. I never knew; but they were blowing horns and cheering at everybody, and when they saw Jack, they yelled frantically to him to get aboard. They wanted none of Jim and me; indeed, there was hardly room for one more human in that packed truck; and the last we saw of him, he was being



"There were many little roads tempting us out of the beaten paths"

made much of by the Elks, if such they were, and I thought I saw him already beginning his recruiting among those happy fellows. He took off his cap, waving us good-by, while Peter having disappeared in a cloud of dust, we sauntered on alone.

There were many little roads tempting us out of the beaten paths, and several times we took one, rejoicing in the proximity to the ocean, where the salt air came to our nostrils, and great elms and oaks sheltered us from the blazing rays of the sun. But we did n't care; we had hooked many a ride, and we knew that almost whenever we wanted another we could get it.

We sat under a tree, in the tall grass for about an hour, when again I heard the rumble of a truck—Peter's, of course. Who could mistake those heavy wheels? "He's back," I said to Jim. And sure enough, it was he, and he was on the lookout for us, and drew up at the side of the road, just as a taxi-driver might for a passenger who would surely pay

him and give him a goodly tip into the bargain.

"I 'm going all the way to Bayport," he exclaimed, happier than we could hope over the prospect of our company again. We felt supremely flattered. "I 'll take you all the way," he added generously. And he did. He could n't understand it when we told him we did n't mind footing it a bit; but we knew there would be plenty of other chances to make haste slowly, so joyfully climbed in, feeling that Peter was a real friend of ours.

Off the main road at Bayport, which used to be the home of John Mason, the celebrated actor, there is another French inn, not generally known, and boasting no fashionable exterior, but a plain-enough building, with a comfortable veranda, and kept by a young man and his wife who can cook to perfection, who never have a crowd around them, and who love to have their guests walk right into the kitchen and select their steak or their lobster, and make suggestions for a dinner that is beyond parallel.

It was for this inn that we were headed, and many a time I had arrived at its door by automobile. Now, however, we came up in this lumbering truck, and monsieur and madame could not believe their eyes when we alighted thus informally. Nothing would do but that Peter should lunch with us. He parked the bologna-sausage-ham car at the roadside as carefully as though it had been a ten-thousand dollar limousine, and when he had washed up, he was as personable as any one would wish to have him. Jim and I were not Beau Brummels, I assure you. We all had a meal to delight the gods, and then Peter told us he would have to attend to some business and hurry back to Brooklyn. We did n't like to see him go, it was still so terribly hot; but he was a business man first, and a society man afterward, though he did n't put it that way himself, and nothing we could offer would tempt him to be detained.

Jim went in bathing at Blue Point, a few miles away, while I strolled about Bayport, through lanes where the trees look, oddly enough, like kneeling camels, and where the sidewalks, as in Douglas

Manor, are built to go around them, and where there is a hush that must be like the quiet of heaven, so far are you from the railroad, with its iron clamor.

That night the moon came up like a big pearl out of the sea, half hidden by a galleon of clouds, and Jim and I went loitering about the half-lighted roads; for we liked the spot so much, and monsieur and madame were so gracious, that we were determined to stay the night. Dim, cool rooms awaited us, with the whitest of linen and the best of baths.

I have often noticed, in motoring at night, what a new aspect the scenery presents, with one's search-light forging through the mist and darkness. Tonight, afoot, it was quite the same, and on these off roads, with the world seemingly far away, I made up a song that went like this:

Walking in the moonlight down a lonely
road,

How the hedges glisten like scenery of
paint!

Cardboard are the trees, and cardboard each
abode,

A curious illusion when the moon is faint.

Motors whirl around us on far, crowded ways;
Pasteboard are the poplars, stark against
the sky.

Is this the world we wandered through the
summer days?

It's like a dream; it's moonshine. Reality,
good-by!

It could n't be real, that ghostly moon up there, dimly reflected in a tiny sheet of water by the path we trod, that whispering low wind in the rushes and in the trees. How wonderful it was to be here in this quiet, quaint little town, with its lawns of velvet, its solemn, empty church, its real dirt roads, and its outspreading, hospitable trees, that clung together like a nation in time of war, as firmly rooted in the ground as a people should be rooted in the soil they love and from which they sprang!

I recall a circular summer dining-room on the outskirts of Bayport, surrounded with hollyhocks and lit with candles, which we could see from the road at a turning. It looked like a crown that would never crumble, and

we could hear the people laughing within its happy circle, and though we had no wish to pry upon them, we could n't help pausing and listening to their gay chatter. Crickets chirped, and down in a damp meadow frogs were croaking—delightful sounds of mid-July. Somewhere, in another house, a young girl began to sing a wistful old song, and the moon went spinning behind a sudden cloud; and all at once we felt strangely alone out there in the scented dark. To think that people lived so excellently and wisely all the time; that their days went so gladly for them, year in and year out, and that this simple experience should be for us in the nature of an adventure!

We turned back to our inn, healthily tired, and a little better, I hope, for our day in the open.

I was looking at the map when we returned, underneath my lamp, to see just where we would go next; and I was struck, as my finger ran over the fascinating paper, with the litany of lovely and curious names of the villages beyond. They kept singing in my head as I went to sleep, and finally I had to get up and put them down in a rhyme. I called it

A SONG OF THE SOUTH SHORE

Now we must on to Bellport before the sun
is high,
And laugh along the roadside with bird and
butterfly;
And then to green Brookhaven, hidden
behind the trees,
Our comrades only casual cars, and rows of
hedge, and bees.
It's up at daybreak we must be, and roam
the island over,
Light-hearted in the summer days, bright-
hearted through the clover.

We'll jog along to Speonk and larger towns
thereby;
When one is just a Gipsy, how swift the hours
fly!

We'll take the road at sunset and hear the
croaking frog,
And soon we'll be where water calls, and
find ourselves in Quogue.
Bright, dancing bays will wink at us before
the journey's over—
Oh, it is good in summer-time to be a careless
rover!

Then on again to Shinnecock and Great
Peconic Bay.
It is n't far to Southampton; we'll make it
in a day.
Old, lovely towns on rolling downs that sleep
and dream and smile;
Ah, some wear gowns of calico, and some go
in for style.
But we, like tramps, knock at their doors,
unheeding Fashion's bonnet.
One town is like the freest verse; one's like
a formal sonnet.

At moonlight we will strike Good Ground,
and, when the world is still,
If we're in luck, we'll come, like Puck, to
quiet Water Mill.
And then to Wainscott we'll press on with
tired foot and hand,
Till Amagansett smiles on us, and then—the
Promised Land.
It's good to need a healing sleep in the rich
summer weather—
Two friends who fare along the road, happy
and young together.

There's Rocky Point to-morrow, too, that
dreams by Fort Pond Bay,
With stretches of a lonely shore that gleams
for miles away;
Too far for pilgrims in gay cars who crave
the louder things;
But you and I fare on to them, far happier
than kings.
For Montauk Point is at the end, and there
the ocean thunders,
And the lonely coast gives up at last its old,
immortal wonders.

(To be continued)



A Disciple

By ALBERT KINROSS



HAD come back again to London, to the humdrum round—office and club, club and office, the same people, the same tasks, the same dinner-parties with bridge to follow, the same golf on the same Sundays. Sometimes I caught myself chuckling over those stolen weeks: I was at least ahead on them. Yes, I had seen the Alps again, an odd fancy, and Pæstum, and Girgenti. I had given myself up to fancies, to old longings, to the wistful things one dreams of, sighing "If." There had come to me a small legacy, and I had spent it. One of my diversions had been to visit Weimar. That again was a long-nursed dream. Goethe repels one, or else he holds. Me he had always fascinated. I could never see the coldness in him, the polished egotism. Hard as a stone new from the lapidary, and as smooth, is one reading. But the man was different; one has but to take the *Elegies*, or else *Eckermann*. There was warmth behind the polish, there was a heart, volcanic. And so I had ended my pilgrimage at this great shrine, to me the greatest.

I lingered, and I found a fellow-worshiper. He might have been the cause of this delay. It may be guessed that one has a curiosity and often a weakness when one finds a passion shared or the same complaint. Patients discuss their symptoms; so we discussed Goethe. He was Davidson's mania and mine. Yet here was a man, whole-souled and all-devoted, a veritable watcher by the tomb, while I—I had only taken a holiday, was suffering only a transient acuteness of the thing, and to-morrow would find me deaf to these enthusiasms. Not perhaps stone-deaf, but merely deaf. In London, at the office, at the club, who could afford to dabble openly in Goethe? In stocks, in bonds, in shares, perhaps, but not in Goethe.

And now I was home again, going the

same round, my dreams fulfilled. It made something else to think of; and often I caught glimpses of the little city dreaming on, full of old-fashioned people, of pilgrims coming and going as I had come, of sleepy tradespeople and informal hotels, with a grand duke presiding over its destinies—Goethe's grand duke's lineal heir. It was something to know I had seen the poet's tomb; it was something to know I had followed his daily way, crossing the park to his cottage by the *Ilm*, treading the rooms of his mansion in the town, stooping over manuscript and writing-table, almost as he had stooped. One stood so very close to him, to all the ardors of that crowded life!

First of all came the poet; and afterward my mind would settle on Davidson, leech-like, drawing blood from him. He was the true worshiper who had renounced all else for service, I merely the Sunday guest who passes an hour in prayer and then moves on. I sit here, pondering over him, piecing his story together, unraveling it. One moment he is tragic, another ludicrous, ivy clinging to the monument, parasitic or pitiful. He was so small, so white-faced, and so feeble; so passionate with that—the nature of a child!

We had met casually in the restaurant of a hotel. When I was done with the English paper, would I let him have it? he began; and after that we talked. I met his wife, their friends, I saw the city as it was, old-world and somnolent, with a society that moved ceremoniously through a life that was a minuet. All went to slow music here: you took tea at a house, and it was an occasion; you paid a call, and it was ritual. I remembered Heine's impatience with the life, in no way changed. Indeed, I felt it, too; but, then, I argued, it was their nature, their way, and may have been born with their fine pride and their penuriousness, for Weimar is a city of the proud and poor. Leave out its mem-

ories, its significance, and you are among a people that has not yielded, that will not budge. No one dares jostle them, or trouble them with the irreverent word; the wit and the parvenu are alike excluded from this tremulous hospitality. But what was Davidson, an Englishman, doing with them? I asked. In the months that have gone by I have found an answer. Whence I hardly know. From him, his wife, her family, from others that spoke of him, or from myself? One pieces things together, and one fails. One tries again and yet again. It may so happen that one arrives.

He was from a stubborn county, the son of a successful father, a man of business and self-made. Now, such a man requires children like himself, who will continue the line and its prosperity. Davidson was earmarked for this purpose—the selling of ironmongery and its manufacture, its distribution over continents. As a boy he was sent abroad to pick up languages. Those were the days of happiness and ease. He learned good German, ignoring its commercial aspects; he learned Italian, and discovered Dante. But Goethe was his star, and Goethe breathes no word of ironmongery and the trade that it may make, the potent cities that it has built. The boy came home, and was pronounced unfit. He quailed before the tasks demanded of him, the cold contemptuousness that accepted his failure, the tongues that first lashed and then ignored. He tried to explain that he had other ideas about himself. To his father, however, there could be but one idea. Outside successful trade was spread the wilderness. One pities the old man, defeated by such a son. He thanked Providence that he had begotten others. Then came a day when Davidson took his life in his hands and went to London.

He had fled, he had burned his boats, and even sunk his name. So Goethe would have done, he had persuaded himself. He came out of that experience untainted by the deeps of it; for, see, he had no vice. He was in the gutter, very much in the gutter, when he met Riviere, who befriended him. The two men had come together at a public auction. First editions were being sold, and autograph manuscripts, the treasures of a great

collection. A remark of Riviere's was corrected by Davidson. The fellowship of such a place made light of their circumstances. They fought, they argued, and Davidson won. Naturally, for it was his subject—Goethe. Riviere possessed that microbe, too, was under the same spell, but with a difference. He could afford it; Davidson could not. That link held them bound for an hour; then it was time for luncheon. Riviere was one of those romantics who follow their impulses if need be to the bitter end. There was not much bitterness involved in asking so shabby a guest as Davidson to take luncheon, yet the act was on a level with Riviere's last impulse of all. You may remember his end. It was in a duel that seemed incredible to us at home, who have abandoned such ordeals, that summary method of testifying to our sincerity. He knew the risk he ran, and ventured. In something the same spirit he must have picked up Davidson and stood the tattered creature upon well-shod feet. I should love to furnish a description of that scene: Riviere building up Davidson from the very socks, providing him with linen, giving him food and shelter, money in his brand-new trouser-pockets, and enjoying every thrill of it. Nor was it the passing impulse of a frivolous rich man. The bond lasted. Davidson was free to describe himself as "secretary," as "librarian," which he did proudly for seven faithful years. I think Riviere, with all his wildness, must have come to a very real tenderness for the little man, something unusual, and even tinged with the heroic. There had been no asking on Davidson's part, no trickery; he had refused almost as much as he had accepted. "I did n't want to impose upon him," was how he formulated it.

They held together closely till the end came; till an old, unhealed passion of Riviere's broke out again. But the girl was married now; that made the difference. She was an Austrian, and the husband had the last word in it—a pistol-bullet that shattered Riviere's chest, leaving Davidson alone to bear the tragedy. He buried his patron and stood broken-hearted, facing an empty world, his breast shattered, too. The people of those parts had pitied him.

Riviere's death, when he looked round again, had given him his freedom. In that disordered life there had been sanity as well as folly. Davidson was left by will a sufficient sum to meet all future needs. It was securely invested, but he could not touch the capital, or mortgage this income in advance. A child might have despoiled him, and Riviere knew that and had provided against it.

When the old landmarks go, a man is driven in upon himself, and from his own resources he must create the morrow. So, in this hour of need, Davidson turned to Weimar. An instinct led him there, or a passion unassuaged: it was the one thing clear that had survived the shock, the one thing stable that had endured; and all these years he had wanted to go, had planned to go, and had come no further. He went without object, without purpose, perhaps somewhat like a wounded animal. With Lewes's "Life" in his hand and Düntzer in his trunk, he made the journey.

He knew no one in the place, was without introductions; he knew his Goethe, and that was all. There are, of course, openings for such a man, societies, institutions; but so far he had not come to these, and was most mystically alone. He haunted the shrines, he walked the woods. The fine spring weather took hold of him; he talked sometimes to children and very much to himself, unaware that he was observed, that Weimar, like all small places, was making its own legend of him.

Those first months had a firmness that was superterrestrial; the common world was lost in them, or recovered only with a start. But he was mending. The peace, the tranquil freshness, of these new surroundings were giving him vigor, and he had leisure now, and calmness, and abundant ease. Riviere's urgent career had mostly lent him none of them; he recognized the fever in that life, so early closed, whose law had been his law, whose unrest, triumphs, and terminations his. Now he took Goethe's motto, "Without haste, but without rest." He browsed upon the masterpieces, and lived within the magic circle of their light. Perhaps it is too fine an atmosphere. He had built a library of his own around him, and that and

the solitudes outside were now his world.

Thus mystically engrossed, he became aware of a face. It grew from big, blue eyes that had surprised him; it achieved completion. A nose was added; then lips, and chin, and brow. That perfect image entered into his dreams. There was a woman in this city fit for kings. A glimpse of her would fill him for a day, set his heart beating to a tune, his fancy roaming. Humble, he always saw her from afar; he placed her upon thrones and knelt to her; she might not know of him,—never, oh, never, would she know of him,—but he dared venture a brief glance at her. He had become an inmate of the age of chivalry. Goethe, his books, his exercise, were all enlivened by this undertone.

One evening in a café where a band played she arrived with her father and mother, and they bore down upon him. He had a table to himself, yet there was room for others, and the gentleman of the party had perceived this. The custom of that country is to bow and ask permission. Davidson's heart was beating above these compliments, yea, above the orchestra. He removed his hat and cane from a chair and apologized. There was nothing to apologize for; it was natural, they said. During an interval the gentleman spoke to him again. Ordinary politeness mingled with curiosity as they conversed. The ladies listened attentively. They were interested. Something they all seemed to know about him; for Weimar had made its legend, the stranger had been discovered. He had heard her voice at last, and to-night he had seen her, not from afar, but disturbingly at hand. On leaving, she had bowed to him, a personal inclination. Perhaps, when they met outdoors, she might bow again.

This was the beginning. The acquaintance ripened. Within a week he and the baron had exchanged cards over a table at the *Jungbrunnen*, a few days more and he had been presented formally at a public place, and next he received an invitation to the Bistrams' home. That was not the name; the quality is unchanged, the rest forgotten. Sometimes one wants to forget, and here is an instance. It had all come about suddenly,

the unheard of, the undreamed, without a word of foreknowledge or preparation.

There was no one to warn him. He knew nothing of these people. Perhaps he might have guessed that they were poor and desperately placed, but a man in love is generous. The whole world swims in sunshine, in an optimism. For them he had nothing but gratitude; and if they had mentioned their debts and the pressure that had to be outfaced, often brazenly, well, it is not the way of such people to mention these things. Their game was, rather, to the contrary.

I do not think that they had set out deliberately to trap him, but the project, once realized, must have been inevitable. He simply asked for it. It was plain that the girl had produced an impression; it was plain that the little fellow had money; it was just as plain that the one could be had for the other, and more than that.

In such a predicament it is cruel to speak of love; yet what other word can one apply? He had come to them with a freshness, almost a virginity; there had been nothing in his life like this before. Neither at home in England, nor during the abject years from which Riviere had taken him, nor later, when he was driven and preoccupied. His youth seemed to be claiming dues, long owing, like the Bistrams' debts.

I have seen a portrait of this girl; she still stands framed upon his writing-table, within reach of eye and hand. No casual glance would spell from it her malady. She has the fineness of a stock outworn, a little too much fineness; but the indwelling rare spirit of her is unmistakable, the sweetness, too. Beauty shadowed by a cloud might partly describe her; and looking deeply into that face, one sees a mirrored fear. Life presses on such people; they lack the strength to cope with it or with themselves. Small wonder that a brain thus overborne had proved uncertain.

Davidson saw the threadbare lodging in which she lived. He was given the free run of it, and met such friends as had stayed loyal to the Bistrams in their later phase: a battered comrade of the baron's old regiment, flyblown gentlemen revolving memories of wine and play and little women. They came

sometimes with their ladies. Would any of these tell him that Minna had twice been put away, shut up till the darkened mind recovered; that he was to be "landed," to be victimized? Rather they would dwell on this new source of credit. He seemed doomed to wed into a family that would prey upon him; he seemed doomed to spend the rest of his life on the abyss, gazing down into horrors.

His courtship prospered: the thing came naturally, like evening and the first white star. One moment it was day; the next they had crossed over into a solemnity. The girl, at least, was not in the conspiracy. Sex is conspirator enough, the arch-plotter, dramaturge.

She must have had her hours of fear, urgings to confession, falterings, questionings, never put plainly, never quite faced. She would not name the day; she had accepted him, but she prolonged the wooing. Often she struggled, arguing against herself: he should marry somebody stronger, richer, with more health. She had persuaded and weakened; she had fled from him and come back to him; she had postponed and been whimsical; she had fought and she had yielded, the enemy always herself. He witnessed these struggles, and was sure that he could heal them. They shot with pain the perfect days when she closed her eyes, was all his own, sorceress and queen of him.

I have spoken of friends, the loyal few. There is one who is outstanding. Linda von Essen was not too young a woman; old enough, indeed, to live in an apartment of her own with a maid. She was an orphan, she was independent, rich for Weimar. This may explain why she was free to step in where others held aloof. Hers was an intimacy dating from Minna's childhood. She knew everything, which may account for her forgiveness of her friend, and even her admiration of the victim. She had always dreamed of such a lover; of one, nobly blind, artless, and selfless, touched with this divine simplicity. Her favorite heroes had that quality. Now she encountered it, and stood her ground. She would be heroic, too. But she might watch over him; the day might come when he would need her watching. For Davidson this woman had a differ-

ent interest, and yet almost as strong a one; more powerful, maybe, in its impersonality. Her face,—it is Goethe's face tuned to the feminine,—the same luminous eyes, the same serenity of brow. The poet had been a visitor at her great-grandfather's house, and it is an open secret in Weimar that the blood of the Essens is the blood of Goethe. Davidson had seen the likeness without being told. Frau von Emba, who was Linda's sister and even more like Goethe, denied it; but Linda was proud of the distinction. That, in a small and rather Puritan town like Weimar, requires courage.

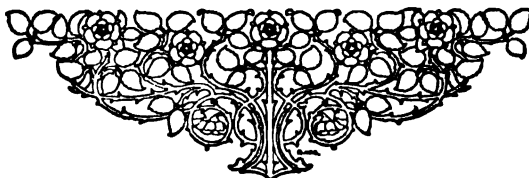
The wedding-day was fixed. Davidson had bought new clothes, and the honeymoon was to be spent in the Bavarian highlands. The wedding-day arrived. At nine o'clock that morning Minna von Bistram had her third and last seizure. She ascended to the roof of the house in which her parents had a small apartment. Escaping notice, she had gone up there alone. When they found her on the stones below, she was broken beyond recovery, but still conscious. Davidson heard of it at his barber's. The man, a new-comer in Weimar, entertained him with the story. Minna recognized him before she died.

"Oh, I am happy," she said; "before now I have always been unhappy." He did not understand that; but, then, he did not understand the second part of *Faust*; and yet he knew it line by line and word for word. It did not much matter what she said as long as it was she who said it. For many a month afterward the little man went lifeless, broken, too, upon the stones of a far-off yard below. As with Riviere's end, he shared this other and more poignant one. It seemed his destiny to fix his heart on the inane.

Now it was Linda's turn to prove her

worth. I have seen them in their home, that quiet woman following him with the eyes that are so like Goethe's, one with him in all his enterprises, his commentaries, and speculations. I know little more of them. He must have come to her and she been waiting for him. He must have come to her like a tired child, finding in her immense sanity, her perfect health, her superb tolerance, the peace which one may find in nature. In the end he married her; it is she who is now his wife. And as to the Bistrams? His simplicity, his honesty, had won even them; and to-day the baroness—the baron is dead—to-day the baroness regards him as a son. I saw the grave where Minna lies buried. I went with him one day when he put flowers upon it.

And now I am back again in London, while Davidson stays on, fixed there, anchored. You may meet him in the museum, at the archives, or in the garden-house, or strolling in the park. One has one's fancies of such a man and of the power of his devotion. Sometimes I follow his life and see the master laying hands on it at every turn; and the writing of it down has only made me see more plainly. They tell such stories of the saints; why not of the heroes,—I echo the Carlylean term,—why not of Goethe? For it was he who used Riviere to bring Davidson out of the gutter and give him an independence; and after the first stroke it was to Weimar that Davidson turned and was mended. When he was about to part with what he had gained, he was saved from that; and, at the end, what Goethe could not heal with the spirit, he healed with his own flesh and blood. There are people who allow so much to obscure saints; then why not to the genius of a nation, its supreme instance, even though he lived within our day?



Lost Ships and Lonely Seas

VI.—Four Thousand Miles in an Open Boat

By RALPH D. PAINE



Of all the stories of blue water there is none so romantic and so well remembered as that of the mutineers of the *Bounty* who sought an Arcadia in the South Seas, and found it on Pitcairn Island, where their descendants to-day welcome the occasional ship that stops in passing. In 1787, ten years after Captain Cook had been slain by the natives of Hawaii, a group of West India merchants in London, whose interest was stirred by the glowing reports of the discoverers, urged the Government to explore the natural resources of those enchanted realms and particularly to transport the breadfruit-tree to Jamaica and plant it there. The ship *Bounty* was accordingly fitted out, and sailed in command of Lieutenant William Bligh, who had been one of Cook's officers. After the long voyage to Tahiti, the ship tarried there five months while the hold was filled with tropical trees and shrubs. With every prospect of success, the *Bounty* hove anchor and sheeted topsails to roll out, homeward bound.

Every sturdy British sailor was leaving a sweetheart on the beach of languorous Tahiti, where the unspoiled, brown-skinned women were as kind as they were beautiful, and where every dream of happiness was attainable. These were the first white men who had ever lingered to form attachments in that fortunate isle, and they left it reluctantly to endure the bitter toil and tyranny and servitude of the mariner's lot. Nor was Lieutenant Bligh a commander to sooth their discontent. His own narrative would lead one to infer that his conduct was blameless, but other evidence convicts him of a harsh and hasty temper and a lack of tact which helped to bring about the disaster that was brewing in

the fore-castle and among the groups of seamen who loafed and whispered on deck during the dog-watches.

The leader of these mutineers was Fletcher Christian, the master's mate, a man of extraordinary intelligence and character who had always led a godly life. Bligh had provoked him beyond endurance, and he was persuaded that he could lead his comrades to a palm-shaded kingdom of their own where they would be safe against discovery and recapture. No inkling of the conspiracy was conveyed to the quarter-deck, and Bligh wrote after the event:

The women of Tahiti are handsome, mild, and cheerful in manners and conversation: possessed of great sensibility and have sufficient delicacy to make them be admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these circumstances it ought hardly to be the subject of surprise that a set of sailors, most of them without home ties, should be led away, where they had the power of fixing themselves in the midst of plenty and where there was no necessity to labor and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond any conception that can be formed of it. The utmost, however, that a commander could have expected was desertions, such as have always happened more or less in the South Seas and not this act of open mutiny, the secrecy of which was beyond belief.

It was a bloodless uprising, and conducted with singular neatness and despatch. At sunrise of April 28, 1789, Fletcher Christian and an armed guard entered the commander's cabin and hauled him out of bed in his night-shirt. His arms were bound, and he was led on deck, where he saw some of the men hoisting out a boat. Such of the ship's company as remained loyal, seventeen

officers and men, were already clapped under hatches, to wait their turn in the very orderly program. A few of the mutineers damned the commander to his face and growled threats at him, but this was by way of squaring personal grudges, and he was not otherwise mistreated.

The boat was lowered and outfitted with twine, canvas, cordage, an eight-and-twenty-gallon cask of water, a hundred and fifty pounds of bread, or ship's biscuit, a little rum and wine, some salt pork and beef, a quadrant and a compass, and four cutlasses for arms. The seventeen faithful mariners were bundled overside, and the commander hung back to argue the matter until Fletcher Christian roughly exclaimed:

"Come, Captain Bligh, your officers and men are now in the boat and you must go with them. If you attempt to make the least resistance, you will instantly be put to death."

This ended the argument, and the boat was soon cast adrift, while the mutineers shouted a cheery good-by and then roared out a "Huzza for Tahiti!" while the *Bounty* swung off and filled away with a pleasant breeze. Bligh assumed that it was the deliberate intent to leave him to perish and that dead men told no tales; but if this were true, the mutineers would not have been so careful to stock the boat with food and water and stores to last the party a fortnight with little hardship. They were within easy sailing distance of peopled islands on which they might hope to find a friendly reception. By drowning them, Fletcher Christian could have obliterated all traces of the mutiny, and the *Bounty* would vanish from human ken, gone to the port of missing ships. So unfrequented were the islands of the South Seas that the mutineers might have lived and died there unmolested and unsought for.

The tale of the mutiny and of the tragic fate that overtook these rash and childlike wanderers in search of Elysium has been familiar to the later generations, but the wonderful voyage of Lieutenant Bligh and his exiles in the open boat has been forgotten and unsung. Even to this day it deserves to be called one of the prodigious adventures of seafaring

history. A man disgraced and humiliated beyond expression by the ridiculously easy manner in which his ship had been taken from him, Bligh superbly redeemed himself and wiped the stain from his record by keeping his open boat afloat and his men alive through a voyage and an experience unequaled before or since. His was the soul of a viking, his blood of the British bulldog strain.

The boat was a small, undecked ship's yawl, only twenty-three feet long, such as you may see hanging from a schooner's davits. Eighteen men were crowded upon the thwarts, and their weight sank her almost to the gunwale. They were adrift in an unknown ocean that teemed with uncharted reefs and perils, there was only a few day's supply of food and water, and four cutlasses were the only weapons against hostile natives. In the boat, besides Lieutenant Bligh, were the master, the acting surgeon, botanist, gunner, boatswain, carpenter, three mates, two quartermasters, the sailmaker, two cooks, the ship's clerk, the butcher, and a boy.

After watching the faithless *Bounty* until she gleamed like a bit of cloud, the refugees shoved out their oars and pulled in the direction of the nearest island, Tofoa, about forty miles distant. A slant of wind presently favored them, and they hoisted sail, bowling along until they were able to drop anchor outside the barrier of surf soon after nightfall of this same day. Next morning they landed in a cove and found natives who seemed amiable enough and who supplied them with coconuts, plantains, breadfruit, and water. The humor of these temperamental islanders changed without warning, however, and in a sudden attack with stones and spears they killed one of the quartermasters. This dissuaded Bligh from his plan of cruising from one island to another and so making his way toward civilization. He told his men that he proposed to attempt no more landings, but to steer for the Dutch East Indies and the port of Timor, almost four thousand miles away. In those wild seas there was no nearer haven for them whence they might hope to find Europeans and a ship to carry them home to England.

In the confusion of escaping from

Tofoa, they lost most of the fruit which had been taken on there, and so they set sail with just about the amount of stores with which they had been set adrift from the *Bounty* and with one less man to feed. They were so cramped for space in the yawl that Bligh divided them into watches, and half the men sat upon the cross-seats while the others laid down in the bottom, and then they exchanged places. The bread was stowed in the carpenter's tool-chest, and all the provisions were scrupulously guarded by sentries. There were no symptoms of mutiny in this company. Bligh had found himself, and he ruled them with a rod of iron.

The carpenter whittled a pair of scales, or balances, and Bligh found some musket-balls in the boat. These he knew weighed twenty-five to the pound of sixteen ounces. In order to make the provisions last as long as possible, three meals a day were served, and each consisted of a musket-ball's weight of bread, an ounce of pork, a teaspoonful of rum in a quarter pint of water. If you should be curious enough to measure out such a repast for yourself and try living on it for a few days only, then I have no doubt that your weight would be reduced more rapidly than any high-priced specialist in dietetics could possibly achieve for you. A twenty-fifth of a pound of bread would not much more than satisfy the appetite of a vigorous canary bird. And yet these seventeen men lived on it and stayed alive for weeks. Heavy rains came to give them more water, but thirst was an occasional torment, so sparingly and prudently did Lieutenant Bligh deal out the precious fluid.

They passed within sight of many islands, green and smiling, and smoke wreathed skyward from native camps and villages, but Bligh sternly checked them when they yearned to seek the land and a respite from the merciless sea. With him it was Timor or die, and in the lonely watches he recalled that previous voyage with Captain Cook when the great navigator was lured to his death by the smiling, soft-voiced, garlanded people of Oahu. And so the open boat fitted past the mysterious beaches and lagoons of the New Hebrides, and veered farther seaward to give a wide berth to

the savage coast of New Guinea. After one of the numerous storms which almost swamped them, Bligh noted in his diary:

I found every person complaining, and some of them requested extra-allowance. I positively refused. Our situation was miserable, always wet and suffering extreme cold in the night, without the least shelter from the weather. Being constantly compelled to bale the boat to keep her from filling perhaps should not have been reckoned an evil as it gave us exercise. Our appearance was shocking and several of my people seemed half-dead. I could look no way without catching the eye of some one in distress. The little sleep we got was in the midst of water and we always awoke with severe cramps and pains in our bones.

This was on May 22, or eighteen days after they had left the island of Tofoa, during most of which time there were drenching rains and somber skies and heavy seas that broke into the boat and almost filled her again and again. The seventeen men were still existing on the morsels of bread carefully weighed out with the musket-ball, which they said was "little better than starving"; but Bligh held them in hand.

There was never a more methodical man than this Lieutenant William Bligh. When they caught two boobies, a sea-fowl that is as large as a duck, the bodies were divided into seventeen portions. One man was detailed to turn his back while another pointed at the pieces and asked, "Who is to have this?" The first Jack tar named a companion at random, and he drew the fragment designated. In this manner a fair distribution was assured, and the man who drew the feet of the bird to chew could have no quarrel with the lucky sailor who got a bit of the breast.

Bligh was a capable navigator with the quadrant and the compass which the mutineers had given him, and he was driving for a passage to the southward of Endeavor Straits and an offing on the coast of New Holland. His crew was exceedingly low-spirited, but he diverted them with the hope of finding smoother water inside the far-flung reefs and a landing where they might eat fresh fruits and rest their weary bones for a little

while. After three weeks of misery, this speck of an open boat in a trackless waste of ocean descried the wooded headlands of New Holland, and a surf that beat against the outer ramparts of coral. They found an opening, and rowed into a lagoon, where they hauled the boat out on the white sand and feasted luxuriously on oysters. These they roasted in a fire that Bligh kindled with a lens of his spy-glass. Then they made a stew, and were so mightily refreshed "that all retained strength and fortitude sufficient to resist what might be expected in our voyage to Timor."

Two or three days of assiduous attention to the oysters, and they were ready to put to sea again, with water-breakers filled. Before they shoved off, Bligh directed all hands to attend prayers; so they knelt on the beach with bared heads while he read service from the Church of England prayer-book. A group of natives, black and naked, came scampering out of the forest just as the boat took the water, but there was no clash with them. As they steered through the mazes of the Malay Archipelago, many small islands swam in the seas of azure and emerald, and they ventured to land again. Here Bligh had the first trouble with the tempers of his sick and weary men. When ordered to go scouting for food, "one of them went so far as to tell me, with a mutinous look, that he was as good a man as myself," relates this inflexible commander who had made such a sorry mess of things in the *Bounty*. He said:

It was impossible for me to judge where this might end; therefore to prevent such disputes in future I determined either to preserve my authority or die in the attempt. Seizing a cutlass I ordered him to take hold of another and defend himself; on which he cried out that I was going to kill him, and immediately made concessions. I did not allow this to interfere further with the harmony of the boat's crew, and everything soon became quiet.

For a week they coasted along New Holland in this manner before risking the open sea again. They caught some turtles, and went ashore at night to hunt the noddies, or sea birds, and knock them over on their nests. One of the

sailors, Robert Lamb, stole away from his companions and blundered into the birds, which flew away. Much provoked, Bligh gave the culprit a drubbing and extorted from him the confession that he had eaten nine noddies raw. It goes without saying that he promised not to do it again. Much more sanguine of some day reaching the destination of Timor, the argonauts endured another stretch of the voyage, but it was fast breaking the strength which they had amazingly displayed.

Surgeon Ledward, Lawrence, and Le-bogue, a hardy old salt, seemed to have come to the end, and so Bligh nursed them with teaspoonfuls of wine and extra crumbs of bread that he had been saving for such emergencies. He now began to fear that the party could not survive to finish the voyage, and said:

Extreme weakness, swelled legs, hollow and ghastly countenances, with an apparent debility of understanding, seemed to me the melancholy presages of approaching dissolution. The boatswain very innocently told me that he really thought I looked worse than any one in the boat. I was amused by the simplicity with which he uttered such an opinion and returned him a better compliment.

It was not decreed by destiny that courage and endurance so heroic should be thwarted in the last gasp. Forty-one days after they had boldly set out from Tofoa in the South Seas, they made a landfall on the dim and misty shore of the island of Timor. The log recorded a total distance sailed of 3618 nautical miles, which, in round numbers, amounts to four thousand statute, or land, miles. No wonder that it appeared scarcely credible to these castaways of the *Bounty* whom the mutineers had turned adrift with no more than a fortnight's provisions. And every man of the seventeen was alive, and most of them ready to be patched up and set on their feet again.

Bligh had no idea where the Dutch settlement was, so he held on along the coast, past very lovely landscapes of mountain, woodland, and park-like spaces. Coming to a large bay, he tacked in and saw a little village of huts. Natives came out to meet the boat and

told the party where to find the Dutch governor. In the next harbor they discovered two square-rigged vessels; so they hoisted the union jack as a distress-signal, and anchored off the fort and town of Coupang. This was the end of their distress. Bligh bought a small schooner from the amiable Dutch governor, and so carried his men to Samarang, where they found passage to Batavia, and were sent home in a Dutch East Indiaman.

It was Bligh himself who carried to England the first tidings of the mutiny of the *Bounty*, which aroused great popular interest and indignation. In 1790 Bligh published an account of his sufferings and the heroic voyage to Timor, and in response to the public clamor the Admiralty speedily fitted out the frigate *Pandora* to hunt down Fletcher Christian and his fellow-criminals and fetch them home for trial and punishment. The voyage of the *Pandora* resulted in tragic shipwreck and another sensational episode of open boats. As a sequel it is inseparable from the strange and moving romance of the *Bounty* and her people. Captain Edwards of the *Pandora* was a

martinet of a naval officer, without sympathy or imagination, and the witchery of the South Seas held no lure for him. His errand was to run down the mutineers as criminals who deserved no mercy and to take them home to be hanged.

First touching at Tahiti, the *Pandora* found that a number of the sentimental outlaws still remained on that island, but that Fletcher Christian and the rest had sailed away in the *Bounty* to find a retreat elsewhere. With a hundred and fifty bluejackets to rake the valleys and beaches of Tahiti, Captain Edwards soon rounded up his quarry, and fourteen of the mutineers were marched aboard the *Pandora* and clapped in irons. A small house was knocked together on deck to serve as a jail for them, and was rightly enough dubbed "Pandora's box" by the sailors. It was only eleven feet long, without windows or doors, and was entered by a scuttle in the roof. In this inhuman little den the fourteen prisoners were kept with their arms and legs in irons, which were never removed to permit exercise. Sweltering in a tropical climate, the wonder is that they did not perish to a man.



From an engraving published in 1803

Mutiny on board the *Bounty*

It is quite obvious that Captain Edwards isolated his prisoners and treated them so harshly because of his fear that the bluejackets of his frigate might be stirred to a sympathetic mutiny of their own. It must have wrung the hearts of these honest British tars, who had sweet-hearts of their own waiting at the end of the long road home, when, as the story runs,

The families of the captives were allowed to visit them; a permission which gave rise to the most affecting scenes. Every day the wives came down with their infants in their arms; the fathers weeping over their babes who were soon to be bereft of paternal care and protection, and husband and wife mingling cries and tears at the prospect of so calamitous a separation.

The mutineers had built a little schooner, only thirty-five feet long, in which they were hoping to flee with their households to an island more remote, but the *Pandora* swooped down before they were quite ready to embark. Captain Edwards took this vessel to use as a tender, and manned her with two petty officers and seven sailors, who sailed away on a cruise of their own to assist in the search for the rest of the pirates, as they were called. The voyage of this tiny cockboat of a schooner is one of the most remarkable tales in the history of South Sea discovery, but not even a diary or a log remains to relate it in detail. These adventurers were the first white men to set foot on the great group of the Fiji Islands, which Tasman and Cook had passed by. The exploit is sung to this day in one of the poems of the Fijian language, which have handed down the traditions of the race from father to son. The little schooner was never seen again by the *Pandora* after they parted at Tahiti to go their separate ways, but after many months the master's mate and the bold midshipman and the seven handy seamen who comprised the crew came sailing into the Dutch East Indies.

The *Pandora* ransacked the South Seas in vain for Fletcher Christian and his party, and after nine months at sea in this quest she turned homeward. After clearing the coast of New Guinea, the frigate crashed into the Great Bar-

rier reef while trying to find a passage through, and foundered after eleven hours of endeavor to keep her afloat by pumping. The discipline was admirable, and in the ship's dying flurry four boats were filled and sent away, besides some rafts and canoes. During those long hours, however, while they were trying to save the frigate, the hapless mutineers were left in the "Pandora's box" in leg-irons and manacles and utterly helpless. Three of them were finally allowed to work at the pumps, still wearing their chains, but Captain Edwards paid no heed to the prayers of the others, who foresaw that they were to drown like rats in a trap. It was inhumanity almost beyond belief, for these prisoners could not have escaped if they had been released and allowed to swim for it with the rest of the crew.

His own officers and men interceded, and begged permission to knock the shackles off the mutineers before the ship went down; but the commander threatened to shoot the first man that interfered with his orders and to kill any of the captives who attempted to free themselves. He was the type of officer who is both zealous and stupid and considers the letter of the law a thing to be obeyed in all circumstances. The Admiralty had told him to bring these fugitives back to England in irons. That settled the matter for him.

When the *Pandora* was about to go under, a council of officers formally decided "that nothing more could be done for the preservation of His Majesty's ship." The command was given to quit her before she carried the crew to the bottom, but even then two sentries of the Royal Marines guarded the scuttle of "Pandora's box," with instructions to shoot if the mutineers tried to smash their irons. The master-at-arms was a man with a heart, as well as a ready wit, and as he scrambled over the roof of the deck-house, with the sea racing at his heels, he dropped his bunch of keys through the open scuttle. The frantic prisoners heard the keys fall and knew what they meant. In semi-darkness, with the water gurgling over the floor of their pen, they strove to fit the keys to the heavy hand-cuffs and the chains that were locked about their legs. It is a

scene that needs no more words to stir the emotions a hundred and thirty years after these unhappy British sailors fought their last fight for life.

Ten of them succeeded in releasing themselves and were washed off into the sea, where the boats were kind enough to pick them up, but four of the mutineers were drowned with the ship, still wearing the irons from which Captain Edwards had refused to free them. It is quite evident that with the bunch of keys which the master-at-arms had dropped among them, these four men had died while doing unto others as they would have been done by. It was almost impossible for a prisoner so heavily manacled to fit and turn a key in the padlock that bound his own wrists together. One comrade helped another, no doubt, and so those who awaited their turn, in honor preferring one another, were doomed to die. And thus they redeemed the folly and the crime of that fantastic adventure in the *Bounty*.

Thirty men of the ship's company were also drowned, but the survivors made a heroic voyage of two weeks in their open boats across a thousand miles of the Indian Ocean, and reached the same Dutch port of Coupang where Captain William Bligh had found refuge. Here they met the actors in still another strange melodrama of an open boat. A party of British convicts, including a woman and two small children, had stolen away from the penal settlement of Port Jackson, on the coast of Australia, in a ship's gig and had fled by sea all the way to Timor, living on shell-fish and sea-birds and surviving ten weeks of exposure and peril. They told the Dutch governor of Coupang that they were castaways from an English ship, and he believed the tale until the people of the *Pandora* came into port.

Assuming that they were survivors of the same wreck, a Dutch officer remarked to one of the convicts that the captain of their ship had reached Coupang. Caught off his guard, the fellow blurted, "Dam'me! we have no captain."

The cat was out of the bag, and the slip proved fatal. Hailed before the governor, the runaways confessed who they really were. An appealing romance was interwoven with the tale. The leader of

the party, William Bryant, had been transported to Botany Bay for the crime of smuggling, and with him went his sweetheart, Mary Broad, who was convicted of helping him to escape from Winchester Gaol. They were married by the chaplain of Botany Bay, and Bryant was detailed to catch fish for the table of the governor and the other officials of that distressful colony. It was while employed as a fisherman that he was able to steal a boat and plan the escape, and they carried their two children with them.

His Excellency, the Dutch administrator of Coupang, admired their courage, but he could not be turned from his duty, so he sent them to England. During the voyage Bryant and the two children and three of the men of the party all died, but the woman lived, and so regained her bloom and beauty that before the *Gorgon*, East Indiaman, sighted the forelands of England, an officer of marines had fallen in love with her. Through his efforts she was granted a full pardon, and they were wedded and lived happy ever after, so far as we know. Many a novel has paraded a heroine less worthy than this smuggler's sweetheart, Mary Broad of Devonshire and Botany Bay.

Of the *Bounty* mutineers who survived the wreck of the *Pandora*, six were acquitted, two received the king's pardon, and three were hanged from a yard-arm of H.M.S. *Brunswick* in Portsmouth harbor on October 29, 1792. Of Fletcher Christian and his comrades who had vanished from Tahiti, nothing whatever was heard or known, and England forgot all about them. Twenty-five years passed, and they had become almost legendary, one of those mysteries which inspire the conjecture and gossip of idle hours in ship's forecastles. In 1813 a fleet of British merchantmen sailed for India convoyed by the frigate *Bristol*, Captain Sir Thomas Staines. While passing the Marquesas he discovered a fertile island on which were cultivated fields and a village and people, who eagerly paddled out in their canoes to hail the frigate. The captain was trying to shout a few words of the Marquesan language to them when a stalwart youth called out in perfectly good English:

"What is the ship's name? And who

is the commander, if you please?" Dumfounded, the bluejackets swarmed to the bulwark to haul the visitors aboard, and while they wondered, the question was asked of the quarter-deck:

"Do you know Captain William Bligh in England, and is he still alive?"

The riddle was solved. Captain Staines replied to the courteous, fair-skinned youth:

"Do you know one Fletcher Christian, and where is he?"

"Yes, sir. He is dead, but there is his son, Friday Fletcher October Christian, just coming aboard from the next boat."

These interesting dwellers on Pitcairn Island were invited to breakfast in the ward-room, "but before sitting down to table they fell on their knees and with uplifted hands implored the blessing of heaven on the meal which they were about to partake of. At the close of the repast they resumed the same attitude and breathed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the bounty which they had just experienced."

Captain Staines went ashore with his guests and found a very beautiful village, the houses set around a small park, the streets immaculately clean, the whole aspect of it extraordinarily attractive. There were forty-eight of these islanders, including seven of the Tahitian wives who had been brought in the *Bounty*. The others were children and fine young men and girls. Of the fathers of the flock only one was left alive, John Adams, a sturdy, dignified man of sixty, who welcomed Captain Staines and told him the whole story of the *Bounty*, "admitting that by following the fortunes of Fletcher Christian he had lost every right to his country and that his life was even forfeited to the laws.

The native women had preferred the British sailors to their own suitors, which inspired a fatal jealousy, and Christian and most of his comrades had been killed in quarrels and uprisings against them. The few survivors had founded a new race in this dreamy island of the South Seas, and, as Captain Staines perceived, "a society bearing no stamp of the guilty origin from which it sprung." John Adams, the admirable counselor and ruler, had taught them to use the Eng-

lish tongue and to cherish all that was good in the institutions of their mother country. He had even taught the children to read and write by means of a slate and a stone pencil. They were a vigorous, wholesome stock, sheltered from disease and vice, and with a sailor's eye for a pretty girl, Captain Staines noted that "the young women had invariably beautiful teeth, fine eyes, and an open expression of countenance, with an engaging air of simple innocence and sweet sensibility."

He gave John Adams what books and writing materials he could spare, and the crew of the frigate added many a gift of clothing and ditty-bags and useful trinkets. Twelve years passed before any other word was heard from Pitcairn Island, and then the ship *Blossom* made a call. It was found that a wandering whaler had left a seaman named John Buffet, who felt called to serve as schoolmaster and clergyman to the grateful islanders. England now became interested in this idyllic colony, and there was no desire to recall the mutiny of the *Bounty*. John Adams had long since atoned for the crime of himself and his misguided shipmates, and his good deeds were to live after him. In 1830 H.M.S. *Seringapatam* was sent out by the British Government to carry a cargo of agricultural implements, tools, live stock, and many other things that might increase the happiness and well-being of the people of Pitcairn Island. John Adams had passed away a little while before that, full of years and honor, and it may be safely assumed that he was not logged on the books of the recording angel as a mutineer. The mantle of his leadership fell upon the broad shoulders of Friday Fletcher October Christian.

It was only a year or so ago that the generous captain of a freight steamer bound out across the South Pacific wrote a letter to a New York newspaper to inform the public that he would be glad to go out of his course and touch at Pitcairn Island to leave any books or other gifts which might be sent in his care. It was nearing the Christmas season, and the spirit moved him to play Santa Claus to the people whose forefathers were the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

(To be concluded)




Tarantella

By H. BELLOC

Do you remember an inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the dark of the vine veranda)?
Do you remember an inn, Miranda?
Do you remember an inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who had n't got a penny,
And who were n't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the din?
And the *hip! hop! hap!*
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of the clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the *ting, tong, tang* of the guitar!
Do you remember an inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an inn?

Never more;
Miranda,
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound;
Only the boom
Of the far waterfall like doom.



The Fly

By LEON FLEISCHMAN



OBSON looked at his watch. It was five o'clock, twenty minutes until the siren's cry. Twenty minutes more he could maintain his control; no longer. Every day his tension increased. To-day he had walked interminable miles through the labyrinthine corridors of the factory, watching, watching without desiring to see. The air was gray wool pressing upon his eyes, his temples. Through the thickness and lethargy there crashed the staccato of presses; the rasping buzz of abrasive wheels swam about him. If only he could lie down, sleep for a few still, hidden moments, escape from the stifling blanket of drowsiness; but he did not dare. Once he had tried it, stretching himself awkwardly upon two chairs in his office. Blushing, with fury in his heart, mumbling the excuse of a headache, he had scrambled to his feet when a foreman had pushed open the door.

These endless days of walking and drowsiness! When would he escape? For ten years he had supervised the four hundred men and women, boys and girls, whose labor through hours and weeks and months, through the changing seasons of the years, culminated in traps whose trade-mark had been well known for half a century. Traps—traps—would he ever get away from them? He had been a fool ten years ago; he had trapped himself; he could not gnaw himself free. Yet it seemed to him that his decision then had been the sensible one. They had all told him so. His uncle, who was the owner of the business of which this was one of a chain of plants, and his father had been right: he was n't ready; his writing had n't "shown any signs"; he was frittering. Life was varied, he himself an uncertain, complex thing; but here, at any rate, was work to be done, a place to fill, a means of filling the days in a man's way until he could fill them in his own. It would come; it

must. He was only twenty-four. He would wait and pray, and at last a flame would spring up and swing him into his orbit.

Sometimes it seemed as if he would suffocate with the excitement of life, its hidden motivations, its sudden dramas, its quiet beauty. But the pen that he twisted nervously between his fingers always pierced the mirage and dissipated it; the amazing whirl whose secret he was ever on the point of grasping never settled into a pattern he could trace. Well, then he would weave a pattern in the factory. That should be easy, for his threads were reality, and his goal was reality, too. And in this little Westchester village he could find a beauty and fan it into the lives of the workmen. "A beauty"—out of his puzzlement he could not synthesize its form and substance, but its spirit poured through him; beauty: the pagan consciousness of an immanent God, smiles on the faces of the people, songs on their lips, sweetness and gentleness in their intercourse. Ah, despite their frailty, they cried for it! In the lurid abysses of his own desires, did not he?

But the pattern in the factory had been fixed long, long ago; it very nearly "ran itself" indeed, as his uncle used to say, and the efficiency expert who came every few weeks accomplished with a pencil and a word what Edmund's indirection would have taken weeks to achieve. And the lives of the workmen were complete unto themselves, even as complete as his uncle's. Their desires were no different than his, their dreams as definite and tangible: more money, power. He did not blame them. Until the master should see the vision, how should the man? In a limited fashion, in no distinctive constructive manner, he was a fairly adequate "general-manager." His ideas were sound, though infrequent, and if his assistant executed them,—he hated to bother with details,

—worked out satisfactorily. In the early years he had been excitedly interested in all the men; but his interest and sympathy had grown to be more and more histrionic. He was generous and kind because, as a rule, it avoided friction. All spoke well of him. But to-day, as every day, he walked through the crash and hum a smiling mask. He must hide his passion of hatred and disgust. He did hide it so successfully that even his regularity was exemplary. He would wait for those twenty minutes, until the last second of those minutes. Though he was free to leave when he pleased, at the very beginning of the shriek of the factory siren at twenty minutes past five, and never sooner, he slowly lowered the lid of his roll-top desk and walked out of the building. The shriek of the siren was of a soul in torment that had suffered in silence with calm face until imprecations barred by set teeth could be withheld no longer; and at the shriek the demons ceased their pinching of the nerves and their pressure upon the temples, and took away the gray wool from before the eyes. Dobson stood with loosely hanging arms as the cry ended abruptly as it had begun. He was listening. There was a thud of silence as moving switches shut off the power of the giant motors, and machines were halted to grotesque incompleteness, while belts quivered into stillness. Benches scraped, voices struck flatly against other voices in the rarefied air; there was a stumble and rush of many footsteps. Dobson turned, and walked out into the Westchester twilight.

Half-way down the block he paused and looked back at the low mass of factory buildings blurred like a gray stain against the blotchy country-side. Every day of this last week he had paused half down the block and glanced back. "Good God! do I think it will disappear?" He trudged on, cutting through the haze of a warm October evening in which a web of mist floated between the pale-green, cloudless sky and the hills daubed with the dry, sterile colors of autumn. "Why have n't they perfume, why are n't they more *alive*?" Every evening he walked to his home; it was a walk between secure, tall elms, down a brick-paved lane that paralleled a thread of

rushing, curving water, up a broad, dusty street held rigorously straight by well-kept shrubs and lawns, woody with birch and maple and small firs, that sloped before gentle houses of many patterns, English and colonial and Dutch, the sentimental architecture of a commuter's paradise. A lovely walk, but it was known as a "twelve-minute walk." Dobson wished that there was another way leading homeward.

"Sometimes I absolutely dread it," he had explained to his wife. "If only I could make my mind a blank, a complete blank, from the time I leave the factory, it would n't be so bad. All the nice houses, with the nice little wives waiting for nice husbands to come home on the five-seventeen or the five-forty to spend nice evenings—ugh! All of 'em too content, or lying to themselves and pretending to be. I know just how many paces it is down the lane and up the street. What would the Duggans say if suddenly I threw stones at their windows or took off my clothes and yodeled in the road?"

Eleonore smiled at the whimsicality. This sensitiveness was part of his fascination.

"I know it's tiresome, dear, but we'll get away some day," she humored him.

Was it last night she had said that? wondered Dobson, walking onward. Oh, they'd talked of it so often! But the energy it required! The energy! 166, the number of Smythe's house, was raised in bronze numerals on the granite column guarding the driveway.

"Five times six is thirty; naught and carry three. Five times six is thirty; naught and add three. Five times one is five; five, and what was that to add? Five times six—" He began to multiply again. He had often been impelled to multiply by five chance numbers that he saw; on a wagon or on the window of a store, anywhere a string of numbers might set him off. It was curious; he had often intended to inquire what the significance was.

"Wonder what we're going to do to-night? Have George and Edith *over*? No, no; what a bore! Have to drink a lot to swallow them. Don't feel like drinking much anymore. Mary? No, tired of Mary; keeps throwing me back on myself."

By George! the new records, smooth-pulsing, tingling, ah, they flicked him, set him quivering! To get away—away, abroad—strange tongues, strange faces, strange gestures, black eyes—sparkle, glisten! Suppose one is a beach-comber? Oneself, oh, oneself, at any rate!

Dobson caught himself up. If only he could fire Eleonore with sufficient discontent, she might force him. Poor Eleonore! Their lives were comfortable enough; that was the trouble—comfortable! But she was beautiful, hard, like a jewel, and he alone knew how soft the colors radiating from her clarity, how the sharp, sure laughter of her eyes became molten with tenderness or enflaming passion. There was the old, quick intake of breath, the stab of a dizzying ecstasy, at the flashing vision of that live golden hair gliding down her slender body, vibrating at the contact of her gold-white skin. Yes, she was beautiful, finding life beautiful, every moment complete with its own particular essence of joy, ready for happiness, receptive. He felt himself her jailer, though she never complained and laughed at his self-condemnation. His heart swelled with realization of her love for him. Oh, he loved her, loved her, adored her, there was no one else.

It passed.

If only she were n't so content, so satisfied with the moment! Ah, he wanted to be fired, to be alive flamingly, to be freed, to be freed with her; but she could not, would not. Before they were married, six years ago, and since, he had poured out for her, it seemed to him, all the poetry and passion, the dreams and aspirations life held for him. For her it was enough; but not for him.

Now he could only pick. He was continually picking at her these days, at himself, until he was left exhausted, maddened with frustration. Vulture and Prometheus he called himself. He was not happy. Why did they hang on, he to be a black shadow over her? Yes, he was sure of it despite her protestations. She 'd survive, get along. She had money enough; if he dropped out, disappeared, how long before she would forget? Oh, yes, not long, though they made of life a mass of lying sentimentalities. Money—he 'd *have* to save

some. Always afraid without it; always had been; afraid of everything. He could not make her understand; she was so secure, always had been. It was infuriating: he was in hell, and she asked him to dance.

Dobson passed through an arched trellis heavy with dying leaves, up a narrow, winding path of rough red bricks wavering under the heavy shadows of the tall elms that crowded upon the Tudor structure of stucco and red gables that was his home. The yellow lamp on the round mahogany table, with its careless scattering of books and magazines and half-emptied boxes of candy, haloed Eleonore and Peter, their two-year-old son, who toddled, crowing excitedly, round and round as she laughingly played a game of chase with him. How happy she was!

He paused, looking through the window; to-night he could not go in. Another dead day done, and now, again, that eternal gesture of crossing the threshold, of greeting. If he could go to her and place his head upon her breast and weep his hopelessness away and draw upon the well of her love, he might be comforted. But he would not; no, he would not be the child to her mothering. Why did n't she put the youngster to bed? Could n't she realize that their lives needed her entire consideration, that she was wasting herself on the boy? He hated that division of her interest.

"Hello, spawn of Satan," he forced out, with a little smile, as he closed the door behind him.

"'Spawn of Satan' he calls the cutest imp in the world!" Eleonore's voice sparkled in mock reproach as she seized the youngster and held him toward her husband. He ran his hand tenderly through the golden curls and over the soft fair face so unlike his own, stroking it slowly, abstractly. Dobson loved the feel of that satin skin; his long, thin fingers brought him many strange, inexplicable pleasures. But he could never think of his child save as a stranger; a stranger, as mysterious as life and death, he accepted him, often grudgingly. He was aware mostly of a sense of tenderness, bred of pity for the child with this unhelpful, uncomprehending father.

"He was so adorable to-day!" Eleo-

nore exclaimed. "You should have seen him. He went up to the piano and climbed on the bench and reached for some music. He's getting so observant!"

"Imitative—just like any animal," Dobson broke in. He hoped she'd stop.

"And then he began to hum. I'll wager he'll be a musician. Then he—" her voice buzzed on as Dobson picked up one book after another on the table. Why did n't she stop? What did it matter? Could n't she see that her child was like all the other children in the world? A musician? A bricklayer, better. Who could tell? How could he help his son, he whose own life grew ever more meaningless?

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, make him stop that racket! Chatter and machines at the factory, and chatter and racket here! Please, can't there ever be peace?"

"Come, sweetheart; come up-stairs. Your disagreeable father does n't appreciate you," and swooping down upon her child, nuzzling her face with a "g-r-r-r" of hungry love into the squealing, protesting bundle that she seized in her arms, she raced with him up the broad, curving stairs.

He settled himself to the evening paper. Reprisals in Ireland—sympathetic railway strike in England—a newborn baby found in a bureau-drawer in a New York hotel—optimistic complacencies of the newly elected President of the United States—Good God, could n't they feel that upheaval must come, that this was a true *fin de siècle* in the very teens of the century, and had to be if life were to be made sane and cleaner values were to emerge? Ah, an English author buys an island in the Caribbees. Colors shifted before Dobson's eyes, he breathed vague perfumes, his fingers extended, seemed to caress. He tossed the paper aside and began his pacing up and down.

His wife moved down the stairs noiselessly. Her slow progress was, it seemed to him, a proud, sure entrance into some stately reception-hall where many people were expectant. He saw the eyes of men fixed upon her, and the quick look of women. Against the shadows, blocked out in the light spreading from the hanging-lantern over the stairway's turn, to him she was a blue flame, a star in the night. She wore a deep-blue

drapery heavy with sparkling beads of blue that clung, and gave substance to the sweeping flow from throat to sharply articulated ankle. She was consciously beautiful. Dobson had the impulse to kneel at her feet. He looked at her coldly and turned away.

The maid tiptoed in and out as she served the meal; she feared to stir the silence with its inimical currents. Eleonore shrugged her shoulders. He was in one of his moods again; they varied so that it gave her a stimulating, excited interest in the game of "handling" him. Only these moods had recently been too recurrent. Each tentative conversational contact she offered him was slain by the bullet of a monosyllable or stopped by the hard blankness of his eyes. He shut her out. At the salad she said:

"Look, Babe—"

"You know I detest being called that," he answered icily. "Can't you possibly get the child out of your head?"

She tried again.

"Look, dear, I've special dressing for you. It's what you like." She smiled at him, a plea in her eyes.

Oh, it was sweet of her! Why did she make it so much more difficult? How could he tell her of his appreciation?

"Thank you. But you know," and his tone grew irritated, "that I don't care what I eat. Why do you stress food so much? Can't we talk about something else?"

"Don't care?" she shot back protestingly. "You know how you kick when every littlest thing is n't just as you like it! Why, it's you—"

"I know, I know," he bit the words, and pushed his arm out as if to shut off the theme. "It does n't matter. What are we going to do to-night?"

It was the question that had often led to arguments, tirades, recriminations, tears, passionate reconciliations. She dreaded it, was almost immune to it. To him its dread almost contributed to its inevitability; every night, though he had sworn himself to stifle it, the question rose to his lips and issued forth like a mephitic vapor in which he saw themselves protagonists chained in bitter struggle. To-night, with interludes of hurt and acrid thoughts, it continued

through one cigarette and two and three, while he paced up and down the room until exhaustion overwhelmed him in a chair.

It was her fault; everything was her fault. This deadly life so bored him that he could beat his head against the wall.

"Shall we run over to the Thompsons'?"

"Have n't we seen enough of them? She with her thick ankles, no interest in anything but her figure—"

"You liked it well enough once upon a time, it seems to me!"

"Bah! And Thompson's insufferable with his 'world safe for democracy.' Damn democracy! Sheep, all alike, eating, dressing, thinking, loving alike."

"Well, let 's have Harry and Rose over."

"Of course you 'd think of them," he said furiously. "Always the same people! Don't you ever get tired of them and the same old gossip and the eternal personalities? It 's always the personalities you want. For God's sake, Eleonore, can't you ever be interested in abstractions?"

"Abstractions!" she defended herself, her head challengingly high. "Who are you to talk of abstractions? You have n't read anything worth while in months, you 're not interested in a soul unless it 's a man or woman who flatters you. If it 'll make you feel any better, for goodness' sake fall in love. I 've never minded before, and I assure you I 'll be much happier."

"Fall in love!" he repeated. "Oh, I 'm so sick of them, the whole crowd of them! What do they give you in the end? Only what you don't want, sex, love!"

"It seems to me if *you* gave a little more, you 'd be better off. Just tell me what you want to do, and I 'll do it—anything. What do you want to do?"

"Oh, something, something. I want you to suggest it. Can't you be dynamically interested? Say something."

She leaned her head back and closed her eyes. If only he could make up his mind! *She* did n't care what she did.

"I 'll tell you what I think you ought to do," she exclaimed sharply. "I think we ought to go away for a couple of weeks—or you go alone."

"Go away!" he repeated, shaking his head like a horse fretting at the bit. "There you go again! Have n't we been away? Two weeks, and always with the thought of coming back here and to the factory, worrying. How can I enjoy two weeks if I have to look forward to this? If you 'd gone to South America when I wanted you to a few years ago! But now we can't; you always say the baby and this and that. You 're so lost in the life you 've always led that you don't know there 's another."

"Don't be a fool, Edmund. If the factory makes you unhappy, if you want to get away, I 'll go with you, and you know it."

"Ah, that 's easy to say! And how will we manage until I 'm settled?"

"Oh, dearest, I don't know! But if you think you 'd rather try it alone, *go* alone. I 'll join you any time."

"Alone," he repeated broodingly. He roused again. "Yes, you 'll do anything I want. Have n't you sufficient personality to do something *you* want? I want you to do what *you* want."

She wailed at him:

"But I don't care. Don't you understand? Can't you get it into your head that I 'm happy and I only want you to be?"

"Want me to be!" he flung at her. "Always *me*. Can't you let *me* alone? Always *me*. You were tremendously interested in Carrington, last year, were n't you? I did n't interfere; I let you alone even though it tortured me. But you had to come to me and say that if it hurt me, you 'd not see him again. Could n't you have had the strength to go through with that, been yourself to the end, whatever it might have been?"

She looked at him levelly.

"And if I had?" Their glances crossed and held with a strain almost physical, until his faltered and broke. He waved an answer away with his hand.

Silence enshrouded them. She picked up a magazine and in an instant, with that capacity which irritated him greatly, was lost in the story she was reading.

"Carrington's design won the new court-house contract, Eleonore."

She did not answer. He raised his voice.

"Eleonore, Carrington's design won the new court-house contract."

She did not hear.

"Eleonore," he exclaimed at her, "can't you listen?"

Her eyes, focused on unreality, brought themselves slowly to bear on him.

"What?" He tore the announcement from him again. She judged its implications with a vague expression.

"That 's fine," was her estimate.

He flung himself back in the chair. A year ago she had been very nearly in love with Carrington; at least she had been stirred immensely. He had not blamed her; in fact, despite the agonized moments of wavering certainty, he had found the wine of doubt an exciting, a stimulating draft. How he loved her! He had loved her again through Carrington, found her anew in Carrington's gropings for her, in her startled awareness of the other man. The thrill of it! Now it was passed. Oh, she was hard, hard like a jewel!

The tall clock chimed the half-hour, half-past nine. Only half-past nine. He resumed his pacing about the room, trailing his fingers along the line of books that covered the walls. Once he had thought to write one; but he had read too many. Through all their variety he saw the monotony of life, the same struggle for escape, the futility of action, the vanity of opinion. This life threw him too much in upon himself; he could see and think only through himself; if he could get away from himself! He paused in front of the heavy gold-framed Florentine mirror and peered intently at the face reflected, an aquiline face with high, narrow forehead and long, black hair that waved back softly. He looked at the eyes, deep brown, deep set; women had called them spiritual and wistful. He looked at the lips, curved delicately like a woman's; women had called them sensitive. He looked at the nose with the sharp high bridge and the sudden, subtle spreading of the nostrils; women had found that face fascinating; men had answered to its charm. Personality! He knew. With lips drawn back he snarled at the face in the glass.

They had not mattered. There was no one but Eleonore. That was his credo.

He walked to the window, and with

head pressed against the pane looked out upon the night to find an answer to a question he could not phrase. The leaves traced themselves against a calm, white moon. A star led him forth into windless, throbbless spaces. In the silence, through the closed window, he could smell the perfume of night; it seemed a white perfume to him, very clear. He sensed the white perfume of death. His temples throbbed again. He raised his head. What was that? Those idiotic katydids! What fool ever called them that? That senseless pricking in the air! He'd like to shoot them. How could you shoot katydids! They filled his consciousness; he could not drag his attention from the affirmation, he held his breath for the answering denial: "Katy did n't; Katy did; Katy did n't; Katy did; Katy did n't; Katy did—" He clutched a book, and sat by the fireplace, his hand, as he read, beating time with the poker to the "Katy did; Katy did n't" that still swept him.

His wife yawned, and smiled at him. For an instant he was aware that it was a pretty yawn.

"Go to bed if you 're tired," he taunted her. "You 've nothing else to do but sleep."

She ignored him.

"Oh, look! There 's a fly, and it 's almost November!"

His lip curled at the triviality. She laughed at him.

"You 're a funny one. Here you have about everything a man could want, and you 're not satisfied. A beautiful wife,"—she stretched herself gracefully in the chair, tensing herself, collapsing into soft, flowing lines,—“a darling baby, a lovely home, you 've nothing really to worry about, and still you 're always worrying about something. Why can't you take things as they are?"

"Don't be a fool," he said, suddenly raging. "Everything I want—of course that 's what they 'd all say. But do you think *that* helps? This day-after-day-meaningless work for me, for the men—what do they get out of it? this night after night sameness—I tell you, sometimes I think I 'm going—"

"Oh, there we 're back again!" she interrupted, throwing a cool indifference at him, and returned to the magazine.

Yes, back again, he brooded. Why could n't she help him? No one else could; he was sure of that. She could n't help him because she did n't care, because she could n't understand. She had n't the sympathy, the perception. She was selfish, fundamentally selfish; yes, that was it—selfish. She was selfish, cruelly, fundamentally selfish. She got what she wanted from life, and that was enough for her. Why, he was only an incident to her; he had no spiritual existence for her. He loomed as large—no, he did n't loom as large to her as the baby. Woman had been the immaculate goddess to him; with what tears, with what nausea of self-hatred, he had repented again and again his besmirching of her with his imaginings! What struggles, successful, unsuccessful! What struggles! And then Eleonore had come. To her he could pour himself lavishly, abundantly; she would inspire him again and again, she, a glorious, triumphant Antæus. Her lightning would strike him and leave him naked of dross; through her he would see clearly, be free.

Be free! He stared at her. He could almost reach out and touch her, and yet infinities of despair separated them. She sat in the deep, tapestried chair beside the round mahogany table, the yellow lamp carving her in soft light out of the surrounding darkness. Her legs were drawn under her; the blue beads of her gown coruscated to her quiet, rhythmic breathing, and traced the swift lines of her body's relaxation. Her hands held the magazine lightly upon her knees. A faint, distant smile touched her lips as she read. The fly buzzed about the towering gold of her hair and settled upon her forehead. It wrinkled, and the fly flew away. Circling, it settled on the lobe of her left ear, until a gentle shake of the head disturbed it again, and it flew away. It hovered, it poised itself, and stubbornly settled on her nostril, which twitched abruptly, tearing her mouth into a crooked, ugly distortion. It flew away. Be free!

"For God's sake, Eleonore, there's a fly buzzing around you! Brush it away and don't twitch all the time! You're not an animal."

Did she hear? He stared at her in mounting irritation. Be free? She had become woman. He was lost in her; no other women could free him of her. She laughed, she was happy; oh, she was hard, hard like a jewel! And he dimmed her radiance; that, too, was true. Why did she hang on? What was the mystery of himself that held her mystery? Sadly, in defeat, he had told her once, with one of his gentle smiles, "It's just because you're stubborn, dear, simply stubborn," and she had laughed and clasped his head to her breast while he closed his eyes and felt the tears brimming.

His credo! That was his mistake. All these years he had pinned his faith upon her, and she had failed him. Failed him! Her love was to be the supreme revelation of his world; he had saved himself for it, dedicated himself to it, and he had not dared to deny its reality all these years since. Had not dared. Now he knew. He had been a coward. He should have been ruthless, cut her off, himself off. She had been the lying illusion that had held him, through which for six years he had never ceased to hope that he would attain freedom and peace. Six years. She was a stranger. He stared at her. Out of all the world she had taken him to feed upon. She laughed, she was content. She had failed him.

He stared at the stranger. His eyes stung. What was to be the end? He was bound within himself as with steel wires, tight upon his temples and across his difficult breathing. She had moved only slightly. She was so engrossed, her head bent over the pages, that it was a very doze of reading. He leaned forward in his stiff wooden chair. The fly was upon her nose again, which twitched violently in the placid face, making that ugly blur of her mouth. My God! could n't she slap at it, could n't she show some sign of irritation? His knuckles whitened on the poker as he watched, unblinking, her tranquillity, saying she *must* stir, she *must* look up from the page as the fly buzzed and buzzed about her.

"Why does n't she use her hand?" he muttered. "Why does n't she fling something?"

He was outside of himself, watching the unreality of her concentration upon the page while she twitched and twitched—like an animal.

"Like an animal! Soul—she has n't one; nothing penetrates. Fool! fool! hit it!" His breath, held for long moments, exhaled as the fly shot away. "If it comes again—if it comes again—" He stared, eyes painfully distended, his mouth open, his chest constricted. Ah, it settled upon her forehead! How vile it looked against the whiteness. Did n't she know it was there? The smooth skin of her brow wrinkled and was smooth again. The fly was still, and now it crawled. "The fool! the fool! could n't she slap it, could n't she get up and shriek! The damned fly! the damned, vile, dirty fly! the fool! the fool! I 'll fix it!"

He plunged to his feet with vicious swiftness, startling her to sudden movement. He stood, leaning toward her, every tendon strained, every muscle tight. The blood poured through his head; some bright, horrible thing was drilling in his brain. He stared; he could only stare, stiff, with arm raised, in a breathless fixity.

"Edmund, what 's the matter with you!" she cried at him. "Don't act like an idiot! Are you crazy!"

Crazy! The drilling ceased. Life rushed back to him.

"The fly," he stammered, dropping the poker to the floor—"the fly. Get rid of it! Put it away!"

She flung the magazine across the room and leaped to confront him.

"Put it away! Are you mad? Why can't you let me alone? What have I done—oh! oh!" she wailed, raising clenched fists above her head, straining on tiptoes, "why does he torture me! why does he torture us so!" She stumbled to her knees, and, with arms outflung upon the seat of the chair, sobbed piercingly, beating with her hands, murmuring.

He looked at her.

"My God! this is terrible!" he exclaimed, running his hand frantically through his hair. "What shall I do? What shall I do?" he cried, pacing around the room, running with little steps, touching a book, a box, biting the

tips of his fingers. "Stop, please! I beg of you, stop! I can't bear it," he implored, bending over her. Her sobs retired deep within herself.

"Go away!" she whispered. "Let me alone!"

She was quieting. He controlled his voice.

"I 'm going out for a few minutes." From the doorway he looked back at her; he could feel the deep sobs within her. He went out into the night. The air was cooler and touched him with fresh, silken fingers. He shook with a long, tremulous sigh, and his breathing grew gentler. He walked down the silent road.

"My God! what a beast I am—what a beast!" Yes, but he must be careful. To-night there had been something dreadful, something horrible escaped; he must be careful. It was the fly; flies had always filled him with disgust. She should have struck at it. He halted abruptly. The fly—he was like a fly himself. Yes, *he* was a fly, buzzing about her, lighting on her. Should she strike at him—oh, why did he torture her so! Why was he such a beast!

The road was silver dust under the moon. Beneath the stars a rustling song of silence and serenity trembled over the shadowy hills and played about the dim houses, where few lights gleamed.

"How beautiful it is!" he muttered. "Good God! what a night!"

He was a fool; he must control himself; nothing mattered. They would get away soon. What a night! she was so full of love, and he sought always to hurt her! They would play more together; they would find all the richness of the world in each other. To-morrow—ah, the factory again, and in the evening—

He shook his head, wrenching away his thought of it. She was weeping, his sweet, his beloved who loved him; sunk upon the floor, the splendor of her spirit and body flowing into tears and sobs.

"I can't stand it! The sweet, the lovely—" He turned and walked rapidly back. How should he greet her, what should he say? Had she locked herself into her room? If she dared! if she dared! But, no, she would n't hurt him so. He began to run.

Through the window he saw that

she had not moved. Her head was a golden flower against the chair; one arm whitened the crouching contour from shoulder to knee. She was quiet. He closed the door softly behind him and approached her.

"Eleonore." He placed a hand tentatively upon her shoulder. "Eleonore!"

She turned to him slightly. How softened and spiritualized was the sharp beauty of her face! Her eyes were misty with exhaustion and gentleness. His supple fingers pressed upon her throat and shoulder. How alive she was!

"I'm sorry, dearest. I can't help myself sometimes." He was on his knees beside her. "It was n't you; you know I love you."

She stroked his hair.

"I know you don't mean all the bitter things you say, but you hurt me so! you hurt me! And now you're all tired

out, dear." She cradled his head against her shoulder. "All tired out!"

"Hush!" he murmured, stroking her arm, caressing her, "hush! I love you. Do you know it? You must know; you must. Nothing else matters. Life has no existence for me without you, aside from you; I see and feel all the beauty of the world through you and in you. Do you know it? You are my madness, my love, my prayer, my divinity; I adore you—you do know it?"

"Yes, I know, I know, my dearest, my foolish one," she whispered. Her eyes glowed as she held him in the vibrant envelopment of her arms. How thirstily she listened! How she flowered! He looked at her parted lips, delicate, mobile, fingers of love. How beautiful! how beautiful! He felt that he was drowning; but he wanted to drown, to be drowned eternally. With a cry of despair and exaltation he lost himself upon her lips.



Spring

By BETH CHENEY-NICHOLS

When Spring starts out upon her walk
Across the somber earth,
She casts aside the withered stalk
To give its place to Birth,

Whose little eyes are violet,
Its cheeks a wild pink rose,
Its laugh a happy rivulet
That gurgles as it flows.

She folds the hills in green and blue,
The woods in purple shade,
And turns the fields to red-brown hue
With man's most skilful aid.

A song of joyful hope she brings
To beast and bird and man,
And every living creature sings
Her song of hope, "I can."

The International Whirlpool

Dare the United States Remain a Minority Stockholder?

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS



NE meets opposite types among Americans with whom one talks concerning international relations. The incurable pessimist thinks Europe has gone to the dogs. Civilization is doomed. Of course it will hit us, but why should we worry? There is nothing we can do. We are not going to be able to take our bearings until after the crash. Death precedes rebirth. The impenitent optimist calls the critic a Cassandra, even when the critic is simply chronicling current events. Your optimist is sure things are not as bad as they are painted and that, anyway, even if they are, all will be well in the end. Since there is no need to worry, why worry?

A third, and equally hopeless, type appears in the man with a panacea. He makes his diagnosis with the remedy in mind. Adopt his solution for the ills of the world, and all will be lovely. The barkers for different panaceas have never been so numerous as since the World War. They assure you that the goose will hang high if only you espouse Bolshevism, Marxism, other shades of socialism, internationalism, free trade, the League to Enforce Peace, the League of Nations with or without reservations, a Pan-Angle alliance, or some other cure-all. Since their overwhelming defeat at the polls, many of the whole-hog League of Nations partizans have turned to disarmament. This new species of quackery, beautifully timed for the month of reckoning the income tax, reminds one of the promised *panem et circenses* of Rome's decadence. It is easier to awaken the pessimist to faith and bring the optimist to a sense of realities than to convince the man with a panacea of the complexity of problems of international relations. It is marvelous how

the theorists who have sprung up among us, and some of whom have attempted to lead us against our instincts and traditions, refuse to take into account the human-nature element in the relations between nations.

A charming hostess took her guests into her confidence recently over the tea-cups. Money could not buy service. She had done everything she could think of to create the country home of the English novelists. Despite wages and a schedule of work that would have satisfied the plumbers' union, the butler simply would n't budge, and a semblance of smoothness in the household arrangements was maintained only by the constant following up on the part of the mistress from morning to night. And then, with no thought of the inevitable analogy, she launched into international politics, and affirmed her belief in a durable world peace through our participation in the covenant of Versailles! "If only we had taken it just as it was," she sighed, "the world would have been restored to health long ago."

CONDITIONS OF SUCCESSFUL PARTNERSHIP

It is doubtful if partnership among human beings for purely altruistic ends is feasible. Elements of self-interest enter into every association. Church members fear being lost, want to be deemed respectable, crave social intercourse, enjoy holding offices, and believe that the righteous man "bringeth forth his fruit in his season, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper," while "the ungodly are not so." When the righteous man prospers more than his fellows, he expects them to recognize the fact in some tangible form. Priest and pastor and rabbi know this and act accordingly.

Since these conditions hold among our most respected citizens when they are

associated for the purpose of worshipping God, is it possible to expect a partnership of nations to be formed without taking into account the susceptibilities—or pure human cussedness, if one prefers plain language—of the big fellows in the association? However angelic may be their temperament, the big fellows must give one another reciprocity in privileges as well as in responsibilities, and above all must acknowledge the equal right of all to the exercise of power.

Even if we were to grant the permanent state of subjection of Germany and the disintegration of Russia, we should still have very definite understandings to be arrived at between the "five principal Allied and Associated Powers" before we could say that the League of Nations was a viable organization. To be specific, it is inconceivable that Japan remain content to do her part in an association whose other principal members deny her a fair share of the colonization area of the globe, and in the same breath the privileges they give one another of immigration and settlement. It is inconceivable also that Italy acquiesce in her associates' permanent monopoly of raw materials and fuel, which means the economic slavery of Italy. It is inconceivable, in the third place, that the United States agree to abandon her century-old struggle for the freedom of the seas and waive the right, when she has the ability and the opportunity, to the exercise of sea-power equal to that of any other nation.

A keen observer of the first league assembly prophesied failure for the league because of the impossibility of reconciling the aspirations and interests of the great powers and the secondary states. This would not be, however, a fatal element of weakness in the structure of the league if the covenant could be put into force in accordance with the Versailles conception. The various treaties in which the covenant is embodied are so framed as to keep the control of the destinies of the world in the hands of the five principal Allied and Associated powers. In many matters authority is not vested in the league, but in the five powers (this is the most striking feature of the treaties of St. Germain and

Trianon), and where it is, the council, and not the assembly, exercises authority. And in the council the five principal Allied and Associated powers hold a majority of the stock, and are permanent directors, not chosen by or answerable to the league assembly.

This idea is one hundred per cent. *Realpolitik*. Mr. Balfour, with his usual frankness and cynicism, expressed the motive behind the Versailles league when he resisted the demand of the assembly to have a part in, or at least information concerning, the distribution of the mandates. "Those who assume the responsibilities must have the profits," said Mr. Balfour.

After all, this is common sense. But Mr. Balfour and the other European statesmen of his type of mind have forgotten the essential condition of successful partnership, which is divvy, share and share alike among the majority stockholders. The majority stockholders, with Germany beaten and Russia fallen into anarchy, are in a position to run this big corporation known as the world according to their own sweet will, without heeding the remonstrances and taking into account the interests of the minority stockholders. But we must presuppose a community of interests in peace as strong as a community of interests in war holding the majority stockholders together. Is this the case? One stockholder of the controlling group has up to now attended no directors' meetings, but occasionally warns the other powers that abstention does not mean renunciation of stock and surrender of rights. The other four permanent directors have hopelessly divergent views on the subject of how the corporation should be run, and are intriguing against one another.

DO JAPAN AND ITALY COUNT?

At Paris President Wilson evidently felt that the adhesion of Japan to the League of Nations was a *sine qua non* of its success. No other consideration would have induced him to sacrifice China. But the Shan-tung clauses of the Treaty of Versailles were hardly even a sop to Japanese interests and pride. Japan was already in possession of Shan-tung, which she had won by her own

efforts. Any hope of maintaining herself there must be finally realized by direct action with China. The consent or opposition of the European powers and the United States was a secondary consideration. Japan is no longer as she was after Shimonoseki.

If one puts oneself in Japan's place, it is hard to see how there can be loyal and whole-hearted coöperation in such an organization as the League of Nations until the other partners abandon the notion that this is a white man's world, in Asia and Africa as well as in the white man's countries, in the Pacific as well as in the Atlantic. We say to Japan: "We want your coöperation, but you must understand that this is a white man's world. We shall not allow you to encroach upon the independence of China, as we have done in India and elsewhere. We shall not allow you to replace Russia in Siberia by copying our own methods of political expansion. We forbid your emigrants access not only to our countries, but also to all the colonization areas outside of Europe and America controlled by us. In no circumstances shall we allow the island empire off the coast of Asia to do what the island empire off the coast of Europe has done and is still doing."

I am not overstating the situation. This is our attitude. What benefits, then, do we offer Japan as a result of participation in the controlling directorate of the society of nations? Are the Japanese solo altruists, and do none of their statesmen regard responsibilities in the light Mr. Balfour regards them; that is, as leading naturally to definite and exclusive privileges?

Perhaps we feel that Japan does not count, and that she must acquiesce in the permanency of the white man's world and her exclusion from its privileges. Were the white race banded together against the rest of the world, Japan would be impotent. But we must remember that the recent World War has resulted in the most amazing attempt in history of one portion of the white race to deny other portions, more numerous and equally energetic, any stock at all in the new-world corporation. The merit or the reasons of the exclusion of Germany and Russia from a share in the

management of the world's affairs or from participation in the privileges of the white man's exploitation of other races have nothing to do with the case. It is the fact of this exclusion that we have to consider. When you freeze out competitors or condemn them to a minor rôle, you have always to consider the probability of their combining against you. Japan does count, for Japan faces a white man's world divided against itself. One is the victim of a singular infatuation who considers this a negligible fact.

Italy also feels that her coöperation in the partnership is all give and no take. As Signor Nitti expressed it, the *status quo post bellum* puts Italy in a position of permanent economic slavery to her partners. She has no fuel and no raw materials. She has no rich colonial markets. And her population, like that of Japan, is growing so rapidly that even with a large emigration Italy is becoming dependent upon industries. She must have coal and petroleum, raw materials, and export markets. What benefit does Italy get out of the partnership entered into for the purpose of making permanent hereconomic dependence upon other nations? The Italians are not a gullible race. They asked at Geneva, as their representatives had already asked in the supreme council of the victorious Allies, that the League of Nations regulate the supply of the world's fuel and raw materials in such a way as to prevent the complete economic servitude of any nation. In this they were supported by Belgium and other secondary states.

Does not Italy count? By herself she could accomplish nothing, but withdrawal from the partnership would not mean resignation. Italy, like Japan, is considering the possibility of another partnership. How is it possible to believe that Italy will not see the advantage of combining with other dispossessed nations, especially Germany, to break the monopoly of certain powers in the world corporation?

WHERE DOES THE UNITED STATES COME IN?

We have not yet acted definitely upon the proposal to become one of the per-

manent directors in the world corporation which masquerades under the high-sounding title of Council of the League of Nations. Our Senate had the wisdom to thwart the effort to hurry us into this partnership without considering beforehand its responsibilities and benefits. When Lord Robert Cecil fell afoul of Mr. A. J. Balfour on the floor of the first league assembly, the latter right honorable gentleman did not hesitate to come down to brass tacks in defending his position on the mandates. The British Government, according to Mr. Balfour, had no idea of taking on responsibilities without assuring itself of tangible benefits. He conceived the participation of Great Britain in the League of Nations as a dividend-yielding proposition. If any of my readers thinks that I may be exaggerating Mr. Balfour's attitude, let him read the text of the debate on mandates. Mr. Balfour's logic is impeccable, and he knows how to use the English language. He was amazed that a delegate to the League of Nations should think that holding a mandate was to be an honorary trusteeship.

But European statesmen of the Balfour type are realists only where their own country's interests are concerned. They are deeply hurt by manifestations of a lukewarmness and lessening idealism on the part of other nations. In my association with these gentlemen I have found out that they believe in the Jacksonian dictum, but in a modified form. Instead of saying "To the victors belong the spoils," they say, "to some of the victors belong the spoils," and think, "to one of the victors belong the spoils."

According to the present arrangements, the United States would enter the League of Nations as a sharer of responsibilities, but not as a sharer of privileges. The only mandate ever suggested to us was that of the barren mountains of Armenia, shorn of ports, of rich cotton-bearing and oil-bearing and mineral-producing areas. Writing to the French minister of foreign affairs, General Franchet d'Espéry said that no part of Armenia except Cilicia and the head waters of the rivers had an interest for France. He advised France taking these profitable parts and giving the rest to the United States. I have seen this report

with my own eyes. A French friend showed it to me. He could not understand why I should take exception to the proposal, either as an Armenophile or as an American. The Armenians could not govern a large country. France, he argued, should have this reward for her sufferings in the war. The United States, on the other hand, was eager to help the Armenians. So this division ought to be satisfactory all around. This may seem incredible to Americans, but think what happened recently at Washington in the conference over cables. Our associates refuse to entertain our claim to a share of the German cables seized during the war. They even maintain their right to divert our former direct cable with Germany and to censor all our communications with Europe! The same spirit of disregarding our twenty per cent. equity in the spoils of the war actuated the allotment of German shipping and the secret Turkish partition treaty, signed, but not communicated in full to our Government, on the same day as the signing of the treaty of Sèvres.

AND WE ARE EXPECTED TO CANCEL THE ALLIED LOANS!

The amazing disregard the European powers have for the interests of their American associate goes to the extent of proposing that we cancel the loans we made them without any *quid pro quo*. Just as the creation of the League of Nations was supposed to be reward enough for us in the Treaty of Versailles, the moral satisfaction of having relieved the financial situation in Europe is considered ample compensation for forgetting the ten billions of dollars the different European states have received from us. Mr. Lloyd George confesses that he broached this suggestion, and that it was "coldly received" on our part. He thought it was an ideal scheme, and that his Government was doing its part by agreeing to cancel its loans to others if we would do likewise. But Mr. Lloyd George ignored two facts: that our loans to the Allies and Great Britain are more than twice as much as hers to the Allies, and that the war gave Great Britain tangible assets in the removal of a formidable rival's naval and mercantile fleet and competi-

tion in world markets, and in a remarkable increase in her colonial holdings, while it gave us nothing at all.

In the matter of mandates we were offered nothing of value. We were not asked to share in the German indemnity, German colonies, German cables, German ships. Since the day we entered the war no European statesman has talked to us the way he has talked to his European associates. It is expected among the other nations that the booty—or, if you want to call it by a milder word, the advantages of victory—be shared. The premiers of the Big Three have never held a single meeting in which profit-sharing has not been discussed.

But when they come to talk to us, they never mention the subject matter of the powwows among themselves. They take on an aggrieved tone, chide us for our back-sliding from idealism and generous desire to bear the world's burdens, and remind us constantly that they look to us for moral leadership, and that there is no salvation without our aid.

The proposal that we forgive them their debts has not been coupled with an offer to grant us free trade with their colonies and protectorates, to give our trade a fair deal in the mandated territories, to consider out of their embarrassment of colonial riches the cession of any lands to Uncle Sam.

Ordinarily, when a debtor cannot meet his obligations, interest payments, and amortization of principal, he looks around among his assets, and offers something to his creditor for a postponement of interest payment or a diminution of the principal. In other words, if he has anything to liquidate, he liquidates. When a nation owes money to another nation, and cannot pay the interest, it is the rule for the creditor nation to take steps against the debtor nation. Some of Great Britain's colonial empire had its origin in a virtual foreclosure. Witness Egypt.

THE PRINCIPLE OF "FIFTY-FIFTY"

Although we had always before been considered a nation of dollar-chasers, the Entente powers received our sorely needed intervention in the spirit of manna from heaven. They accepted at

its face-value the profession of our disinterestedness in going to France. Italy drove a hard-and-fast bargain when she entered the war. Russia held her allies up in 1915. They, in turn, exacted pledges from one another. These were secrets of which we were supposed to know nothing. The Entente powers forgot that there were professions of disinterestedness on their side, also, which we took at face-value. The difference between ourselves and our associates was that the crusader spirit did not penetrate with them up to their leaders and statesmen. After the fighting was over, the maintenance of the crusader spirit, of the eager, burning desire to make a new world, was possible only if all the participants in the war had shown themselves unselfish, or at least loyal and considerate of one another's interests, in the peace settlements.

American disillusionment began when we saw our comrades-in-arms scrambling for the loot and snarling at one another with the same vim they had shown in snarling at the common enemy. Their hope of keeping us in the partnership depended on the following of one of two courses in the aftermath of the war. Our Allies could either have respected the fourteen points, which they pledged themselves to make the basis of the future peace at the time of the armistice, or they could have shown a willingness to consider the interests and wishes of the United States as equal to their own interests and wishes. But they did not play fair with the enemy, they did not play fair with us, they did not play fair with one another.

This is the secret of the failure of two years of peace-making. Reciprocity, which we call nowadays the principle of "fifty-fifty," was never once thought of at Paris. The vanquished, the small states, neutrals, and Uncle Sam were given the small end of the horn. Japan, for reasons of her own, stood aloof. Italy lost out in the unequal struggle with France and Great Britain, and France in turn felt herself outgeneraled by Great Britain.

When President Harding assumed office nearly two years after the Treaty of Versailles was signed, this was the situation that confronted him. The

League of Nations, in its original form, had committed suicide, victim of the irreconcilable aspirations and disheartening greed of its directing members. And yet, public sentiment the world over, and certainly not less in the United States than in other countries, still clamors for some sort of an international association that will lessen the chances of wars and, as a corollary, the burden of armaments.

But is an international association possible on any other basis than that of the principle of "fifty-fifty"? Unless human nature has changed overnight, our answer must be an emphatic negative. We cannot attribute the failure of the League of Nations to the sole cause of a cooling of our idealistic ardor, which could have been kept aglow had there been an international moral sense. Coming down from moral sense to common sense, may we not advance the explanation that the determination of statesmen to maintain the supremacy of their own nation over all other nations, friend and foe alike, shipwrecked our dream of "the parliament of man"?

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS AND NAVAL DISARMAMENT

The "naval holiday" propaganda in the United States showed how muddled many leading Americans were in their thinking on the vital problem of disarmament. Our naval building program of 1916 was an answer to Great Britain's repeated violations of maritime international law in the early years of the war. We did not come into open conflict with the British for the simple reason that American public opinion was on the whole sympathetic to the Allied cause. But who could help seeing how disastrous British interference with our trade would have proved after a hundred years of peace with the British Empire, had not the issues of the war been as clear to us as they were?

The British justified their naval activity by successive orders in council, which were unilateral decrees to the enforcement of which our consent was not asked, and which nullified the rules of maritime warfare arranged by international agreement from the Treaty of Paris to the Declaration of London. The British

Government did not attempt to argue with us on the basis of a fair interpretation of international law. We were told that Germany had done this and that, and that the Entente powers were fighting our battle, the battle of civilization. This *argumentum ad hominem* we accepted because Germany had done unspeakable things which we held in abhorrence.

But suppose Germany had not invaded Belgium and had done nothing to anger us, or suppose France or Russia, instead of Germany, had been the enemy of Great Britain. We should still have had to tolerate the British disregard of our rights at sea because our navy was not as strong as the British Navy. Had our navy in 1914 been as strong as the British Navy, London would have consulted Washington before issuing the orders in council.

Statesmen must take into consideration hypotheses of this sort. Less than fifteen years before 1914 Great Britain was on the verge of war with France, and scarcely more than a decade before 1914 with Russia. From 1914 to 1917 we had little international shipping, and most of our foreign trade was with the Entente powers.

The situation has changed. In 1921 we have a large mercantile marine, and our agricultural and industrial production has increased so rapidly that uninterrupted foreign trade is essential to the prosperity of the United States.

One may be an ardent admirer of Great Britain, and yet be able to see that our nation will never again allow any other nation to interpret maritime rules of war according to its own interests, with no thought of our interests. By excluding the freedom of the seas from the scope of the peace conference, the British Government made inevitable the continuation of our ship-building program. The one way to cause a postponement or suspension of this program is for the British Government to assure Mr. Harding of its willingness to discuss with us the freedom of the seas. There is nothing unreasonable in this. It is the application of the principle of "fifty-fifty." I doubt if any American cares about having the biggest navy afloat. We do not want to spend money

on ships if we can avoid it. But dare we continue to be a minority stockholder in the matter of sea-power unless the present majority stockholder gives us definite pledges to respect to the full our interests on the seas in war as well as in peace?

The disingenuousness of the arguments of our British cousins is touching. They tell us that our naval program arouses suspicion and ill feeling in England, and that they are sorely puzzled over our plans to have a big navy. They ask us whom we are arming against, pointing out that we never need to fear them, whose friendship is immutable, while Japan is far behind us. But should not sentiments of trust and affection be mutual? If we build a big navy, they have no need to fear us. We have no more aggressive intentions than they have, and they have no cause to be disturbed if we build up to their naval strength. Fifty-fifty again!

The true protagonist of Anglo-American friendship will seek to demonstrate to our British friends that the best way to avoid misunderstanding and to maintain undiminished the mutual respect and affection of the two great English-speaking nations is in each one admitting the other's right to equal power and authority on the high seas. Why not? What argument can be advanced against this? At the recent Pilgrim luncheon in his honor in London the American Admiral Niblack frankly told his hosts that American maritime competition with other nations was now a fact they had to reckon with. Answering the British Admiral Grant, who deplored our greater navy as a cause of suspicion and distrust on both sides of the Atlantic, Admiral Niblack said that there was none of this on the American side, and that we were simply following the example of the British in increasing our navy to protect our shipping and our foreign trade according to the age-old British method.

HOLDING TO OUR TRADITIONS

Since 1914 the good old-fashioned Americanism has been undermined by different forms of hysteria. Internationalism and "hyphenism" arose. We lost our heads completely. We forgot the

horse-sense significance of "America first." The hysteria has not altogether subsided. Despite my long residence in France, which is truly my second country and the birthplace of my children, despite my pride in my English ancestry, the war, and especially its aftermath, taught me the imperative necessity of not dividing my loyalty.

From our foreign policy, "permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others should be excluded," according to George Washington. For, as he explained it, "excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike for another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. . . . It is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another."

The crying need of the day in America is the study of American history. When unthinking Americans tell us that the freedom of the seas is "pro-German propaganda," we ought to be able to oppose to their foolish words the teachings of Franklin and Hamilton, Washington and Jefferson, the two Adams, Madison and Monroe, Jay and Cass, Lincoln and John Hay. This nation was founded by men who loved it passionately and served it exclusively. It has become great and strong through the devotion of men who knew how to respect and keep alive and follow the traditions of their fathers.

FOREIGN POLICY HAS TWO OBJECTS, SECURITY AND PROSPERITY

To listen to some people talk, to read what some people write, the rôle of the United States in world politics is that of a redeemer and regenerator. The call to service is a potent one, and it is to our credit that we respond to it. However, we must realize that ability to serve depends upon power to control. Influence in the world is in proportion to strength. The word philanthropist has two meanings, and it proves our thesis that the commonly accepted meaning defines a man who is able to bestow largess upon humanity because he or his immediate forebears have been monumentally selfish.

Nations are like persons. They look after their security and work for their prosperity. By this means, and by this means alone, they may come to a position of moral leadership of the world. But while helping others they do not forget to bestow the first attention upon themselves. Why are we able to respond to Mr. Hoover's call? Because we are prosperous. Why are we prosperous? Because of our unprecedented foreign trade since 1914. If we do not keep the trade, we shall lose our prosperity, *ergo*, our ability to help others. We shall keep the trade only by protecting it on the high seas and by insisting upon equality for our commerce in world markets.

We are putting the cart before the horse when we bewail the fact that the United States, outside the League of Nations, is deprived of influence in world affairs. I never met a British statesman or publicist, or a French statesman or publicist, who thought that the influence of his nation in the world was due to membership in the League of Nations, or, in fact, to an alliance of any kind. If this be true of the United States, the time has come for us to be worried about our ability to survive as a nation. Entering into a League of Nations for the purpose of making us secure and prosperous would be a confession of our approaching disintegration. No nation ever assured its security against external aggression in any other way than by making itself strong. If we are in a position, principally by naval strength, to look after our interests in all parts of the world and to protect our two coasts against any other nation, then the moral leadership of the world will be ours without our having to claim it. And we shall have no need for worry about our security or our prosperity.

By the double test of its effect upon security and prosperity every proposal of foreign policy must be judged. I stoutly maintain that until the world is a different world from that in which we live we can have no other criterion of judging the merits of policies. A naval holiday? Limitations of armaments? Participation in the Treaty of Versailles and the other treaties? Membership in

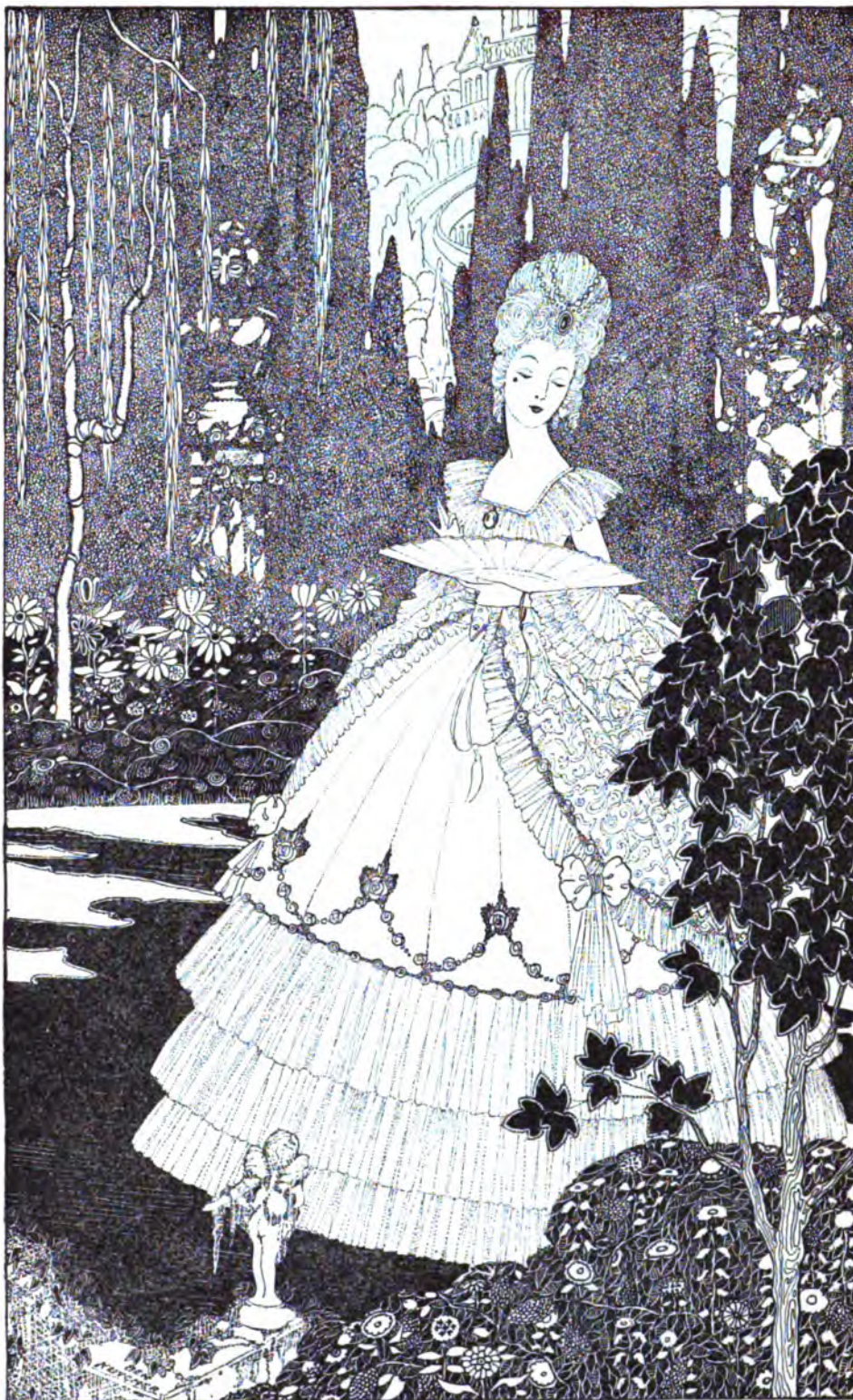
the League of Nations? Canceling the indebtedness of other nations to us? Consenting to the French and British interpretation of mandates? Recognition of new extensions of European eminent domain? Sponsoring the cause of small nations? Refusing to become reconciled with Germany and other former enemy states? Our attitude toward Russia? Our intervention in Far-Eastern and Near-Eastern questions? Upholding the Monroe Doctrine? Joining or abstaining from alliances?

INTOLERANT IDEALISM VERSUS LIBERAL REALISM

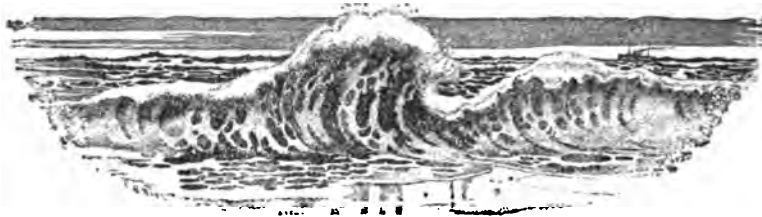
American idealism has suffered from the intolerance and arrogance of its leadership. Like theology, when it became dogmatic, it lost the purity and fire of the inspiration. The conception of saving the world, born of the enthusiasm and inexperience of the neophyte, led us into the peril of forgetting what was needed for the salvation of our own country.

We do not need to become cynics. One may be a realist and still remain a liberal. In international relations we cannot disregard realities. As the proposition of entering a world association comes before the American people once more, the liberal realist says to the intolerant idealist: "By all means we shall enter not with the abstract notion of helping the world, but with the concrete idea of helping ourselves. Hence we dare not afford to remain a minority stockholder."

This may sound like crass materialism, but has it not the ring of common sense? And the liberal realist, because he is a liberal and a realist, feels that there is hope for all humanity in an America jealous of her sovereignty and her prerogatives. He has faith in the heart and vision of the United States, and faith in her power to influence the world for good. He knows that when his beloved country comes back from the tangent and starts again along the traditional path, power and prosperity will not be abused in dealing with other nations. Our past is our guide for the future; we say with pride that it is also our warrant for the future.



"L'Allée," by Paul Verlaine
From a drawing by Ben Katcher



The Tide of Affairs

Comment on the Times

By GLENN FRANK

A New Industrial Wanderlust—Why not Use Our Wings?—Limit Armaments or Lie—Gilbert K. Chesterton Visits Us—A Simpler Diagnosis of Europe's Ills—Do We Need a Super-Senate?—Are Professors Partners or Peons?—Wanted: a Verbal House-cleaning.

A NEW INDUSTRIAL WANDERLUST



HERE is going on in the United States to-day a picturesque and significant folk-migration, exodus, hejira,—whatever one may please to call it,—that has not, at the moment of writing, broken into the headlines, nor received adequate attention at the hands of alert interpreters of social and economic drifts. The goal of this migration is the Southwest. It smacks of the old pioneering adventures westward, but in this instance the pioneer is a skilled mechanic instead of a farmer, and his prairie-schooner is an automobile. An early issue of *THE CENTURY* will carry a rich and colorful story of this migration, but I cannot resist the temptation to capture your interest for it by editorial comment at this time.

Many books have been written about the passing of the pioneer in America. We assume too readily that the passing of the pioneer marked the passing of poetry. We fall too easily into the notion that when the prosaic transcontinental train took the place of the picturesque prairie-schooner, American life became drably unromantic. We do not expect to hear of stirring folk-migrations in the America of 1921. Even the

frontier atmosphere of the rush for new lands in the Indian Territory is receding into the dimmer backgrounds of memory. All such things we regard as part of a remembered world, of a time when there was more of the nomad in our blood, a time when we were less strongly tethered to residence.

H. G. Wells wrote an essay a few years ago to prove that the race is becoming nomadic again, that we should not think of our world as a static place denuded of the romance of migrations. I think I have quoted from this essay before in these columns, but the following paragraphs fit essentially into this comment.

The history of man's progress from savagery to civilization is essentially a story of settling down. It began in caves and shelters; it culminates in a wide spectacle of farms and peasant villages, and little towns among the farms. . . . The enormous majority of human beings stayed at home at last; from the cradle to the grave they lived, married, died in the same district, usually in the same village; and to that condition, law, custom, habits, morals have adapted themselves. . . . There have been gipsies, wanderers, knaves, knights-errant, and adventurers, no doubt, but the settled permanent rustic home and the tenure of land about it, and the hens and the cows, have constituted the fundamental reality of the whole scene.

Now, the really wonderful thing in the astonishing development of cheap, abundant, swift locomotion is this: it dissolves almost all the reason and necessity why men should go on living permanently in any one place or rigidly disciplined to one set of conditions. . . . This revolution in human locomotion that brings nearly all the globe within a few days of any man is the most striking aspect of the unfettering again of the old restless, wandering, adventurous tendencies in man's composition.

We are off the chain of locality for good and all . . . it becomes more and more possible to move great multitudes of workers seasonally between regions where work is needed in this season and regions where work is needed in that. They can go out to the agricultural lands at one time and come back into towns for artistic work and organized work in factories at another. They can move from rain and darkness into sunshine, and from heat into the coolness of mountain forests. . . . Men will harvest in Saskatchewan and come down in great liners to spend the winter working in the forests of Yucatan.

As Mr. Wells suggests, we have hardly begun to speculate upon the consequences, political, social, economic, and moral, of this return of humanity from a closely tethered to a migratory existence. Or, to be more accurate, we read such comments as these just quoted from Mr. Wells as philosophical generalizations only. We have n't quite visualized American instances of this new wanderlust that would pull his generalizations down to earth.

The industrial exodus to the Southwest referred to in the opening paragraph of this comment is an American instance of this new mobility of peoples to which Mr. Wells refers. There lies before me as I write an interesting letter from a Californian correspondent regarding this exodus. The letter introduces the story as follows:

As far as I know, there are two ways to get across the mountains into this southwestern country. One is through a pass called Cajon Pass, and the other through a pass called San Gorgonio. On the other side of San Gorgonio Pass, in the Colorado Desert, is a little oasis known as Palm Springs. It is

perhaps five hours by motor from Los Angeles. There is an odd sort of a spring there, run by an old Indian, where the water bubbles up out of the earth and one gets an exhilarating mineral bath. And the desert has a charm that is indescribable! We go down there occasionally for a rest. While there recently I learned an extremely interesting thing.

This is the story: for several months there has been a steady stream of working-men and their families touring into the Southwest from the East and the Middle West. These men and their families have been going across the country, across desert and mountains, in motor-cars. It is estimated by observers, perhaps a bit liberally, that in one day five hundred motor-cars loaded with working-men and their families entered the Southwest through Cajon Pass, while perhaps two hundred and fifty drove through San Gorgonio Pass in one day. These were, of course, exceptional days. But our correspondent writes that, from the rather hasty investigation he was able to make, many days the traffic approaches these figures.

He writes that this migration has been in progress since last October or November, and that it was continuing in the last week of January, when his letter was posted. Most of these migrating working-men, it seems, are skilled mechanics from the East and the Middle West. Thrown out of work by post-war readjustments, they have turned toward the Southwest in search of new homes. The process seems to be somewhat as follows: a skilled mechanic of the East or Middle West, finding himself unemployed, bundles his family, a tent, cooking equipment, and provisions into his motor-car, sells the rest of his belongings, and starts on a pioneering journey to the Southwest.

It is reported that Los Angeles, for instance, is filling up with these skilled mechanics who have thus driven across country. Many of them, unable to find housing facilities at once, are living in tents until they can "throw up a shack" or build more pretentious houses.

An interesting side-light is thrown on the situation by the fact that plans are being discussed at the moment of writing for the erection of big buildings in Los

Angeles that will be a sort of combination of garage and hotel into which these migrating working-men and others can drive, store their motor-cars, secure a room to cook and eat in, and another room for sleeping-quarters. These buildings are conceived as temporary resting-places, bunk-houses for families in search of permanent homes.

Interwoven with these bare details of this migration are a thousand and one issues of social and economic readjustment, and a picturesqueness that can hold its own with the picturesqueness of other days.

WHY NOT USE OUR WINGS?



LAST year the French people erected a monument to do honor to the Wright brothers, a lasting memorial to their achievement in building the first heavier-than-air machine that would really fly. This occasion stimulated a review of the whole progress of aviation and the tremendous impetus that the war had given to the aircraft industry.

Americans appreciated the honor that the French had done their two distinguished countrymen. At the same time Americans were haunted by a feeling of regret that the inventive genius of the Wright brothers had been seized upon and developed by other nations to a greater degree than by their own country.

The French, with their impulsive natures, had, before the war, gone in for flying as a sport, and the progress they had made in the development of the aeroplane as a plaything proved a valuable asset when pilots, who had thought of little more than to amuse the crowds, took to the air and brought back valuable information for the army chiefs.

When in pre-war days—in 1909, if I remember rightly—M. Blériot flew across the English Channel for the first time, Mr. H. G. Wells wrote an article for the London "Times," pointing out the significance of the achievement, suggesting the imperative need of aircraft development in England, and forecasting with singular accuracy some of the uses to which aircraft were put during the war. He said that Germany would

bomb London and that an army without aeroplanes for eyes would be at the mercy of the enemy.

During the early months of the war a few planes ventured across the front lines. Mess history of the British Flying Corps has it that the pilots of these planes carried shotguns and blazed away at the Germans with fine, but futile, vigor, until some one thought of arming the planes with machine-guns; then came the synchronized gear, firing through the propeller, and the compensating sights, until near the end of the war one single-seater model carried four guns, each capable of one thousand shots a minute, a veritable air battle-cruiser.

With the supremacy of the air came the final victory on land. For the air forces of the Allies it marked a triumph not only of marksmanship and generalship on the part of the pilots, but a victory for the factories, a vindication of the inventive genius of the Allied nations, and the logical result of adequate supplies of the materials with which to play the "long hand."

America made large contributions in pilots, motors, and some machines; but many members of the United States Army Air Service waded mud in France instead of flying on one of the famously advertised "ten thousand roads to Berlin." Perhaps too much was expected of our Aircraft Production Board. It was widely heralded and lustily hailed, but it did not have time to develop fully before the war came to an end. Those who attended the movies during the days when our boys were at the front saw raft after raft of logs floated out of the Northwest, choicest timber for aeroplanes. Factories were filmed making Liberty motors as fast as the legendary cow-puncher rolls cigarettes. But somehow the timber and the motors did not get together in the finished product, and hundreds of expensively trained, handsomely accoutered, and heavily endowed pilots sat in camps here and over there telling what they would do if they only had a chance.

We should now take to heart the lesson of this laggard development of aircraft production. With the League of Nations functioning in a hotel in Geneva, with world courts being organized during

summer holidays, and with good men and women in all lands preaching disarmament, it may seem to some little short of treason to civilization to counsel aircraft development at this time. However keenly we may feel the necessity of some truly international program of disarmament, however deeply we may desire that our own nation shall take the initiative in such a program, the fact remains that caldrons of discontent are bubbling in Europe and Asia, the world generally is in a state of nerves, and the safety of democracy is in greater question than ever before. In the face of these facts, and pending some truly international coöperation, we have no right to neglect adequate defensive measures.

But the development of aviation and aircraft production need not be made solely in reference to a possible next war. The greatest field for aviation, in reality, is in peaceful air lanes. To this development of aviation for peaceful purposes we should turn with enthusiasm. With the great distances on this continent, the linking of our cities and States more closely together is a peculiarly difficult problem. The aëroplane might effect a closer knitting of West to East and North to South that would rank in history with the earlier achievement of linking West to East by transcontinental railroads. The aëroplane can be the means of effecting a more active coöperation between ourselves and our Northern neighbors in Canada and our neighbors to the south.

All this does not imply a shout for the flag and the spirited demand for appropriations in the form of subsidies to various manufacturing and carrying concerns. It does mean the enactment of aërial laws, the maintenance of landing-fields by the Government, perhaps an interstate commerce commission of the air, and the general inspiration and supervision that the Government should rightly give to an infant public utility of this sort. In the early days of our national expansion westward, railways were pushed thither by government aid. The West and East were linked, thanks to government aid, but it took years of commercial suffering and ruinous rebates and evil practices before we began

to feel our way toward decent social control. We do not want to repeat that story in the development of civil aviation.

The Manufacturers Aircraft Association, in its review of the aircraft industry for 1920, said:

Decreased production and general contraction in the aeronautical industry generally is offset by the more encouraging records of performance made in American aviation this year (1920). While the last twelve months have not brought the carefully defined policy of Federal jurisdiction required to assure steady and economical progress in commercial aviation, they have witnessed many remarkable achievements by American pilots in American machines.

True, it is interesting to read of the exploits of some of our airmen, and the test trips they have made have been of great value in proving the reliability of the aëroplane and in helping us to visualize the possibilities which await further development. Commander A. C. Reed, of transatlantic fame, flew 7740 nautical miles in his NC 4. Four remodeled French planes, equipped with Liberty motors, each carrying two men of the United States Army Air Service, flew from Mitchell Field, Long Island, to Nome, Alaska, and return in 112 hours flying time, a total distance of 9000 miles. This trip was made without any accident serious enough to delay the flight. Not a motor missed fire. Most of the difficulty was due to rain and fog as they flew over country *not even charted* with any great detail on the maps.

To quote again from the Manufacturers Aircraft Association's review:

The Air Mail in 1920 operating between New York and Washington, Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, Salt Lake City, and San Francisco, transported approximately one hundred million letters at ordinary postage rates. The system was extended in 1920 from Chicago to San Francisco, from Key West to Havana, and from Seattle to Victoria, British Columbia. About thirty five air mail planes are in the air each day flying a total, in round trips, of about 8,000 miles per day.

And yet, at the moment of writing, Congress seriously questions the appro-

priation of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the continuance of this service, despite the plain fact that this service is the only large practical training school for pilots to whom we could turn in an emergency. There are, of course, hundreds of young men recently discharged from the army who at the moment could be pressed into service again, but the longer they remain out of the cockpit of an *aéroplane*, the less useful they will become as pilots.

Great Britain is "carrying on" with flying. During the war the British air forces were constituted a separate arm of the service instead of parts of the army and navy. The war-time air ministry used to occupy the Hotel Cecil, but finally overflowed into many of the near-by hotels in the Strand. It has been greatly reduced, but it has been continued, and is maintained as a distinct unit not only in Great Britain, but in India and the East. It has recently been announced by the air ministry that the cabinet has approved, subject to Parliamentary sanction, the grant of sixty thousand pounds for the direct assistance of civil aviation. Routes, at present approved, run from London to Paris, from London to Brussels, and from London to Amsterdam. British flyers have scored many individual air successes. Flights from London to Australia, to India, and to Cape Town, South Africa, have been negotiated. The latter one, across Africa, was attended by ill luck, but forty days after they had set out from Egypt, with a new machine sent up from the cape, Colonel P. Van Ryneveld and Major C. J. O. Bland completed their trip. Great expense was incurred in clearing away the jungle at various places for landing purposes and for the replenishing of the petrol supply. Such expenditure and effort represent a wise national investment, the lesson of which we should take to heart.

France and Italy have not remained on the ground. A French pilot won the famous air classic of 1920,—the Gordon Bennett cup race,—and an Italian officer reached Japan in his air travels. Larger planes are being manufactured in Italian shops, and Italy, furnishing a good hopping-off place for Africa and the Near East, is destined to become an important

link in European *aërial* transportation. Switzerland will also offer an attractive stopping-place, and Vienna will doubtless become one of the great air-traffic terminals of southeastern Europe.

By the Treaty of Versailles, Germany's wings were clipped temporarily. Germany was forbidden, for six months after the coming into force of the treaty, to manufacture or to import aircraft or parts of aircraft; but the period was prolonged three months because of Germany's failure to comply with those portions of the treaty regarding the delivery of air materials to the Allies. There is evidence, however, of activity in Germany in air matters. This fact recalls a recent skit in the London "Punch." The dialogue attending the cartoon called "Aircraftiness" ran as follows:

British Lion: "Hello, started flying again?"

German Eagle: "Oh, purely a commercial venture."

British Lion: (To himself) "I remember hearing that same yarn about their navy. Time I developed my wings again."

The Berlin correspondent of the London "Times" says that the Germans claim they are the pioneers of the air; that in the construction of both airships and *aéroplanes* they consider that they surpassed all rivals during the war. The correspondent further states that at the end of the war Germany was turning out from forty factories 2500 machines per week. After the German defeat and the consequent revolution, most of these factories switched to other work, but several of the factories turned to the manufacture of machines for civil aviation. There is no lack of German pilots, either, and the men who flew for Germany during the war have joined in a society. These men, it is said, are still a bit militant. It is reported that their restless spirit was in evidence at the congress of the Deutsche Luftfahrer Verband, held at Bremen, at which representatives of sixty-two flying associations were in attendance.

To return home. The United States is less than a day from Europe by air. The sixteen-hour flight from Newfoundland to Ireland and the voyage of the R 34 pointed out our vulnerability. It was fortunate for New York that the

huge British dirigible which swung over Manhattan a few months ago was on a visit of courtesy. The recent bombing of the U. S. S. *Indiana* pointed out the lack of protection a surface navy affords. Our navy must be protected by aircraft and undersea-craft. No less a naval authority than Admiral Sir Percy Scott keeps asking the London "Times," "What is the use of a battle-ship?" No one has yet answered him satisfactorily. A fleet of hostile aircraft can in the future not only menace our coast, but rain destruction upon defenseless heads in Detroit and Pittsburgh.

To the layman it seems obvious and imperative that the Government of the United States should assist magnanimously in the development of air defense and civil aviation. Such development will knit the nation more closely together, expedite American business, further our commercial relations with Canada, Mexico, and South America, and bring Alaska next door. Aëroplanes may never become the chief carriers of the nation, but they might soon relieve our tragically overburdened transportation systems. A great national development of civil aviation will also bring into existence a fine reserve of trained pilots for use in an emergency, and bring such a reserve into existence without the damning blight of militarism in the process. Pilots are not trained in a day or a week. It takes longer to make a good pilot than to make a good machine. We need both.

The American eagle has wings. Let him use them!

LIMIT ARMAMENTS OR LIE

THE victorious nations which signed the Treaty of Versailles must effect and execute a program of genuine limitation of armaments or stand convicted in history of a colossal corporate lie. In the paragraph that preceded the statement of the essential military peace terms with Germany there occurred this statement: "In order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations, Germany undertakes strictly to observe the military, naval, and air

clauses which follow." Here was a definite promise. It cannot be broken without casting away the honor of the nations that wrote it.

It may seem strange that these words should be written immediately following an editorial in which there is the suggestion that we should look to the preparation of our air forces against the possibility of a next war. I set down that suggestion with a heaviness, not to say sickness, of heart. War is the ultimate insanity. The next war may indeed prove the suicide of civilization. In the next war there will be no rules of the game. The distinction between combatants and non-combatants will be entirely wiped out. The sweater-knitting débutante will be as legitimate a target as the grizzled gunner. The next war will mark the burial of decency. Chivalry, bled weak by the last war, will die on the first battle-field. When the world fights again, it will be in an orgy of scientific savagery. Any senator, congressman, or President who does not dedicate himself to an effort to outlaw war, or who trifles with international policy in order to gain a petty partizan advantage, is a traitor to the human race.

But the world is so interrelated that until all nations, or the decisive majority of nations, display an economic statesmanship that will remove the causes of war and agree upon a limitation of armaments that will remove the tempting instruments of war, every nation must still polish its suicide's weapons, must build navies, train armies, and stretch its wings in the air.

To-day economic statesmanship seems a minus quantity, and governments talk blandly of armament limitation in one breath and order naval and military expansion in the next. And, then, the world is in a moral slump. When the new order failed to arise automatically after the armistice, we returned to the old order of competitive armaments and poisonous suspicions with a vengeance. In such a world we have no choice but to make decent defensive preparations.

It is a game we have to play even while we work to destroy the game. The tragedy is that so much of the current discussion of military, naval, and aerial

policy is untouched by any of that "white passion of statecraft" which distinguished our diplomatic and military adventure in the last war—an adventure of crusaders who fought a war they hated in order to win a world they wanted.

If the incoming administration pursues only a policy of intransigent nationalism expressed in terms of a "lone hand" international policy and military, naval, and aerial preparedness, it will not deserve to survive. *It will not survive*, for it will misrepresent the American people; that is, the real America, which will again speak when we have emerged from this period of reaction and moral slump into which we have fallen.

And, now, after this extended detour, to get back to the statement with which this editorial began. In the very document presenting the essential military terms of peace to Germany, the victorious nations asserted, over their signatures, that these terms were imposed upon Germany in order that the rest of the world might put into operation a scheme of armament limitation.

The victorious nations must carry out that promise or never again speak of their national *honor*. The total Treaty of Versailles, with its many violations of the fourteen points upon which it was promised the treaty would rest, is a black enough stain upon the honor of the victorious nations without adding the dramatic repudiation of this specific promise of an intelligent reduction of armaments.


As a nation, we were right in our criticism of the treaty, but we cannot maintain our honor as a nation by negative criticism alone. However inexpert he may have been as a negotiator, Woodrow Wilson, before the peace conference, expressed the real soul of America, and for one fleeting moment captured for the United States the moral leadership of world politics. We have lost it. Unless Mr. Harding recaptures it by a constructive policy that makes the United States the active sponsor of decent and humanized economic relations and the eager collaborator in a program for the limitation of armaments, his page in history will be a blank page.

The Treaty of Versailles should be

revised, Woodrow Wilson's fourteen points should be written into the organic law of the nations, and the world should set its feet on the road to disarmament. Crowning such a program should be a democratized League of Nations of which the United States should be a member. This way only lies peace and the survival of civilized society.

As long as stupidity, sinister interests, blind traditionalism, and partizanship block such a program, we have no choice but to sharpen our sword. Will the American people submit to this *really unnecessary* alternative?

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON VISITS US

 R. CHESTERTON'S visit to the United States has been a blessing to paragraphers and "columnists." Himself a journalist, he is a man after the journalist's heart. His lectures are always good "copy." He is one of the few men who can discuss abstruse questions of theology and philosophy in head-lines and quotable phrases. His is the rare art of doing a serious job in an interesting way. There is nothing of the dull invariability of the average purposeful essayist about Mr. Chesterton. He touches the most involved problems with a laconic clearness. He is a specialist in epigrammatic terseness. He can boil a duodecimo volume of German philosophy into a barbed sentence.

Ordinarily pungent terseness is the enemy of fancy. Emerson, for example, wrote in epigrams. I remember hearing a distinguished critic say that one might put each sentence of certain Emerson essays on a separate slip of paper, shake the sentences well in a hat, put them together again at random, and produce an essay about as well coördinated as the original. Along with this epigrammatic style, Emerson had imagination, but it never bloomed into fancy. Chesterton, however, manages to get into his writings the apparently uncongenial elements of unusual terseness and grotesque fancy.

It cannot be said that his ideas are original. His originality lies in the brilliant drapery of his ideas; not in what he

says, but in the way he says it. Intellectually, he is a medievalist, which is, of course, nothing new under the sun. It is the same point of view that produces gild socialism and leads men like Dr. Walsh to write books on the thirteenth century as the greatest of all centuries. Chesterton usually leads his reader back to a very common idea, but it is a roseate road over which the return is made. His style stings the reader's brain to attention regardless of the subject.

His mind is the mind of a medievalist, his style is the style of an epigrammatist, and his mood is invariably the mood of the play-boy. The more serious his subject, the more playful his mood is likely to be. With many readers, Chesterton's playfulness has destroyed his authority; that is, with readers who think that serious matters demand solemn treatment. When this merry-andrew tweaks the noses of the prophets and plays hide-and-seek with the gods, he does it with a clear conscience. Replying to a critic, Chesterton said, "A man must be very full of faith to jest with his divinity." He contends that the boisterously happy way of looking at things is a faculty of the mind that is just as sacred as the ponderously solemn. He says, "Merriment is one of the world's natural flowers and not one of its exotics."

In this matter Chesterton stands at the opposite pole from Carlyle. Carlyle approached a serious subject with solemn and awful gesture. Chesterton, dealing with the same subject, would play tag with it. The result is that Carlyle sounds more profound than he is. Chesterton sounds less profound than he is. In Chesterton's biography of Dickens, he says:

Dickens had to be ridiculous in order to begin to be true. His characters that begin solemn *end* futile; his characters that begin frivolous *end* solemn in the best sense. His foolish figures are not only more entertaining than his serious figures, they are also much more serious.

Here is a good statement of Chesterton's method—the method of beginning frivolously and ending seriously. This is Chesterton's trick of statement. It is

a trick deliberately planned and consciously executed. His fondness for paradox is his trick of thought. He devises paradoxical statements as methodically as an architect draws a blueprint. As somebody put it:

He gravely argues No means Yes,
He shows that joy is deep distress.
He tells you soap is made from cheese,
And any well-known truth you please
He proves with such consummate ease
Confoundedly confutable.

With a perfectly straight face Chesterton argues that simplicity is more intriguingly mysterious than complexity. He asserts as a self-evident truth that the basis of optimism is the doctrine of original sin. He declares that civilization is the defeat of man. His paradoxes are undoubtedly studied effects, and he has undoubtedly overworked the trick. Any aspect of a man's thought or style becomes a liability the moment he plays it to the point where it becomes prominent enough to distract attention from his ideas. It is difficult to escape the impression of artificiality in Chesterton's writings. We are likely to read his essays less to think with him than to watch his mind turn somersaults. Bernard Shaw indulges in paradox, but he has not overworked the trick to the point where the trick is more prominent than the thought. The reader knows that Shaw is having fun with him, but he has been judicious enough to keep his trick of style in the asset rather than in the liability column.

But it is hardly fair, I think, to credit all of Chesterton's paradoxing to verbal trickery. His mind is undoubtedly constructed in a manner that enables him to see readily the obverse and forgotten side of a truth. And the fact is that the deepest truth can be stated only in paradox. Before Chesterton began juggling with ideas, we were reminded of the supreme paradox—that a man finds his life by losing it.

And, then, before taking Mr. Chesterton too severely to task for his overdoing of the paradox, it is well to remember that we, the reading public, are partners in his literary sin. Words do not produce the same effect upon our tense nervous systems that they once did.

To-day writers are obliged to galvanize the public mind and arrest attention. At least they think so. The Hearsts of newspaperdom use glaring head-lines because they have found that the modern mind is busy when it is n't distracted, and distracted when it is n't busy. The tricks of the sensational newspaper are not always expressions of the personal taste of the publisher. They represent a search for methods that will compel attention. This is the case, I think, with Chesterton. He thinks he has something to say, and he has chosen a style that attracts attention. Now, the man who beats a drum on a street corner or gesticulates wildly from a soap-box may be more than a sensationalist. He may have something to say—something quite as valuable as the dignified utterance of a pompous editor or the rounded periods of a solemn clergyman. If so, the beating of the tom-tom is justified.

Chesterton represents the inarticulate longing of an age of doubt for the satisfactions of an age of faith. He is a frank defender of orthodoxy and conservatism. His point of view has not always been what it now is. When he was a youth of sixteen, if my information is correct, he revolted against the faith of his fathers and turned agnostic. He turned socialist and assumed a revolutionary attitude toward life. But he later experienced what the Methodists call "a change of heart." His writing of "The Defendant" marked his turning from radicalism to conservatism. Today, back from his youthful adventures in the fields of religious doubt and social radicalism, he is ardently orthodox and belligerently conservative. Conservatives are sometimes not a little restless over the startling ways in which he pleads their cause, and radicals always watch with grave concern a critic who has been on their own ground.


Chesterton is in many ways as mystic as Maeterlinck. He is an intuitionist. He judges truth by subjective standards. He is a propagandist for the instincts and an enemy of cold rationalism. He stands guard over man's feelings, and with a knightly flourish fights the pseudo-intellectual who offers to mankind the "half of a broken hope" for a pillow.

Chesterton is always the philosopher, whether he is writing a prophetic romance, like "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," a fantasy, like "The Man Who was Thursday," or his plainer prose essays like "Orthodoxy" or "Heretics" or "Tremendous Trifles" or "What 's Wrong with the World?" Even his artesian flow of newspaper articles are adventures in philosophy. But there is nothing of the cloister about him. He is a battle-mooded person, hitting at specific things he regards as evil.

He believes in God hilariously. He believes in God not because anybody has proved anything to him, but because he desires to believe in God. He has been rightly called a boisterous believer in an age of doubt.

Mr. Chesterton, your visit was delightfully diverting. Come again!

A SIMPLER DIAGNOSIS OF EUROPE'S ILLS

 UR passion for panaceas frequently leads us to an oversimplification of issues. But to-day we need a simpler diagnosis of the ills of Europe and of the world. A thousand conflicting issues and a thousand contradictory passions have palsied statesmanship. Now we center attention on this issue and now on that. Today we are hopeful; to-morrow in despairing mood. And through it all we maintain a rather blind hope that a great leader will arise who will with his bare hands hammer ramshackle Europe into decent shape again. This hope for the "strong man" always comes when peoples "let down" morally and spiritually after the high tension of a great war. It indicates the failure alike of diagnosis and remedy. When nations fail in the scientific handling of a bad situation, they turn wistfully in search of miracle men.

No miracle man will arise in Europe or in the United States. The statesmen of Europe and the rest of the world must fight their way out of the present confusion and mutual cancelation of effort and, for the moment at least, make a simpler diagnosis and center upon fewer principles of reconstruction. The task of statesmanship just now is

not to find the theoretically right, the poetically just things to do. It is to find the few workable things that will *restore* the world. A few things seem plain to the bystander.

For instance, the prosperity and relative happiness of nations before the war rested upon the fact that the world, the whole world, was functioning interdependently. All nations were producing and interchanging goods. The international business system, bad as it was and breeder of war that it proved to be, was a world machine that fed and clothed and sheltered the whole world. It was organized intercourse and service. The war shattered that machine, distributed its parts. Peace can never be achieved and prosperity can never be won until this world machine is put together again. This is the first and primary duty of statesmanship. Everything else is secondary.

The indemnity question is secondary. It is not *justice* to permit Germany to escape full payment for the rape of Belgium and the ruin of northern France. France rightfully claims every penny that Germany can pay. But we are facing a situation in which even justice must be regarded as a relative matter. The world machine of production and exchange must be put together again, and if justly claimed indemnities make this impossible or seriously delays its accomplishment, then justly claimed indemnities must clear the stage for the greater necessity—the economic restoration of the whole world. This is not an anti-French plea nor is it a pro-German plea. It is a pro-humanity plea, for, as Mr. J. L. Garvin in an article in "The New York American," has wisely said:

Excessive tribute systems which hinder or suppress trade, and dislocate the exchanges indefinitely, are not indemnities really added to us at the expense of the ex-enemy, but cumulative penalties levied on ourselves—stopping our factories, blocking the export of our own goods, throwing our own people out of work; not securing money from Germany, yet forcing us to pay right and left by our own taxes for the consequences of un-settlement.

The one principle, therefore, by which every question of indemnity should be

settled is its relation to the setting into motion the world machine of production and trade. The indemnity policy that helps the whole world back to normal production and trade is the best policy for France. I am not here entering into the judgment of specific claims of the moment. I am only insisting that *any* indemnity claim, however just as an abstract matter, is suicidal if it seriously hinders the economic recovery of the whole world.

As a corollary to this principle is the fact that the whole world cannot function again as a world machine of production and trade until both Germany and Russia play their part in the world restoration. Here is the standard by which all foreign policy regarding Russia and Germany should be determined by Great Britain, France, the United States, and the rest of the nations.

National pride, poetic justice, legitimate resentments—all must be thrown on the scrap-heap in the interest of getting the whole world back to work. As Mr. Garvin has stated: "It was a world war. It must be a *world* peace." Statesmanship is still thinking too much with a war mind. The statesmen of the world must now be engineers of peace, not conservators of war passions.

DO WE NEED A SUPER-SENATE?

ANY proposal that looks toward the introduction of greater intelligence into the handling of our foreign relations, diplomatic or commercial, deserves our serious and sustained attention. Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip has made such a suggestion. Let us get Mr. Vanderlip's proposal clearly before us, and then see whether or not our present foreign-affairs machinery needs overhauling to the extent he suggests. Also, it will be worth while to examine the possibility of extending Mr. Vanderlip's idea to a broader field.

This is the Vanderlip proposal—the creation of a "council of foreign relations" that would be, in effect, a super-Senate. This new body would take over from the Senate its present powers respecting foreign affairs. This council would have a membership of thirty men

elected by the people of the country for terms of ten years each. Three members would retire every year, their place being filled by elections, thus giving the country a truly continuous and experienced body. The council would be in session continuously in Washington, but fifteen of its thirty members would always be abroad, studying at first-hand the problems of American foreign relations, maintaining intimate contact with the leaders of world thought, keeping fresh facts constantly before our Government's diplomatic general staff, which this council would be. The council would supervise the administration of the State Department, and the confirmation of ambassadors would rest with it.

There are several detailed aspects of the proposal that need not detain us at this point. The first thing we want to know is this, Has our present machinery for the handling of foreign affairs broken down? My personal opinion is that it has broken down disastrously. The fact is that in most instances our Federal Government is not functioning as intended by the Constitution. A silent, subtle, but very real, amendment of our Constitution has been going on for many years. Our executive branch, our legislative branch, and our judiciary branch have all been greatly altered in practice. I am not attempting to say that such functional change is wrong. The Constitution is not a divinely given document; it is not an ark of the covenant that must not be touched. I am stating only the fact of change, so that we may realize that we cannot pass sound judgment upon our Federal Government merely by analyzing our Constitution. It is not the "plan," but the "performance," of our Government that we must study.

Now, what are the weaknesses of our present plan for handling foreign affairs? I am thinking now only of the rôle the Senate plays in foreign affairs. The difficulty seems to me to be this: under our present outworn and hopelessly unrealistic system of electing senators, a sort of catch-as-catch-can grabbing of "prominent" men from meaningless geographical areas, it is only by chance that we elect men to the Senate who are

at all equipped intellectually or by experience to deal with world affairs. As likely as not we place our foreign affairs in the hands of a Senate committee made up of small-town lawyers who have never traveled extensively, who cannot read or speak any language other than English, who are not students of world history or world economics—men who bring to the politics of a planet the vision of a parish. We need some method that will mean the selection of men upon the basis of their actual equipment for dealing with foreign affairs. We need provision for constant contact between our foreign-affairs administrators and the foreign field. On these two points Mr. Vanderlip's proposal is sound.

Our State Department is not a genuine ministry of foreign affairs. Too frequently the secretary of state is only a sort of page or errand-boy for the President. Our State Department personnel does not measure up to the task. Nor will it under the present scheme.

It will, of course, be very difficult to convince the Senate that it should give away any of its powers to a "council of foreign relations." Mr. Vanderlip recognizes this, and has said:

Now, let me answer right off why I think this plan might be politically possible. Broadly speaking, it would be idle to think that you could get the Senate to agree to the abrogating of any of its powers, but if there were thirty men in the Senate who might go into a super-Senate, and if there were ninety-six men in the Senate who thought they might, they might look with some complacency on the creation of this new body.

Another thing that makes some more intelligent and informed handling of our diplomacy essential is this: to-day the most important problem before the world, as already stated earlier in these columns, is the coöperative economic organization of the world. And the regrettable fact is that traditional diplomacy is blocking this economic reorganization. Arm-chair diplomats with indoor minds are simply incapable of a world-outlook. Only men specifically chosen for the handling of world affairs, men with world minds, men who are going about the world studying the

